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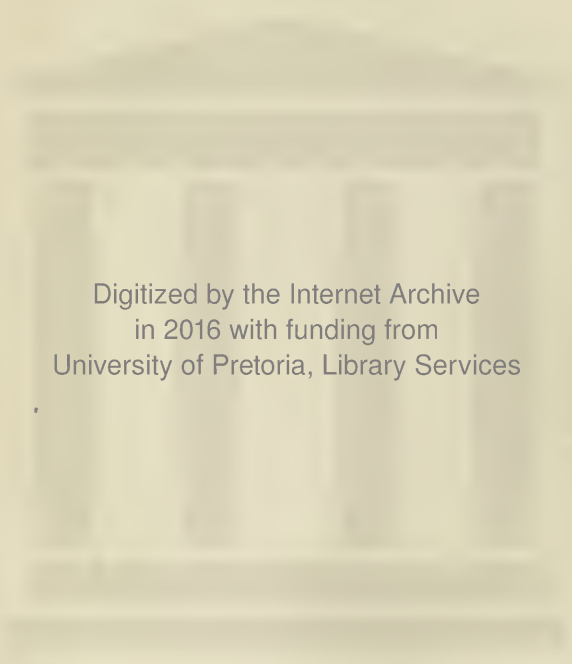
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THE

Cape Monthly Magazine.

EDITED BY PROFESSOR NOBLE.

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THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Our Probable Future.

BY AN OUTSIDER.

WITH the year 1873 we have reason to hope that the Colony at last has a chance of internal development. For a long series of years the Cape has been struggling under a variety of drawbacks, having their origin in poverty and social isolation. We have been literally almost unknown, and therefore neglected by those whose enterprise and capital are always seeking for safe outlets and employment. Even the bulk of well-to-do colonists knew but little of the real capacities of the soil beyond their own immediate districts, until the influx of diggers opened their eyes. As a natural consequence of this contemptuous state of ignorance, it cannot be wondered at, that hitherto public opinion has always been intensely local, and our small vestry orators quite unequal to the demands or growth of genuine patriotism. Wanting in all the elements of self-respect, we have for years been looking to England for help in everything. It seemed as if money, rulers, judges, parsons, and servants could be of no account unless issuing from the Imperial Mint. We were thus only to be stirred by the pulsations of European life, and sighed for the days when we might again stand upon English soil. Never did we dream for a moment that we might be worthy of a great career and a separate national existence here. It may be too soon to shout before we are quite clear of the wood; but the sudden strides taken by the Cape since 1870 cannot be ignored by thinking men. It is now time that we take stock of our wants and immediate necessities, and try to fit ourselves for the great career that diamonds and exports are forcing upon us.

Apart from political grounds, the Colony is a fine field for adventurous spirits just now. New blood and cultivated brains are not likely to be content with the old order of things, and there is much to be done before we can hope to get a fair shilling's worth for a shilling industriously employed. The relations of labour and capital strike at the root of all progress, and the head of the first Responsible Ministry, be he Liberal or Conservative, will have to strive his utmost to adjust the difficulties which encumber the employers of capital. At

the very outset, Mr. Molteno will have to so trim his bark that public money will be looked upon as a great trust, not in any way to be put in competition with private capital. The essence of good government should be made to reside in rigid abstinence from meddling with trade or vested interests, and in encouraging the growth of free institutions by removing all restrictions on their development. Thus the most reproductive public works would rightly be railways, passes, roads and bridges, as aids to rapid communication, while the best taxes should be derived from injurious luxuries and foreign imports. Government can do much in the way of shortening distances, either by letter or carriage, and, through the Post Office and Railway Board, can always give every facility for cheap and certain conveyance of produce and passengers. Our probable future will greatly depend upon cheap labour being easily procured, and rapidly transported from district to district; and the only way to open up the country will be by starting roads in every direction, and abolishing the system of tolls altogether. The care of roads should be removed from Divisional Councils, and entrusted to special Government Inspectors, and the maintenance of public roads should be a first charge on the Treasury, and be derived from the leasing or sale of Crown lands exclusively. As roads cause these lands to increase in value, it is but fair that the land leases should pay for them all they can; and after what has been done in Ceres and Tulbagh by the energy of Mr. Aitchison, who has seen the land revenue rise from £40 to £2,000 within three years, it is but fair to suppose that other districts might be made to be equally productive. With an estimated surplus of £200,000, it would be better for the Government, while paying off old loans, to issue five per cent. debentures for everything they annually require for public works undertaken by authority of the Parliament. These debentures would readily be taken in the Colony, and would set a good deal of hoarded capital a-breeding again. At present the great influx of gold in exchange for diamonds and raw produce has enabled many mortgages to be wiped out by parties who otherwise were bound hand and foot to their moneyed friends, and the papers are full of piteous cries for interest raised by those who have money to lend on usury or bond. This plethora of gold is a very lucky thing for Molteno's Cabinet. If he keeps on the house-tax, he could easily reduce letter postage to an uniform rate of one penny per half ounce, when conveyed otherwise than by express mail-cart; and the Transport Company's wagons for a small subsidy would probably not take more than double the time in carrying the bulk of the mails. This would be a great convenience to the public, and would give a great stimulus to education and free interchange of thought, while the house-tax would be cheerfully paid if it furnished so pleasant a boon as cheap penny postage to the whole Colony.

This question of cheap postage is so intimately connected with education, and this again so bound up with religion and convict

discipline, that we can conceive no greater public blessing, than the application of Sir Rowland Hill's principles and practice out here. We hope to see the day when every little black child will be forced to go to school when young, to save him from being sent to a convict school when too old to learn his letters. And so, too, of his betters. We shall never put a stop to preventible crime and immorality unless we provide the young of all classes, especially of the working classes, with the means of expanding their minds, and place within their reach elevating sources of enjoyment. It is idle to say that to do this would be to revolutionize all classes. If all classes are equally taught, you remove the motive for revolution and radical conflicts of opinion. With the spread of education, crime would be lessened, gaols would be empty, and only the worthless scum of every society would appear in the dock. Wealth and temperance would lead to early marriages, and these again to rapid increase of population, so that the labour market will not need to be supplied from St. Helena and Kafirland exclusively. And now that we have a Minister for Native Affairs like Mr. Brownlee, we may shortly expect to find the power of the chiefs broken, and their influence for evil and war much mitigated by the residence of English magistrates in their midst, who would encourage the arts of peace, and, like Captain Blyth among the Fingoes, would make them invest their earnings in co-operative undertakings and schemes of limited liability. Even the Diamond-fields have tested the Native Question, and demonstrated to a nicety that natives will work willingly and well if they are fairly and punctually paid in coin as well as in kind. With a native working population at the Fields, and thousands of their countrymen eager to take their places when vacancies occur, we may confidently look forward to the resumption of agricultural operations on a large scale, and a corresponding interest being taken in raw produce and cereal growths by those who are now absorbed by diamonds and gold. As the culture of the soil again demands our care, the making of dams and irrigation schemes will justly come under the eye of the Minister of Public Works, and the growth of forests be encouraged on Crown lands when good for nothing else. If this be done, and done quickly, with a prophetic eye we can see before ten years have gone over our heads, large tracts of country dotted with homesteads and clumps of trees where nothing but the cry of the vulture or the crow now breaks the silence of the waste, and where nothing but sandy bushes and stones crop out of the soil.

Our future, in fact, as a grain-exporting country is tied up in the question of quick communication and surface irrigation; and neither water nor roads can be expected to last unless we do something prompt to conserve the one and put proper material on the other. The Crown lands by that time should be in the possession of coloured yeomanry and actual cultivators of the soil, and these, again, should be encouraged in every way to convert their holdings into freehold, and thereby become *bonâ fide* landlords of their own farmsteads

Too much delicacy has been shown hitherto to our white farmers in this matter of subdividing and leasing Government ground and "legplekken." It has been taken too much for granted that only the white boer was worthy to enjoy the privileges of employing labour, and stand looking on with his hands in his pockets while others worked for him. Instead of paying his way honestly with hard cash, the Boer for want of capital has been forced to descend to the truck system, and pay his labourers with wine, &c. In default of money, he has not been able to settle wages as they should be settled; and hence has grown up a mutual distrust between the whites and men of colour, the masters chousing them out of their fair wages as much as they can, while the servants did as little as they could in the way of field-labour. On all sides, we have heard that the black fellow is not fit to exercise the franchise, and that he is a mere "schepsel" or boozy hind; and yet there are not signs wanting that he is awaking to the necessity of work, and is willing to subscribe for his schools, his church, his minister, his benefit society, and even his insurance office and savings bank. Although he reads but little, and can scarcely be said to understand what is meant by literature, as a luxury of the brain, yet he is not averse to entering into conversation with superior minds, and making his shrewd remarks on matters of daily life affecting his interests. The coloured people like to talk and be talked to; and we should be doing far better for our generation and Colony, if we were to break down the barriers that separate class from class, and try to elevate our fellow-creatures by treating them courteously, and with dignity and justice, instead of sneering at their colour, their want of culture, and belongings. This contempt for our brother-voters is not really to be justified by our experience of their intellects. As mechanics and handicraftsmen, they will compare favourably with English average labourers; and in many respects they are not half so ignorant as their libellers would lead us to believe. They may not perhaps appreciate the charms of poetry and fine speeches: their souls are not as yet attuned to that diviner harmony which swells within our breasts, as we read of great deeds and recount the actions and performances of our great men; but in the main they have a great respect for the law and the church—are kind to their poor and relations, assist each other largely when in difficulties, and are very willing to learn if taught in charity and with sympathetic heart. In all the essentials of Christianity they are largely in advance of Fingoes and Kafirs and Hottentots, the very races from which they are supposed to be recruited; and if they were only encouraged to take part in public life, our coloured population would be found to behave themselves quite as quietly and decently as a similar assemblage of our ordinary white country neighbours might be expected to do. We see no reason why the coloured man should be debarred from taking his share in the free government of this Colony; and yet who thinks at the hustings for one moment of the brown man's vote, as pledges are given and soft soap distributed

amongst a member's constituency ! If a really good speaker were to go on the stump amongst these people, and preach the new gospel of Responsible Government, he need not be afraid of a diffident audience. The simple fact is, that our coloured population contains excellent material for political life, and that their minds require to be awakened to the privileges of their manhood in the formation of public opinion, quite as much as the Colony itself requires to be stirred up and brought into cultivation. How can we expect from a small parcel of Europeans that our large tracts of uninhabited country and lonely karoos are to be filled with happy households and fruitful families, unless we largely supplement the means hitherto doled out to our servants for developing themselves also ? Is the white man alone to go ahead, and is the European alone fit to contend with the seasons and derive wealth from the soil ! It is here that we may expect education, and compulsory education, to do much for our future ; and the rising generation, black and white, to be equally taught the necessity and value of intellectual and social life. At present such life can scarcely be said to exist even amongst our most ancient landed proprietors. And this, again, brings us to the enormous influence for good that the clergy are capable of exercising, should they ever fully wake up to the true meaning and power involved in the duty of preaching the Gospel to all nations without fear, favour, or affection. The Book of Life is a much larger book than mere ritualists or preachers of orthodoxy, are willing to admit ; and yet we do not despair of the day when the Gospel will mean something more than a routine service and enunciation of dogmas, and its teachers will aspire to help the sick, to remove restrictions on public health, to establish charities, and to superintend the growth of all institutions that foster justice, happiness, benevolence, and national wealth. A State Church cannot be expected to do this—nor, indeed, any narrow sect that can only live in its narrow circle by the extraneous aid of State assistance. When, therefore, the day comes that shall see the adoption of the Voluntary Principle, it is amongst the poor despised blacks that we shall probably witness its earliest triumphs and its fittest application ; and this again will react in our probable future on the structure and elements of Cape colonial society.

How far the present Ministry are bound by their promises in Parliament in their line of policy to the poorer electors of the Eastern, Midland, and Western Districts, it would be premature perhaps here to speak ; but time will show that it is only fair and just that something should be done towards elevating our coloured people in the social scale, and giving them a share in the hiring and leasing of Crown lands, although these lands hitherto have been almost exclusively held by white farmers. It is never too late to mend.

The growth of public opinion is so largely dependent upon rapid inter-communication between the rural districts and the capital, that we should not be surprised if Mr. Molteno devotes the greater part of his estimated surplus to the extension of railways both in the East

and West. From the Customs returns it would seem, as well as from the Revenue "Statements" of the Auditor-General, that the following has been the progressive ratio in the growth of our finances for the last three years :—

			1870.	1871.	1872.
Ordinary income	£617,603	£699,614	£997,552
Expenditure	645,788	690,279	626,625
			<hr/>		
Deficiency	£28,185		
Surplus		£9,335	£370,847

If things go on at this rate, the Minister for Public Works can afford to spend money freely on much-required dams, bridges, and roads ; and at the same time encourage the remission of many import taxes that press heavily on the poor consumers now. Indeed, Mr. Southey gave a broad hint to the Chamber of Commerce that such remission should now be demanded by the merchants, and it is not very likely that they will be slow to take the hint. Should such remission take place, we believe the revenue would not suffer, as the elasticity of our resources is very great, and there would be an increased consumption of a cheaper article among the poorer classes. We hope that we shall continue long, as now, to export a great deal more than we import, and that with cheap railways, good roads, strong bridges, and punctual delivery of goods we shall be shipping countless bales of wool and mohair within ten days of their being sold in the Free State ; but to do this promptly, and to do it well, the Government must not try to make a profit out of the railway receipts, and certainly should abolish all tolls on roads and bridges constructed out of public moneys. In fact, the cheaper the fares, the bigger the traffic ; and the more we travel, the more we shall be doing our duty by the country and ourselves.

The present, also, seems to be a fitting opportunity for saying something in favour of the despised Civil Service, by whom and through whom it is only possible that we should be governed. It must be next to impossible for many of these gentlemen to support themselves and keep clear of debt, while holding their positions in society, if no additions be made out of the surplus to their present poor scale of salaries. No civil commissioner can do his social duty by his district if he is only to be allowed from £400 to £500 per annum, which would be considered a very poor income in any of the open professions, as law or medicine. How is it possible to cultivate your friends and bring people together if you have no means allowed you, while you are debarred from engaging in private business, or feasting the people among whom you are planted as resident magistrate ? It seems a mockery to expect public competition for entrance into a service which pays you fairly when you are useless and young, and almost starves you when you are middle-aged and experienced. Were it

not for the hope of a good pension, many of the older men must curse the day when they sacrificed their prospects in life for the glittering prize of a third-class clerkship, and found themselves hampered with large families in their old age, and obliged for the sake of economy to lead the very quietest of lives. Their entire influence is reduced to zero, and they cannot start any public movement or do anything for the advancement and beautifying of their districts without pinching their stomachs and injuring their children. We hope to see the day when these salaries will be supplemented by house-money and guest-money, as in India and elsewhere; and that such magistrates as have distinguished themselves as collectors of revenue shall be especially entitled to promotion to the highest grades of the service, instead of those who are only promoted because they have some knowledge of law. It seems to us that resident magistrates ought especially to be expected to be careful in distributing "*justice*," and not in chopping law logic with agents or the Attorney-General's office. If people want "*law*," let them go to the Circuit Courts or the Supreme Court; but between man and man, magistrates ought, we think, to deal in justice and mercy, and leave criminal prosecutions to clerks of the peace, while they look carefully to the collection of the revenue and the improvement of their commissionerships. Perhaps for the future we may recur to the old-fashioned and convenient system of district clerks of the peace, who will be allowed private civil practice, but will be expected also to conduct exclusively all Government criminal prosecutions under the eye of the Attorney-General. Of course, these gentlemen would not belong to the covenanted Service, and would hold their appointments under pleasure and without a right to pension, but being well versed in law, they may be expected to earn fair incomes privately, and take a heavy load of responsibility off the shoulders of the civil commissioners. Although we are not so much given to litigation as the Australians and Canadians, still it is a great convenience to have law brought, as it were, to your very door by judges and barristers travelling on circuit at the Cape. Their presence in a town does a great deal of good, and insensibly aids in the spread of civilization and the more genial manners of the place. They infuse new life, and their periodic return marks an era in the dull routine of village existence. And so too of fixed incomes. An increase of ten per cent. on all Civil Service salaries would probably enable the pension list to be swept away altogether, and permit all who enter the service after 1872 to pay into a Mutual Benefit and Pension Fund such proportion of their pay as would entitle each subscriber or his widow to derive a pension from it, according to the scale of their contribution—as is done in India. This plan of providing for a rainy day is of the nature of a limited income tax; but the details of such a scheme for gradually extinguishing the heavy pension list of the Colony will only be an amplification of what is done by the Police Superannuation Fund,

and will no doubt be brought before the Parliament and the Service by the Treasurer-General. It would, however, be quite impracticable, unless first preceded by some increase of scale of allowances.

That the revenue of this Colony will soon be very large, and from all sources equally productive, may fairly be predicted of the more populated divisions. A very large tract of country still, however, remains to be explored, surveyed, and populated; and it is a question whether emigration thither could not be fostered in the Colony itself, were the like privileges and prospects held out to the youthful colonists that would require to be held out to the enterprising youth of Europe to induce them to settle down at all. The Diamond-fields have done much to prove that Cape youths are not deficient in pluck, spirit, and enterprise, if they are allowed part profits in any risky or venturesome business. They will risk their lives and health in very shaky pits and "claims" for a consideration, and if public money could be advanced to them, they would doubtless come forward in numbers to open up the back country, as is constantly being done in Australia. The late Government did well in employing the geologist Mr. Dunn in an extensive surveying tour through Namaqualand, and we hope always to see something of this kind being done by scientific men towards the development of our unknown tracts and our mineral wealth. So too the improvement of our sheep and cattle, of our angora goats and horses, is a subject that calls for State encouragement; and the progress made in those matters in the days of Lord Charles Somerset is a proof of the value and importance of such assistance when judiciously tempered with discretion and cautious employment of public funds.

If, then, the public servants are fairly remunerated for their services, and each district in the Colony awakens to the importance of public opinion in which all can share, without being blindly led through a bog by mere noisy quacks or self-seeking humbugs,—if lawyers and clergy do their best to prove themselves worthy of the great confidence reposed in them by their clients and flocks, and do their utmost to aid the spread of knowledge and education,—if the coloured people will work for fair wages fairly and honestly, and try to elevate themselves in the social scale, by changing their condition so as to fit themselves to be masters,—and if Government remove all restriction upon free thought, free churches, and free institutions, and give us the railways, bridges, and roads of which we stand so much in need,—then our probable future will be worthy of the hopes and dreams of Sir George Grey, and the scheme of a happy and contented federal union of States under English rule become a gigantic and accomplished fact. For years we have languished and pined. In the years to come, may we not hope to grow happy and great?

Since the above was in type, the writer of it received the following from a friend in the country, in reply to a note addressed to him

on the subject. The communication requires no comment ; and, though in no way intended for publication, it seems so suggestive and valuable, as well as corroborative of many of the proposals already made, that we take the liberty of printing it exactly as it has been received :—

MY DEAR ———,—As you are rather pressed for time, I hasten at once to give you my views, as briefly as I can, on the several questions raised in your note

First, I have a horror of a paternal Government that does, or tries to do, everything for the people. It should guide and aid private enterprise. As regards Crown lands, all that is now required to utilize them is to push on the surveys whilst the agriculturists have the means to buy and the heart to enter into such purchases, and to lease them for long terms, leaving it to the purchasers to convert them into freehold, under Act 5, 1870. Look at that Act, and you will see that, if its restrictions are observed by the Government at the instance of the civil commissioners, the land will fall into the hands of *bonâ fide* occupiers, and not into those of land-jobbers or speculators, a race who have long enough kept the country from progressing. The only speculations in which the Government should engage are those which in established countries have become Government monopolies—mail conveyance, telegraphic communication, and railway traffic ; and these for the reasons you state, that they may be brought within the reach of everyone at the lowest possible figure. I quite agree with you that the Post Office should be looked upon as a great educating medium, and its agency should therefore be placed at the service of every one at cost price. I should begin by following the example of the Natal Government, and allow all newspapers to pass free of postage. It seems absurd that a newspaper may be posted at Edinburgh for Colesberg, with a penny stamp upon it, of which the Colony receives not one iota, and be delivered at its destination free ; and that a paper, whether Colonial or English, posted at Cape Town for Colesberg, or Green Point, or Mowbray, should be subjected to a charge of one penny postage. The newspaper is a great enlightener and civilizer, and should be sown broadcast over the land ; the postage upon it is a heavy item, and, I dare say, excludes its welcome visits from many a home. Our postal law provides that where communication exists between two places not less than twice a day, the postage is *ipso facto* reduced to one penny the half ounce. This, of course, provides for populous parts, and I do not think it would be safe at present to go farther in this direction, unless the whole system of mail conveyance is altered, and the Post Office avails itself of the passenger wagons and carts running in every direction. A lower rate of postage might then be charged, and arrangements made for giving one half, or some other share to be agreed upon, to the conveyor, the other share falling to the Post Office for its work in the manipulation of the mail. This is the plan now adopted in regard to the Union mail-steamers: instead of getting a fixed annual subsidy, they are allowed the whole of the postage received by the British Government on the mails they carry, except a small proportion which is allowed to the Colonial Government.

The railway traffic will, of course, soon be in the hands of the Government. In connection with it the question of railway guarantee will have to be considered ; and if the railways are to be in the hands of the Government, the main roads—which railways may *par excellence* be said to be—should decidedly be in the hands of the Government. At present they are in the hands of the Divisional Councils ; they have not suffered, in my opinion, by being so : but there are many anomalies arising from it, viz.,—one district is saddled with a very much larger extent of main road to keep in repair than another, and the result is, one—perhaps the poorer district—is taxed more heavily for road rates than another. Again, rival districts, anxious to secure traffic, make what are really main roads, running parallel for miles. Is not this a waste of resources, which might be more usefully employed in another field ?

Planting Firs, &c.—Once have the land surveyed, and passed into private hands at the price Act 5, 1870, requires, and the purchasers will improve it by opening up springs, making dams, and planting useful trees. The farmers are quite sensible that to pay the rents they must work the land. Applications are coming in fast for the conversion into freehold of the Karoo lands lately leased, and everyone with whom I have spoken is fully impressed with the necessity for exertion to make the lands yield the price they have been forced to give. Another advantage of passing over these Crown lands to private proprietors is, that they will be cleared of useless, plundering squatters. The more respectable squatter avails himself of the chance of purchase as soon as it is offered him. The Karoo, as you know, has generally been looked upon as a wild, howling desert, available, at most, for grazing purposes for some three months in the year. With the labour which is sure now to be expended upon it, it will present a very different appearance in a few years. One thing the Government might do,—that is, attempt to sink an Abyssinian well, or something of the sort, on one or other of the dry places, to see whether there is a chance of procuring water. This element found, the country becomes almost invaluable.

To return to mail conveyance, I quite agree that when our telegraph system is more complete, there will not be that urgent necessity for rapid post travelling—(it is the pace that kills and costs). Passenger conveyance, regular and frequent, in the style of Bianconi's carts in Ireland, would meet all our wants. This system of conveyance once extensively adopted, cheap postage must necessarily follow.

To make the first pay, we must have a denser population, and our people must be able to read and write with ease. The first desideratum will come with time—the other can be hastened by pushing on our schools into every nook or corner of the country. There ought to be no field-cornetcy without one or more schools ; and to interest the people in them, the best plan would be to impose a divisional educational rate, to meet half the expenses of the district schools, the other half being met as at present by the general revenue. At present, the burden of sustaining the village schools falls on a few who, educated themselves, appreciate

its value ; but it is not fair that others who reap the advantages for their children of these sacrifices should be allowed to stand by with closed pockets and money in them. Some of our larger centres of population have now advanced to that pitch that their schools are self-supporting. From such, Government aid should gradually be withdrawn, to be expended upon less favoured parts, or for the support of itinerant teachers,—a class of men who might usefully be employed in many a district.

Civil Service.—If the Civil Service is to be worked satisfactorily for itself and the public, a bill, something similar to one passed in Australia, should be brought in, defining the position of the members, &c. It should be divided into branches, such as judicial and financial; and into these a man should be admitted in accordance with his tastes and qualifications, with the assurance that his promotion depended upon his efficiency; length of service only telling where other qualifications were equal. In addition to the theoretical examination for admission into service, a candidate, before being finally fixed, should undergo a practical examination by practical officers in the department in which he has chosen to serve. In every case, the head of a department should be consulted upon every appointment made to his office, and to him should the selection be made from the list of passed candidates. The examination for offices, such as the Post Office, Customs, and Railway, should be special, as I know it is in England in regard to the first, and promotion should be confined to the employés in each of these departments, respectively.

It is the practice in every extensive and well-conducted establishment, such as banks, to give a retiring allowance to old deserving officers, unfitted for active service. And I think men employed in whatever branch of the public service, whose pay as a rule debars them from laying up anything for a rainy day, would be induced to work more cheerfully and more energetically, with the prospect before them, that if they fell into ill-health there would be some little provision for them and their families. Letter-carriers are not overpaid, and certainly hard-worked at unseasonable times and in inclement weather. Would it not be excusable in them to expose themselves as little as possible and take care of No. 1, if they knew that by endeavouring to serve the public faithfully and well, they would be running risks from exposure, for which they could expect no compensation from the public in whose service they lost their health?

Labour.—One hundred and sixty Mahuras are expected down to work on the Tulbagh railway. In a few weeks we shall know their value, and how far they are suited for such and other manual labour. If they should prove a success, there will be no difficulty in getting down more; and a want which the farmers feel will be met by fresh drafts of these men. Again, as the Crown lands are surveyed and sold, the squatters upon them will have to leave their haunts, and be forced to take service with the farmers, upon whom they have for years been levying black-mail.

Two Days.

Only two days—Ah me !
 And in those two my life well writ,
 With all the joy and pain of it.

The day you loved—and told,
 And the warm clinging arms did fold
 Close round me, while our lips did meet
 In closer kisses—sweet, O sweet,
 Passing all thought ! The half sad sigh
 A lover draws, yet knows not why,
 Was stayed by meeting lips. Deep and grey
 Your eyes looked into mine. On that glad day
 I lived without a thought of future pain.
 Ah me, that I had never lived again !

The day we met—after the severing years
 Had run the course of joy and tears,
 To most a mingled stream of both—to me
 Bearing more tears because I might not see
 Your eyes glance into mine, or feel,
 Midst speaking silence, strong arms steal
 Close round me : Yes—that day we met,
 And eager straining eyes were set
 Deep into yours, but doomed to meet
 That chilling glance with all of sweet
 Lost out of it. Pale, wan, and worn
 I felt my face must grow. I could have borne
 All but the loss of love. A sudden gush
 Of blinding tears, one painful rush
 Hot to my lips of blaming words, yet stayed,
 Because so useless ; and I turned, afraid
 To see your eyes again, longing to hide
 From all such looks,—and so love died.

A Christmas Story.

WRECKED ON THE ROCKS.

THERE are the elements of romance in every man's life. A vein of poetry may be found in the history of every day. No man is so common-place as to be wholly beyond the range of melodrama. No life is so barren as to be utterly without the reach of some strong emotion or some stirring incident. Thus have men often written, and day by day we find fresh evidence of the truth. Yet to few is given the faculty of reading these chapters of life aright. They form realities of too hard and too personal a nature to be regarded in the light which would surround the tamest narratives of fiction. Perhaps it is as well that men do not always detect the romance of their own existence, nor see that their most familiar experiences have been identical with the stock-in-trade of novelists.

Thus thought Guy Topton as he lay prone by the side of his wagon, and cast his mind back to sundry tales that had been told to him during the long and tedious hunting trip from which he and his companions had just returned. A man of somewhat exuberant imagination, and given to tobacco, is apt to weave many fancies in the blue clouds which writhe and twine about him. A pipe may be to some an inelegant and repulsive object,—it may even be considered by the whiter souls of our race a type of deadly vice and vile indulgence; but it does nevertheless nourish the poetic temper, and bring into being many a pleasant fancy and soothing phantasm. In this case it brought up from the vast deep of the young man's reverie a lively recollection of the stories he had heard told round many a camp fire in the far north. Tales of rash encounter with vexed elephants and angered buffaloes; tales of devious wandering, through unknown countries, over pathless deserts, and among sickly marshlands; tales of rare adventure, and bloody struggle in the stern old days, when the pioneer settlers of South Africa lived from day to day in momentary danger of deadly conflict with savage tribes. Strange tales were these, but no less strange than true, and we need not wonder that Guy Topton, as he thought of them, longed for the pen of a ready writer that he might save these narratives from oblivion.

They were outspanned on the brow of a hill not very far from the coastline of Natal; where, we need not more precisely say. It was a spot to be remembered by any spectator whose mind might be attuned to the harmonies of nature,—whose eye could appreciate the grand shaping of hill and valley, with their panoply of bush, and rock, and flower. A wide undulating valley spread below the bushy hill where they were stationed. It rolled away eastward in gentle ridges, streaked with waving lines of palm-tufted bushes, to where the land rose in a higher billow before it plunged down to that other bounding ocean whose crested rollers caught the sunlight

that was soon to be lost behind the fantastic forms of the great westward hills. Nor was this beauty all wasted, for the smoking shaft of a large sugar mill and the neat cottages of the residents filled up and humanized the scene. Cane-laden carts slowly crawled along the rustling fields, and a mixed murmur of voices, wheel-work, and wagon-whips came vaguely up to the ear. There are many such places to be seen now in Natal, where man in his higher type is making out of what nature has so beautified something more than a land of promise.

The sun set, and as the western sky turned from gold to violet, the stars seemed magically to spring out of their blue seclusion. Gradually the spires of smoke from the mill flue had melted away, and the hum of industry had been succeeded by that wonderful chorus of hidden sound—that strange but not discordant medley with which frogs and insects enliven the summer nights of warmer lands.

“Nice view that;” this sententiously from Guy Topton.

“Yes, it might be worse. But lor’ bless you, it’s a very different looking place, it is, to when I saw it twenty year ago. It wasn’t quite so pleasant then, it wasn’t.” These were the drawled out sentiments of a grizzly personage something the worse for wear—and best described as being leathery. His skin seemed so hard, and thick, and tough, that it was hard to help an instinctive speculation as to the value of his hide. Corporal punishment would have had no terrors to him. His great peculiarity was an aversion to strong language, combined with an overpowering propensity to use it.

“Why, what did you know about the place then?” asked Guy.

“Well—it’s an awfully long tale, but as it’s our last night together, I may as well tell you what I saw and heard on this very spot long before you or any other Englishman thought of settling here.”

So they all gathered in,—Guy and his leathery friend, Smeatch—Carruthers, a surgeon given to sport—Moxley, a well-to-do planter—Bob Pidge, a raw rattle pate, lately out—and Pleyto, a contemplative naturalist. They all closed in—a group of mild, attentive pipe-smokers—sitting or lying as they had done now for many a long night after weary days of sport, search, or trouble.

WRECKED ON THE ROCKS.

I’m going to tell you of what I think, taken altogether, was about the most exciting time in my life, and that I’ve gone through a little excitement in my day you are pretty well able to believe, I think. It was, as I say, about thirty years ago, and I was quite a youngster then. To look at me now I dare say you would hardly think I could ever have been young, and sometimes I almost do doubt it myself. But it was so, nevertheless. Ah, my boys, Tom Smeatch wasn’t always the grey and dry old remschoen he is now. At the time I’m telling you about he was as lively and as big a dandy, and, though I say it myself, as good-looking a chap as any of you. The girls didn’t make fun of me then. They knew better; though, God bless ’em! they always do know better, which is

more than I can say for you young scamps. Well, I was a passenger on board the *Volga*, a ship going out to India, where I was to make my fortune, become a Nabob, marry a Begum, and all that sort of thing. I'm told things are different now, and that fortunes are as hard to make in India as anywhere else; but when I was a lad it was a place where gold and diamonds were to be had for the asking, or at least so people thought, which is about the same thing.

We'd had a very fair voyage, on the whole, but a run of head winds had kept the ship more to the westward than she had any right to be, and the captain told us one night that the next day, which happened to be Christmas, we should see land. Now, although we had been at the Cape, there was something so strange and savage about this part of Africa, which was almost wholly unknown then, that we turned in with a good deal of eager expectation. It was a fine dark night, and the wind was veering round to the right quarter, so that all on board were in the best spirits.

I suppose it might be midnight when I was awoke by a large cockroach running over my nose. It's not a pleasant sensation that, at all, but having succeeded in forgetting the trespass of this base intruder, I was dropping off again, when bump we went, with a crash that knocked many of us out of our cots and bunks, and certainly drove sleep from every eye. Of course, it needed no argument to convince me that we were aground somewhere or somehow. I thought the best plan was to go on deck at once, which I did, in spite of the entreaties of a coolheaded chum, who wanted to persuade me that it was only a change of wind. All the other passengers were on deck almost as soon as myself, and a nice crowd of maniacs they made. It seemed we had run right on to a reef of rocks stretching out from the shore, which, in the darkness, seemed to be a few yards distant.

I shan't give you the story of the wreck, for it's only the old thing over again. There was a strong surf breaking on the beach, and what with boats being swamped, and men trying to swim ashore, and, at last, the splitting in two of the good old ship herself, only about a dozen of us got safely to dry land. You know that I am what silly men call a fatalist, or, in plain words, I believe that every man has his own time fixed for him to die, and that till that time comes, no effort of his, nor mischief by other men, will kill him. You'll imagine, therefore, that I wasn't in the least disturbed about myself, not at all; if I was to die, I was, and there was an end of it. So I could afford to let the rest get ashore before I made the attempt. Those that survived praised me for my pluck, but, Lord bless you! there was no pluck in it. I believe that by far the better part of the men we call heroes and laud up to the skies for valour, and all that sort of thing, are merely fellows that hold my creed, and are not troubled about what may happen to them. Courage—pooh!—it's sheer fatalism!

So we were ashore, and in a nice plight, too. The captain was there, and the second mate and a cabin boy. There were also two sailors; the rest were passengers, young men, mostly, and one of them an uncommonly good-looking and good-tempered young fellow. He was liked by everybody, as he deserved to be. And there was one more; yes, there was another—another.

I've left her to the last, I suppose, because we leave all good things to the last; and if ever woman was good, or true, or lovable, Mabel Firbank

was. She was one of three girls who were going out to India under the captain's charge. Some said she was going out to be married ; but I, for one, did not believe it. If you ask me what she was like, I can't tell you. Imagine the woman whose face and form you like best, and then fancy she is Mabel. Was her temper good ? I should rather say so. And she had what all girls haven't—that is nerve. By Jove ! she would bite her tongue off before a sound of suffering or a shriek of fright would pass her lips.

Just think what a parcel of poor wretches we all made, cast ashore with the clothes we happened to have pulled on, and a few salted biscuits. It was just there on the rocks at the mouth of this river that we struck, and were gathered on the sandy beach. From there, and at that early hour, for it was only just daylight, we could see nothing of the country round. Beyond the hard belt of sand, bush rose up on all hands, except where the river turned inland round a steep, woody hill. I must say the situation was rather desolate, for the captain said we were at least five hundred miles from the nearest port, which was Algoa Bay, and all we knew about the land of our involuntary adoption was that it had the repute of being the home of the worst sort of savages. It was such a very blue look-out, in fact, that for some little time we all sat or stood ruminating, and thinking what next ; under the circumstances a not very delightful subject to speculate about.

At last, the grey-headed and quiet old captain broke the silence.

"Friends," he said, "it has pleased the Almighty to leave us here, and the best thing we can do is to ask Him to help us before we go on to help ourselves."

There was something in the appeal which went to the hearts of all of us ; and I don't know whether kneeling on that beach, with our faces to the sun just rising over the peaceful ocean, it would not have been better for us if we had all been called away then, as I think we felt better—that is, more humbled, and yet thankful, in the midst of our desolation—which is the same thing—than perhaps any of us have since felt. At any rate, I know it was my case. I still see with my mind's eye the calm, sweet face of Mabel, as she knelt by the captain, with her deep eyes shut and her small hands clasped, and her head gently bent. Poor thing ! there was one thought in all our minds as we looked on her, and thought of the wild, passionate barbarians we should soon have to encounter. Poor thing ! rather than such a fate, would she not have been happier calmly sleeping under the pure but cruel sea ?

"And now, gentlemen," said the captain, "the next best thing we can do is to help ourselves ; and as it's no use being troubled about a ship that has gone to pieces, I suggest that we find a snug anchorage for the present, somewhere in this bush, while one or two of you scour the country above the hills yonder, and see what the niggers are like, if, unfortunately, there should be any."

This was what we did. I was sent off with the second mate on a tour of discovery, and the rest set to work in the river valley to rig up some kind of shelter.

Two guns had been put into one of the boats, and about a pound of powder. Taking one of these we went on our explorations. For some distance up the hill there was no path, and it was only when we reached the top that a narrow track, winding inland, showed us that we could

not be far off men of some sort. The view from the top was very much what you see now, and full though our heads were of other things, the beauty of the scene drew forth a burst of pleasure.

Ahead of us there appeared at no great distance what we took at first to be a group of hay stacks, but of course we soon found out that they were Kafir huts. You know what a Babel of dogs barking and children yelling greets the stranger when he approaches a kraal, and we made the discovery too late to do what we intended,—that is, hide ourselves, and take the bearings privately. Out the curs rushed, and behind them came a small crowd of men and girls, who when they saw us shrieked and shouted as loud as the dogs. The females at once bolted, and the men prudently kept behind their own fences. I dare say they had never seen a white face before, so their astonishment might be pardoned.

Thus we stood, looking at each other. Both the mate and myself were rather nonplussed. What could we best do. There they were; they had seen us, and flight was useless in our case, had it, indeed, been expedient. But they had seen no one else, and we agreed that until the fashion of these savages was more evident, we should make known to them nothing but what they saw. A parley was the only course open to us.

It's no easy thing to talk to, and be understood by, persons of whose speech you know as little as they do of yours. My experience of life has taught me that the hands in such a case are much more eloquent than the tongue. I had more faith in words then than I have now, when I have learnt to know how little they often mean, and how thoroughly false they often are. So I smiled as sweetly as I could, made an attempt at a friendly gesture, and shouted out "Good morning"—as the only thing I could think of.

They did and said nothing, but only stared the harder, and a repetition of the proceeding brought no further result. I was at my wits' end, and looked appealingly at Rullock, the mate, who after a short cogitation, and a few hearty blessings, bawled out, "I say, you niggers, we want some thing to drink," which, by the way, wasn't true, but it suited his purpose and enabled him to illustrate his remark by making a drinking cup of his two hands.

It was wonderful how quickly they knew what he wanted. We could see that by the earnest way in which they all began talking—or rather screaming,—and, as it seemed to our raw eyes, raging at each other. You know how Kafirs converse when they are excited, and the extent to which they shouted, raved, shook their arms about, and flashed their eyes, was proof to us that we had truly fallen amongst a pack of cannibals. However, it was useless to shirk the baldness of this very naked fact, so we stood still and watched. Presently, after a good deal more talking, and passing to and fro, a youngster was sent towards us with a calabash. How the lad trembled and stared at us, as he crept nervously in our direction; how, when within the reasonable distance of a few yards, he popped the vessel down, and rushed back like a hare, I need not stop to tell. We went up to the calabash, and tried to drink some of its contents without making faces, though my internal organs never felt more inclined to resent and discard a potation in my life. It was clearly meant in good part, and it was not our game to be nice about trifles just then. So we both smacked our lips after what seemed, but was not, a long pull, and inwardly vowed that we'd never turn up our noses at ship's tea again.

Our imbibing of this beer seemed to give the darkies great satisfaction, for when we had finished, which was pretty soon, they came nearer, and we drew nearer, until at last we were squatting down amongst them. Having indicated, so far as we could, that we had come from the sea, and were on our way to the south, we paused. Our only wish was to get back to our friends and consult on future measures; but then they would be sure to follow us, and that would not suit our book. So, after a great deal of dumb show, and talking to each other in utterly unknown tongues, Rullock and myself determined that, on the whole, the intentions of these savages were for the present friendly, and that no good would be gained by exciting their ill-feelings towards us. So we sat and sat; and how much longer we might have sat can't be told, for Rullock gave a new aspect to affairs by a very simple action. A regular salt, he had omitted to leave behind him when he came ashore, his pipe and his pouch. Feeling, as he said, "the uncommon bafflingness of the situation," he took out those implements of comfort, in order to clear his faculties by a few whiffs. This proceeding on his part excited most profound interest. Dumb with surprise and expectation the circle of natives saw him undo his pouch, take therefrom a few pinches of tobacco, stuff them into his pipe, and put it into his mouth. But their astonishment came to a head when he brought forth his lucifers, and gravely went on to light his pipe. This brief process of making fire, and then as it were, putting it between the lips, at once became a most puzzling problem, and the performer a being whose difference from themselves was deeper than the colour of the skin. They gazed in blank and mute wonderment. Such a chance was not to be lost. Under cover of the mystery that surrounded the short pipe we might beat a retreat. So we rose and made signs to them to stay where they were while we disappeared to return again. They remained so struck by the smoke-clouds which Rullock industriously breathed forth that we succeeded in getting out of sight quietly, and, when once out of sight, you may be sure we lost no time in retracing our steps to the hiding-place of our companions.

They were waiting anxiously for our return, and we were overwhelmed by questions. We told all that we knew, and a long consultation followed. It was not so easy to decide on the best course. Two plans were before us. One was to wait where we were, as snugly as possible, until the evening, and then proceed down the coast in the boats that had been preserved from the wreck. The other was to throw ourselves on the tender mercies of the natives, and make as fast as we could for Port Natal, where, possibly, by waiting, we might be picked up by some calling ship. A glance at the heavy breakers that had already begun to roll in from seaward made us at once desirous of the last alternative. Nothing remained but to propitiate the blacks, and push southward as best we might.

The plan was simple enough, and, on the whole, not over risky, in all but one thing. Again, every man present looked at Mabel, and silently wondered whether she could bear the fatigue, pain, and excitement of such a journey. She looked so fair, so fragile, so pure, so delicate, so unfit in her soft, womanly weakness, for the rough hardships of a tramp through a savage country and amongst barbarous men, that our hearts sank as we thought of the prospect. She saw what was in our minds and frankly spoke.

"Don't be troubled about me. I'm very sorry for your sakes that you should have such a burthensome creature as a poor helpless woman like myself to bother you. But I'm strong enough for any amount of walking; and as for exposure, it will only make me a little stronger and hardier. Oh, how I wish for once that I was a man!"

A man! Ah! if all men in this rude world were like her, what a good world it would be! Sermons, then, might be dispensed with. A man! Yes, we thought it would be well indeed for her, and for our peace of mind, if she were a man for once.

Suddenly a light passed over the face of the old Captain. He went up to Mabel, and, putting her arm in his, led her away to the beach, where they both passed from sight. Presently he returned to us, and with a queer expression on his face, he held a low conference with Rullock. The two then were seen inspecting the contents of one of the several chests that had come ashore.

Meanwhile the rest of us were discussing what our next steps were to be. We agreed to stay where we were that night, and to get together as much stuff from the wreck during the day, as we could conveniently carry amongst ourselves. What we most wanted to secure were powder, knives, and such odd things as might be useful in making presents to the natives. While poking about amongst a few packages that had drifted to the beach, I came upon a medicine-chest. It was nearly empty, and most of the drugs in it were spoilt by the water. One or two little phials, however, closely stoppered, had escaped, and one of these, marked *OPIMUM*, I put in my pocket, though scarcely knowing why I did so. Men are the subjects of strange, subtle instincts, and that I was led by an invisible hand to keep that bottle I am as certain as that it led to results of which I had not the slightest intimation then.

We had gathered together again and the skipper had rejoined us, when there all at once was seen approaching a slender, handsome, girlish-looking lad, dressed in a warm suit of sailor's clothing, and with a straw-hat on his head. The young fellow was looking down, and his cheeks seemed all aglow, when an exclamation startled us. It came from Frank Rush-ton, who was gazing with all his eyes at the figure of the youngster. He only uttered one word, but it was enough.

"Mabel!"

That was what he said, and it told everything. This, then, was the Captain's bright thought, and a capital one it was, too. For aught a stranger would know to the contrary, Mabel was nothing more than a slight, delicate-looking youth—with the face of an angel it is true, but since the days of Cassibolanus it is no such uncommon thing for English boys to look seraphic.

Ah! how she blushed, and how, after looking for an instant at us, her deep eyes sought the ground. Little thought she when, three months before, we left England, that within so short a time she would have had, as it were, to unsex herself, and to give up the outward vestments of her pure maidenhood for the rough garb of a man. But to us who knew her as she was, there was no appreciable difference. There are some women who, whether dressed in robes or in rags—under all aspects and disguises—remain unalterable in the mystic and inextinguishable grace of their soft, tender natures.

We lighted no fire, for the smoke would have been a tell-tale to the

eyes of the natives near us. The night was fine and warm, and the few wrappings we had were enough for our wants. In a snug nook, screened off by boxes, and under the shelter of the bushes, Mabel made her first resting-place on African soil. A queer chamber it was truly for one so fair and gentle—but in our eyes, as in the eyes of God—it was the temple which enshrined a sacred trust.

Night came upon us, just as it comes upon us now—mildly, sweetly, and soothingly. The strange clamour of the insects round, heard for the first time by most of us, mixed pleasantly with the roar of the breakers, and passed curiously into our dreams, such as they were—for we sat up late into the night, talking of the future—and sleep only comes feebly and fitfully to shipwrecked and castaway men.

Morning came upon us, just as it will come to-morrow, brightly and cheerfully, but bringing with it a host of doubts and cares that seem to pass away with the sunlight, but return in renewed power with the day. All the naked danger of our position as helpless beings thrown suddenly on a strange unvisited shore, amongst savages of whose language or natures we knew nothing, dawned upon us with vivid and disheartening distinctness. What would the end of it all be?

Shortly after sunrise we started. Rullock and myself, knowing the way, led the van. Mabel was kept in the background; and Frank Rushton evinced a very apparent determination to act as her self-elected champion.

We wound our way up the bushy hill, at whose bottom we had been encamped, and came out on the open ground. Following the path that we had traversed the day before, the low fences of the kraals soon confronted us. There was a repetition of the previous canine concert, only the chorus of dogs was infinitely louder. The children that swarm about a kraal in the early morning seeing us, howled and shrieked. Bigger girls shouted like furies. Men and boys rushed out of the huts with spears and shields, evidently half expecting some such interruption.

Here, all at once, we met the gigantic bugbear that made our future so utterly uncertain. Here were the men whose conduct towards ourselves was as a dispensation of life and death. Here were the first savages that had yet crossed our path. How they would regard us we could not even remotely conceive. Our own course was plain enough. There was no divergence from it. We must conciliate or die.

With a fixed exaggerated smile on our faces, as an easy way of seeming agreeable, we squatted down on the ground and motioned to the Kafirs to do the same. After a good deal of angry discussion amongst themselves, they came forward and sat on their haunches a short distance from us.

Somewhere or other I had read that the Hottentots and Kafirs were fond of snuff, and decided that this reasonable and by no means barbarous weakness afforded a good opening for propitiatory measures. The Captain was an ardent snuff-taker, and always bore in one or other of his many capacious pockets a vast box full of the gentle stimulant. This was soon in my hands. Opening it, I took, with a sense of martyrdom, a huge vicarious pinch, sneezed charmingly after it, and then held out the box to our black friends.

They did the same.

What magic spell equals that exerted by tobacco! What potency of voice, or arm, or look is half so powerful! What other influence is there

so world-wide in its reach and so subtle in its process ! Known to all races, to black as well as to white, and accepted by them—Tobacco truly is King. It soothes the prince and solaces the peasant ; it delectates the cockney and gives peace to the nigger. In times of wildest agitation it spreads a calm over one's troubled nature. It takes captive the temper, governs the disposition, sways the mind, seals the tongue, and makes a human hell an earthly paradise. For thirty-five years, now, my un-failing prescription for fleshly ills has been a pipe. I regard tobacco as a great and good gift to man—a gift which I take thankfully, and use conscientiously as a duty. Pidge pass me your pouch.

They did the same, then, and as the pungent powder titillated their nostrils, unused to such high-bred excitation, large tears rolled down their cheeks, gapes of placid bliss distended their faces, and an ineffable benignancy suffused their swarthy faces. For the time being they were subdued.

Carrying on, very difficultly, an expressive pantomime, I sought by mute signs to make the fellows understand that we had been shipwrecked, and were wishful to pass on to the southward. Rullock, however, a disbeliever in the art of dumb show, deemed it best to state the case more plainly.

"You see, my lads, the best crafts sometimes run ashore, and no shame to them that sail 'em. If charts will get wrong, and if currents will flow contrarywise to what stares you in plain black and white, well, it's no fault of the skipper, or the mate either, for that matter. If her head was to the northward, and land lay by the last reck'nin' fifty miles to the windward, it's no fault of hers if she run on rocks where water ought to be. It's always so with these outlandish places : they turn up when you least expect 'em, and then we get blamed for it. And that's how it is, you see, that we're hailing for the south again, and mighty poor sailing we shall make of it if you don't lend us a hand, my boys, black as you are, not that that would stop you, though it does spoil your beauty—eh ?"

Having come to this interrogatory full-stop, I deemed it wise delicately to hint that the niggers knew as little of his mother tongue as he did of theirs, a new view of the case which set him cogitating.

I'm not going to tell you all that they and we said and did during the next few days. They were not a bad set of fellows on the whole. Seeing that our ideas were peaceable—and they were eminently so without a doubt—they did not seem inclined to interfere with us, but let us move slowly on from kraal to kraal, and generally gave us a hut to sleep in, as well as such food as we wanted. The few articles we carried with us were not thrown away upon them, and on the whole we got a good deal more than value received.

The natives, in fact, were so mild and hospitable in their way, that we began to lose thought of danger, and to feel confident of getting in due time, and without much difficulty, to Port Natal, and once there, our troubles we considered would be at an end. At that time our chief anxiety was to keep up the disguise of Mabel—whose extreme delicacy, gentleness, and beauty we often fancied, rather foolishly, must betray her. It was not so, however, the natives only saw in her a young, smooth-faced boy.

One day we reached the Umvoti. You know what a wide, sandy, treacherous river it is. A good deal of rain had fallen and the river was

up, so much so that all communication with the other side amongst the natives was stopped. Dim rumours, however, darkly gathered from glances and signs and a few words we had picked up, gave us an impression that the friendly attitude of the natives might not be maintained. Some danger looming from behind us seemed to be on its way, and we were very anxious to get as near our destination as possible, and especially to put this river between us and whatever or whoever might be in the background. So we resolved at all risks to get across, if it was in any way practicable.

We had already seen the natives crossing rivers on bundles of reeds, and that was the way we chose to effect our purpose. The natives did their best to help us, and the bundles of reeds were soon ready. So far as the men were concerned it was an easy matter to make the attempt, but it was not so easy in the case of Mabel, who knew nothing of swimming, and who had no strength at all adequate to stem the force of a rushing torrent.

The Captain and one or two of the others determined to go in first, and be ready on the other side to assist the rest should their aid be wanted. We chose a point of the river not far from the present drift, where it made a turn round a bank against which the current from our side dashed; that was where we knew our reed rafts would be certain to ground.

In they went, the old Captain and the rest. The brown angry waters rushed upon them, eddied round them, and swept them on and over. Now they were hidden by the turbid stream; now they seem carried down by some tree that was being hurled fast to the ocean. Several times we gave them up, but again the reeds would be seen bounding to the surface again, and edging swiftly to the further shore.

Our gallant old captain was the last of that lot to go in. Mabel and myself were standing by him as he took off his jacket, and secured himself to the reeds. I shall never forget the loving, fatherly look with which the grey-headed, weather-beaten, but noble-hearted old sailor pressed her hand just before he plunged in, and said that he would be back again in a few minutes and fetch her, if the first attempt proved successful.

In he went, and those of us that were left, from the bank's edge, watched eagerly the old man's progress. Better far had we closed our eyes or looked anywhere rather than on that white head battling with the hungry waters. Better far for him had the sea he loved so well gathered him into its mysterious depths when it cast us all so mercilessly ashore.

He was about half across, and had every prospect of getting to land easily and safely. We were laughing and talking over the success of the savage mode of transit, when there burst from the natives near us a terrific shout—a shout of surprise and horror.

“A! Ingwenya!”

Yes, it was nothing less. There are terrors of water, and terrors of land, and terrors of death in a hundred awful forms, that affright weak-minded persons; but of all the terrors that death can assume, I think here is one that may turn the stoutest heart to ice, and make the bravest quail.

The natives were pointing to the middle of the river, where the

Captain might be seen clinging to his raft of reeds. All around him the river was free from difficulty. He was drifting fast across. What on earth were the fellows shouting at. Good God ! what's that ?

A few yards behind him, but much nearer us, there rose above the surface of the water a long, black log, a log in all save its lifelike motions—a log in all save its cold bead, like eyeits open jaws, its gleaming teeth. You know what it was—an alligator !

There are times when a sudden horror, by its mere abruptness, seals the tongue and arrests the sinews. We saw, but in the dread of the moment, we said and did nothing.

But we saw. With eyes strained we watched the monstrous snout darting through the water. A moment or two and the catastrophe had come, and it was only a lash of the monster's tail that startled us into life and action. We shouted, then, in louder chorus than the natives ; we hurled every stone or stick that was within reach at the loathsome creature, heedless of the mad uselessness of the act. What could they or we do with that ravenous thing within jaw's length of the old man's streaming locks.

Ah, it was a cruel, cruel sight—a sight to sadden one's heart for ever—to see the worst of all deaths impending hopelessly over that venerable head—to see it, and to be impotent to save.

To this day I thank Heaven that it pleased the Almighty to keep him in happy ignorance of the danger that was drawing near. Not till those hideous jaws had gaped above him ; not till that awful maw had dragged him quickly down would he know what was going to be his end. And let us hope that in that last awful moment the Gracious Giver of Life was also the merciful Dispenser of Death, and that consciousness ceased when he sank, with a heart full of tenderness, under the ripples of the river.

We never again saw the Captain or his destroyer. For half-an-hour we vainly gazed for some evidence of their presence—some clue that would enable us to do what we might to kill the one and save the other. The good old seaman had gone on his last voyage to his last haven, and made his number no more on earth.

Poor Mabel. Dazed with the shocking sense of her loss—the loss of her kind, fatherly, and watchful protector—she had sunk on the ground and lay crouched, in utter misery, with her head between her hands. The girl was a more sacred trust than ever to us now ; and we all agreed that to attempt to take her over, after such a proof of the peril of the transit, would be the maddest folly. There was naught for it, then, but to stay where we were till the river went down. The delay was an awkward but stern necessity.

Meanwhile we made known to the three friends on the other side the reason of our stoppage, and they, by common consent pressed to the south. They could do us more good by hastening to the port than by staying idly where they were. Compelled to inaction, we occupied the time by learning Kafir words—and of great value we found this knowledge in a very short time. Two days had been thus spent, the river was subsiding, and hoping to get Mabel safely across before the next day was done, we slept peacefully in our huts.

Day was just breaking. The cocks were arduously crowing, when the dogs set up such a din as only Kafir curs know how to produce. This did not much disturb us, but before long other sounds came fitfully upon

us. A low, intense monotone, broken by the wind, grew into distinctness. It was a strange, new noise, and we sat up and listened.

If any of you have known what it is to form in childhood, to retain through youth, and then through mature age, to recall the conception of an obscure but gigantic dread—and at last to find it realized—you will know the feeling that crept over us when we recognized in the slowly swelling disturbance, the war song of a savage race. None of us had ever listened before to such a sound, but an instinct told us what it was. The origin of it we could scarcely conjecture, but a vague idea that it had to do with the fancies of days in the background of which I spoke just now, occurred to most.

Out we went. The morning was deliciously cool and clear, and all the landscape round was vividly defined by the keen, pure light. The very hills that we now look at were glowing under the rays of the just risen sun; the river lay like a band of gold down the valley, and the grass and bushes glistened with innumerable drops of dew. Looking northward, we saw coming down the hill a black, moving mass. That mass, in a very few moments, was seen to consist of Kafirs, in full war-paint, brandishing their shields, shaking their top-knots, and stamping on the ground with the ferocity of men bent on a bloody errand.

That the approach of this body had to do with ourselves we felt instinctively. Rullock suggested that perhaps the other side of the river would be a better place for us than where we were, but his remark was overborne by the rest, who agreed with me that it was best to remain quiet, and abide the issue, whatever it might be.

Yelling and stamping, the fellows came up to the kraal and surrounded it, carrying on a parley all the while—and apparently a very amicable one—with the chief men of it. The latter at last signed to us that we were wanted outside; so, of course, we acted on the hint.

To our raw eyes the sight of that mob of wretched looking blacks, dressed in all the savage panoply of their native state, was like a glimpse of the lower regions.

It struck me then, as it has struck me since, that in the wierdly spectacle of those devil-like men, with their wild aspect and maddened gestures, there was something very discordant with the natural graces of the country. People are fond of saying that the noble savage befits the surroundings of an uncultivated land, but to my mind, in the midst of such a scene as this, he is the only flaw. God has made the one very goodly, but He has made the other very grim and uncanny. You'll therefore understand that we were not over prepossessed by the unwelcome new comers.

But it was useless kicking against the pricks. The cards were all on the other side. We were wanted somewhere or other, and for some purpose that we could not fathom. So far as we could make out, the King of the tribes around us, whoever he might be, had heard of our existence, and desired to see us. This much we understood, and being utterly at the mercy of the natives, we had no course but compliance.

“Ours not to make reply,
Ours not to reason why.”

We were in their power, and as they were not particularly uncivil, we mildly went.

And now came Mabel's worst trials. The Kafirs travelled at a much faster rate than we had been keeping up, and the exertion was greater than her slight form was well fitted for. Woman's endurance is a marvel; I know of none greater. So long as bone and sinew will hold out, a woman's strength lasts; while as to her spirit—her soul—that never yields. The first day Mabel kept up vigorously with the best of us. Her violet eyes never lost their archness; her silky cheeks retained their rosy glow; her step was firm and springy as ever. Whatever she felt was not shown. Sometimes Frank Rushton would quietly slip her arm through his, and the number of times that he whispered consolation to her I shouldn't like to say. The young couple were evidently "ganging their gait" as fast as circumstances and the strong passions of youth would bear them. All this I saw with greedy quickness, and seeing it I grimly smiled.

Kafir paths are, you know, peculiar as being at once straight and difficult. They are distinguished by a total indifference to gradients. The first day's journey was not so bad, for the country was comparatively easy, but the second day's tramp was a pumper. How cordially we cursed, in good honest English, the native capacity for climbing. If Mabel's reproving finger was lifted once, it was lifted twenty times that day, in reprobation of such strong language. But to see her steps gradually flagging; to see her eyes dim, her brow get weary, and her fair face pale, was ample justification. Frank Rushton's open countenance began to look ominously black, and his fingers closed suggestively, as these evidences of fatigue stole over our cherished charge. But worse provocations were in store.

That night we resolved on an expedient to secure at least one day's rest. It was simple enough, but it answered the purpose. Shortly before the day dawned three of us were taken violently ill. The symptoms were remarkable, and unknown to pharmacy, but they sufficed to detain the whole party. Two things we gained during this delay. One was the knowledge that the presence of all of us was deemed imperative wherever we were going, the other was a painful acquaintance with certain native remedies, which for appearance sake the invalids were forced to take. Unhappily, I was one of them.

To twist your visage from its original expression by diabolical and unnatural imitations of inward agony; to swallow bucketsful of the most nauseous compounds, not fit for a costermonger's donkey; to be punctured and smeared by a pack of "high" scented native quacks; surely these are expiatory torments that ought to cover a multitude of sins.

All evils end, and the next morning, as you may imagine, saw the sick men thoroughly convalescent. Amazing energy, in fact, marked them, and the Kafir quacks contemplated with admiration the results of their successful treatment.

The sun was westering when we came near a gigantic double circle of huts. This was evidently the King's kraal—the royal residence. And so it was. The straw city threw open its gates—of wicker work—to receive us, and sent forth its yelping legions of mangy dogs to give us the welcome of a Bedlam. Groups of spear-laden and shield-hidden warriors hovered about. Girls and children glared at us with awe-stricken visages. Babies yelled at the sight of these phenomena. Haggard women gazed in silent wonderment at the pale-faced strangers. Boys

rushed about in bounding and blatant astonishment—like scared human grasshoppers. We alone seemed to preserve a decent equanimity.

In truth, though, the calmness was only skin deep ; beneath there was a seething tumult of doubt, uncertainty, and apprehension. Was this the kraal of that blood-thirsty chieftain, of whose deeds we had heard vaguely at Cape Town ? Could this be the African Attila whose awful presence we were approaching ? If so, what other destiny was before us but that of being the principal actors in some vast sacrificial butchery.

I'm not going to bother you by recounting the preliminaries. We did not see the great man that night. Our arrival being notified to him, he announced his intention of inspecting us in the morning. Meanwhile we were allotted a hut, and luxuriously fed—with the view, Mabel suggested, of being made fatter and sleeker morsels for the august Hokey-Pokey on the morrow.

That morrow came—as all dark morrows come to mortals—too swiftly. All night long we had been intermittently awake by the sweet songs of our entertainers, who were doubtless improvising exultant strains, celebrative of the grand festa that was in store.

How odd it is that the darkest days should often be the brightest physically. How often mental gloom is mocked by natural light. No day could have been more glorious than that which we felt was to be signalized by our extinction. The callous sun, which has smiled on so many deathly deeds, was going to laugh with lustre over our doom.

When at last, as the morning grew, we were confronted with Zulu Majesty, expectation had deadened us ; we were ready for anything. The interview was practically a dumb one. Neither party knew aught of the other's language. The King searchingly scrutinized us all, inspected the few movables we carried with us—kept all which he fancied might be of use or value, and then—sent us back to our hut.

As men who have been reprieved on the scaffold—as men who have been saved from drowning after hours of senseless torpor—as men who have faced an extreme peril and escaped it—we returned with thankful hearts.

The next day we were again summoned to the naked presence of Zulu royalty, and after like ceremonials, we were again dismissed. For many days the same process was repeated. This continued until the tenth day—when we were all thoroughly tired of basking. The end of it all had come, however ; the turning point was reached.

Things were disposed very differently on this occasion. A large circle of old men was formed. In the centre of them were two or three horrible creatures—in no wise human—garnished and made hideous by cats' tails, paint, and other barbarous disfigurements. These I know now were witch-doctors ; to us then they looked like demons.

An ominous stillness pervaded the circle as we came up. Whispered colloquies between neighbours were general enough, but an air of suspense prevailed. The King had not yet appeared. He came out shortly, looking unhappy and ill-tempered. His scowls would have withered us had they exercised any power whatever.

But fancy our amazement on seeing near the King a man of our own colour, and dressed, like us, in sailor's clothing. He was young, but sharp and pleasant-looking. Surprise rushed at once to a climax. Who could he be ?

This we were soon able to find out. The King, in no gentle tones, said something to him, and the white stranger spoke. He began by asking us how we came there. An intuition had told either that the other was English, so we had not that point to ascertain. In very few words we told him our pitiful state, recounted our experience since the wreck, and said that all we wanted was to get to Port Natal, and take our chance there.

He repeated as much of this as he thought fit to the King, who then bade him ask us if we had no treasure hidden in the bush. To the royal question, however, he added a hint of his own.

"Of course, you'll say no; but if you have anything worth keeping, say nothing about it. He'll be none the wiser, and what would be useless to him—old hog—will be worth something to us."

Our negative seemed to give no pleasure to His Majesty, and he showed his chagrin by bullying our friend, who bore it very philosophically. The royal wrath, however, waxed worse and worse, and seemed to be stimulated by certain inward pangs which revealed themselves on his glowering countenance. At last it culminated in a gruff mandate to the bedizened witch-doctors.

What followed, in our eyes, was more like the work of fiends than any human performance we had ever heard of. You know with what unearthly gestures and idiotic signs those fellows pursue their incantations. They drew circles on the ground; they muttered strange gibberish; they rolled their eyes all but out of their sockets; they leapt to astounding heights, brandishing spears and rattling sticks, and with their cats' tails and feathers all flying and streaming, making earth hideous with their wierdly presence. But even horrors get tedious, and half-an-hour of this work tired us, and made it common-place. We were not sorry when, after a long harangue from one of them, the King, looking at us, addressed himself to the interpreter. And most violent did the great man look, not so much at us in a body as at the one who, of all others, we had kept in the background—poor Mabel. You may fancy how eagerly we waited for the next communication. A sense of something impending impressed the minds of all.

"The old chap, here, was taken ill last night with spasms, and he has them yet, and fancies he's going to die. As a matter of course, he believes he has been bewitched, and the mummerly you saw just now was for the discovery of the witch. It seems he was warned by one of them that you would bewitch him, and that was why he kept you here so long."

"Well, and what's the result," we breathlessly burst in with.

"All right, don't talk, it's against court etiquette, and they've a nasty way of checking any breach of ceremony. The witch-doctors here say they have found out the witch, and I'm sorry to say, fearfully sorry, I can tell you, for to see you is the best sight I've had for months—that he's among you."

"Which of us?" We asked this, though a certainty of what was coming seized us all. I saw Frank Rushton put his arm round Mabel's waist, quite forgetful of the seeming absurdity of such an act. Poor girl, poor girl!

"Why, it's the youngster, poor fellow. I suppose they pick him out because he's different to the rest of you. And certainly he's not of the sort for this kind of work."

"Well, and what happens?"

"Ah, that's just it. There are some things one can stand, but I know what these witch-finders are, and I never thought of seeing a countryman the victim of one of them. It's no use mincing matters, however. I should be cruel to do so, for there can be but one end to the affair."

His browned face was profoundly sad as he said this, and he glanced at Mabel with that expression of yearning instinctive fondness—that craving to protect and to caress—which, even under her rough man's garb, Mabel still extorted.

And we looked at her. Well we might, it being quite a different being from the pale, shrinking girl of an hour ago that occupied the sailor's disguise she wore. Set lips, firm brows, and eyes lit up by a high, piercing light, made her a transfigured being.

"I never heard of aught but one conclusion to these affairs. The man's sick, and he thinks that the youngster has bewitched him, and he knows that he won't get life back to him till he has taken it from the victim."

We knew as much already. The time then had come. Presentiments were to be realized. Mabel and her friends must die. For one resolve sprang up in all of us. If Mabel was to die it should not be alone. Weak and defenceless as we were, hopeless as resistance must be, we would fight it out to the last. You think we were Quixotic and hair-brained, I dare say, and in one sense we were. But we were mostly young, and conscious of a certain sense of chivalry. Moreover, repeated calamities had thoroughly depressed us, and made us utterly careless about life. If we were to die, why the sooner the better. Better to die, at any rate, manfully, than to carry with us the ghastly memory of such a deed as that.

This determination was quickly told, and the man did his best to dissuade us; but he soon saw it was useless, and his face bespoke infinite horror and perplexity. He then began to expostulate with the King, but he was obdurate. A sharp spasm fixed his implacability, and spurred him on to abusing our kindly-natured intercessor.

Some of the fellows were already coming towards us when this last spasm took place. Spite of the awkwardness of the situation, there was something so very ludicrous in the old fellow's contortions and grimaces that I couldn't help smiling. Rullock grimly smiled too as he muttered:

"So they're coming. Well, our log will soon be finished now. Only I wish we could have been drowned decently, instead of being made away with like a pack of sheep. Lor! look at that old grampus. What a picture he makes of himself. Why, a baboon is an angel to him. He's only got the gripes. A drop of opium now would set him as right as a trivet."

I had not listened very closely to the good old sailor's soliloquy, being full of sadder thoughts. For, say what you will, and ape the stoic as one may, it's not a cheering thing to be stopped short just as one begins to enjoy the vigour and the zest of the life cruise. The last words fell dead on my ear, when—— But it was something more than the joy of a reprieve this time. I was overwhelmed by the suddenness and completeness of it. The idea burst upon me like an inspiration from Heaven. I instantly saw that we were saved.

That one word "opium" did it all. It brought to mind the remem-

branch of that phial which was even then reposing in my pocket—the phial I had picked up on the beach. This was our salvation. If the victim became the survivor—if the witch proved to be rather a benefactor—our lives were comparatively certain.

No time was to be lost. In words too excited to be very intelligible, I made Rullock understand my plan, and bade him whisper it to Frank Rushton, who in his turn would tell Mabel. The last two had their hands very tightly clasped, and it was clear that had one of them passed the Rubicon, he or she would have been closely followed by the other.

Little preparation was needed, nor was there need of any. The bottle was quietly slipped from hand to hand until it reached Mabel, who then, in a calm, ringing voice, first made herself heard. And it was time she did, for the fellows were close upon us.

“Tell the King, will you, that so far from being the cause of his illness, I have the means in my power of removing his pain if he likes to conform to certain conditions.”

The man started at the sound of those womanly accents ; but he at once translated the words to the spasm-torn monarch, whose eyes became wonderfully eager as he heard the startling revelation, and who found strength enough to recall his minions with a sternness which rather disconcerted them. Mabel’s conditions were simply that we should be allowed to pass peaceably to the port in the event of the cure proving successful.

None of us gave her credit for being half such a clever actress as she appeared, while the potent nostrum was administered. Solemnity attended every movement. She treated the phial with the reverence due to a charmed thing, and caused the natives, His Majesty included, to gaze upon her and the supposed amulet with palpable awe.

The dose was administered. Faith, I believe, is the genius of medicine ; it is a necessary ingredient in every cure. The King, in this case, had any amount of it. He took the opium with obvious ecstasy. His bleary eyes expressed untold bliss. His paroxysms were those of pleasure. In a very few minutes he was asleep. While the royal slumbers lasted we were treated with vast distinction. Royal rations were granted to us, while Mabel was for hours gazed at with mute devotion by hosts of awe-stricken observers.

When the King awoke his spasms were gone, and he was his regal self again. We, too, were ourselves again. The few days we remained were days of high distinction. From being the helpless objects of kingly wrath, we became the enviable recipients of royal favours ; and, little as you’ll believe it, when we finally left on our way southward again, a certain sort of regret filled many of our minds, so insidious and potent is kindness.

My tongue is tired and my mouth is dry, so my story may as well stop. We were kept at the Bay some months, but a vessel came at last and took us off to Cape Town, where, I dare say you won’t be surprised to hear, Mabel changed both her garb and her name about the same time. You may think me both mean and unkind when I say that the change in question caused me unutterable disgust.

Love and Death.

Dear eyes that in the years ago,
 The happy years that now are past,
 Were all mine own for bliss or woe,
 Mine only to the very last !

Would, O ! my love, but once again,
 To mine your loving glance could rise,
 To banish darkness, gloom, and pain,
 With all these sad and weary sighs.

Dear eyes, so softly sweet and grave,
 So full of truest love for me !
 Dear heart so bright, so warm, and brave,
 In midst of deepest misery !

No other lips have touched the kiss
 You laid upon mine own the day
 When I knew well that all my bliss,
 Had faded utterly away ;

And in the closing evening light,
 Lip set to lip and eye to eye,
 I saw that cheek grow deathlier white,
 And prayed that I might also die.

Long years may pass as they have past,
 Before our waiting spirits meet :
 But O ! dead love until the last,
 No love to me shall ere be sweet.

Through Bushmanland.

PART II.

August 21st.—Half-way between Kenhart and Van Wyk's Vley. One may read about the vast numbers of springboks that migrate across this continent ; but without seeing them no one can form a remote conception of their countless numbers. We have driven through them for six hours (35 miles); while from reliable information, they extend for one hundred miles in length. Imagine flocks of from 2,000 to 6,000 of these animals scattered over the plain at intervals of two or three miles apart over the whole of this area, and you may form some notion of their abundance. This is the most graceful of all the gazelles. They are the perfection of form, litheness, and graceful action. Whether we see the whole troop leisurely browsing, cautiously trotting away at our approach, or from the apprehension of danger scouring over the plain with the speed of the wind, their action is alike unequalled. Then, too, the disposal of the colour on them has a charming effect, especially when in their exuberant playfulness they show forth the marvellous white hair on their backs. To an observer who has not seen them close, it would appear almost unaccountable that a gazelle prancing along within a hundred yards, whose back is of reddish-brown colour, should suddenly display a broad stripe, six inches wide of the most dazzling whiteness where an instant at least before the colour was dark-brown. This "crest" of hair is expanded or contracted, so as to be almost invisible, by muscular action. Here are beautiful little fawns. How prettily, nay saucily, they caper away, as though conscious that we poor mortals would have but a sorry chance of overtaking them. Can any other animal imitate that? With limbs stiffened and straight, and head down, that magnificent springbok leaps from the ground to a height of three or four feet; touching it again with just the tips of his toes he rebounds without bending a limb or moving a muscle, apparently, and this for three or four bounds. It can be compared to nothing but an India-rubber ball. Watch that troop scampering along ahead of us. Now they come to the road. Without the slightest exertion, but with grand effect, each springs into the air, landing in capital style well on the other side. To see them moving one feels as though they could not become fatigued, their motion is so easy. Some of their paces are curious. They trot exactly as a horse does. The finest sight of all is to see a large herd galloping along at full speed, with their heads down, whirling and turning according to the whim of their leaders. In the distance, springbok always look of a light colour, and they even appear larger at a distance than when near.

August 22nd.—Last night we outspanned right among the "bucks." Their curious short grunts and the movements of so many tens of thousands can be compared to nothing but the distant breaking of

the sea on rocks. How closely they allow us to approach ! Sometimes within forty yards. Frequently they might be shot with a pistol from the cart. What noble horns some carry proudly on their elegant heads ! So they bound, and frisk, and play, gambolling over the interminable plains, cropping a mouthful as required ; living a life of freedom, having no care for the morrow. Trusting in Providence, their myriad mouths are not left unsatisfied. But while their mouths must be filled, the mouths of other less peaceful creatures must not be left empty ; consequently the gentle hyena, loving jackal, and other respectable members of the predatory society, keep watch and guard about the skirts of the defenceless springbok. Woe betide the one who from lapse of years, wound, or sickness lags behind !

Here we again cross the "Glacial Conglomerate." The ground is strewn with characteristic boulders and pebbles, scratched, grooved, and with surfaces ground flat. At Nanta, an opening in a sand down has been built up, forming an extensive reservoir. The poor man ought to feel sorry for his energy and industry, as without water the farm was of little value, but having improved and made it valuable, he has the pleasure of paying a good round rental for his own improvements. On these sand downs are abundance of stone implements, fragments of ostrich egg-shell, broken pottery, and with an occasional human bone, and an odd perforated stone or so.

August 23rd.—Van Wyk's Vley.—As we approach, a very prominent landmark, in the form of a spitzkop, attracts attention. It is Frank's Kop, and is an exact counterpart on a large scale of a Malay's hat, peak, rim, and all. From its top we see vast plains stretching away all round. To our south-west are the Karreebergen. A sheet of water formed by some enterprising farmer lies away in the plain, while an occasional wagon gleams out brightly in the sun.

August 24th.—Rietkop.—Some Bushmen live here. In a little shelter, made of bushes, sits a pitiable old object. He is like a skeleton, the skin creased and folded over his meagre frame ; nearly blind, scarcely able to speak. On giving him some tobacco, his gratitude almost overcame him. His feelings found expression in the word "more." Tottering along comes his more active better half, clad in a gown made of springbok leather. On her back is a bundle of sticks, with which to warm themselves at night, for the frost is keen. To steady herself, she carries in her shrunk hands a stick shod at the end with a straightened springbok horn. When searching for roots this stick is inserted for about half its length through a perforated stone, a small stick is put in the underside of the stone to act as a wedge when a blow is given. This implement is used only by the women, and forms a very excellent contrivance for digging up roots, &c., on which the Bushmen depend to a considerable extent for their daily wants. The principal varieties consumed by them are two kinds of "camberoo" and "uintjes." The "camberoo" has but a tiny leaf on the surface. Following this

down among the stones, of which it is so fond, for a few inches or a foot, a large root is found from half a pound to two or three pounds in weight. It has something the taste of a coarse turnip. This variety usually grows on the flat-topped hills. The other, very similar, grows on the flats, occasionally attaining a considerable size. Ants' nests supply them with a substitute for rice, also with grain, for when these industrious insects have laid in a goodly store, the Bushmen ransack their granaries, carrying off pounds' weight of grass seeds. These are pounded between two stones and boiled into a description of porridge. They are very clever in outwitting cunning bees, for if these build their combs right back in a far corner of a crack, Johnny Bushman cuts a nice little stick flat at one end. This end alternately visits the bees' quarters and his own omnivorous mouth.

August 26th.—Left Onderste Doorns in the morning. The mimosa trees, though refreshing, are not yet covered with their leafy mantle. Mirage is very frequent all over this part of the country. It is very embarrassing to camp at night in an open plain, but next morning to find that you are surrounded by hills. Such absurd looking hills they are, too. Some of them upside down, or as though their sides were overhanging in a dangerous manner. Others are like globes and plates alternately built up, while still others rise like cones, expanding at the top in form of a mushroom. All kinds of extraordinary forms and fantastic shapes they assume, and change continually. Sometimes this is useful, as it shows game that is grazing on the other side of a ridge. A troop of springboks seen under such circumstances presented an extraordinary appearance. They had a shadowy form, and though not in reality numerous, the mirage represented them as being a large troop moving swiftly along the top of a ridge, whereas the genuine ones were on the other side. This phenomenon is painfully life-like (especially when travelling under a torrid sun, parched with thirst, you see what your senses tell you must be water, but your common sense, that it is only imaginary fluid) in many of the pangs and "shoors." One stretching eastward from Zak River is known as "Vinike Pan;" it is many miles in length. A story is told of a farmer in these parts who had to cross the pan on a summer's day. When near the middle, he outspanned to give his horses a roll and rest. Lying under the cart, he enjoyed a short siesta. When the time came for inspanning he looked round, but to his amazement saw not only his own horses, but likewise many shadowy imitations, not distinguishable from real bone and hide. He started for the most likely looking ones, only to see them melt away and be replaced by others just as unsubstantial and evanescent. After many unsuccessful attempts at a capture, our hero became fatigued, thirsty, and not a little irate at the freaks played by his truant cattle. He determined to abandon the bootless chase, but now awoke to the fact that in seeking his horses he had lost himself, with nothing to guide him. Everything was shadowy and unreal. Familiar landmarks had changed their form or altered their position.

Matters became serious. He struggled on. At last, with joy, he beheld the cart, in which was a canteen of water. But how is this? There is not one, but many carts, and which is the real one? Luckily, at this juncture he fell in with the track and this "spooed" up to his own identical vehicle. After a good draught from the canteen, he left cart and horses behind and pushed on to the next farm, where assistance was given to secure the real horses.

An aloe of singular growth is met with all over this part of the Colony. At first a plant grows up from a seed. Then from its sides shoots extend laterally, the old one dying; those shoots continue to extend, lateral shoots coming from these also. Thus a circle of aloes is formed, sometimes twelve to fifteen feet in diameter. As the new shoot grows out forward, the end of the stem decays. New roots shoot downward as new leaves come on the end. The aloe is of dull olive colour, and of small size. Opposite Struis Pits the Zak River spreads out for a width of ten miles. There is no channel, but the whole is covered with water when the flood comes down. The soil thus formed is surprisingly fertile, and when permanently occupied, will, no doubt, yield immense crops to the agriculturist, especially if irrigation is resorted to; no very difficult matter when the water is only about six feet from the surface.

At Struis Pits resides an interesting old Bush lady. She was very communicative, and showed the manner in which arrow-heads are deftly broken by striking one stone with another. At first a few light strokes are given to guide the fracture. Then a smarter one is given to detach the chip. Two small chips, whose sharp points are exactly of the same form and size, are cemented on to the arrow tip, one on each side. The points of these chips must coincide to form the piercing end. She also explained the manner in which the holes are bored in the perforated round stones. This is done by breaking some of the hard stones procured from the "Kiyers Veldt" into long sharp pointed flakes with which the holes are drilled by repeated blows. It is a work of time and labour. None are now made as the old ones formerly used are sufficiently abundant. The beforementioned amiable old lady many years ago *buried* a young Bushman with a "kerry," because he was the nephew of a man who had killed her husband in a fight. She considered it a very praiseworthy act. In this neighbourhood are excellent stone knives formed of shale that has been altered by contact with trap rock into suitable material. They are the largest and best formed of any met with.

August 27th.—Steering down Zak River. Here is a group of five or six Bush women, wearing leather gowns of springbok skin. Running alongside are several children in Nature's garb—perfect little bronzes. They are returning from the watering place towards their *werf*. What a disagreeable kind of vessel they carry the muddy fluid in! One involuntarily feels thankful that he is not thirsty just now, for the water is being carried in paunches of newly

killed springboks, suspended round the necks of these fair (?) creatures.

As we passed the *werfs* we looked in. There was an old lady at home keeping house. All the men were away, either as shepherds or hunting springboks. The *werfs* were of the usual description. A circle of bushes with fire-place in the centre. Stuck into the bushes are the digging sticks of the women, the deadly arrows tipped with puff-adder poison, and the bow made of Karree wood, famed for its strength and toughness. The string is made of twisted springbok sinews, is very strong, but unserviceable in damp weather. Curious culinary utensils: a dish made from the upper shell of a tortoise; a brush made from the long hairs of a hyena—it is used for “whipping” ostrich eggs in the shell, after breaking a hole in one end by being twisted rapidly round, for eating soup or milk, and also if the weather be hot as a handkerchief for wiping perspiration from the face; spoons made from ribs of gemsbok, used for extracting the flesh from small cucumbers; dishes made from ostrich leg-bones. Half-a-dozen springbok *zakkies* await an enterprising purchaser, while a bran new leather gown, doubtless of the most fashionable cut in these parts, lies on the top of an adjoining bush. Many of the old ladies wear a kind of cowrie shell fastened by threads to the centre of their foreheads. These ladies are given to painting.

September 4th.—De Nuis.—The only apparent excuse for such a name is that the hill rising on the north bank of the Orange River has a faint resemblance to a Hottentot's nose; not a good one of that variety either. The river flows through a narrow gorge in the “Gift Bergen,” forming cascades and rapids on its way over the great masses of rock. At the bottom is a basin of still water. A few wagons are dotted about, owned by Bastards. When the river comes rushing through this gorge in full flood the sight must be exceedingly grand. The gorge is so narrow that it keeps the water back, adding pressure to the stream issuing through the outlet. The hills are of schist and quartz rock, while underneath is gneiss.

September 5th.—Kakamas.—Wagons of great variety, from those that have not yet out-lived more than two owners, to those the various parts of which, such as wheels, body, and poles, have been renewed so often and of such various woods, that it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to say who the builders were. These renewals have generally been made in a clumsy manner, and without the use of paint—hence it may be inferred that they are not particularly strong. Mat-houses and small werfs made of bushes are scattered along the river banks. Our arrival is notified by some scores of yelping curs. Their owners assist at the reception by standing wondering about the doors of their mat-houses, while frisking about in all directions are the rising generation,—little bronzes happy in the absence of clothing and the abundance of nice soft dust. This is a very heterogeneous encampment—Bastards, Kafirs, Korannas, and Bushmen go to swell the population. Painting is very fashionable,

not only with the women, but some of the men also. There stands a young Koranna lady whose toilet is just completed, evidently quite a belle. As we approach she bashfully retires, not, however, before we obtain a glimpse at the manner in which she has made herself "beautiful for ever." Her natural colour is a tawny, yellowish brown. To heighten her charms her face is painted jet black, while round each eye and the nostrils a narrow strip is painted of a livid red colour. Anything more demoniacal than the effect produced it would be difficult to imagine. The paint is generally carried in a small, prettily-marked tortoise-shell. The black is obtained by burning a small bush and saving the lamp-black, a purplish brown, from a description of fungus, while oxide of iron furnishes red. For use these are ground up with a little fat. Sitting at the doorway of her mat-house is an old lady making "simet." This is the muscle cut from the backs of sheep, goats, or oxen. When dried it splits easily into threads, which are used for sewing together skins, &c. Under a handsome spreading camel-thorn tree is pitched a very tiny tent. Within is a "smous" with his wares. Outside is one of our little friends, a brown monkey. Poor little fellow, his agility avails him nothing now; that small leather strap and buckle is beyond his comprehension.

Between De Nuis and Kakamas our road crossed many great reefs of pink quartz, being the colour of a rose, and running across the country for more than a mile in some instances. The beauty of these delicately-coloured rock masses quite atones for the general dreariness of the landscape. What a pity we cannot carry off all these handsome specimens. Kakamas is a remarkable locality for minerals, sufficiently so to excite the feelings of those unfortunates who have a weakness for rocks. "Graphic granite" in great abundance, and so natural that it is fortunate none of us understand Hebrew, or we should be puzzling our brains to make out what it meant; crystals of amethysts both in nests and small veins; rose quartz *ad lib.*; brown and white quartz crystals very common.

September 6th.—Passed Rhenosterkop to-day. The Bushmen killed a little Bushman girl here a few days since by shooting two poisoned arrows into her back because she refused to allow the few goats in her charge to be driven off. This morning we encamp close to the Great Falls. In this neighbourhood are singular great bosses of gneiss, rising like globes pushing their way through the surface.

September 7th.—Great Falls.—How many ages must have elapsed while this great slit was being eroded! Below the fall is a huge channel cut in solid hard gneiss for a depth of about 200 feet, a width of 600 or 700 feet, and three or four miles long. Looking down into this great channel the river appears as a green ribbon flowing onward. At the upper end the channel branches out into five or six smaller ones. At the head of each of these are cascades, falls, and rapids. The grandeur consists in the huge masses of rock that adorn and

impart a ruggedness to the wild scene. These falls must present a magnificent sight when a small flood is coming down. At present the river is unusually low, and the water is not sufficient to create an effect. Above, the river is nearly three miles wide, contracting just at the falls. Instead of luxuriant vegetation growing in the neighbourhood, as might be expected, the rocks are bare, brown, and dismal looking. On our way back to camp (as rough a bit of tunnelling as could be met with) we cross the most southerly channel. It is a chasm worn into the hard gneiss about fifty feet wide and more than twice that depth. Into this have fallen great masses of rock, as large as houses, from the beetling sides, filling the chasm up nearly to the top. The corners and edges of the blocks have ground one into the other, so as to form an almost solid mass again. Over this we walk, while underneath, in a dark abyss, the water hisses and surges through the spaces left between the rocks. Splendid pot-holes are plentiful hereabout from twelve feet in diameter, and as much in depth, to only a few inches across,—beautifully smooth inside, and most of them filled, or partially so, with cool, limpid water. On the bottom of these great rocky casks lie pebbles of many hues and well rounded form. No cataclysm could have formed these holes. They are merely the result of friction caused by pebbles and boulders being twisted and turned about in them through vast epochs of time, the moving agent being running water. Further on a great black snake about seven feet long crosses the path and escapes. Here is a dwelling of primitive man at the northern base of the great round boss rising close to the falls. His dwelling is under a ledge of rock; lying on the rocky floor are several flat, sharp-pointed sticks, used for extracting honey from cracks and crannies in the rocks, a dish made from an ox-horn, and an empty paint-can which has served as a pot. Mr. Bushman is not "at home;" so we pass on.

What a beautiful green piece of rock that is! Mixed with the large reefs of rose-coloured quartz are patches and masses of most delicately-coloured greenish blue felspar. It seems almost too good to find such a combination of rare and brightly-coloured minerals. This is a strange-looking branch on the dead-looking bush. Closer examination proves it to be an insect, with body and limbs scarcely distinguishable from the stick on which it climbs. It is seven inches long and uncanny-looking. To be on the right side, we will bag him for the benefit of some one having a slight craze in that line.

September 9th.—Nons.—After the bare country we have journeyed over, the thick bush growing among the rocks is quite a relief. All round the surface is rough and broken, but looking towards the river it is strewn with rugged, rocky kopjes in a most marvellous manner.

September 10th.—Schuit Drift.—The river forms a large zekoe-bed. At each end the channel is rock, and several hippopotami live here, and though not visible in the daytime, their blowing and splashing at night is somewhat startling to weak nerves. Capital place for a

pic-nic. The broad expanse of clear water is lined with trees ; on the opposite side are reed-covered banks, in which our portly friends are probably reposing during the mid-day heat. Rising as a background are rough, grey, desert-like hills. We will pic-nic here accordingly, so slicing our biltong as a relish for the dry bread, and with an occasional sip from the limpid stream our wants are soon satisfied. The tufts of grass growing along the route we pursued in coming excite admiration. Such grass, having so fine a head of sweet, nourishing stems, surely grows nowhere but in Bushmanland. These are all summer grasses, consequently they are dry now, but in January, if rain falls, the country is one waving field. The varieties are very numerous. Most of them display a graceful plumelike head when the seed is ripe, and many of them grow on stools, looking more like bushes than grasses. Numbers of steinbok break cover on all sides.

September 11th.—To-day we passed Zwart Modder, a group of rocky grey hills. In a sheltered little dell we outspan. Kokerbooms grow about, defying the severe dryness of both soil and atmosphere. The waters close by are dried up. It will be a serious matter if we do not succeed in finding some of the others yielding a small supply. After some searching and digging a little water is found, and the cattle get some little moisture to carry them on further. Yonder, near the hill-side, is a newly-formed grave. It is the last resting-place of one of the N.B. Police, who died suddenly in this neighbourhood. What a lonely grave it is ! Not very long since a Bushman fired a bullet in among a party of police who were standing round their camp fire at night and were convoying a number of captured Bushmen. The shot was fired from a rocky ledge rising above the camping-ground, and if done even in daylight, the perpetrator might be almost certain of escape, the hills are so rough. After rain this must be a very pretty spot. Late at night we reach Puffadder. Now is the time of suspense. Ourselves fatigued, horses jaded, and oxen fagged with the long and toilsome path, what shall we do if there is no water ? Suddenly a murmur of pleasure passes each one's lips as the foremost man shouts out the good tidings that water is obtainable. The horses are quickly outspanned and watered one by one. How contentedly each one departs after a refreshing draught ! They seem quite to appreciate the value of water in this dreary region. The wind is severe enough to make us shiver. Firewood is scarce, but enough dry mimosa thorn is soon collected to boil the kettle ; and then after the inevitable coffee has been disposed of, many dreams take possession of our bosoms as we peacefully repose on sandy couches.

Also the well-known "Schuit Klip" (or Boat Rock). Two holes occur in the gneiss on the crest of a ridge. The large one is about twelve feet long, four feet wide, and ten feet deep. Two or three feet of sand occupies the bottom. When heavy thunder rains sweep over this arid country the water runs into and sometimes fills these most

useful reservoirs, in which it is stored up and lasts for many months, refreshing many weary travellers and thirsty cattle. Rain has not fallen now for more than a year, and the supply is nearly exhausted; only a little muddy fluid is obtainable by digging in the sand with which to replenish our almost empty "vaatjes."

September 13th.—"Pella the Desolate."—We have made a descent of 1,800 feet since leaving Puffadder. This being a complete "hole," great mountains tower up to the height of 2,300 feet on the north side, while on the south the slope is gentle. We take possession of a room in the missionary's house. How very dreary the place looks! The roofs and interior of the church, missionary's house, and store have been burnt, the bare walls alone remaining. The gardens, once neatly enclosed, carefully watered, and receiving the attentions of willing hands and loving hearts, now are open, scarcely a vestige of the fencing remains; the furrows choked, and the supply of water, which is here the very life of trees, cut off; trees dead or dying; everything ruined and forsaken. It is painful to contemplate, and a thousand times more dismal than if never man had dwelt here. Springs of water are numerous, and would, if carefully opened, irrigate a large piece of ground. No doubt this must be a fruitful spot if well tilled, though it can scarcely be a healthy one. To the north-east of Pella a river channel runs down from behind Pella mountains, its bed filled with massive blocks of rock that have become detached from the mountain sides. Here and there among these blocks may be seen heaps of bleaching bones and the charred remains of fires. These are the remains of many a foray made by marauding Bushmen on the oxen and horses of their neighbours. Now one stumbles against a candlestick, box, or some other piece of household furniture strewn over the mountain side, relics of the wrecked home of the missionary. Even now right away on top of the mountain a Bushman sits, acting as outpost, and lucky for you if not compelled to pass this way alone.

Four miles north of Pella flows the Orange River. The salted mutton has come to an end, so our luxurious fare now consists of bread and coffee. We must try and vary it with a little fish; accordingly a great raid is planned for the morrow.

September 14th.—At the river to-day our success at angling was not very marked, still we managed to inveigle into our ruthless hands three or four fish, such as the ugly flat-headed barbel, handsome and oily yellow fish and white fish. The latter is the best eating.

September 16th.—Passed Ghauns this morning. The little "fontein" comes out from quartz rock, and the water is delicious. At this water an affray took place between the Boers and Bushmen. The Bushmen scherms, made of stones, still remain, as well as the marks of the bullets on the rocks. The base of the hill is gneiss, with abundance of rose-quartz. Away past N'Ghanno, and on still further towards Springbok; we camp for the night without water. Dreary interminable level grey country we traverse.

September 17th.—This morning while riding along two hartebeests suddenly came into view about 400 yards off. They ought to have felt scared by the number of shots sent after them with all our most hearty good wishes, for bread and coffee diet persisted in becomes monotonous, and obliterates the generous desire to preserve the remaining game,—a sentiment always strongest when the cart-box contains the largest store of fresh meat. Later in the day a noble black ostrich came into view. He disappeared in an expeditious manner. A most charming little flower of delicate lilac colour gladdens our eyes in this sandy desert. It grows in pure red sand, creating surprise that such a tiny, fragile little plant is able to withstand the drought of this region. At night we outspan at Kweekfontein, making our first acquaintance with “sand-pans,” terrible little insects of flattened form and grey colour, scarcely distinguishable from the ground, unless they bite, when you are entitled to be considered a philosopher if no exclamation of surprise or painful astonishment escapes your lips. This is a charming spot just now; one blaze of red and yellow flowers. Two miles back everything was dry and dead, not a green thing to be seen. But here is a contrast. The reason is that this is the limit to which the coast rains reach. Further inland, thunder rains alone fall. These occur later in the season. The line of the coast rains might be marked out to almost half a mile by the flowers, principally marigolds, of many shades of yellow and red. Abundance of water at the spring, and better still, a wagon, from the owner of which a piece of mutton is obtained, and our palates are once more rejoiced by a deservedly-popular “carbonatje.”

September 18th.—Leaving Kweekfontein we soon pass No. 6 Copper Lode, and think how much prettier it would look if worked instead of staring at us in that deserted manner; then past Concordia, which lies away to our right. A few miles more, and we arrive at Springbok; once more among the haunts (not particularly busy) of man. It is worth a visit to Ookiep for the sake of the flowers alone. Whole sides of hills are one mass of red or yellow, nearly all various species of marigold, and known as the “kuil-blom.” Many less conspicuous, but not less beautiful, flowers are growing about. Some of the bulbs are particularly worthy of mention. The morning flower, with its delicate white blossoms and delicious perfume, must not be overlooked. A common aloe with great black hooks on the edges of its leaves, grows among the rocks opposite the toll-house, just the kind of plant you wouldn’t like to sit down upon.

September 23rd.—After a trip to Port Nolloth, we resumed our journey, and left Springbok this morning, passing on our road the immense copper lode known as Koperberg, outspanning at night at Rietfontein. Large abikwa trees grow in the flat, an infallible indication of the presence of water, but pity the unfortunate wanderer who has to boil his “billy” with its branches. Our road has been descending since leaving Springbok.

September 24th.—To-day our road has been one continual ascent. For this evening we encamped at Groot Vaal Heuvel. Several Bastard families with their flocks are staying here, but will soon have to “trek,” as the supply of water (caught in a depression in the gneiss) is well-nigh exhausted.

September 25th.—After a few hours’ drive, Louwklip is reached, a prominent object for many miles round. In cavities and holes in this valuable rock the precious fluid is retained for months after rain. Outspan and water ourselves and horses, then on again to “Boschluis,” a small “fontein” of green, stagnant, saline water on the edge of a pan. A note stuck on a stick informs us that the detachment of our party that came on direct from Ghaans is encamped at Bitter Pits. Thither we wend our way through loose red sand, and soon reach that delightful retreat. The water in the pits was not a bad imitation of sea water. Many and varied plans were tried to render it drinkable. The one that succeeded best was to eat *very* salt sardines, drinking the fluid (water is not suggestive of its real character) between whiles. In this manner a serious difficulty is overcome. One of the trek oxen had to be sacrificed to the carnivorous propensities of our nature, after an exemplary abstinence from all flesh for ten days by most of the party. A gaunt hyena came in for his share of the bones.

September 27th.—Left Bitter Pits without an atom of romance this morning, arriving at Leeuwen Fontein Pan this evening. As we drew up anxiety was depicted on everyone’s face as we watched the foremost man taste the water. Our hopes fall; he has spit it out! All is right at the next place tried. An involuntary but unanimous shout of pleasure resounds from all sides. Pannikins are produced and draughts quaffed to hearts’ content. The coffee is really delicious after what we have been enduring in that shape at Bitter Pits.

September 30th.—Hurrah! We are at Klaver Vley, a sheet of real fluid water, not that evanescent blue delusion so often seen in the bottoms of pans, vanishing as we approach, always deceiving, never satisfying. This is unmistakable water, with innumerable black coots dotting its surface; their elevated nests with eggs in them standing in the mud, while some hundreds of gaily plumed flamingoes are wheeling overhead, their scarlet feathers gleaming brightly in the sun. A few geese and some ducks also enliven the scene. The expenditure of £300 or £400 would be sufficient to dam up the outlet, thus forming a permanent lake a mile and a half long and half a mile broad, and from fifteen to twenty feet in depth. Three miles further south is the “Great Commissioner’s Salt Pan.” Its surface encrusted with salt that looks like snow from a distance. The enormous quantities of broken egg-shells (ostrich) at Klaver Vley create astonishment, and convey some rough idea of the numbers of Bushmen and the length of time they must have lived in this neighbourhood.

October 2nd.—Onderste Doorn Zak River.—The mimosa trees

are now in full leaf, adding a charm much required in this treeless region. Our party once more dined here. Mr. J—— and his merry men depart for Kenhart.

October 12th.—Arrived at Fraserburg yesterday, after passing over country of very little interest. A few beautiful Karree trees grow along the Karree Bergen and a regular “kop,” called Jackal’s Toorn, stands out like a huge beacon near the same range. There is a grand muster of carts in town; there must be something unusual under way. Round at the Court-house is a crowd of farmers standing, while on a raised bench an auctioneer tempts these sons of the wilderness to outbid each other for the privilege of living in some desolate spot eighty or a hundred miles away for the next twelve months, and for which privilege they will have the pleasure of paying from £50 to £150. Fraserburg itself is rather a small village, but has a large church with very large flags on its steps. Round about grows the useful “schaapbosch,” on which the value of wool so much depends throughout this region. Generally speaking, water is scarce, but at the village there is abundance.

October 14th.—Left Fraserburg this morning, and descended the mountain at Oude Kloof. The Nieuweveldt mountains present a steep escarpment on the south side, while the northern side slopes away imperceptibly towards the Orange River.

October 15th.—Arrive at Beaufort West, with its long rows of lovely trees. The foliage is now at its prime, and sets off the village to great advantage. To-morrow morning at two o’clock the Transport Wagon will start for Cape Town. By it we go, leaving behind all the pleasures of a life in the *veldt*.

E. J. D.

The Sister of Mercy.

A bachelor lived once in lodgings alone;
His comforts were many, and cares he had none.
The landlady studied his wishes to meet,
The servants she kept were obliging and neat.

In summer at seven, in winter at eight,
A gentle knock woke him,—it never was late;
Twelve minutes he dressed in, fifteen at the most,
Then came down to breakfast, to eggs, tea and toast.

There, hissing and steaming, stood ready the urn,
The toast on the rack was done brown to a turn;
All ready to hand, just the same every day,
On the table his letters and newspapers lay.

And when he came home to his quarters at night,
No fear but he'd find his apartments all right ;
Not a coat, cane, or glove was e'er out of its place,
Of dust or disorder there was not a trace.

Thus year after year the good gentleman spent,
With the house and its inmates completely content ;
He had not a care, he was free from all strife ;
 No jarring or wrangling,
 No washing or mangling
Was ever done there to embitter his life.

But one winter's morning, precisely at eight,
The landlady called him, and long time did wait :
 The tea-urn was steaming,
 The fire brightly gleaming,
The letters were ready that came by the post,
The newspapers lay with the eggs and the toast ;—
The landlady thought it exceedingly queer
No sound of the gentleman dressing to hear.

She went to the door and she knocked there again,
Put her ear to the keyhole and listened in vain ;
The little boy modestly slipped in his head,—
The lodger was prostrate with fever in bed. •

The thought had not entered the landlady's mind ;
A lodger get fever !—'twas really unkind.
The sick man himself seemed to think it not right,
He was fretful and peevish and scarcely polite.

She brought him some tea, and softly inquired
If his case were so bad that it physic required ?
It was ;—and, though endless the doses she gave,
The patient got worse and began soon to rave.

A doctor was sent for. The doctor appeared,
Pronounced the case worse than the landlady feared.
 In spite of his lotions,
 His pills and his potions,
No sign of amendment. The doctor spoke out :
“ Take very great care or he'll die, without doubt.”

He gave strictest orders that some one should stay
By the patient's bedside, both by night and by day.
The boy volunteered to sit up the first night,
And fell fast asleep while yet it was light.

The invalid had not yet thirty years told ;
The lady, a widow, could not be called old ;
The maid-servant—yes, but she had such a dread
Of what folks would say if she watched by his bed.

A toothless old woman was hired to come in,
As deaf as a post, with a weakness for gin ;
The doctor advised, as the patient got worse :
“ Get a Sister of Mercy to act as a nurse.”

’Twas night ;—eight or nine of such nights had gone by,
The sick man had scarce all the time closed an eye ;
His brain was on fire, a fierce burning heat
Consumed the poor wretch from his head to his feet.

All day there was flurry
And bustle and hurry ;
All day there was crying
And sobbing and sighing ;
But now it was night ; to their beds all had gone ;
The Sister was watching—the Sister alone.

He tossed to and fro and said horrible things,
Saw spectres and demons and serpents with stings ;
When others came near, he was frantic and wild ;—
The Sister who watched found him just like a child.

How wondrous the power of her tender blue eye
The patient to sooth when delirium ran high ;
The whisper she breathed had the might of a spell
The madness that raged in his breast to expel.

Untiring, the Sister remained by his bed,
And moistened his lips and bathed his hot head ;
Ever pleasant and cool the chamber was kept ;
And lo ! on the ninth night the invalid slept.

He sleeps, yes, he sleeps !—and, by his bedside,
She sat down to read, but vainly she tried ;
Then, clasping both hands on her own aching brow,
She wept and she prayed ;—she may weep and pray now.

She prays for the patient, that he may be blest ;
Thanks Heaven for this—the first hour of rest ;
For the solace she has in her own hidden woe—
How sweet her revenge !—he never will know.

The doctor came in the next morning and heard
From the nurse's own lips what a change had occurred ;
“ I see,” said the doctor ; “ hush ! keep out the light ;
This sleep is a blessing ; he'll soon be all right.”

“ But, Sister, come here ! What's the matter with you ?
Take care of yourself, or we'll have you down too ;
The worst is now over ; you go home to bed ;
Another will do just as well in your stead.”

As pale as a corpse, she put on her cloak,
Kissed kindly the widow, but not a word spoke ;
One look, just one look, as the sleeper she passed,—
Methinks such a look as an angel might cast.

The widow, while glad that the danger was o'er,
Confessed that the Sister's case troubled her sore :
“ The fever's infectious ? ” — “ Now don't be distressed,
The Sister's fatigued ; she only wants rest.”

The patient awoke, rubbed and opened his eyes,
He stared at the nurse and himself in surprise ;
She told him how ill he had been and deranged—
The mirror would show him how much he was changed.

She spoke of the Sister, so youthful and fair,
Who nursed him by day and by night with such care ;
How she'd broken down and was not yet restored,
But hoped to go out again soon, please the Lord.

'Twas not for a living she went out to nurse,
Her father was wealthy ; well fill'd was her purse
Her wedding-attire had been once all arranged—
When lo ! for a Sister's grey dress it was changed.

How bitter his thoughts as she told the strange tale !
His cheeks were first crimson, and then he turned pale ;
The nurse ceased her prattle ; no name had he heard,
Nor did he once ask it, nor spoke he a word

His health was restored, but contentment was gone,
Although he still lived in his lodgings alone,
The landlady studied his wishes to meet,
And damsel and boy were obliging and neat.

At length a report reached the landlady's ears,
The gentleman shortly confirmed her worst fears ;
 "I'm sorry to grieve you,
 But soon I must leave you,
You can put up a notice, ' Apartments to Let,'
Your kindness, I'm sure, I shall never forget."

The servants were stunned—twas a terrible blow ;
The landlady's tears, like a torrent, did flow ;
" He was thoughtful and kind, no trouble he gave,
No lodger could possibly better behave."

He intends then to marry, of that there is no doubt,
A Sister of Mercy !—the secret is out ;
The Sister by whom he was carefully nursed,
The one, young and fair, who attended him first.

The widow felt grieved, yet his choice she approved :
" The Sister is worthy indeed to be loved ;
She's the dearest and best of all nurses," she said,
" What a sin it would be if she died an old maid."

That Sister, forgotten for many sad years,
Her first love had cherished in silence and tears ;
Now all is forgiven, why further rehearse ?
The bachelor wooed, won, and married his nurse.

R.

From the Dutch.

A Letter of Bismarck's.

DURING the recess of the French National Assembly, the *Figaro* newspaper created the wildest excitement in Paris by publishing on the front page of its issue of the 6th of August last, a fac-simile of Bismarck's now famous letter to his wife, an accurate translation of which we present to our readers. The original, printed in red ink, exactly as the *Figaro* published it, will be found in the *Illustrated Liepzig News* of the 24th August last. More than 200,000 copies of the French paper were disposed of in Paris on the day of its issue, and many more were subsequently ordered.

It would have been easy for one who has been acquainted with both languages from childhood to have given the contents of the letter in more elegant and idiomatic English; but the great German Chancellor's peculiarly forcible and very characteristic style must have been to a great extent sacrificed. An expert employed by the Saxon tribunals cleverly shows how those who pretend to judge of character by handwriting could not have failed to have portrayed "the greatest and most popular man of our century" had his handwriting been laid before them. From its unusually large size, more remarkable in the German than in any other "text," he argues:—*Greatness*: The letters are firm and bold; this betokens personal courage. The handwriting is natural and original—means independence, love of nature, inclination for field sports, absence of ambition, total absence of affectation, perhaps even want of civility. The writer of such a hand would be as happy were he a country gentleman as he is being Chancellor of the Empire; perhaps even happier. It is rapid, decided, and ready for action like its owner. It inspires confidence and is uniform, not variable. It is pointed and sharp, indicating an obstinacy that is probably the enemy to health. It leaves a cold, almost dark impression on the reader; the letters or words are not readily joined, but would seem almost to wish to stand alone. Its owner gladly retires to the country—not to muse or smile at the last rose of summer, but to see the harvest home and the stock fattening on the fields. According to the maxim, classic is the healthy, romantic the puny.

The original letter was found in the knapsack of a German courier, whom the garrison of Verdun intercepted at one of its sorties at the Pass of Eix.

It was probably the Crown Princess who introduced the abbreviation "Bill," as Prince Bismarck calls one of his officers—possibly a son—to use at the Court of Berlin.

J. S. B. T.

Vendresse, 3rd August.

MY DARLING,—Before dawn the day before yesterday I left my quarters here, returned to-day, and have in the meantime seen the great battle of Sedan on the 1st,

in which we made about 30,000 prisoners, and threw the rest of the French army—that we are pursuing since Bar-le-Duc—into the fortress, where, with the Emperor, it was forced to surrender itself prisoners of war. At five o'clock yesterday morning, after I had been engaged until as early as one o'clock with Moltke and the French Generals arranging the capitulation to be concluded, General Reille, whom I know, woke me to tell me that Napoleon wished to speak to me. I rode unwashed and unbreakfasted towards Sedan, found the Emperor with three aides-de-camp in an open carriage, and three more on horseback next to it, halting on the road before Sedan. I dismounted, greeted him as courteously as in the Tuileries; and asked for his orders. He wished to see the King. I told him, in accordance with truth, that H. M. had his quarters three miles off, at the place whence I now write. On N.'s question whether he should go, I offered him, because I was unacquainted with the country, my quarters at Donchery, a little place on the Maass, close to Sedan; he accepted them, and drove, accompanied by his six Frenchmen, by me and by Carl, who had meanwhile ridden after us, through the desolate morning towards our side. Before (reaching) the place he became sorry, on account of possible movements, and he asked me whether he might alight at a solitary labourer's house on the roadside. I had it inspected by Carl, who reported it to be miserable and dirty. *N'importe*, said N., and I mounted a narrow rickety stair with him. In a room of ten feet square with a pinewood table and two rush-seated chairs we sat for an hour; the others were below. A mighty contrast to our last meeting in '67 in the Tuileries. Our intercourse was difficult, if I did not wish to touch upon matters which must have painfully touched him whom God's powerful hand had abased. I had through Carl sent for officers out of the town, and had begged Moltke to come. We then sent one of the former to reconnoitre, and discovered half-a-mile off at F—— a small chateau with park. To this I conducted him with a small escort from the Regiment of Cuir. Life Guards, that had meanwhile been fetched, and there we concluded the capitulation with the French General-in-Chief, Wimpfen, by virtue of which from 40,000 to 60,000 men—more accurately I do not know it yet—with all they have, became our prisoners. The day before and yesterday cost France 100,000 men and an Emperor. This morning early the latter with all his attendants, horses, and carriages left for Wilhemshohe, near Kassel. It is an historical event, a victory for which we will in humility thank God the Lord, and which decides the war, although we must continue the latter against Emperor-less France.

I must close. With hearty gladness I noticed to-day in your and Mary's letters Gerbert's arrival among you. To Bill I spoke yesterday, as already telegraphed, and embraced him from my horse in presence of H.M. while he stood motionless in the ranks. Hans and FitzCarl I have seen, both Birlows with the L.G.Dr. (Dragoon Life Guards). Well and happy. Farewell, my darling. Love to the children.

Yours,

V.B.

Old Times at the Cape.

PART IV.—A.D. 1740-'42.

ON the conclusion of the previous paper on this subject, the author gave a broad hint that he was about to disclose some surprising circumstances in his fifteenth chapter of Herr Allemann's Biography ; and well does he sustain his promise, for he has herewith entered minutely into all the personal details connected with his involuntary departure from the Cape, and forced us to smile at the exceptional nature of his incidents of travel. It is thus that he fitly opens the heart of the mystery, how he was torn from the midst of troops of friends in broad daylight :

“ ‘Man proposes, but God disposes.’ This is an old but very true saying, and I have proved and experienced the unmistakable truth of it very often during my life. At the Cape of Good Hope, Herr Allemann, as Ensign, as Lieutenant, and as Captain, was my great patron and especial protector. It was by my own fault that I had not advanced higher, as for various reasons I did not wish it. I was in the enjoyment of the favour of many of the most distinguished servants of the Company, and had the benefit of a free entry into the best houses of the burgher inhabitants. My salary, it is true, was not much better than that of a corporal, viz., fifteen guilders a month, with six florins and six stuivers for board money, and a ration of bread ; but besides this I had my own free quarters and firewood free. For four years I had also shared a free table with Herr Allemann, besides other emoluments ; and, as will be imagined, during the education of his children I received from him not a few handsome presents. It is true that Herr Allemann afterwards sent his children to another teacher, by whose wife his daughters were instructed at the same time in all kinds of feminine work, such as sewing, knitting, and such like. But I had applied myself to drawing and modelling, which, as there was a great demand in this place for such accomplishments as braiding on marsella, embroidering with coloured wools and silk, as well as on white embroidered neck-handkerchiefs and head-dresses, came in very conveniently, and I earned thereby not a little money. The Bengal slave women (those from Suratta, and others of the same kind) can do very excellent work in sewing and embroidery, if only the designs are drawn for them, and therefore are these slaves the most acceptable ; and if a lady possesses some of these slaves, they must employ themselves the whole year round with these tasks. I was at this time the only designer at the Cape, and I am assured that my unexpected departure was very much regretted by the ladies !

“ It was in this way for a previous wedding (at which the young men and maidens always make a large wreath of myrtle twigs, mixed with flowers, to hang over the dancing place) that I made a so-called

shield or escutcheon, with the name of the bride, bridegroom, best-men, and bridesmaids on it, upon which I expended about a guilder for trifles, and received many good words in praise of it, and earned in a couple of days four to five specie dollars by it.

“In consequence of my understanding at this time the Dutch language fundamentally, and being, besides, a good caligraphist and orthographist, which last the Africander Dutch most often failed in, the offer was often made to me to enter a counting-house as clerk or assistant, from which post I might in time expect advancement ; but this did not suit me, for I now had my own quarters, and every day, from daylight, I had an hour’s regular employment, after which the rest of the day was my own, wherein to work as I pleased. Consequently, I could earn more money than what I got for my usual or even a better salary with my monthly board money included. I had, therefore, no reason to wish myself away from here. On the contrary, I enjoyed this manner of life so much that I had formerly intended to marry in this place, and settle down here for life, rather than return to Europe. But, as I have already said, ‘man proposes, but God disposes,’ for on the 2nd or 3rd January, 1741—(I can’t swear to the precise day at this moment)—I thought as little of travelling to Europe on the evening when I went to sleep as I did of finding myself at daylight the next morning actually on my voyage on the open sea.

“This happened in the following manner. The ship *Heartsjoy* was one of the latest East Indian return ships, which, towards the end of the month of April or beginning of the month of May, 1740, should have arrived at the Cape ; but being overtaken by several hurricanes, it was without a compass,—that is to say, it was driven so far towards the South Pole that the compass or magnetic needle could no longer point to the North, and therefore became a totally useless mechanical instrument without the slightest effect. This happened generally over the fiftieth degree of south latitude ; but by the Regulations no East Indian ship ought to sail beyond the forty-fifth degree ; but if it was going to Batavia, then it must try to drop in the stream or current of the Straits of Sunda. The ship’s captain and the steersmen were obliged to steer only by the sun, and by the stars at night, till they brought the ship up higher again, where the compass again demonstrated its power. But they had almost continuous stormy weather, cloudy skies, and contrary winds, so that they did not anchor at the Cape of Good Hope before the beginning of November, 1740. The cannons had not been thrown overboard for the lightening of the ship, but they had been allowed to roll out of the ports, for twice the ship had laid over on one side (her beam ends), so close to the water that the sailors had to cut the ropes which bound them fast, so that they rolled over into the sea, otherwise they would never have been able to steer the ship upwards again. The ship itself was damaged, and must be repaired. Many people died on the voyage, and those still living were either very ill

or at least so weakened that they almost all were obliged to be taken into the hospital to be cured, revived, and strengthened. Two months had fled before all were recovered; the convalescents again on board, and before others could be engaged and taken on the ship's books in the place of those who had died, or were through illness left behind; so that this ship was surveyed about the end of December or the beginning of January, and in order to start her on her voyage to Batavia, or rather to Zealand, only waited for a good fair wind.

"Amongst these new people shipped at the Cape was a burgher of that place, named Laurich. He was married, but could not possibly get on with his wife. Both were very truly good people, but their dispositions could not harmonize, so they were divorced from bed and board, and thereupon the husband went to Germany, with the permission of the Herr Governor, and, if I mistake not, to Lüneberg, where he was born. This Laurich was a good friend of mine, and had promised me to take some letters with him to Deutschland; and, in case his journey did not extend beyond Berlin, he would deliver them at the nearest and most convenient post station. But, contrary to all expectation, he received hasty orders to embark on board ship, and so, through that, forgot to call for my letters. The forwarding of these letters was of great importance and consequence to me, as well because I need not doubt of their correct delivery, as because if they went by this opportunity I might expect answers to them in January, 1742; but in case I must send them by the now expected return fleet from Batavia, I would not be so sure of their safe arrival, and also could expect no answer before January, 1743. This occasioned me on the 2nd or 3rd January, 1741, to go down to the sea-beach in order to see if perchance the boat of the ship *Heartsjoy* had come to shore, for as long as the ship lay in the roadstead they used every morning to fetch, if not victuals, at least fresh water, for nothing was consumed of what was already laid in on board. But my trouble went for nothing, for both had already been to the land, and had already returned to the ship. Not far from me I saw a fellow-townsmen and fisherman, besides two slaves, who were loading up a skiff with several baskets of fruit, grapes, and other edibles, in order to sell them to the ships. I went up to him, and asked if he was going off to the ship *Heartsjoy*. 'No,' he answered, 'I am going to the *Bear*.' This vessel lay somewhat further out in the bay and more distant from land than the *Heartsjoy*,—therefore I asked him if he would take me with him, and put me on board the *Heartsjoy*, and towards evening, when he came back from the *Bear*, if he would call for me, for which I would settle with him. 'With all my heart,' he answered; 'jump into the boat, and sit down.' As I stepped in, he asked me if I could steer. I said, 'Yes;' so he begged me to steer, while he took an oar, so as to get on board much quicker. I did so, and then we had rowers enough. I let the boat fall away, calling out at the same time, 'Row away,' and we were off. As I clambered out of the

boat, I again begged the fisherman not to forget me, but to fetch me as soon as possible. He promised it, rowed away, and I ascended the stairs, and begged the captain's permission to come on board of his ship. It was not only willingly granted, but as the head and the third steersman had both been saved from the unfortunate wrecked vessel already referred to, called the *Fish*, and were my good acquaintances, I was also to them very welcome. I sought out my friend Laurich, and gave him my letters, with many renewed prayers to take good care of them. He promised to do so, and was at the same time profuse in his excuses for not having fetched them; but I dispensed with them, for I already knew that he had been obliged to embark very hurriedly. His father-in-law, on account of some threatening words let fall, procured the order for him to quickly embark. The ship was all ready to sail, the crew had nothing particular to do, they were also very merry and good-humoured, and I stayed now with them and now with my acquaintances, eat and drank with them, smoked tobacco, and let no care disturb me."

And now comes the tragic part of the story. Hitherto all has gone as merry as a marriage bell with the happy youth, and he has had it all his own way; but now he has to deal with the reverse side of the picture, and it must be confessed that he bears his troubles like a man, though he rends one's heart by the pathos of his tale and the quaintness of his confession.

"Towards evening I saw the boat with which I had come to the ship again returning. She had a north wind to deal with, and had spread too much sail, and tacked too low down the bay, so that she could not reach the *Heartsjoy*, but sailed past. The fisherman took all possible trouble to bear up again, and come again to the ship, but it was in vain; the breeze was dead against him, he was obliged to steer for the shore and leave me in the lurch. As soon as I perceived this I betook myself to the skipper, entreated him to let me be put on shore by his boat, and promised to give the sailors an anker of wine for their trouble. 'Friend,' answered the skipper, 'anything in the world, but *that* I can't do! It is nearly eight o'clock. The boat cannot return from the shore again before eight o'clock, and I dare not let it stay away from the ship overnight. Have patience till the early morning; then will I send the boat again to the land, and you can go with it. But if the wind should change and become fair I will early in the morning haul up the "demand" or "schouw," whereupon you will be sent for.' '*Schouw weben lassen*' means to pull up the flag to the extreme point of the flagstaff, and then to let it wave. This is a signal that one is in some difficulty, so then at once a boat leaves the shore to see what is wanted. But if one is really in distress a cannon is discharged, then if wind and weather only make it possible, somebody comes, and according to circumstances brings at the same time either an anchor or cable or more men. What was to be done? I must only have patience, smoke yet another pipe of tobacco with my friends, then go to the armoury

with the gunner, where I must seek out a sleeping place as I best can, lay down the upper garments beside hat and wig, bind my handkerchief instead of a nightcap round my head, lay me down to rest, and sleep right sweetly and well till next morning, when it was already clear daylight."

The picture of our poor author stowed away in his nightcap is ludicrous compared with his rude awakening. One cannot help pitying the unfortunate wretch as he becomes dimly aware of his forlorn condition, and hastens to set himself right with his readers. He evidently cannot divest his mind of the fact that his travels and hardships are quite as interesting to the world as the wanderings of old Ulysses, and he is almost tragic in the details of his grief, as witness the following :—

"As I awoke, I heard on the deck over my head that there was great running to and fro. I roused myself and heard the crew singing,

O bro-sanne-o—

Brosen-op-o !

Brose rhee-o !

Het mars zeyl mee-o !

I understood what this meant,—that the sails were spread to the wind. I sprang up from my sleeping place, drew on my clothes with speed, and while doing this remarked that the tiller was moved from one side of the ship to the other. What means this? I thought. I sprang with wig and hat in my hand out of the gunner's room, ascended the stairs to the deck, looked around, and saw that the ship was already out of the bay and in the open sea. The captain and steersman were astounded at my appearance among them. I stood there as if struck on the head, and no one could advise or help me. At midnight the wind had changed and become favourable. The ship only lay held by one anchor. This was quickly wound up, the sails shaken loose, and in this bustle, what with the continual orders and manœuvring, no one had thought about me. It would also have been quite impossible to have taken me out of the ship at night, and rowed me ashore, because in the night no craft dared to push off from the shore. No signal could be seen, and the skipper could not spare his boat and sailors. Nothing but patience could comfort me. The captain promised me faithfully that if we should meet a ship sailing to the Cape he would, wind and weather permitting, make use of every possible means to put me on it, and let me return. But what helped all these promises? It would have been a wonder if they could have been fulfilled. Moreover, I had nothing with me except what I had on, viz., a red coat with silver buttons and tags, some six guilders in my pocket, and a Spanish cane with a silver knob in my hand. The waistcoat I must wear on board, but the coat I put away in a corner of the gunner's room. My patrons, all my kind friends, all my good acquaintances must I forsake, without taking farewell of them. My little wealth, even

my wages due from 1st September to end of December, and what besides I possessed in furniture, clothing, bedding, beds, and linen at the wash, were torn from my sight; and deprived of all these I now only possessed the hope that I might land in Europe in good health, and with this object in view, must I endeavour to set my heart at rest.

“Not one of the names of those on board, amongst the officers sub-officers, sailors, and soldiers did I know, save my old above-mentioned friend Laurich, and another named Berend von Galen, whose parents I afterwards met in Amsterdam. For as one, on this ship did not call the officers and sub-officers by their names, but according to their employments, as *e.g.*, captain, steersman, gunner, pilot, seaman, and so on, so I had not to undergo any trouble about remembering their family names.”

After this preliminary canter our author has to relate most exciting incidents by flood and storm, and excites our pity at his miserable condition, when thus bereft of friends, country, and employment, he has further to undergo the hardship of seeing his small clothes perish by the aid of tropical rains and mischief-dealing hurricanes. And yet his philosophy is of so practical a kind that he succeeds finally in making a very good bargain out of his involuntary pilgrimage to Europe, as witness the following:—

“At the commencement our voyage went very well, or as one says, we sped along. Precisely in fourteen days we reached the Island of St. Helena, situated five hundred miles from the Cape of Good Hope. In the next seven days we sailed two hundred miles, as far as Ascension, and in fourteen days more from there, we reached the Equinoctial. We thus performed one thousand miles in five weeks. But between the line and the Tropic of Cancer, we were overtaken by a hurricane, which in the twinkling of an eye robbed us of all our sails, ten in number.

“These hurricanes spring up in this region in a moment, and are as quickly over; they also only blow in a small space, so that sometimes if two sailing vessels are close together, one only will be caught in the squall. Soon followed a terrible shower, which at this time of the year is nothing new, but which is very corrosive, for our garments soaked through and through by it, soon afterwards fell off our bodies as if rotten. My shoes, which were almost new when I left the Cape, became separated at all the seams and fell off my feet. As for my Spanish cane, I exchanged it for an old blue surtout, and I bought a pair of old shoes for a guilder, and still retained in ready money five guilders.

“Without inflicting a wearisome journal of my voyage on my readers, I will only further remark, that with God’s help, we arrived before the Flemish banks on the 29th April, 1741. It was getting towards evening when we were joined by a ship which came from Surinam with the name of *Het Kasteel van Middelburg*, and as it was ebb tide, we both lay together at anchor. Towards evening

came one of the newly arrived ship's officers on board of us, bringing with him two trumpeters, and made himself right merry. We had two pilots on our vessel. On account of stormy weather they had not been able to get back to the shore from the vessels which they were piloting out of Holland, and under these circumstances sailed to the Cape of Good Hope as under-steersmen, returning again with us. In this way they enjoyed under-steersman's wages, about thirty guilders a month. At midnight another of the officers came from the neighbouring ship and took one of our pilots with him, so as not to have to send to shore to fetch one and have to wait.

"Towards morning arose a strong stormy wind; between seven and half-past seven we lost two anchors, and at eight o'clock the third one. Now we must get under sail again, cost what it would. At this moment our neighbour lost his mainmast; a wave washed over our ship, completely smashed the steersman's-room and the half crescent, broke a great beam into four pieces, tore away 'eschaffotje,' and carried off the provision-room underneath it, with all the victuals therein. The wind and a high towering wave, through God's gracious kindness, tossed us as it were right over the most dangerous bank, and though at the same moment our foremast and sails went by the board, God be praised! the greatest danger was now passed. The other ship remained on the bank shattered, and the whole of her rich cargo was lost. The poor pilot taken from our vessel was drowned with some others, but the most of the crew were saved, as it was not very far from the land.

"At no time during my voyage had I been in greater danger, but the Almighty so helped us, that at eight o'clock in the evening we let fall the anchor before Bletzingen, and therewith ended our East Indian voyage. Here we soon, on the showing of the signal, obtained an anchor and ropes, the end of which we made fast to the mainmast. On the following morning from Middelburg came on board a deputy of the East Indian Company, called over the roll, and inquired there of the officers if they had any complaint to bring against the crew. This question was unanimously answered 'no.' Hereupon this gentleman asked the crew if they had anything to say about the officers, which question was not only generally denied, but all declared that the safety of the ship was owing to the head-steersman, and that all on board had to thank him for their lives.

"The head steersman, as already told, had come out from Holland with the ship called the *Fish*, which, as was related in the 14th chapter, on its arrival at the Cape of Good Hope was misled by the light from the new little battery, and so went on the rocks and was wrecked. By the rules of the East Indian Company, neither the captain nor any of the steersmen could ever expect service again. But our recommendation bore such good fruit, that at the next equipment of a fleet at Michaelmas, this head-steersman was appointed as captain in command of a ship. Then the head steersman placed himself before this officer of the Company and

related my sad fate. He pitied me and promised that if I would wait till Michaelmas, I should be sent back to the Cape in the rank of a corporal, and again resume my former occupation. But I answered that as I had often wished to make a voyage to Deutschland it would depend upon circumstances what I decided on doing.

“Hereupon all the crew were absolved from their service and from their oaths, and every one sought an opportunity for leaving the ship so as to get to Middelburg, which was accomplished through the number of little skiffs alongside, called *sand-schuiten*, for they come to the vessels with this object in view, and for a reasonable sum, according to the quantity of luggage, either more or less, took one ashore. My red coat, which I had stowed away in the gunner’s room, I now went to seek, but this also had the *hungry sea-water seized upon*, and the whole of the left breast was stained a deep black. As I had no other, I was forced to put this on, and a red coat with silver buttons and tags was set off excellently well by a black breast on one side.”

Poor fellow! this was the last straw that was to break the camel’s back; and he takes a positive delight in recounting the misfortunes that overtook one of his fellow-passengers because of greediness and thrift, thereby demonstrating the truth of the old axiom, that in the misfortune of our best friends there is always something to give us pleasure.

“Our gunner had a great many goods, besides the chest and the four canisters allowed him, in the ship. He had therefore need of a whole boat to bring them to shore. For this purpose he hired one for the sum of 25 guilders, as Middelburg lay about two miles away from the ship. Myself and some others who gave him a hand in putting his things into the boat he took with him. The wind was dead against us and we were obliged everytime to tack backwards and forwards, but we hardly moved from one spot. A man with two horses who was on the bank, offered to span them in and pull the boat to Middelburg, but the gunner was too stingy, and would not pay the two guilders demanded of him.

“Afterwards, when we had been for two hours tacking about in vain, and had sustained continuous alternations of snow, hail, rain, and sunshine, the master of the boat got weary, and himself perceiving that we should never get to shore without the horses, agreed to have them spanned in for the money asked. We arrived at Middelburg about three o’clock in the afternoon. It was on the evening of Saturday, the 30th of April, 1741, that I again set my foot on shore in Europe, without fortune, without luggage, and with five guilders in my pocket. In the very house in front of which the master of the boat had landed found I lodgings. On the following day, the skipper would not unload, as it was Sunday—so the gunner must only submit to it. In the morning we saw nothing of him, but in the evening the skipper came to the house where I was lodging and ordered himself a glass of brandy. The gunner, who had already

been waiting several hours for him, inquired why he had not unloaded. 'Ya!' gave he for answer—'to-morrow morning early I will first go to the East India House, and just inquire if a gunner is allowed to bring so many unlawful packages with him; and if it would not be better also to first see what was in them?' Now the gunner had really a large number of contraband articles of merchandise with him: so he started violently, and was obliged to speak very fair to the skipper, and promise him fifty guilders, beside the hire of the boat, which was twenty-five guilders, before he would consent to unload. He then further suggested, or broadly hinted, that he should also repay him the two guilders, which the gunner had grudged at the time for the hire of the horses—or pay him in all 77 guilders. And of a certainty, had the skipper been so indiscreet as to publish the matter, the gunner would have been deprived of everything."

With which characteristic specimen of Dutch shrewdness, we here beg to take leave of our author, until his wardrobe shall have been renovated and his small clothes made more presentable for the inspection of our curious readers.

Scenes in New Zealand.

PART I.

ROUNDING the North Head, and passing thickly-wooded bays on the southern bank for about a mile, the wharf in Commercial Bay is reached, and here we land. The buildings around are in general respectable, though some have taken higher flights; large stone stores have risen on the sites of wooden shanties, and the townspeople may well look with pardonable pride on their four-storied hotels, their substantial warehouses, their ugly, yet commodious, churches—for these have both been built by pieces, transepts and chancel being added as the needs of the parishioners increased), their Albert Barracks (now no longer used for soldiery), their Government House, and Supreme Court. Passing St. Paul's Church and the Barracks, and traversing a sandy, unsheltered road, that leads through the cemeteries, for about two miles, the foot of Mount Eden is gained. At the base of this hill a scoria quarry has long been established, and from it most of the roads have been made. This scoria is not hard, enduring metal, but a dark-brown cinder, with pores resembling a sponge, and, as may be imagined, soon wears out, and, sinking down, only makes more mud to aggravate travellers. Mount Eden is a succession of terraces, and though the ascent to each is gradual, the formation is no less strongly marked. Scientific folks found a mare's nest on this hill on discovering the remains of pepi shells and the hardy coat of the oyster, whitened and bleached by exposure, in

various hollows, for which, too, they were unable to account. The learned came to the conclusion, and positively declared, that the island of New Zealand had at no very distant period been submerged, and that these shells had remained in the hollows when a revulsion of nature had placed the hill in its present position. The simple fact is, that it had been a stronghold of the native race, and these hollows in squares, semicircles, and parallelograms, were the store-rooms of long-dead warriors, who, when besieged, had chiefly subsisted on the pepi, a small shell-fish still much eaten by their descendants. Mount Eden is an extinct volcano—extinct, it is supposed, when the Maoris first saw it, for they have no tradition concerning its activity, nor does its native name suggest any idea of violence as does that of Rangitoto (Fiery Heavens). The crater is a perfect basin, or rather bowl, with not a line of the level circle at its opening broken; and the common fern, the miniature creeping pink geranium, the thistle, and small manuka grow over the boulders, with which the inverted extinguisher is strewn. All new arrivals are brought here, as from it a bird's-eye view is gained of the isthmus. At one spot the waves of the Manukau on the west and the Waitemate on the east seem to meet; water, blue as the sky, creeps in and out, apparently surrounding the numberless cliffs and promontories on either side, while, in the more immediate neighbourhood of the gazer's position, bright patches of cultivation contrast with the sombre hue of the manuka, or are frowned on by the side of some dark scoria hill, probably one of the fourteen extinct volcanoes within sight, amongst which are Mount Albert, The Three Kings, One-tree Hill, Mount Hobson, Mount St. John, Mount Wellington, Brown's Island (little more than a crater thrown up from below), and Rangitoto, which emitted flame, tradition would lead us to suppose, not very long before Captain Cook visited the island.

But a glance from Mount Eden will not be sufficient for the sights to be seen near Auckland. First of all, there is the Kauri Forest, lying some twelve miles to the west of the town. Riding is the easiest method of reaching it; and leaving the town by Upper Queen-street, Karangahope Road is struck, which further on becomes the Great North Road. Some four or five miles from Auckland the Lunatic Asylum has been built, and after passing this the road becomes less town-like, soon developing into a broad clearing, very clayey, in summer terribly dusty, the surrounding country, as far as the foot of the first range, being covered by manuka. One strange fact may be noticed *en passant*. A ravine, devoid of all vegetation but short grass, divides the volcanic from the clay formation. On the town side boulders and stones lie scattered over the whole surface, and, good as is the land beneath them, they have not been extensively cleared because of the attendant expense. Divided from this by a not very deep gorge is the clayey, thick, heavy earth, which extends for some distance in a northerly direction. Many little creeks relieve the monotony of the yellow highway; but the bridges

are not all in excellent repair, though the river Whau, which falls into the Waitemate, is fortunately spanned by a tolerably substantial one. At length the Great North Road is left at right angles by the track to the Kauri Forest, into the real depths of which few have penetrated.

A dray road leads up an almost precipitous hill, then down again so low that even in summer it is damp and muddy. About a mile from the entrance to the forest, the Three Sisters rear their massive trunks, smooth and erect for nearly one hundred feet, when their thickly-branched limbs bend proudly from the lordly stems, and, entwining one in the other, form a deep, dark mass of foliage. With surfaces of a whitish-grey colour, these trees stand side by side, each more than twenty-five feet in circumference. The largest known kauri was, I believe, twenty feet in diameter. To this spot all pic-nic parties come, and most visitors content themselves with but the entrance to the forest, for thirty miles from Auckland must be traversed ere the king of Australasian trees is found in his greatest and native splendour. Through brambles and spiky parasites, thwarted by the almost impenetrable supple-jack (which is like India-rubber in its power of bending without breaking), the seeker of these trees would be almost persuaded to give up the search; but should he determine to continue it, he would find plenty of objects on which to lavish his admiration. The graceful tree-fern, drooping its shadowy arms burdened with dark seed-vessels till it almost seems one with the karaka, gives an air of elegance to the wild, disordered mass of undergrowth, blending it into a perfect picture of differing greens, each one necessary to the other to show the varying tints in their richest shades. Above these the yellow kowhai, the pohutakawa, and the crimson-blossomed rata, look down from their loftier boughs. Above these, again, its tufted masses of foliage producing a most appreciable darkness, towers the kauri pine; and when the heart of the forest is reached, and the annoyances passed, all is forgotten but the beauty and grandeur of these unbending monarchs of the wood.

About a mile on the other side of Auckland, on very high ground looking across Taurarua Bay to the heads on the north, over Hobson's Bay, Hauraki, and the higher Tamaki fields to the east and south, with the buildings of St. John's College just distinguishable against the dark-brown earth, Auckland Cathedral will indeed command one of the finest positions obtainable for miles. When it will be built is a question that cannot be decided for years, but there is the land for the purpose, and near it the rambling house of the Bishop, adjoining which is the temporary receptacle of the nucleus of an increasing collection of literary treasures. A peal of bells, presented to the Cathedral of the future by the wife of the late Bishop, hang in a wooden belfry attached to the library, and though intended to ring out their deep-toned voices from a massive tower, they yet chime merrily enough from this unpretending edifice. Leaving this behind,

the road—here macadamized and firm—leads almost in a straight line across the isthmus. St. Mary's Church is within a stone's throw of the site of the Cathedral, and the Church of England Grammar School, a barn-like building, not far from it. New Market, with its cattle-yards and sheep-pens ; various private houses under the shadow of Mount Eden, round which gardens have sprung up ; the old race-course ; the village of Epsom ; more homes and cultivated lands ; and One-tree Hill, fill the intervening space between the two towns. Onehunga is growing very gradually, very stagnantly, but has much to combat and overcome ere it can rise to any sea-port greatness. The entrance of the Manukau harbour is always attended with danger ; the sand is for ever shifting, and with a swiftness, too, almost unparalleled in the annals of bars ; the bar is invariably rough, and if the channel seems comparatively calm from the outside, an evil spirit is more than likely to stir it into angry waves as soon as it is fairly entered. Though signals and charts have been unsparingly provided and drawn, the latter can rarely be relied on for more than a month, and the wreck of H.M.S. *Orpheus* on the bar early in 1863 is but one amongst the numberless disasters, more or less fatal that have caused this harbour to be remembered as hardly more changeable than dangerous. On gaining some height near, the harbour appears to be an enormous lake covered with islands and peninsulas. One of the latter, Mangarei, opposite the township with a hill of some height bearing the same name, was a great resort of the Maoris, and at low tide they can walk across the intervening mile ; others have tried and failed, but the natives know the position of the mud, and have their own land—or rather sea—marks. Behind Mangarei, the Manukau narrows, the main body of the water reaching Drury with the width of half a mile, and penetrating the country on its way with many narrow off-shoots.

The return to Auckland from Onehunga may be made through green lanes and fields, passing many little homesteads with bright patches of cultivation ; the blue-green of the waving maize or sorghum contrasting admirably with the grass-green of paddocks and dark shades of the common fern, which places itself conspicuously upon the hill side, often concealing a sharp-edged block of scoria beneath its stiff leaves. On the town side of Mount Eden is the Stockade ; further on, the Hospital, a low-gabled weather-board house in a healthy position, but quite inadequate for the population of Auckland ; still nearer the town, a dark creeper-covered cottage with dilapidated palings may be observed. That little dwelling has seen many changes—once the temporary residence of the Governor, and then for many years the Museum ; there, in three small rooms may be seen old and new, barbarism and civilization ; the limbs of the gigantic Moa in strange juxtaposition with a bust of Queen Victoria, or a Maori widow's cap (a black mass of seaweed) resting on a trumpet that was used in one of our earliest encounters with the native race.

Between two hills there flows a brook, near which everything grows with damp luxuriance ; very dark, and moist, and still is the path that runs parallel with the tiny rivulet, bearing the odour peculiar to damp vegetation, and scented with flowering shrubs. There the yellow kowhai drops the rich blossoms from its leafless boughs, and the pittosporum glistens with undried dew, the white bunches of native clematis shining through its leaves, or perhaps crowning it as a bright aureole of beauty and purity. Then it is darker, and tree-ferns brush the hat of the loiterer ; a group of ten is generally remarked—five on either side of the path—displaying various forms and shapes, one bearing the strongest possible resemblance to the body of a kangaroo. Ferns, too, are found here in great abundance, the strange hart's-tongue or stag's-horn covering the moss-grown trunks of many decayed trees.

At Remuera, a scattered and hardly defined district just beyond New Market, there rises a smooth, dazzlingly green hill. It is Mount Hobson, and its crater is one of the brightest amongst the sixty-three points of eruption within a circuit of ten miles. Behold a large bowl of shrubs and flowers, in which clematis rests on tea-tree (manuka), and supple-jack entwines them together. The whole crater is a mass of foliage, but it was unable to confine its luxuriant offsprings, which, panting for room to display their beauties more advantageously, burst away one side of the earthen wall, and rushing through the chasm, clothed the slope of the hill with their freed and joyous greens. From the foot of Mount Hobson the happy peaceful look of the surrounding country is charming to contemplate, but from its summit, resting on soft-tufted grass, leaning against a block of scoria so old that its creation is long past the calculations of man, give yourself up to the enjoyment of the moment, and say—would you wish to gaze on a more graceful or varied landscape. Immediately below are waving fields of corn, houses protected by trees, innumerable ups-and-downs of vivid startling greens that grow darker as they near Mount Wellington with its rugged scoria earth, and are bounded on the left by roofs and spires almost unseen through the misty blaze of midday sun. Beneath the land beneath and the native settlement of Orakei lie, calm but deep, dark but peaceful, the waters of Hauraki ; beyond this, peach groves relieve the dark-brown heights of Orakei, where, on the highest point, a “whare” (*Anglicé*, hut, shed, or house), once the residence of a chief, is still standing, though almost in ruins, a fitting symbol of a decaying race.

The Dove.*

The grave Assembly stood,
 And sought for guidance from on high;
 For their Chief Pastor, great and good,
 Call'd to his home beyond the sky,
 Had left the Church in orphancy.

Who should be meet to bear
 The crozier he so nobly bore?
 Who mark'd to undertake "the care
 Of all the Churches," far spread o'er
 The land that knows him now no more?

The hum of voices ceas'd.
 Methought that all, of each degree,
 Churchman and layman, dean and priest,
 Were inly touch'd at heart, to see
 Their deep responsibility.

Then rose their prayer on high,
 Heav'n's grace and guidance to acquire:
 From aisle and chancel peal'd the cry,
 "Come Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
 And lighten with celestial fire."

And while to Powers above
 All joined that sacred hymn to pour,
 There flutter'd in a gentle dove;
 And circling round, and hovering o'er,
 To Heav'n's free air return'd once more.

O Heav'nly Dove! be near,
 Whene'er our souls are sorely tried;
 Come to dispel our doubt and fear,
 O'er all our counsels to preside,
 Each heart to cheer, each thought to guide.

E. J.

* The incident referred to in these lines occurred in St. George's Cathedral during the recent Assembly meeting for the election of a Metropolitan.

Cape Mines and Turtle.

THE following interesting and very characteristic letter from M. Hérítte, formerly French Consul at the Cape, and now at Elsinore, as Consul for France in Denmark and Sweden, was received by Sir Henry Barkly by the last mail, and has been forwarded to us for publication :—

Elseneur (Denmark), November 6, 1872.

To His Excellency Sir HENRY BARKLY,
Governor of the Cape Colony, &c., &c.

SIR,—I have not the honour of being personally known by you, since I have left Cape Town on the 5th of March, 1869, before the arrival of Your Excellency, after having been during five years Consul for France in South Africa. But perhaps I am not yet forgotten in the Colonial Office and in the Colony as a whole, not on account of my very modest personality, but because I have written and published some works on diamonds and other precious stones, the study of which has always been most attractive to me. A short time before my departure from the Cape, the first diamonds were discovered on the banks of the Orange River, and it was I who at that time stated and recognized the nature of the first precious stone that was sent to the seat of Government; and even in order more fully to confirm my opinion and to refute the incredulous, I offered to take the stone for £500, being the price at which I valued it. The jewellers of the Crown at London afterwards made the same valuation; and they have done the same with all the other diamonds which were subsequently discovered and sent to the Colonial Office, and which were submitted to my valuation; and the result was that I have not been able to secure the smallest of these stones only as a souvenir for my collection of precious minerals. I have consoled myself for it by remembering the eternal *sic vos non vobis* of this world.

However it may be, I said that I am perhaps not yet forgotten at the Cape, since my writings, my information, advice, and encouragement, and my energetic and continuous assurances on the future success of the diamond researches have probably in some respect contributed to the immense results which the discovery has had since my departure. I need not say how, as a friend of that beautiful Cape Colony, where I should have wished to remain till the end of my life, I rejoiced at the bright results which since that time the diamond discovery has engendered. It is still as a friend of the Colony, and in order to give a new proof of the interest I feel in its prosperity, that I take the liberty, sir, to address to you these lines. They have a two-fold object,—firstly, to convince you, by the experience I had, that the Cape colonists have in *their wines* a source of wealth of which they have not at all a correct idea.

Why are the Cape wines so despised that certain London taverns, as it were, have the following inscription on their ensign-boards :—“Here, at least, no Cape wine is drunk?”—Simply because the exporters, in order to increase their profits, export only *the most ordinary sorts*, which are represented as *the best*, and chiefly because the wine is exported and brought to the market, being too young and without having achieved its fermentation; and the result is, that, in consequence of the very strong dose of alcohol that must be added to it, like in all southern wine-producing countries, it is at the same time too strong and too much sugared. When leaving the Cape in March, 1869, I took with me three sorts of wine in bottles (unhappily, not more, and in very small quantity). One was “Pontac, Prize Wine,” of Mr. S. van Renen, at Constantia; the second sort was “Cape Sherry, first quality,” of Mr. E. K. Green, at Cape Town; and the third, “Dry Old Pontac,” of the same Mr. Green.

Well, these three wine sorts have become altogether perfect, and the best connoisseurs among my friends like them very much, not because this wine comes from a distant country, but because it is really excellent. The “Pontac Prize

Wine" of Mr. Van Renen has become so dry that it is almost a little bitter, but of a bitter dryness which connoisseurs like best. It is really a "unique" wine, and if this wine as it becomes in course of time, were more generally known, it would create "furore."

The second object of my letter is the following :

All mail-steamers and other Government and trade vessels touching at Ascension take in provisions of turtles, which are of an enormous size in this English Colony. These animals are bought at the average price of £3, and sold in England, for, I believe, about £10. But, because most captains do not know what food they are accustomed to, they give them nothing to eat on board, and the poor animals usually die from exhaustion at the end of a fortnight, and they are sold in England almost in a state of decomposition, for, as I have said, £10, in order to be afterwards sold in retail by the hotel-keepers for an average price of £1 a plate. What do people get for this fabulous price? Nothing more or less than meat in a half-rotten state. Besides, it has been hitherto impossible to exhibit in Europe any of these enormous and splendid animals alive, although they would certainly attract great attention. What again would they be for an aquarium!

Well, I have discovered that it is possible to feed these animals, and to bring them alive to Europe. I have obtained this knowledge in the following manner: Some time ago they constructed at Copenhagen a small aquarium, and into one of the sea-water compartments, filled with fish and the remains of dead fish to feed the living, they threw some days ago two sea-turtles, measuring about one foot in diameter, in every respect similar to those of Ascension and Robben Island. They were brought from India, and as they were comparatively small, the captain of the vessel had been able to keep them in sea-water. But nobody had known how to feed them, and these poor animals had eaten nothing at all during the voyage. They arrived nearly dead, in a state of complete exhaustion. As soon as they were thrown into the sweet water compartment, they began to revive and to swim, and immediately threw themselves on the remains of the dead and on all the small living fish which the basin contained, and devoured them most ferociously. The captain continued to feed them in the same manner; they regained all their strength, and to-day they are in a most flourishing condition, and form the chief attraction of the visitors.

Sea-turtles feed themselves thus with *fish*, and not with sea-herbs and plants, as was generally believed, without anyone knowing the exact nature of these plants, on account of the fathomless depth of the sea around the island of Ascension.

This is, it seems to me, most important information, for nothing would be more easy than to have on board large iron basins for sea-water, which could be renewed by pumps, and in which the immense tortoises of Ascension could be transported, being fed with dead or living fish. Commerce, the mother of inventions, would find this a most profitable concern, and Heaven knows if the turtles of Ascension and the Cape would not soon compete in the market with beef and mutton. Turtleflesh is, in fact, the most substantial of all, and certainly it would have a most beneficial effect if it were used for daily consumption.

This is the information, sir, which I leave to your wisdom and to your attention, for the benefit of the beautiful country which you are called to rule. If it can tend to promote its prosperity, I shall feel very happy to have given the Cape Colonists a fresh proof of my attachment to them, of my gratitude for the happy years which I have spent at the Cape, and for having learnt to know that the admirable English people are the most manly and the most intelligent of the world.

I have, &c.,

HERITTE,

Consul for France in Denmark, Sweden, and Elsenaur.

THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Defence of the Colony.

IN a future Kafir war the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope will probably have to depend on its own resources. Whether such a war will ever take place is an event about which opinions differ. Tribes with conflicting interests are judiciously located to diminish the chance. The Kafirs have great respect for a Government which directs the soldiers, and they know that, however few the soldiers may be, they will not be left without support. When the soldiers are removed, the old Kafir dream of driving the white men into the sea may appear more easy of execution. It may be that the Kafirs will see their chance before an army has been organized to replace the troops. The mixture of tribes may not be strong enough an influence to avert the attempt. The best security lies in a strong and well-planned organization, immediately provided. The peculiar close country in which these wars are fought renders them very formidable. Every patch of bush forms the strongest fortress in the world. The enemy cannot be shelled out, nor driven in any way, but by close fighting in a dense wood, where all chances favour the savage: if they are hard pressed, they have another stronghold near, and that they have left requires no garrison. Kafir wars have not hitherto been terminated without great expenditure of time and money. In former wars the expense did not fall on the Colony. In future wars the Colony will not bear an expenditure on the same scale.

It is difficult to realize the amount of suffering and damage the Colony would sustain if a war were to break out in the absence of the troops, and before a system of defence had been organized. To form such a system is a difficult task in profound peace, but would be almost impossible in face of an enemy. The latter would burn, plunder, and devastate, while the farmers conveyed their families to places of safety beyond the bush country. No stand could be made till these men had returned from journeys which would occupy weeks. The loss in the meantime would have been very great. A colonial army should therefore exist when the last of the troops are withdrawn.

The successful efforts of other colonies supply information and experience. Canada affords an example of an excellent Militia

system. Australia has constructed a good and practical Volunteer system. Whatever system is applied to the Cape Colony, the first thing necessary is, that it should be under strict laws and regulations. Discipline must be enforced when the troops are assembled, and the men must assemble when called upon, under penalties. A Volunteer system has come to have associated with it the idea of a certain amount of slackness of discipline. This has caused an army of Volunteers to be esteemed less highly than is perhaps just. The discipline of Volunteers may be made as good as that of Militia. The discipline of a force to protect the Cape Colony frontier should be unimpeachable, living amongst, surrounded, and outnumbered by men who any day may become enemies. Canada, the Colony most exposed to the chances of invasion at many points, has chosen the Militia system. Australia, which can scarcely be invaded, has a Volunteer army. The Volunteer system with its associations is perhaps scarcely rigid enough for the defence of a long frontier. Some of the provisions of the Canadian Militia at once recommend themselves. Service is compulsory on all male inhabitants between eighteen and sixty. They are divided into four classes, viz. :—1st class : Unmarried men or widowers without children between eighteen and thirty. 2nd class : Unmarried men or widowers without children between thirty and forty-five. 3rd class : Married men from eighteen to forty-five. 4th class : All between forty-five and sixty. A division that would perhaps suit this Colony better, until it is more thickly populated, would be :—1st class : Unmarried men or widowers without children from eighteen to forty. 2nd class : Married men from eighteen to forty-five. 3rd class : All between forty-five and sixty. Supposing the Colony to contain 210,000 white inhabitants, which is more than the last census, though probably under the actual number, one-seventh would be available as a force composed of men between eighteen and sixty years of age. This would give a force in the whole Colony of about 30,000 men ; of these about 15,000 would belong to the Eastern Districts. This force should be under an officer stationed on the Frontier. The organization should consist of two Districts—Eastern and Western. These Districts should be divided again into Brigade Divisions, comprising about 3,000 men each, or three battalions. The battalions should have the usual officers, and for purposes of enrolment the company should be the unit. The Captain should keep a corrected roll of his company and should be required to produce the proper number of men when they were called out. The minimum number of yearly drills required from Militiamen in Canada is sixteen. For these they are paid at the rate of half a dollar or two shillings for each drill, but they receive no pay unless all the drills have been completed. The men are allowed to perform these drills at the different *company* head-quarters, so they are not obliged to sleep away from home. If they assemble in *battalions* eight drills are considered equivalent to sixteen company drills, and they receive eight

dollars pay and free rations in addition. Having due regard to efficiency, this is perhaps the lightest work that could be enforced. A large proportion of the force on the Frontier should be mounted. The country is admirably suited for mounted men. Where all ride and horses can do so much work on grass, great distances could be traversed by men who could fight both on horseback and on foot, and whose horses are accustomed to be herded. It is very important that a few batteries of light guns, mortars, and rockets should be organized. These are now made so light and powerful, and horses are so plentiful, that they would be a powerful auxiliary. Power should be given to secure wagons and oxen for provisions, and the transport might be made a company arrangement. On the outbreak of war three things require to be attended to simultaneously and provided for beforehand. 1st: The providing a force to meet the enemy in the field at once. 2nd: The disposal of the families and movable effects of farmers living in the country especially on the border. 3rd: Providing for the safety of the cattle. Every man concerned in these movements would have to know his station beforehand and be ready to repair to it at once. The two latter movements would be made under cover of the first force.

1st. A force should be detailed for an immediate offensive movement against the enemy. This would naturally consist of the first class for service. Their numbers would be small at first, being only the inhabitants of the districts close to the Frontier, but they would afterwards be reinforced by arrivals from other parts of the Colony. Under cover of this force, the families of farmers and the cattle would be removed to places of security.

2nd. The method adopted in old wars for securing families and stock of laagers or movable camps seems to have been unscientific, and is capable of improvement by forethought. Farmers assembled with their families, cattle, and wagons, the latter arranged in squares for defence. The camp moved when they could for food for the cattle; the cattle starved when moving was too dangerous. Many farmers preferred to take their families long distances out of danger; but this involved the loss of service of the men while the journey lasted, when their services were most required, and then they had the troops for immediate action. The towns near the Frontier, such as East London, King William's Town, Fort Beaufort, Windvogelberg, and Queen's Town, should be put in such a state of defence as would insure the safety of families deposited there. Extensive fortifications are fortunately not required against Kafirs, but earthworks, which are quickly and easily made, should be built. These would render a town impregnable to Kafirs, especially if the approaches were swept by a few cannon. The small villages on the Frontier, such as Maclean, the Komgha, &c., should be treated in the same way. These latter would not only protect a number of inhabitants, but would afford temporary shelter to families on their way to the towns. Villages of a few houses should never be without

a keep or stronghold, to which the inhabitants could run at once, and which a few men might hold for several days. The massacres in the villages with which the last war opened would have been averted by this precaution. Whether the place of refuge be a castle, an earthen redoubt, or the village church, it should be always ready against a sudden outbreak, which may happen, as the last did, without notice. Every family in the country should be told off to one of these towns as a place of safety, and on an alarm of war should not be permitted to go elsewhere; or every family within a certain district should be compelled to go to the town told off for that district. Then families would naturally bring all the goods and provisions they could lay hands on, but it would be necessary to issue rations in the town. A supply of planks and tents should be kept to make temporary houses. Every town and village should have its garrison regularly detailed in time of peace. The rolls of the garrison should be constantly corrected, and the men be kept informed of the changes. The garrisons should be taken from the classes last to be called out for active service, and would comprise many of the men who had brought their families in. The towns mentioned relate only to the boundary of the Colony, but as Kafir wars are in great part waged within the Colony, it would be necessary to defend and garrison other places of refuge. The experience of three wars will leave little doubt as to the most appropriate places. If some such regulations as these were carefully planned and rigidly enforced, the whole of the Frontier farm-houses might be deserted in two or three days, and all the cattle carried off, the removals being covered by the active army.

3rd. The objective of Kafirs is the cattle of the colonists. All their efforts are directed to secure these. They are unwilling to meddle with towns. To bring a war to a speedy issue, the cattle should be collected and driven in large numbers to places of safety. If the Kafirs then would have them, they must fight for them where there was a protecting force, which would be a different affair to seizing the herds of individuals. Places of safety should be named for the herds of each district on the Frontier, where they should be driven under cover of armed parties. From thence they could be driven at leisure, but always under regulation, further into the Colony. The cattle only of the Frontier and the vicinity of the Amatola and other dangerous ranges of mountains need be under such strict regulations. They are valuable to the Kafirs in proportion to the ease with which they can be driven across the border. The cattle would, no doubt, suffer from being crowded in a small space, and the change of pasture often kills them. They would, however, be safe from attack, the loss would be less than if they remained on the farms, the object of the war would be taken away, its duration would be lessened, and the gain to the Colony, as a whole, would be very great. It is better that the cattle should die

than that the enemy should get them. The natural places of safety for cattle would be the vicinity of garrisoned towns and the interior of the Colony distant from the war. The towns, for the most part, are surrounded by open country, where Kaffirs dislike to venture, and it is an object to choose a spot where there is a place to meet an attack; so that there shall be no robbery without a fight. Queen's Town is especially favourable from the absence of bush. The country behind East London would also be very safe for cattle in Kaffraria. For fifteen miles from the mouth of the Buffalo River there is no ford by which cattle could be driven to Kafirland. Moreover, the country is open on the left bank of the river and patrols there would increase the security. A chain of posts in country houses, with mounted patrols, extending for eight miles from the river to the sea, would enclose a space about eleven square miles, where many cattle might be kept. The posts would be supported by the garrison at East London. Cattle attached to a town should be in charge of a regularly detailed cattle-guard, who should occupy farm-houses at a little distance as outposts; where these are not available, earthen redoubts should be made outside the grazing ground. The guard should furnish mounted patrols. In case of a considerable attack, a part of the garrison would support with field guns and rockets. When the country had been cleared of inhabitants and cattle, the active army would have attained sufficient strength to undertake the invasion of Kafirland. A war in the country could not exist long without open or secret support from Kafirland. If no hostile force came from thence, it must still be a refuge for stolen cattle, and beaten Kafirs waiting further opportunities. The last war was not terminated, after several years of hostilities, until such an invasion was made. An early and well-directed blow in that direction would have a great effect. The form of the Frontier line, which gives the Colony the command of two sides of an angle and two lines of retreat, is especially favourable. If it were only necessary to defend this line, the problem would be comparatively simple. It is much complicated by the position of the Amatola Mountains and the ranges which join them. They comprise a large extent of mountainous country famous for its beautiful scenery, its ruggedness, and above all for the dense masses of impenetrable bush which covers the greater part of it. The base of the first portion of these ranges runs parallel to the road between King William's Town and Alice, a distance of more than forty miles. This base had to be guarded by four garrisoned forts during the war, to prevent, as far as possible, incursions into the country. To the west the range is continued for many miles. The eastern end is separated from Kafirland by a flat plain, bare of wood, about thirty miles in width. The fastnesses were held by Kafirs against British troops for several years. The war could not be put down until they were cleared. This was at length accomplished; but the troops suffered great fatigue and great privations. They were harassed by hard and

apparently useless marching. They suffered from want of provisions and want of shelter. Battles with the enemy there were none. The fighting consisted of isolated skirmishes when the Kafirs were occasionally caught outside the bush ; and surprises, when the troops had their oxen killed, and were themselves shot down by an invisible enemy. It was a picture of war in its most trying and least exciting form. When finally the Kafirs were overcome by indomitable perseverance, and it was found that they were inclined to leave the country, the troops which guarded the open pass between these mountains and Kafirland were withdrawn, in order to enable the enemy to escape unmolested across the border. It was felt that, even when they were beaten, it was better to be rid of them on any terms, than to drive them to despair by cutting off their retreat. The Commander-in-Chief Sir George Cathcart was greatly impressed with the necessity of having these mountains peopled by settlers with a military organization, whose villages and houses should be defensible. He made great efforts to establish such a system, and it is much to be regretted that these attempts have been a comparative failure. After a lapse of more than twenty years, and though the frontier has been moved farther off, there can be little doubt that these mountains are as dangerous to the peace of the Colony now as they were then. The great difficulty in a scheme for the defence of the Colony is to make laws for the removal of families and cattle which shall be rigidly adhered to. Men, especially those who are not immediately threatened, would in many cases prefer to take their chance of the cattle on the farms than incur the certain percentage of loss which must happen from driving and crowding them : and it would perhaps be necessary to establish a system of compensation for loss. Under a less strict rule, a war would perhaps be finally put down ; but to reduce the loss of cattle, property, and time to the lowest amount, regulations of the strictest kind must be enforced. The history of Kafir wars shows how an enemy, apparently so contemptible, was able to protract hostilities for several years against a force of regular troops, at times amounting to 20,000—so strong is the country we have taken from them. They were conquered at the expense of several millions of pounds—an expense out of the question in the future. It is of such vital importance to a poor Colony that a state of anarchy should not last, that the interests of the people should lead them to submit to a strict and well-considered plan of defence, as an insurance on their lives and properties which they cannot afford to pay in any other way. Moreover, an insurance which, while it is in force, keeps the danger at a distance.

Reminiscences of the Army.

BY ONE OF THE RANK-AND-FILE.

IV.

WHEN I enlisted, and for some few years afterwards, the Surgeon of our regiment was a gentleman of whom a passing notice may be of interest. He had entered the army before the civil branches of the service were thought worthy of the consideration they now receive, and his first appointment or commission was as Hospital Mate, a rank since changed to that of Assistant Surgeon. He joined just before the American war of 1812, and served at New Orleans, where the British received a jolly good licking from Uncle Sam. Thereafter he had served in various parts of the world, and his experience, among other diseases, of "The Shakes" and of "Yellow Jack" would have been valuable in a scientific point of view if the old man had possessed the literary ability to put his ideas in a readable form on paper. But that he had not acquired. He was Irish by birth and a Roman Catholic in religion, and as the effects of the penal laws were active in the days of his youth his education was necessarily of a foreign complexion. His style was so involved that it was only by repeated reading that the sense could be made out, and even his commonest official letters were tainted with obscurity. Nevertheless, Old Mac, as he was called, was an oracle in certain departments of scholarship. At the mess table no one, as I was told, could quote Homer, Horace, or Virgil more aptly, and his intimate acquaintance with classical authors generally frequently disconcerted pretentious ensigns fresh from some public school. In the days when his mind was strong, Old Mac's *forte* was History, and on a few occasions I heard him refer to Alison as if he knew that "Mr. Wordy" by heart. He must have been possessed at one time of no inconsiderable share of humour, for almost doting as he was when I knew him, his fancies were not a little amusing. They did not always, however, take a shape agreeable to the rank-and-file. It was one of his favourite pastimes to make sport with men who reported themselves sick after a fit of intemperance. I may remark that when a man goes to Hospital in the army his name is entered in what is called the daily sick report, in which, in my time, there was a column headed "Drunk or Sober last Night," and the orderly Sergeant of each Company made the entry as he thought proper. When a man with "drunk" against his name appeared on the sick-list Old Mac called him his "friend," which was a certain intimation that he meant to deal in a very unfriendly way with him. The scene that took place on these occasions, as I frequently heard it repeated in the barrack-rooms, was usually as follows:—

Old Mac:—Well, my friend, what is the matter with you?

Patient:—I don't know, sir, but I feel very queer.

Old Mac :—Poor fellow ! Put out your tongue.

The tongue would be put out, and after inspection, Old Mac continued :—"Let me feel your pulse "

When this was done, Old Mac usually whistled for a minute or so, and after exclaiming "Oh !—Ah !—Dear me !—What a pity !—Poor fellow !" he would address the Hospital Sergeant in this style : "Sergeant, this is a bad case, a very bad case ; we must take care of our friend, or he may die—die—die ! And what a loss that would be, Sergeant ! He is a teetotaler, too. We must take care of him, Sergeant ; very great care of him, Sergeant. Put him to bed, Sergeant, and don't give him any hospital uniform, or he may get up and catch cold. He is feverish, Sergeant, very feverish, and must be kept low. Put him on spoon diet, but give him plenty to drink. Let him drink as much as he likes, Sergeant. Put *two* cans of water in the room with him, and let him have them all to himself. He might be disturbed, Sergeant, by the other patients, so put him into a ward by himself, with his bed in the middle of the room, and put a sentry over him, not to allow any one to talk to him or go near him. And, Sergeant, as his head is affected, put a blister on the back of his neck and cup him on his right side, but don't take from him more blood than you can help."

Some men would demur to this facetious but rather serious prescription, when Old Mac would go on :—"Oh, Sergeant ! this is a bad case, a dangerous case ! Besides what I have just ordered, put blisters to the calves of his legs ! His head is very bad, *very bad*, VERY BAD ! Go to bed, my friend, and keep yourself quiet. Don't talk, but you can drink plenty—of water !"

When the man left the surgery, Old Mac would chuckle over this practical joke as if it were the greatest fun in the world, apparently unconscious that it had a serious and painful side to the victim, for, of course, his orders were carried out. Sometimes the older soldiers would admit on these occasions that they had been drunk, when Old Mac would let them off with one or two days' starvation, in bed, without further punishment.

I am sorry to say that the Surgeon was obstinate, and if he took a notion into his head he would hold it in spite of any evidence to the contrary. This quality occasionally caused such a trivial accident as the death of one of the rank-and-file. I will mention an instance. We had a man who had become what is called moon-blind. He could see little, if anything, at night, and on more than one occasion I have had myself to lead him by the hand. Such a man ought not, of course, have had to do night duty, if he were kept in the service at all, and he repeatedly reported himself on the sick-list in consequence of his disorder. Old Mac formed an idea that the man was scheming, and threatened to have him tried by court-martial for that crime. The poor fellow had, therefore, to take his duty like the rest of us. One day he went on a guard that gave a sentry on a bridge over a canal, and as ill-luck would have it,

in numbering off it fell to the man's turn to go on that post. When the "rounds" visited the locality during the night the sentry was missing: the alarm was given, and it was discovered that the half-blind man had walked into the canal and was drowned. I well remember the sensation this made in the barrack-rooms at the time, and I am afraid if Old Mac had been indicted for murder, a jury of the rank-and-file would have found him guilty.

If I recollect rightly, the Surgeon breakfasted at the officers' mess every morning at half-past eight o'clock. At any rate, a few minutes after nine he left the mess to go to the hospital, but though his time of departure from the breakfast-room was pretty certain, the hour of his arrival in his surgery was a matter for speculation. The old gentleman walked with his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets and his head slightly elevated as if he were contemplating some celestial phenomenon, whistling, or humming, an air from *Sonnambula* or some other popular opera, for the old boy was very musical. When he had gone a certain distance a sudden thought would seem to strike him, and he came to a halt, placing the right foot slightly in advance of the left, dropping his hands till they met behind his back, and lowering his chin till it almost touched his breast. In this attitude he would stand for a time, as if watching the movements of some insect on the ground, speaking all the while to himself. Then, with another jerk, up would go the head and hands to their original positions, the music would be resumed, and he would go on his way. We often viewed Old Mac from the barrack-room windows pursuing his travels to the hospital in this fashion, and after a long series of observations it was universally admitted by the rank and-file that when Old Mac's head was up he whistled, and when it was down he mumbled.

But to see Old Mac in his glory it was necessary to watch him when the band played at any of the public places where we were quartered. He had a certain number of copies of the programme prepared for distribution among his own friends, who were generally ladies of antiquated appearance. It fell to my lot occasionally to be among the orderlies at these times, and more than once I was dispatched by Old Mac to some simpering old maid in an adjacent house with a programme. The venerable beauties would receive the card with a giggle, and what perhaps was a blush, and tell me to say to "The Doctor" that he was *so* very kind. The old gentleman, on receipt of such a message, would brighten up a bit, raise his eye-glass, look towards the residence of the ladies, and, if one was at a window, elevate his hat and bow as only swells of the old school could go through that performance. As near as I am able to guess, when Old Mac retired from the service he was three score and ten, but he had not been many months in the County Galway when he took unto himself a wife. Great was the merriment among officers and men at the receipt of the news, and I more than suspect several elderly ladies in various parts of the United Kingdom did anything but laugh when they read the announcement in the newspapers.

Old Mac was not very popular with the men, but he was loved compared with the feeling entertained for his successor. It has been my fortune to have known, in peace and war, military surgeons who nobly sacrificed themselves to their duty,—sometimes, as I thought, to an over-scrupulous sense of their duty. Of what is done in war I take very little account, as, after all, there is a strong suspicion that if life is preserved the surgeon who distinguishes himself will be mentioned in a despatch, and fame and promotion follow. But it is different in times of peace, when disease, as is often the case in India, crowds the hospitals, and medical officers are none too many for the work. I will never forget one heroic surgeon whose regiment was in Central India, where it was severely visited by cholera. The patients were soon counted by hundreds, and the funerals in that corps alone for a time were never less than five a day. The Assistant Surgeons had been sent in medical charge of out-stations, and the Surgeon had all the work to himself. He had a cot put into the surgery to sleep upon, and he never left the Hospital for weeks. His meals were brought to him, and except a few hours given to sleep out of the twenty-four, he spent his time in the wards. How he stood it was wonderful. Even the most ignorant of the rank-and-file were astonished at his powers of physical endurance. Others thought the mental strain the greater weight, for it is no light matter to look daily into the faces of hundreds of sick men and to know that each of them looks to you, next to God, to save his life. Never was a man better qualified for the office of physician. Wide professional knowledge, acute perception, clear judgment, a good constitution, a strong determination, and a mind fertile in resources, were joined to a nature as sympathetic as a woman's, and a face, and voice, and manner that inspired confidence. He worked through the epidemic till it was almost over, and when two or three other medical men arrived to assist him, took the disease himself and died. Bearded men with more than one medal hanging to their breasts, attesting their familiarity with death in some of its most horrible forms, shed tears at his grave like children, and were not ashamed. That man was as great a hero as ever lived, but I never saw his eminent services recorded in the *Gazette*, nor in any of the ordinary prints. And I have seen more of his kind; but I am bound to say that some of the greatest brutes I have ever known in human shape were military surgeons. Old Mac's successor was one of them. He had been on the staff before he joined us, and of his record we were ignorant. A short time revealed his character to the whole regiment. He was one of those men who delight in cruelty for cruelty's sake, and he appeared to think that the rank-and-file of the British army were less sensitive to pain than the lower animals. The slightest thing gave him offence, and every offence he revenged. To give an example. He was a stranger to us, and, like army surgeons generally, he seldom dressed in uniform. Yet if a man passed him without saluting he never forgave him. His method

of revenge was this. At the weekly medical inspection he ordered the offender to be sent to hospital, and when he got him there he put him on spoon diet—half a pound of bread and two pints of tea per day—sent him to bed, and kept him there for a month or longer. Between starvation and the bed, the strongest man was soon made as weak as a child. When he got the man so reduced that he could hardly stand he discharged him from hospital, without allowing him time and food to increase his strength. The consequence was that on the first parade the poor fellow attended he fell down through weakness and had to be conveyed again to hospital. The surgeon then had him made a prisoner immediately, and sent to the guard-house on a charge of scheming. In several instances, men treated in this way were sentenced by courts-martial, on the evidence of this surgeon, to imprisonment with hard labour for six months, though they were as innocent as any reader of these pages. A soldier in the English army, if he is sober, knows his work, and keeps his tongue in order, may escape all the combatant officers of his regiment put together; but if the surgeon is his enemy and is unscrupulous, he is completely at his mercy. There is no knowing what pain he may endure under the plea of surgical treatment for a disease which does not exist, and he may be ordered into hospital at any moment. Such surgeons, it is but right to say, form a small minority in the military service, though their number, in my time, was by no means so small as could be desired. The particular surgeon to whom I refer was not more than two years in the regiment when he was removed or exchanged. Whilst he was with us, a few attempts were made on his life, but, to use an expression common in the barrack-room, “Old Nick looked after his own,” and the attempts were fortunately frustrated.

As I may not recur to Army Surgeons again, I will here mention a man who was attached for duty to the regiment that I belonged to in the Crimea. Everyone remembers, or has heard of, the sufferings the British Army endured in the winter of 1854-55. At one time our regiment, like every other, had its hospital marquees crowded, and some two or three bell-tents, belonging to each company, filled with sick men besides. Indeed, there was one regiment in our division that, out of several hundreds of men on its roster, could only return twelve persons as fit for duty. The Surgeon to whom I refer visited the sick-tents in the regimental camp every afternoon before sunset, accompanied by a hospital orderly, carrying a camp-kettle containing cold tea, which was the only “medicine” said to be procurable at the time. The surgeon’s mode of speaking to and of his patients was so brutal that unless heard by one’s self it was scarcely credible. I fortunately kept in good health, and did not for some time come into contact with him, and I heard him first under the following circumstances. I had a friend who was brought to the camp one day from the trenches, suffering fearfully from dysentery. He ought to have been on the sick-list for a week previously, but,

like some other low-born heroes that I have known, he would not lay up because "duty was so hard," and because we were in daily expectation at the time of another Inkerman. Being off duty at the time myself, I went to see him as soon as I heard he was in camp, and during my visit the doctor came. I wish that I was a word-painter, that I might adequately describe the scene that afternoon. Our regimental camp was not far from Cathcart's Hill, and a few yards from our tents we had a tolerably good view of the camp of the Allied Armies before Sebastopol, from the Tchernaya on the right to Kamisch on the left. Drifting snow was falling, and all around, wherever the eye could reach, there was little but snow to look upon. The bell-tents—and there were few others—appeared like so many ant-hills covered with snow; and, though there were thousands of men at hand, ready to spring to their feet at the first note of the alarm, the only signs of animation visible outside the tents were the few scattered sentries of the several quarter-guards, muffled in their great coats, and in many cases blankets, for the latter had holes cut in them so that they might be worn as coats. I have seen pictures of the retreat of the French from Moscow, which with a little alteration might be made to represent the Allied Camp that afternoon. Cold and disheartening as was the view without, the sight within the English tents, and especially those occupied by the sick, was more desponding still. In the bell-tent where my friend lay, and which was no larger than those in common use, no fewer than twenty-one of the rank-and-file lay so crowded that there was not much more than room for their feet at the pole or centre of the circle. There they were, prostrate in the slush and mud—the heat from their bodies causing the snow underneath them to melt, for the tents were so wretchedly "pitched" that the snow made its way in at every gust,—with nothing but a blanket or a great coat between them and the earth. They were in various stages of the prevalent diseases, from the red-cheeked recruit, arrived with the last draft, and now afflicted for the first time with diarrhœa, to the cadaverous-looking old soldier who, having weathered yellow fever in the West Indies and cholera in the United Kingdom, was then falling a victim to dysentery. As I sat in the tent, with my back to its crooked pole, trying to warm the cold feet of my friend, who even then was dying, I could not help speculating on the mingled ignorance and incompetence that were sending so many noble and gallant men to their graves. I wondered, too, whether it would come to my turn to be prostrated as these men were, when I heard the magic word, "Attention!" and, in obedience, dropped the feet of my friend, stood up as well as circumstances would permit, and saw the surgeon to whom I have referred. He was at the tent-door, put his head inside, and spoke aloud as follows, as nearly as my memory serves me, pointing to some sick man at each sentence:—"Oh, that fellow's going: he'll die to-night. That man next him is not dead yet, but he can't last long. Give that other fellow a little tea.

What, Jones, you here!—you ought to be in the trenches, sir. And that fellow next to you is a d——d scheming rascal. Just give the next man a little tea,” &c., &c. One of the men, when the surgeon’s directions and observations were ended, said,—“For God’s sake, sir, do give me a little medicine; I feel I would live if I only had a little medicine.” To whom replied the physician,—“Medicine!—there is none, and no quantity of it could save you; you’re dying now.” The man replied: “Can’t I see Doctor Blank?”—(another surgeon, but a kind-hearted, feeling man). The medical officer answered: “What the devil good could Doctor Blank do you? You know you’re booked, and it’s an insult to me, sir, to ask the question.” The man fell back on his blanket with the feeling that God and man had deserted him, and the surgeon passed on to another tent, to repeat his unfeeling conduct, and perhaps in a worse form because he had been irritated. As soon as he left the tent, one of the men that he said was dying held up his head, and said,—“That —— says I’m dying, but I’ll show him the difference; and when I get better, if ever I have a chance of him in the trenches, it won’t be a Russian bullet that will cook his goose.” The man did get better, but the surgeon still survives, and it is to be hoped that with returning health a more forgiving spirit actuated the man who threatened to take his life.

I may state here that out of the twenty-one men in the tent on the afternoon to which I have referred, within forty-eight hours fifteen were in their graves, and my poor friend was among them. Only three survived the winter; and, looking back as calmly as I can on the events of that period, I have no hesitation in saying that those of them who died were murdered by the combined ignorance and incompetence of the staff of the army,—of whom more anon. One pint of tea or coffee per day would have prevented the disease from which nine-tenths of them died; but that was not to be had for love or money, except the sickening stuff that we made as best we could from the green berries served out to us. I remember one of our Captains offering at that time five pounds for a cup of coffee; and if he had offered one hundred, he could not have got it. But hereafter I may have more to say on that part of my military career, and have only referred to it now for the purpose of bringing the surgeon last mentioned before the reader.

Before I leave the Surgeons, however, I must mention a thing that occurred in the Crimea between a youthful lieutenant and myself about surgeons and other non-combatant officers, which will illustrate the prejudices that were entertained at that time by one class of gentlemen holding Her Majesty’s commission against another class having the same honour. It was notified one day in General Orders that a number of G.C.B.’s, K.C.B.’s, and C.B.’s had been showered on the army in the field, and among the recipients of these honours were medical men, commissariat officers, and others who worked with their brains, or at least were supposed to do so. The

lieutenant to whom I refer was a peculiar person, having a strong individuality, and a larger share of mental culture than in those days was usually found among subalterns. Circumstances which I need not here relate induced him to employ me as a kind of "coach" in matters of drill, and when the lessons were over, we often discussed things in general and army subjects in particular with a freedom not then common between an officer and one of the rank-and-file. One of our conversations took place on the evening of the day it was announced such a large accession had been made to the members of the Order of the Bath, and this juvenile combatant officer told me that he thought it a shame that butchers, as he called the surgeons, and cattle-drivers, as he termed the commissariat officers, should be so honoured. He said also if that kind of thing continued no "gentleman" would accept the ribbon of the Order. I mildly suggested that, perhaps, a wise commissariat officer who by his forethought supplied a good stock of provisions and clothing to the army, and kept it thereby in a state of efficiency, was more to be rewarded than a brainless colonel whose only merit was that he had physical courage, a quality possessed by the majority of the rank-and-file under his command. I also gently hinted that a surgeon who cured the men made ill by a combatant officer fixing on an encampment bad from a sanitary point of view, was as deserving of honour as the gentleman whose ignorance had exposed his officers and soldiers to unnecessary dangers. My youthful superior, though selected for a post on the staff because of his more than ordinary intelligence, could not see the force of my reasoning, and told me it was all nonsense conferring those distinctions except for services in battle. I pointed out with the greatest deference, that in a battle commenced after a long march a commissariat officer who supplied the men with biscuits and rum—the readiest refreshments known at that time—might be the chief instrument in defeating the enemy; and that a surgeon who attended the wounded under fire might be as great a hero as an officer in the Quarter-Master-General's department who was engaged in seeing that the camp equipage did not get damaged. It was no use. I was worsted in argument as many a better man has been—by authority,—and our conversation ended by the subaltern saying that it was "a d——d shame to admit those fellows to the Bath." Since that time England has made some few reforms in the army, and, much as it is abused by combatant officers and their friends, I believe no greater one has been made than by the formation of the Control Department. The power and influence possessed by its officers, besides increasing the efficiency of the army, must necessarily raise other civil branches of the service, and teach the combatant officers that administrative ability and professional skill are as deserving of reward as mere bull-dog courage. But, of course, with the abolition of Purchase the feeling that actuated such officers as the young lieutenant will die away, if it is not already obsolete. In my time, however, with such prejudices among officers against one another, it may be

conceived what was thought of the rank-and-file, and the ill-treatment we often received was only a consequence of the estimation in which "common soldiers" were held.

And here I may remark that the public is only told one side of the story when an officer or non-commissioned officer is shot or otherwise killed by the rank-and-file. Of course, I do not justify such crimes, and they must be put down with a strong hand if discipline is to be maintained; but tyranny such as I have described must be expected to rouse feelings of revenge in the minds of rude, ignorant, and passionate men. Oppressed by it, they take to drink, and in the increased excitement caused by the use of liquor, a few of them commit murder. When such a thing occurs, the real causes have never, as far as I know, been put before the public. It is said the offender is a very bad man, or something of that kind, and the murdered man is usually described as faultless. In some cases that fell under my own observation the victims had themselves chiefly to blame. When an officer suffers, he can, if he has any spirit, usually get redress, because he has friends who can move the press and the Parliament in his favour; but it is very different with the rank-and-file, as the following examples will show, and the misguided men sometimes take the law in their own hands.

A colonel in a regiment that I belonged to took it into his head one day that the rolled great coats on our knapsacks would look much better if their surface was made smooth, and to effect that object we were each of us served out with a piece of pasteboard, for which we had to pay one penny. I suppose not many readers of this *Magazine* know what trouble and skill were required to roll a great-coat properly. It took three experienced men to go through that important operation with each of these garments. The coat was first laid out on a table by the most experienced, who saw that the sides, sleeves, and cape were arranged in due order. Then a person of a cautious disposition carefully ascended the table, and, placing a finger in a certain part of each sleeve—which parts were intended to be the centres of each end of the work of art when it was finished—knelt gently but firmly on the sides of the prostrate coat. The other two placed themselves one at each side of the table, and with due caution began to roll the sleeves. This was the most delicate part, if I remember rightly, of the rolling. Great circumspection was required here, for if the folds were not all even, the roll would be a bad one, and the honour of the British Army would be tarnished. I have seen earnest men at this occupation hour after hour, and then fail. The folds would not come straight. As a last resource the services of a knife would be called in, and the folds were made even, often at the expense of sundry holes in the coat. I think we had arrived at something like perfection as regards the ends of the rolled coat, but the greatest genius in the barrack-rooms could not make the top smooth. At last one day a brilliant idea struck the Colonel; he bethought himself of a pen'orth of pasteboard. We got the

pen'orth through the pay-sergeants of companies, rolled our coats as they had never been rolled before, and on the first heavy marching order parade thereafter, the Colonel's heart leaped with joy at the additional lustre he had conferred on the military service of his country. But, alas! that gallant officer little knew what was in store for him. There was a private in the regiment, who, though a good enough man, could not stand more than a glass or two of beer before he was what was called drunk. I say what was called drunk, for actually the man might be what is in civil life called perfectly sober. I may say here that all the time I was in the service I was a teetotaler, and therefore can speak impartially on this subject. The rule was, that if a man could not be sworn sober he must be drunk, and no man could be sworn sober who was known to have taken one glass of liquor, or who had even tasted the smallest quantity, so long as his breath told he had taken any. I was myself one of an escort ordered to convey a comrade to the guard-house who to my certain knowledge had merely tasted some beer, but an officious sergeant, catching the smell of it from his breath, had the man placed in confinement. Fortunately, his character was good, and he escaped with an admonition; but he might have been punished severely. Therefore, when one of the rank-and-file is described as a drunken fellow, it may sometimes happen that he is a tolerably temperate person, though I regret to have to admit that that is not usually the case. The man to whom I have referred was one of the few, and, in consequence of his peculiarity he was often before the Colonel as a prisoner, and he fancied that the commanding officer treated him rather severely. To annoy the Colonel he refused to pay the penny for the pasteboard, because, though the Horse Guards regulations had been framed with great wisdom as regarded pipe-clay, the framers had not been so far-seeing as to provide for the pen'orth of pasteboard. This private took a mean advantage of his country's weakness, and declined to sign his monthly accounts because he was there debited with the penny. This refusal was treated as disobedience of orders, and having been brought before a regimental court-martial on that very serious charge, he was sentenced to forty-two days' hard labour. He underwent the punishment, and paid the penny. In due course the time arrived for the half-yearly inspection by the General commanding the district, and when the inspecting officer asked if there were any complaints, the man who had been punished stepped to the front. He told his tale, and after an inquiry the redress he got was the repayment of his penny. The court-martial remained recorded against him, though the General cancelled the "pasteboard" order. That man was seldom out of a military prison afterwards, and was ready to commit any crime.

When I was in India, a certain regiment to which I was attached was in camp near a large city rather famous for its bazaar. One afternoon as the men in the company to which I belonged were

lying down on their *guddrees*, as I think they were called, in the tents chatting comfortably, the pay-sergeant made his appearance and asked if any man wanted coloured shirts, as they were to be had from the Quartermaster's store cheaper and better than we could buy them in the bazaar. This some of us did not believe, and all doubted. One of the men, however, asked the sergeant if he were sure of what he said, and the non-commissioned officer answered that he was. "Well," replied the man, "put my name down for two." A few days afterwards the man received the articles, and they were the flimsiest things of the kind ever seen, and four annas, or sixpence, dearer than better shirts to be had in the bazaar. The man declined to take them, refused to sign his accounts in which they were charged, and was made a prisoner in consequence. My own duties brought me to the regimental office as a witness in another case on the morning that he was brought up, and I overheard all that passed. The man explained what had taken place when he put his name down for the shirts; the Quartermaster was sent for, and when he arrived he said the articles were equal to a sample passed by a board of officers. The end was that the man was tried by a regimental court-martial for not signing his accounts, and was sentenced to forty-two days' hard labour, which he put in. At the next General's inspection he made his complaint, but was told, as he had suffered the punishment, it was no use moving further in the matter. Subsequent to this the pay-sergeant interested frequently complained that in passing through the camp at night he was struck on the head or body with a heavy tent-peg, and wondered who could have thrown it at him. Some of us more than suspected that these blows were a rather silly method of revenge adopted by the man who had had the shirts forced on him in addition to doing the forty-two days' hard labour.

I am reminded here of a case that made a great noise in England and in the army several years ago, and though I did not see the thing myself, I read all the proceedings in the official record, a printed copy of which was transmitted to each regiment in the service. There was a certain English Peer whose name will be for ever famous in connection with the magnificent but exceedingly stupid "Charge of the Six Hundred" into the Valley of Death at Balaclava. That brilliant officer in his younger days commanded one of the Hussar regiments,—I think it was the one that was said never to dance. Of great wealth himself, none but the rich could be officers under his command, for uniforms, mess furniture, plate, &c., were of the most costly description. It was a crack corps, and to maintain its reputation for smart appearance new articles of clothing were being constantly served out to the troopers till they were reduced to a chronic state of debt. A month or so before a half-yearly inspection, in order that the regiment might display an unbroken line of colour to the eyes of the General, this noble Colonel commanded that every trooper should be served out with a

new stable jacket, but that no charge should be made for it till after the inspection, so that the men might not appear in debt when their accounts were examined. I may remark that a stable jacket cost more than a month's clearance, and of course if the jackets had been charged all the men in the regiment except the few who had a balance in their Captain's hands would be in debt. The men received the jackets as a matter of course, but one of the Captains disobeyed the order about not charging the men for them till the following month. As the General was inspecting this Captain's troop at the "undress" examination, he said he was surprised that that was the only troop in the regiment that was in debt, and enquired the reason. The Captain then told the General what the Colonel had done, and when the General put the question to the noble Lord whether it were true or not, the aristocratic Commanding Officer replied, "He is a li—." He stopped on the first syllable of that not very polite though very expressive little word, and then went on to deny what had been said. The Captain was placed in arrest and a general court-martial on him was the result. General courts-martial differ from other military tribunals principally because they are not held in a hole-and-corner way, and as the public are admitted to them, the members act in the light of public opinion, and justice is not so often burked as it is, or rather used to be, at district and regimental courts-martial. It so happened that one of the members of the court-martial on this Captain had been a barrister before he entered the army, and if report were true he was rather democratically inclined. Be that as it may, when the noble Colonel went before the Court and told his yarn, this military barrister took him in hand, and, through the President, put such questions that the case for the prosecution completely broke down, and the Captain was honourably acquitted. Had the Colonel been a plebeian he would probably have been tried by court-martial and cashiered, but as he was heir to an Earldom he was merely dismissed from the command of his regiment in a General Order which was read at the head of every regiment, battery, and troop in the service. But noble ambition was not to be stifled in that way. The dismissed Colonel was a short time subsequently appointed second Lieut.-Colonel to another Hussar Regiment then serving in India, and which not long after was ordered to England, when, the Senior Colonel retiring, the peer's son again commanded a regiment. But I must return to my first regiment.

The Colonel's wife, after a long illness, died, and the widower went on leave of absence for six months. While he was away the command devolved on the then senior Major, "Neddy," as the men called him. This gentleman was nothing but an officer, and he was one of the most conscientious that ever wore a sword. If he neglected to perform any duty he punished himself as he would a private soldier for the same offence, and it was not an uncommon thing for him to be seen walking up and down the "front square," as the

spot sacred to the officers was called, doing self-inflicted punishment. There was nothing else peculiar about him that I can remember except a religious veneration for the Articles of War and a strange pronunciation of the letter R. I think I can hear him now saying "Column will take gr-r-r-ound to left; R-r-r-r-r-ight should-er-r-rs for-r-r-war-r-rd." In the word "right," the R rattled like the roll of the drum. But it was on "muster-day"—once a quarter—when the pay-master calls over the list of officers, non-commissioned officers, drummers, and privates, each person off duty answering to his name—that "Neddy" was heard to most advantage by those who could appreciate the Puritan trait in his character. On these occasions the Adjutant read the Articles of War, and no minister of religion in expounding a text ever took more trouble than did poor Old Neddy in trying to make the rank-and-file understand the fearful consequences to them in this world and in the next of such crimes as mutiny, desertion, disobedience of orders, and drunkenness on duty. It was with difficulty that the officers could keep from laughing outright, and the men, when the parade was over, often inquired of one another what could make the old man get on as he did, "preaching sermons," as they called it. He was a really good soul at bottom, and he made it a point to overlook any attempt to make him look ridiculous. We had at that time a young scape-grace in the regiment as a Lieutenant, who was one of the best mimics I have ever seen. This officer could take off Old Neddy's oddities to a T, and sometimes the Major would turn a corner of the barracks when the subaltern was having the junior officers in fits of laughter at his expense. Unless he was blind and deaf he must have known what was going on, but he took no notice, and allowed the Lieutenant to have his fun. We had a General's inspection while he was in command, and I mention it because of an incident that occurred before that tremendous affair came off. The Major had been drilling the regiment for some time, when he formed us into square, and spoke about the inspection. He hoped everything would go well, and among other things said: "I hope, men, you will have your-r-r knapsacks in their-r-r proper-r-r places." A voice was here heard: "That's on the shelves in the barrack-rooms, sir." Of course we expected an immediate search for the offender, but Old Neddy merely, and I think more from force of habit than anything else, cried out:—"Silence in the r-r-ranks," and added, "I meant on your-r-r backs." The inspection passed over very well under such a careful officer, and shortly after the Colonel resumed command of the regiment.

We found a great change had come over that gentleman, a change so great that the only reasonable way to account for it was that he had before the death of his wife been influenced by the good counsel of that lady. He was always incompetent; he now became tyrannical. He had scarcely been a week back when he ordered the following as our programme for every day in the week, except Saturday and Sunday:—Drill under the Sergeant-Major in undress from 5.30 a.m.

to 7.30 a.m. Drill under the Commanding Officer in heavy marching order from 10 a.m. to 12.30. Drill under the Adjutant in light marching order from 2.30 p.m. to 4.30 p.m. Drill under the Sergeant-Major from 5.30 p.m. to 7 p.m. On Saturdays there was kit inspection in the forenoon, and fatigue duties in the afternoon. On Sundays our tempers were tried by a visit from the Colonel and his staff at the dinner hour. I must say that the men did not grumble so much at the long hours for drill as to having heavy marching order and light marching order five days out of every week. The general reader may not be aware that heavy marching order means full-rigged in everything that a soldier is supposed by the authorities to want, and that light marching order means that several articles are to be left in camp or quarters. The hardship to us chiefly was that our knapsacks were so nicely varnished that it did not do to meddle with them much, or we should have to go to the expense of having them varnished again, and changing from heavy to light marching order meant taking off great-coats and canteens, removing straps, &c., all of which had immediately afterwards to be put on again. Before the Colonel went on leave—that is during his wife's life—his sentences were light, but he made up for that when he rejoined. In a short time the cells were full and the defaulters' squad, out of a total in the regiment of about 750, numbered between 200 and 300. The rank-and-file were soon demoralized, and it was difficult to maintain discipline in the barrack-rooms. The men took to shouting when dismissed from parade, a certain indication in a British regiment that the rank-and-file are in a state of semi-mutiny. To make matters worse, the Colonel seemed to have entered into a conspiracy with the regimental agents to rob us by a legalized system of plunder. Before he went on leave a patched shirt or a darned pair of socks might be shown at kit inspection, and it did not matter where the articles were got from so long as they were there. When he returned, no articles were permitted to be shown that did not come from the agents through the Quartermaster, and a patch or a darn was not allowed. Before this system began, like many others I kept two sets of articles, one for show at kit inspection and the other for use. At the first inspection, two new shirts of mine that I had never worn were thrown out of the window by the Colonel himself, because they did not bear the agents' stamp, and my towels and socks followed the shirts. Many other men were treated in the same way, and we were all served out with new articles from the Quartermaster's store. I have no doubt now, nor in common with my comrades had I then, that the Colonel and the Quartermaster pocketed between them a very nice commission from the agents at our expense. But there was worse even still. A reign of gross denial of justice set in. Men were punished severely merely because they had been made prisoners without evidence of any kind. I will give an example. I was one morning on orderly duty at the regimental office, and a prisoner was brought in,

charged with having been drunk the night before. As the Adjutant read the charge, the Colonel wrote out the punishment in the Guard Report, in the column set apart for that purpose; and as soon as the Adjutant ceased, the Commanding Officer, without calling a witness, or asking the man if he had a word to say for himself, or even asking his character, said,—“Fourteen days’ pack drill and twenty-eight days confined to barracks.” “I wasn’t drunk, sir,” said the man, “and I have witnesses.” “You and your witnesses be d——d,” said the Colonel. “Right about face, quick march!” said the Adjutant, and off the poor fellow was bundled. That is only one case out of many. The men, and even some of the non-commissioned officers—a rare thing in the British army—spoke openly of breaking into mutiny, trying the Colonel by a drum-head court-martial, and shooting him. A few of us who had the means to purchase our discharge, if we were allowed, thought it was time to clear out. It was agreed that I should be the first to try, and in due form I asked the Captain of my company to be permitted to speak to the Commanding Officer. When the Captain, who was a very good officer, heard my object, he told me I had no chance, but said he would introduce me in the proper fashion to the Colonel. One day, after the prisoners were told off, I was brought in to the Regimental Office, face to face with the mighty man. When I told him what I wanted, he first began to abuse me, then he threatened to punish me, and finally he ordered me out of his sight. It was with much difficulty that I controlled myself not to give him a reply, and I saw that if the regiment mutinied I might as well join the herd, as probably we should be all punished alike. Fortunately for all concerned, the Sergeant-Major at that time was a man of great will, of high character, and of immense popularity with the men. Seeing the state of the regiment, he went to the Colonel’s quarters one afternoon, privately, and told the Commanding Officer that he felt it his duty, as head of the non-commissioned officers of the corps, to warn him of the dangerous condition of affairs, and to caution him that if a mutiny did take place, however the rank-and-file might be punished, he, as Colonel, would not escape scathless, as the discontent, rightly or wrongly, would be imputed to him, the regiment having previously borne the very highest character for conduct in quarters. The Colonel, I need hardly say, like all bullies, was something of a moral coward; and whether it was fear, or a conviction of the truth of the Sergeant-Major’s reasoning, I don’t know, but certain it is that a change for the better immediately took place. The normal state of affairs was resumed, and the men in the ranks, if not happy, were certainly not mutinous. Things remained in this way till our Sergeant-Major was promoted to a commission in another regiment, where he rose higher and higher till he retired as a Captain.

I have mentioned above, that the Colonel on his return from leave would not permit us to have any articles of what were called regi-

mental necessities, except they came from the agents through the Quartermaster. This, I am bound to say, had at least one good effect, so far as a number of the men were concerned. It prevented a few of the pay-sergeants robbing them to the extent that had previously been the case. In those days the payment of the men was entirely in the hands of the pay-sergeants, and though these non-commissioned officers as a body were honest, a few of them were not troubled with scruples of conscience. The unscrupulous gentlemen did business in this way. When a man asked for his pay—(there was no "daily pay" at that time)—if he were not one of those that the sergeant was afraid to play tricks with, he would be told that the captain had given no money, but that he might have a few shirts if he wished. The men as a rule would say they would take the shirts, and these articles were immediately handed to them, their price being marked against the recipients as pay. When the man got outside of the door, he would be met by the sergeant's wife—for pay-sergeants, as a rule, were married—that lady having gone *accidentally* outside while her husband was bargaining inside. She would innocently address the man somewhat in these terms: Good day, Atkins. What is that you have got in your hands?

Atkins:—Oh! only a couple of shirts, ma'am, that I've just got from the sergeant.

Sergeant's wife:—What do you want with the shirts? Haven't you the finest kit in the company?

Atkins:—So I have ma'am, and I don't want the shirts, but I must take them to sell, as I am going out to-night and want a little money.

Sergeant's wife:—Then it's true you're courting, you sly fellow! I have heard all about it. What will you take for the shirts? I never did see a captain like ours. The sergeant is after him every day for money, and can't get any even for ourselves.

Atkins:—Well, ma'am, give what you like; but who told you about the girl?

Sergeant's wife:—Never you mind. You're the fellow for the girls. I really haven't more than a shilling in my pocket.

Atkins:—Well, I'll take that.

Sergeant's wife:—I wish I had more, but give me the shirts, and it's only to oblige you that I am taking them.

Private Atkins handed over the shirts to the wily dame and received one shilling, the amount debited to him in his accounts for the very same articles being five shillings. Occasionally, however, the biter was bit, and the tables turned completely on the roguish sergeant. We had a man who was a free-and-easy-going kind of a fellow, who didn't seem to bother his head much about anything, and who always signed his accounts without even asking to have them read to him. He had been a good customer with the pay-sergeant for hair-oil, pocket-handkerchiefs, and other luxuries not included in the regulation list of regimental necessities. He got so much into the books of the sergeant that he could draw no pay whatever, but he went on

getting articles in the most reckless style. Underneath his free-and-easy manner there was a spirit which would not submit to be imposed upon, and when he thought the proper time had come he set up his back against the pay-sergeant. When a certain month's accounts were presented to him for signature, he denied that he had ever received a penny of the pay marked against him. "Oh!" said the sergeant, "that's the price of the articles you got." "I have paid three or four times the price of what I got, and I don't intend to pay any more," said the man. He persisted in his refusal to sign his accounts, and the sergeant knew better than to make a row about the matter. The sum put down for pay was handed over to the man, and there was an end made to the trading transactions between him and the sergeant. The plan of getting our articles from the agents, though open to abuse, was the means of stopping some of these practices.

By the time to which I have just referred, the officers who had aided the Colonel against "Bobby" had found out they had caught a Tartar, and avoided him as much as possible. A new Adjutant had been appointed, the old one having succeeded to a captaincy; but the new Adjutant was a very different man to his predecessor. He was a thin, miserable-looking little creature, standing about five feet in his boots, stooped, and with a voice so husky that the men said he gave the words of command as if he were in a barrel and covered over with a blanket. He was, nevertheless, one of the nicest and mildest gentlemen that ever attended a ladies' tea-party. He was so very good because, as some of the men used to say, he had not sufficient strength to be wicked. Nature had intended him for a Minor Canon, a clerk in the Civil Service, or something of that sort, and Fate had made him a military officer. He had never, I believe, crossed a horse's back till he was made Adjutant, and then he got an animal that might have been pensioned by a benevolent manager of a circus: he went up and down for all the world like those spirited steeds that go round the ring in provincial towns. Even that submissive brute the feeble Adjutant could not manage. It was a sight to see the warrior collecting the reports when on his battle-steed. He could not keep the horse's head straight, and the animal would gradually increase the distance between himself and the column till the Captains of companies in the left wing had to shout their loudest for the Staff Officer to hear their "All present!" But a "firing" field-day was the grandest treat of all for the lovers of the ludicrous. When a volley was fired the poor little Adjutant clung to his horse *à la* John Gilpin, and the noble steed if it had had sufficient spirit would have bolted. Years of drudgery had, however, subdued its mettle, and it merely went dancing round and round as if the clown was after it, the Adjutant at these times appearing for all the world like a monkey on its back dressed in martial uniform. The Adjutant could use his pen, however, and very good official letters he used to write; but, unfortunately, he had no

force of character, and he was as potter's clay in the hands of the Colonel, before whom he trembled visibly. Adjutant as he was, some of us in the ranks did not envy him his billet, and we used to pity him as he was bullied by the Commanding Officer. Nothing but his poverty, I am sure, made him retain a position for which he was physically and otherwise unfit, and which must have been very distasteful to a gentleman of his mild character. He has since died, and of this I am certain, that no sins of tyranny or oppression could be brought against him. Truth compels me to say, nevertheless, that he was one of the squarest men I ever saw stuck into a round hole.

:

Rhymes on "Snuff," by "One not up to it."

Muse ! aid me to muster the rhymes for "snuff,"
 And surely for snuff there are rhymes enough :
 Rhymes that are smooth, and rhymes that are rough,
 Rhymes easy for friends who the stimulant puff,
 And as easy for enemies hostile and gruff,
 So he that can't find one must needs be a muff.
 The sailor who rushes the tiller to luff,
 Or who roosts in the rigging, like sea-going chough :
 The sailor who relishes well his plum-dough,
 When, wind and wave beaten and drenched to his buff,
 He sickens of salt-junk, hard, tasteless, and tough,
 All of them like a good pinch of the stuff,
 And to tickle their noses with "*quantum suf.*"
 Can you add to my rhymes ? then my ears you may cuff,
 And the boxes I'll take without anger or huff,
 Though given by strong-handed Graham's Town Clough,
 Or by any one equally burly and bluff.

Occasional Papers on Classical Subjects.

II.—PRONUNCIATION OF LATIN.

MUCH interest has been shown lately in the proposal to reform the mode of Latin pronunciation prevalent in English schools. The English reading of Latin can be defended only on the ground of its convenience and long usage. Perhaps an objection to change may be urged also on the impossibility of arriving with any certainty at the old Roman pronunciation, and of adopting any system which is likely to be uniformly followed.

The head masters of the great public schools in England some time ago took steps to secure uniformity in any change of pronunciation which might be contemplated, by inviting the Latin Professors at Oxford and Cambridge to draw up a syllabus, which has now been circulated. I propose, therefore, to summarize their directions, and to give such collateral information from other available sources as may be a practical guide to classical teachers in this Colony.

VOWELS.

- ā, long *a*, to be sounded as in Italian, as the *a* in *father*.
- ǎ, short *a*, not easily represented in English, but sounded nearly like the first *a* in the words *apart*, *away*.
- ě, short *e*, nearly as in *pet*, *met*.
- ē, long *e*, nearly as *ai* in the English word *pain*.
- ī, long *i*, as in *machine*.
- ĩ, short *i*, as in *pin*, *pity*.
- ō, long *o*, nearly as in *more*, *home*.
- ǒ, short *o*, nearly as in *dot*.
- ū, long *u*, as in Italian; equivalent to *oo* in *pool*; as in *rule*.
- ũ, short *u*, nearly as in English *pull*, *fruition*.
- y, introduced into the Latin to represent a Greek sound; probably a middle sound between the Latin *u* and *i*.

DIPHTHONGS.

- au, equivalent to *ow* in *cow*, *power*.
- ae, equivalent nearly to the first *e* in *there*; or in the French *père*.
- eu, oe, ei, ui, are rarely found in genuine Latin words, except in early forms. It seems difficult to represent the precise sound of each. The right rule for pronouncing diphthongs (Roby's Latin Grammar, from Plautus to Suetonius, p. lxxx.) is to pronounce the constituent vowels as rapidly as possible, in their proper order: *eu*, as in the Italian *Europa*, or Latin *ě* quickly followed by *ũ*. *oe*, perhaps to be pronounced as the open Italian *e*; as also *ae*: its occurrence is very rare, as is the case with *ei*, which may be sounded nearly as in *feint*, with a stress on the *i*. *ui* (in *buic*, *cui*), sounded as French *oui*.

CONSONANTS.

- c* always to be pronounced *hard*, as *k* in *kitty*.
- g* always *hard*, as in *give*, *get*.
- j*, as *y* in *yard*, *year*.

s, always sharp at the beginning and end of words, as *s* in *sin*; *biss*, as distinguished from *his*.

z, between two vowels, equivalent to a soft *z*, as in English *rose*.

t, a pure dental: not equivalent to *sh*: thus in *natio*, *ratio*, *notio*, *vitium*, the *t* is sounded as in the Latin words *ratīs*, *notus*, *vita*.

bs, *bt*, as *ps*, *pt*.

v (Roby): as *w* in *wine*, or sometimes as *ou* in French *oui*; but the Oxford and Cambridge professors leave it an open question whether this pronunciation shall be adopted, or that of the English and Italian *v*.

This brief summary is not pretended to be a complete guide to those who wish to follow in the wake of the Latin Professors, but may serve to open the subject and to illustrate the remarkable difference which exists between our English pronunciation of Latin and that which competent scholars have decided upon as the nearest approach to the old Roman. I quote from Roby a few specimens of the mode of pronunciation which is now advocated:—

Cerno, crevi	<i>pronounced</i>	kerr-nò, kreh-wee
Civitates	„	kee-wi-tah-tace
Exercitui	„	eks-err-kit-oo-ee
Fagis	„	fah-geese
Fieri	„	fee-err-ee
Fumare	„	foo-mah-reh
Infra	„	een-frah
Jaciunt	„	yahk-i-oont
Jovis	„	yò-wis
Natio	„	nah ti-ò
Obscurior	„	òps-koo-ri-orr
Paucae	„	pou-kae
Rerum	„	reh-room
Scire, circ	„	skee-reh, kee-reh
Sciscitari	„	skis-ki-tah-ree
Veni, vidi, vici	„	veh-nee, wee-dee, wee-kee

Any inquiry into the mode of pronouncing Classical Latin, as spoken by educated Romans some seventeen or eighteen hundred years ago, must leave many points open to future discussion and settlement; as, for instance, the sound of *v* consonant, whether it is to be pronounced as the labio-dental *v*, or as the English *w*.

It might be asked,—Why not at once adopt the Italian mode of reading Latin? But the Italian is not the offspring of Classical Latin, but of dialectic varieties, and approximates to the Latin of a much later period; and the two Professors, whilst allowing that if it were advisable to adopt any existing pronunciation the Italian would have their preference, point out, among other peculiarities, “the tyranny of accent over quantity,” and they hold it essential, in any reformed mode, to maintain a distinction between long and short syllables.

What one learns looking out of a Window.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE SOUVESTRE.)

3rd March.—A poet has said that life is the dream of a shadow : he would have done better to compare it to a night of fever. What alternations of excitement and sleep ; what restlessness, what sudden starts, what endless thirst, what a chaos of painful and confused images ! Between sleep and waking we are for ever seeking rest and stop short on the very verge of action. Two-thirds of human existence are consumed in hesitation, and the other third in repenting of it.

When I say “human existence,” you must understand that I mean my own. We are so made that each of us regards himself as the mirror of society : what passes in our own heart infallibly appears to us as the history of the universe. All men are like the drunkard who declares that there is an earthquake because he feels himself stagger.

And why am I undecided and restless—I, a poor chronicler of the world, who fulfil in a corner my obscure task, and of whose work the world makes use without noticing the workman ? I wish to tell you, my invisible friend for whom these lines are written, unknown brother to whom solitary men appeal in their trouble, imaginary confidant to whom all monologues are addressed and who are but the phantom of our own conscience,—a great event has taken place in my life. In the midst of the monotonous path which I pursue quietly and without thinking about it, a cross path has just opened ; two roads are before me between which to choose. One is but the continuation of that which I have followed to this day ; the other, much broader, shows wonderful prospects. On the first there is nothing to fear, and also little to hope ; on the other, great dangers and rich results. In a word, it is the question of resolving whether I shall abandon the modest office in which I may continue till death for one of those bold enterprises where chance is the only paymaster. Since yesterday I have been consulting and comparing, and I remain undecided. From whence shall come the light which shall guide me ?

Sunday, 4th.—Here is the sun emerging from the frosts of winter : Spring announces its approach : a mild breeze glides over the roofs, and my violet plant begins to bloom again. We are approaching that sweet season of renewing green, so celebrated by the sensitive poets of the sixteenth century. The chirruping of the sparrows calls me : they are crying out for the breadcrumbs which I throw to them every morning. I open the window and the perspective of roofs appears before me in all its splendour. He who has never lived in a garret has no idea of the picturesque beauty of such a view. He has never contemplated that interlacement of summits to which the tiles give colour : he has not followed with his eye those valleys of gutters

where bloom the fresh gardens of the attic, those great shadows which evening stretches over the slated slopes, and that glittering of window-panes which the setting sun lights up. He has not studied the flora of these civilized Alps bordered by lichens and mosses: he does not know the thousand inhabitants that people it, from the microscopic insect to the domestic cat—that fox of the tiles, for ever lurking or in search of prey. In a word, he has not beheld those thousand aspects of the sky wintry or clear, those thousand effects of light and shade, which make of these lofty regions a theatre with ever-changing scenery. How often my own days of rest have been passed in contemplating this wonderful sight, in discovering its sombre or its pleasing episodes, in seeking in this unknown world the “impressions of travel” which richer tourists seek lower down.

Nine o'clock.—But why is it that my winged neighbours no longer pick up the crumbs I have been scattering for them? I see them fly away, return, perch on the window-frames, and twitter as they watch the feast they are usually so ready to devour. It is not my presence which can frighten them: I have accustomed them to eat from my hands. Whence comes this frightened irresolution? I look out; the roof is clear, the neighbouring casements are closed. I crumble the bread which remains from my breakfast so as to attract them by a larger banquet—their twitterings are redoubled, they stretch out their heads, the bravest venture to fly over the feast, but without daring to alight on it. Well, my sparrows are the victims of one of those foolish panics which make the funds fall on the Exchange. Decidedly birds are no more reasonable than men.

I was going to close my window with this reflection when suddenly I perceived in the lighted-up space which stretched away to the right the shadow of two ears which were pricked, then a claw which came forward, then the head of a tiger-like cat which appeared at the angle of the gutter. The rascal was there in ambuscade hoping that the crumbs would bring him game. And I was accusing my guests of cowardice: I was sure that no danger threatened them: I thought I had looked everywhere: I had only forgotten the corner behind me. In life, as on the tiles, how many misfortunes happen from having forgotten a single corner!

Ten o'clock.—I cannot leave my window; for so long a time rain and cold have kept it closed that I have need to reconnoitre all the surroundings and take possession of them again. My glance ranges successively over all the points of this confused horizon, gliding on or stopping according to what it meets. Ah! there are two windows on which it loves to rest: they are those of two distant neighbours whose different habits had long ago struck me.

One is a poor workwoman, up before the day, and whose needle was busy far into the last evening behind her little muslin blind. The other is a young musical artist who sends forth her capricious vocalization reaching at times to my garret. When their windows are open, that of the seamstress shows nothing but humble furniture, whilst

the other displays an elegant interior ; but to-day a crowd of shop-keepers throng it: they take down the silk draperies or carry away articles of furniture, and now I recollect that the young artist passed under my window this morning, closely veiled and walking with a hurried step which proclaimed some inward distress. Ah ! I guess it all now : her resources have been exhausted by her elegant tastes, or have been lost by some unexpected disaster, and now she has fallen from luxury to indigence. Whilst the little chamber of the seamstress, maintained by good order and work, is being modestly embellished, that of the artist has become the prey of second-hand dealers. One has blazed for a moment, carried along on the wave of prosperity ; the other has coasted along carefully, but safely, in her laborious humility.

Alas, is there not a lesson here for us all ? Is it really in hazardous attempts, ending in wealth or in ruin, that a wise man ought to employ his years of strength and will ? Ought one to consider life as a continuing task which brings each day its reward, or as a game in which our future is decided by a few throws ? Why seek the danger of extreme chances ? For what end should we seek for riches through perilous ways ? Is it certain that happiness will be the reward of brilliant success, more than of poverty wisely endured ? Ah ! if men only knew in how small a place happiness can dwell and how little it costs to furnish her abode !

Midday.—I have been walking for a long time up and down my garret with crossed arms and downcast head. Doubt has gone on increasing with me as a shadow gradually creeps over a bright spot. My fears augment ; uncertainty becomes more painful to me every moment. I must decide to-day—before this evening. I hold in my hand the dice of my destiny, and I am afraid to throw them.

Three o'clock.—The sky is clouded, a cold wind is beginning to blow from the west ; all the windows which had been opened to the rays of a bright day have been re-closed. On the other side of the street alone the tenant of the highest story has not yet left his balcony. It is easy to recognize the military man in his regular step, his grey moustache, and the ribbon which decorates his button-hole : you might guess it from his attentive care for the little garden which ornaments his aerial gallery, for there are two things which are particularly beloved by old soldiers—flowers and children. Accustomed for a long time to look on the earth as a battle-field, and severed from peaceful pleasures by an arbitrary fate, they seem to begin life at an age when others end it. The tastes of our earliest years, arrested in them by the rough duties of war, blossom again suddenly with their grey hairs. It is like some saving of youth, the arrears of which they enjoy in later life. Besides, having so long been condemned to destroy, perhaps they find a secret joy in creating and revivifying. Having been the agents of an inflexible violence, they allow themselves the more easily to be charmed by graceful weakness. To protect the frail gems of life has all the attractions of novelty for these old workmen of Death.

So the cold wind has not been able to drive my neighbour from his balcony. He turns up the mould in its green boxes ; sows in it carefully the seeds of scarlet capuchin, volubilis, and sweet pea. Hereafter he will come every day to watch their germination, to protect the first shoots against weeds and insects, to spread the conducting lines for the creeping plants, and to distribute to them with caution heat and water. What trouble to bring this small harvest to perfection ! How many times shall I see the old man braving, on account of it, the cold as to-day, or the heat—the north wind or the sun ? But then, in the hottest days of summer, when a burning dust will be whirling through our streets, when the eye, blinded by the glare of the white plaster will know not where to rest, and when the heated tiles will burn as with their reflections, the old soldier under his canopy will see nothing around him but verdure and flowers, and will breathe air refreshed by the perfumed shade. His increasing attentions will at length be rewarded.

To enjoy a flower you must sow the seed and cultivate the shoot.

Four o'clock.—The cloud which has been for a long time forming on the horizon has assumed darker tints ; the thunder is rolling heavily, the clouds are opening and the foot passengers are flying in surprise in all directions with laughter and cries. I have been singularly amused with this “*deuce take the hindmost,*” brought about by a sudden storm. It appears then as if every one, taken suddenly by surprise, loses the conventional character which the world or habit has made him assume to conceal his true nature. Look for a moment at that fat man with his deliberate walk forgetting suddenly his self-importance, and running like a school-boy : he is an economical shopkeeper who gives himself the airs of extravagance, and is afraid of spoiling his hat. Down there, on the contrary, that pretty woman whose manner is so modest and her costume so elegant, slackens her pace as the storm increases. She seems to find a pleasure in braving it and thinks nothing of her velvet cloak spotted by the hail. She is evidently a lioness* disguised as a sheep. Here is a young man who was passing along and has stopped to catch some of the frozen lumps in his hand, which he examines. If you had looked at him an hour ago, with his rapid and business-like tread, you would have thought him a clerk late for his work, whereas he is a young philosopher who is studying the effects of electricity.

And these children who break from their ranks to run after the hailstones—these young girls, with their eyes cast down just before, who are now running away with shouts of laughter : these National Guards who relinquish the martial attitudes of their days of service to take refuge under a gateway. The storm has made all these metamorphoses. It is increasing : the most indifferent are obliged to seek for shelter. I see every one hurrying towards a shop right

* The word has two meanings in the French.

in front of my window, and which a paper announces as "to let." That is the fourth time within a few months. It is a year since all the cleverness of the joiner and all the arts of the painter were employed to embellish it; but the neglect of the different tenants has already effaced their work: dirt defaces the mouldings of its front, and bills and "posters" spoil the arabesques of its walls. With each new tenant the elegant shop has lost something of its luxury. Now it is empty and given up to the passers-by. How many lots in life resemble it and change masters like it only to run more rapidly to ruin.

This last reflection has struck me: since this morning everything seems to address to me the same warning. Everything cries to me, "Take care! Be contented with your happy poverty. Pleasures require to be cultivated as they succeed one another: abandon not your old patrons to give yourself up to unknown ones."

Are they facts which speak thus, or does the warning come from within? Is it not I myself who give this language to all that surrounds me? The world is but an instrument to which our own will gives a tone. But what matter if the lesson be wise? The voice which speaks within our bosom is always a friendly voice, for it reveals to us what we are—that is what we can do. Ill conduct results, most often, from the error of our calling. If there are so many fools and rogues, it is because most men mistake themselves. The question is not to know what suits us, but for what we ourselves are fitted. What shall I do among those bold adventurers in finance? A poor monk under the tiles, I should be always in fear of the enemy hidden in the dark corner: a prudent labourer, I should think of the suddenly vanished luxury of my fair neighbour: a timid observer, I should recall the flowers raised by the old soldier, or the shop laid waste by a change of masters. Far from me be the feasts over which hangs the sword of Damocles. I am a field-rat—I wish to eat my nuts and bacon seasoned with security.

And why this insatiable thirst of riches? Does one drink more because one drinks from a larger glass? Whence comes this dread of all men for mediocrity, the fertile mother of repose and liberty? Ah—that is the evil of all others against which education, public and private, ought to protect us. That cured, how many treasons avoided, how many villainies the less, what a chain of disorder and crime for ever broken! We give prizes to charity, to self-sacrifice: give them, above all, to moderation, for it is the grand virtue of society. When it does not create the others, it takes their place.

Six o'clock.—I have written to the projectors of the new enterprise a letter of thanks and refusal. This resolution has restored my tranquillity. Like the cobbler, I have ceased singing since I gave lodgment to this hope of wealth: it is gone and joy has returned.

Oh, dear and gentle Poverty, pardon me for having for a moment wished to flee from thee, as one flees from indigence: establish thyself here for ever with thy charming sisters, Pity, Patience,

Sobriety, and Solitude : be my queens and my teachers ; teach me the austere duties of life ; banish from my dwelling the infirmities of the heart and the feverish excitement which follow prosperity. Holy Poverty ! teach me to endure without complaining, to share without hesitation, to seek the end of existence higher than pleasures, more exalted than power. Thou fortifiest the body, thou strengthenest the soul ; and thanks to thee, this life to which the rich cling as to a rock, becomes as a skiff whose anchor death can part without awakening our despair. Continue to support me, oh thou whom Christ has named "The Blessed."

A. W. C.

The Angel and the Maiden.

I.

Far above the clouds and vapours
 Darkening all the nether sky,
 'Mid the blaze and dazzling splendour
 Of ten thousand suns on high,
 Rose an angel on strong pinions,
 Wending still his heavenward way,
 Soaring upwards to God's dwelling,
 To the realms of endless day.

In his arms a sainted maiden
 Bore he to her home above,
 And, the shining shore approaching,
 Spake he with a voice of love :—
 "Theodora, blessed spirit !
 Pain and sorrow now are o'er ;
 Lo, for thee the heavenly palace
 Opens wide its golden door !

"Hear'st thou not angelic voices
 Flinging choral songs abroad ?
 See'st thou not the floods of glory
 Filling all their high abode ?
 Bliss that mortal never tasted,
 Love angelic waits thee there,
 Everlasting joy and gladness
 With the spirits bright and fair."

Theodora saw the glory,
 Heard the high angelic strain ;
 But her head was bowed in sadness,
 Sighs escaped her as of pain.

"Sister," said the guardian angel,
Whence the sadness on thy brow ?
Purgatorial pains are ended,
Suffering cannot reach thee now."

Theodora answered softly,
"Pain nor sorrow do I know ;
But on earth I loved another,
Loved, and left him there below ;
And our souls were twined together
As the ivy and the oak,
Clasping each the other firmly,
Severed only by Death's stroke.

"Now amid the mortal turmoil,
Lonely lives he, and forlorn,
Weary, weary with sad weeping,
From his love so early torn.
Grant me, kindest angel, grant me
But one hour on earth again,
Let me whisper words of comfort
To my loved one in his pain."

Filled with wonder, gazed the angel
On the maiden by his side ;
Moved with love and tender pity,
Thus he to her prayer replied :—
"Sister spirit, Theodora !
If I grant thee thy desire,
Art thou willing yet to suffer
Other thousand years in fire ?"

"Let me go !" the maiden murmured ;
Not another word she said,
And it seemed a heavenly glory
Shone around her saintly head.
Sadly looked the angel on her,
Looked until his tears did flow ;
Inly touched by love so faithful,
Said he softly, "Thou shalt go !"

II.

Like two doves of snowy plumage,
Through vast space their course they steer,
Cleaving swift the glowing sunlight,
Till this nether world they near.
Downwards gliding, spake the maiden,
"Angel, hast thou ever seen
Him I loved on earth so dearly ?
Did'st thou mark his lordly mien ?

"Did'st thou see how bright his glances?
How erect his noble head?
And his mouth so curved and moulded?
And his lips so rich and red?"

"Yes, I saw it all, dear maiden!"
Was the angel's calm reply;
"Dost thou then believe, bright spirit,
That my love can ever die?"

"Never throbbed a heart more tender
Or more true in mortal breast;
One kind word of his, in sorrow,
Set my troubled soul at rest;
When in sore distress and weary,
His chaste kiss upon my brow
Quick dispelled all grief and sadness;
Can I then forget him now?"

"Sister, well I know thy lover,
I was ever at thy side;
Well I know how thou hast loved him,
Fondly on his faith relied."
"Then thou know'st how grief and anguish
That true heart of his have torn;
How in vain he looks for comfort,
Left so utterly forlorn!"

Wondering at the angel's silence,
At his sad and thoughtful face,
Theodora cried, "How slowly
Move we through the fields of space!"
"Maiden, soon thou'lt see thy lover;
Lo, the light of stars grows dim,
Yonder sunbeams light the pathway
That will lead thee unto him."

"Angel, let us hasten onward,
Oh! I cannot, cannot rest;
I must hasten to console him,
Drive despair from out his breast;
I must tell him that I wait him
In my blessed home above,
Where we, each to each united,
Shall for ever live and love."

"Patience, maiden, yet a little
And thou see'st thy friend again;
Soon our journey will be ended;
We are near the abodes of men."

Thus he soothed the loving maiden,
Gazing sadly on her face,
While the two mid clouds and vapours
Neared the earth with quickened pace.

III.

Spring had put on all her beauty,
Robed herself in garments bright ;
Zephyrs played among the lindens,
And the sun's glad morning light,
Flooding all the smiling landscape,
Gilded flowers of richest hue,
Waked the odours that had slumbered
'Neath the pearly drops of dew.

Where from rose and hawthorn blossom
Perfume all around was shed,
Thousand birds, their love-songs chanting,
Carolled gaily overhead,
Mid the shade of trees embowered,
Where the fairies love to dwell,
Sat a loving youth and maiden,
Deep within the mossy dell.

Sat they there the world forgetting,
Heeding not the song of birds,
Thrilled by pure and tender passion,
Rapture far too deep for words ;
Lured by love's resistless glances,
Timidly the maiden's head
Sank upon her lover's shoulder
Which its wealth of locks o'erspread.

And the youth embraced the maiden,
Clasped her fondly to his breast,
Kisses on her snow white forehead,
On her blood red lips, imprest ;
Each warm bosom throbbed and panted,
Feeling each love's mystic power ;
Teardrops trembled on their eyelids,
Like the dewdrops on the flower.

Sat they there in blissful transport,
Screened from every mortal eye,
Thinking not that other beings,
From the spirit-world, were nigh.
Hidden mid the leafy branches
Stood the angel and his ward,
Fixed their eyes upon the lovers,
Watching them with keen regard.

Every look of love and favour,
 Every whisper, sweet and low,
 Wrung the sainted maiden's bosom,
 Filled her gentle heart with woe ;
 Bitter was her grief and sorrow ;
 Every warm and glowing kiss
 Pierced her like a cruel dagger :
 Never knew she pain like this

There he sat, her plighted lover,
 Gazing in another's eyes,
 Holding to his heart another,
 Listening to another's sighs ;
 All sweet memories had faded,
 Given place to newer charms ;—
 At the sight sank Theodora
 Helpless in the angel's arms.

IV.

Tenderly the maiden bearing,
 Rose the angel to the sky,
 Bending o'er her pallid features
 With a kind and pitying eye,
 Wiping from her cheeks the traces
 Of the tears that o'er them streamed ;
 Theodora, in her sorrow,
 Fairer now than ever seemed.

Higher still and higher soaring,
 Far above the sunlit spheres,
 Soon the bright and golden City,
 With its pearly gates, appears ;
 Then her eyes the maiden opened,
 And, with sadness on her brow,
 Gazing on those portals, asked,
 " Angel, whither goest thou ?

" Tell me wherefore thou has brought me
 Near the gate of heaven again ?
 Wherefore not at once convey me
 Back to purging fire and pain ?
 Torment now must be my portion
 Yet another thousand years ;
 Why, then, angel, art thou hastening
 Where is neither pain nor tears ?"

Gently then the heavenly spirit,
 With a smile upon his face,
 Spake unto the mournful maiden :
 " Sister, God hath shown thee grace ;

I but do His will and pleasure ;
All thy sufferings now are o'er ;
Lo, He bids us to His dwelling ;
Thou shalt weep and grieve no more.

“Thousand years of cruel torment
In yon purgatorial flame,
Cannot equal half the anguish
Which upon thy spirit came,
In the hour that showed thy lover
Faithless, mindless of his vow ;—
Thus God wills it ; Heaven awaits thee ;
Sister spirit, enter now !”

R.

From the Flemish.

On the Artificial Side of Life.

ONE of the most baneful tendencies of the present age, cramping and narrowing pure sentiment, eating away and consuming all sense of good or evil, and throwing a block, so to speak, in the way of a free flow of honest conviction, is conventionality. The fact is, that in spite of all one hears about liberal and progressive movement, we are nothing short (in social matters more especially) of slaves to ourselves. A man does not feed, clothe, or as a rule enjoy himself in that manner which is most in accord with his true sense of comfort and as in his inmost heart he would wish to do. Uncomfortable garments are adopted, cold and meaningless forms are persisted in, and all manner of queer and irrational things done merely by way of sacrifice to the idol of which we speak. We hear so much about what is termed “the fashion,” that one is almost led to regard it as an essential element of existence, and that without it life would be a dull, monotonous blank ; and yet I will be bound to say that people would be ten times as happy were there no such thing known. What painful anxiety is experienced by many members of the fair sex anent this, to them, all important matter ! What a fear and excitement as to who shall be the first in the field with the latest thing in bonnets, or the newest cut in jackets or costumes ; and the wasted hours and dissipated energies before Mrs. Papsnoek can appear in the full bloom of fashion are untold. And then its demands are so insatiable that one gets a web woven around them out of which extrication becomes next to an impossibility, and every day carries you farther from the standard of what is true, genuine, and unrestrained. Nor is our little world of Cape Town by any means free from conventionalities in thought, word, or deed,—in fact, with a sparse population there is so much the more scope for the exercise of all

that is unreal and unnatural in life. One sighs in vain for the olden days, when "a spade was a spade," when a man, instead of mincing matters to suit the palates of his neighbours, gave utterance without fear, favour, or prejudice to his own honest convictions,—the days when people dressed in the manner most agreeable and convenient to themselves,—when, without discarding courtesy and the amenities of civilization and refinement, people were not so enthralled in the bonds of custom and habit as at the present day. To live happily we must comply with many usages, some of which are indifferent and others really silly. George Fox, the Quaker, often got into hot water by offering opposition to what was a mere habit, that of taking off his hat to salute his superiors. But at last he and those who came after him broke through the custom; nevertheless, a Quaker may wear his hat in a court of justice, as he is allowed to affirm only where other men take oaths. At one time if you wore your own hair you were put down as a Roundhead or an eccentric person. The business of dress is actually becoming a burden under which our maidens and matrons groan, or, worse still, a harpy to whose exorbitant demands time, health, hard-earned money, ease, comfort, and economy, often the peace and happiness of home, sometimes even honour itself, are sacrificed. And, after all, a really well-dressed woman, one in whose attire are combined grace, fitness, and simplicity, is a rarity. The natural hair must be puffed out with all kinds of artificial bolsterings, the complexion painted and plastered to the proper pitch, and the lithe and graceful figure bent and distorted into "Grecian bends," "Roman falls," and other classical eccentricities. Why all this? Why not be satisfied with the manner in which we have been fashioned and adorned by Providence, instead of making life such a complex and intricate affair? Shakespeare, than whom no one was more alive to the artificialisms of his age, spoke more than once of "that monster custom."

I am not of those who think that the spread of education among all classes, rich or poor, should be checked; but it is none the less true that, with all their education, many look upon life and its obligations in a very distorted light. Education often makes a man, and still more frequently a woman, above the work which lies for their hands to do. Paterfamilias, who lives in a state of genteel poverty and has perhaps three or four sons growing up, would think it a most ignominious thing for his offspring to adopt anything but a "genteel" profession, and goes crazy at the mention of the word "shop." A half-starved clerk is in his opinion much better than a thriving tradesman, and anything in the way of manual labour is scouted as something far beneath his aspirations. But why should a man because he chooses to exercise a trade be regarded as somebody eminently inferior to other people? As a rule he behaves himself as well as his fancied superiors, oftentimes he is far better off, and tradesmen are pretty generally in the front in any matters of social progress, or where the good of their fellow men is in question. Nobody can explain why.

If you press the matter, you will probably be told it is the custom, and one of the unalterable laws of so-called Society.

Then with religion, a word which has perhaps been crystallized, so to speak, more than any other in the English language, and regarded by thousands in a conventional kind of way, and associated in a measure with the clean shirt which is donned on Sunday morning. In years gone by one was anchored to a compact and neatly adjusted formula of belief. It was a simple and straightforward thing to be a member of what is known as the Established Church; but now the seeker after truth must be utterly bewildered, so greatly has conventionality, custom, and artificialism embedded and hidden the gems of simple religious truth. It is high time for thinking men to break away from the conventional shackles with which they are so oppressively borne down, to reason for themselves and renounce the customary dogmas and artificial theories which so soon find a place of repose in the hearts of the multitude.

In matters politic, how easily influenced are the masses by mere artificialisms. They are either swayed by prejudice or habit, or else deliberately shut their eyes to the most serious considerations, skimming over the surface of vital conditions and going frantic upon questions of form. The frothy declamations of a platform orator will interest those who are blinded by conventional ideas far more than the deliberately studied treatise of the practical philosopher; and led by the nose as it were by appearances simply, they just take that care of the present which their necessities or passions at the moment suggest. See in what an insane manner people will scamper after Royalty, and how reverentially they will lick the dust where princely feet have trodden. I have heard of combs and brushes that had touched Royal heads being most affectionately cherished, and I was once shown a tobacco stopper, which was nothing more than a chip off a plank whereon the Prince of Wales once stood. The human imagination utterly gives way when we try to measure the worth of one of His Royal Highness's cigar ends! A few moments' reflection would, I think, lead many to see how intensely stupid it is to allow themselves to be swayed by what is at the best but a vain, empty sentiment, and betokens a weak, effeminate mind.

Men form certain traditional ideas about Government and the various questions connected therewith, but would be utterly at a loss to explain the theories to which they continue to stick with such singular pertinacity.

Much of the pleasure and enjoyment of social intercourse is marred by the restraint of conventionality. Who is there that cannot call to mind that awful dinner-table, with all its starched and stiffened formulas, commencing with the soup and ending with the sickly sentimentality of the toasts? The curmudgeon old bachelor who proposes "The Ladies" in such a fascinating way is most likely the greatest misanthrope alive, and detests the fair sex with that intense degree of hatred which is ascribed to a certain well-known

A Ghost Story.

TOM JUDKINS, the subject of this story, was a terribly nervous fellow. A mouse or a cockroach pretty well drove him into fits; and he was, moreover, imbued with a wholesome dread of ghosts, which positively developed itself into a kind of disease. He and I were tolerably good chums, and we roamed about the world a good deal in each other's company. My friend was a thorough rolling stone; but when judiciously advised that he would never gather any moss, he invariably retorted by saying that a sitting hen never gets fat. In the year 1870 we found ourselves in the Cape Colony, a country which I certainly like the best I have ever seen, affording a beautiful climate and both ample and varied resources for heartily enjoying one's self. The scene I am about to relate happened not a hundred miles from Cape Town, and, not to be too personal, I will call the hotel "The Peacock." We had been travelling all day, and were right glad when evening came, to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances permitted in what I suppose would be called in England the bar parlour. There was no lack of mirth and merriment among the guests, numbering some half-dozen, and pipes and liquor were the order of the night. Each had some striking adventure or racy story to relate, and, of course, the matter of ghosts, apparitions, and such like were not forgotten. The landlord was an uncommonly jovial man, and I could see at once that he belonged to that sort who are ever ready for a good practical joke or any kind of devilment. It was certainly a little too bad, but we came to the resolution to have a little fun at Judkins's expense, relying on his ghost weakness for our amusement. After various plans had been duly talked over and considered, we came to the following resolution, as they say at public meetings. When Tom Judkins had retired to rest, and was snugly settled down, Squires, the landlord, was to play the ghost, and, dressed in the orthodox white garments, and making himself appear as weird and unearthly as possible, was to enter my friend's room. In order to make the scheme as complete in all its parts as possible, some spoons and other valuables were to be put in a wooden box, and buried at the bottom of the garden, the reason for which proceeding will presently appear. It was considerably past the witching hour when graveyards yawn, when we all retired to our respective rooms, those who were in the secret being on the *qui vive* as to what would be the upshot of the joke. When everything was still, the "ghost" came into my room, where he powdered his face, enveloped himself in a sheet, and made all necessary preparations. This done, he walked slowly and majestically into Tom's apartment, I and another keeping well in the background, but determined not to lose any of the fun, if possible. The poor fellow was, as may be easily imagined, in awful terror.

entreaties. "Sing a song," said the ghost, whereupon Tom managed to screech out a few cracked couplets. An order to dance a jig was similarly obeyed, and to this day I shall never forget the ludicrous and absurd figure, shaking with fear in every limb, and with nothing on but his night-shirt, capering about in deference to the ghostly authority. An inquiry as to what further behests he should comply with drew forth, in unearthly and terrible accents, a command to proceed to the bottom of the garden, and dig under a certain tree; there he was to find a box containing treasure which he was to bring back with him; and if the task was satisfactorily performed, the ghost promised to cease his molestations, and let him off. All remonstrance as to the impossibility of performing what was required, the extreme cold, and other considerations were utterly unavailing, and the end of it was that Tom opened the window leading directly into the garden, and proceeded, spade in hand, to the tree which had been indicated to him. No sooner was he clear of the room, than we took the opportunity of having a hearty laugh, for which the terrible fright of Tom, coupled with his excessive gullibility, afforded ample occasion. As a sequel to the joke, it was arranged that when he had succeeded in securing the box and was on the point of bringing it back to the supposed ghost, he was to be seized by one of us, accused of stealing and making off with the landlord's silver spoons and brought to imaginary justice. Myself, Squires (the landlord), and a young midshipman named Evans, nearly split our sides with laughter, as we watched our mutual friend labouring away with his spade. By-and-by he stops; he has reached the box, and putting it under his arm, was hurrying up the garden walk, when the landlord, who had of course meanwhile dropped his ghostly apparel, rushed out and collared the delinquent, and accused him of robbery. While all this was going on, we had hastened to our rooms, but pretending to hear a disturbance, we ran out just at the right time to see Tom Judkins still holding on to the box of spoons, but in the strong grasp of the landlord. We, of course, affected the most intense surprise at the strange proceeding, and appeared most anxious to know what could have possessed Tom, who was still trembling with fear, to have taken into his head such a scheme of midnight marauding. I need hardly say that he believed most profoundly that he had been actually visited by a ghost, and had completely succumbed to his fears by doing all he had been told. This consternation, therefore, at the sudden transition from the spiritual to the material,—and I can hardly imagine which must have been the worst and occasioned him the most alarm, the apparition in whose company he believed himself to have been or the painful position of finding himself caught in the act of making off with the hosts' valuables. When an explanation was demanded, he asserted in the most emphatic manner possible that he had seen a ghost who threatened to annihilate him on the spot if he refused to do his bidding, and that in obedience to his requirements, he had dug in the

often been there in the pursuit of science, speak of a path leading to the summit, and further add that it is not a very difficult ascent ; but they alone ever saw that road. Some have landed at the side, and gone straight up, but the more usual way is to land near the southern extremity, and struggle onwards, panting and torn, over, through, and under scoria which is now hard as rock, now soft and crumbling. Shrubs and parasites abound, and afford a certain shade, but are also the cause of many falls, of many sudden descents into concealed niches. The view when once the top is reached well repays the toil. The whole of the Frith of the Thames and the winding Waitemate are spread before the eyes as a map ; and the islands, which are legion, can be distinguished one from the other. To the north distant headlands and protecting island mountains fill the picture to the horizon. Auckland, with its many mounds, its terraced hills, its eccentric valleys, is plainly seen ; and on either side bay after bay in endless succession frame the town, called by enthusiasts, the "Corinth of the South."

Being on the water, we will go up the Waitemate, which, passing Auckland, penetrates some twenty miles in a north-westerly direction. It is rather pretty, with numerous bays, pure white sand, barren brown hills, thickly wooded banks, and yellowish white cliffs, following each other in quick succession ; and between the islands that are here and there scattered on its surface are shady channels. In many of the bays where rock has prominence, oysters abound, as they did in the immediate neighbourhood of the town in earlier days ; now they are only to be found at the north shore, the rocks of Rangitoto, though covered with them, being too far off for practical purposes. The Waitemate beyond Auckland is generally calm, the sudden gales and spasmodic uprisings of the harbour not being much felt ; but it would, nevertheless, be wise to keep a sharp look-out if in a sailing boat, for little gusts come whistling down the gullies, and are often the cause of accidents wholly out of proportion to their actual force.

In Official Bay is the historical Wynyard Pier, a spidery wooden erection, much thought of when it was first put up (and named after Col. Wynyard, then commanding the 58th Regt.), but now shaking with every gust and tide and every rush upon its boards. Here, too, is a small weatherboard house, raised on piles, between which the sea rolls at high tide. It was almost the first in Auckland. It is now overshadowed by a red brick mill, which has also fallen into disuse, and the sheds for drowned bodies and boat-houses are in its immediate vicinity. Above stands Admiralty House, built by the Provincial Government for Commodore Sir William Wiseman ; and still higher, seen over the first oaks ever planted in Auckland, is St. Paul's red tower. Close to the church is the post-office, a low, dark, forlorn-looking place, built in cottage style. Under its verandah a certain amount of excitement is manifested on the arrival and departure of the English mail ; at other times it is a still, doleful

object, and the afternoon sun, shining on the dusty square windows of the private boxes and their dull grey-painted wood-work, gives a more lifeless effect than even a steady heavy rain that makes everything muddy. What terrible news those small pigeon-holes of delivery have spread through the land! What desolation reached many during the war from those sleepy-looking walls!

Turning away, and going through Official Bay to the hill on its other side (the muddy, foot-deep, rutted way bearing the singularly inappropriate name of "Eden Crescent"), the dirty-booted traveller would find himself at the back of the Supreme Court, with a double-storied barn on his left that must be spoken of with reverence. Behold a long, narrow building, the width of a single room, one means of entrance being a stair outside, similar to a ship's ladder, two rows of small-paned windows in mathematically straight lines, a porch in the middle like a school entrance, dark shingled roof, and stunted chimneys. This was called, with a sublime indifference to numbers, and determined adhesion to old terms, "The Houses of Parliament." It is painted a dull white, and (the eaves being on the most economical principles) looks as if its eyelashes had been cut off. In this building the legislators of the country conducted their business for many years, till Wellington was declared the capital of New Zealand, and no session has been held here since that of 1864. The Provincial Government then used it for their meetings, and even now some sort of local legislature is carried on under its shorn eyelids.

Near this is a Maori Wesleyan Chapel, in which service is held every Sunday, though not, I should think, in the presence of a very large congregation. It is now many years since a gentleman meeting a Maori (whose anomalous occupation might perhaps be described as native Aide-de-Camp to Sir George Grey) near this chapel as the bell was calling the worshippers to prayer, asked him if he were going in. Peti Kawau made a contemptuous grimace accompanied by a few words of negation.

"But why not?"

"Me not go to that place," and the brown head was thrown proudly back.

"What is the matter with it?" asked his interrogator with some amusement.

"Only common people go *thar*! Me go to *Et Paul with the Kawana† and gentlemen." And his whole face beamed with a consciousness of intense superiority, as he stated that he worshipped in the fashionable church of the town.

About six miles from Auckland in the Bemuera direction, Mount Wellington looks darkly down on St. John's College. A dismal place to gaze upon; blue stone and small windows and an inexpressible air of still, immovable dullness, at least during school hours; at other

* The Maori cannot pronounce S.

† Governor.

times young voices enliven even this sullen pile ;—a pile, not grand or antiquated, but heaped up promiscuously together, bristling with incongruities, yet honoured by all old New Zealanders, for was it not the work of their beloved Bishop? St. John's was originally built for a college in which to prepare Maori youths for the ministry, and the Melanesians, in the early days of their mission, were also taken there. Thus it existed for some time, white students being gradually admitted, and when the Melanesian Mission established itself at Kohimarama, the character of the college underwent a change, and colonial young men had an embryo university; in 1864 this was found not to answer, and it became a school for all ages. The small chapel, with its miniature naves, is the prettiest in Auckland: the painted east window forms a semicircle; the west end, making the same form, is lighted by single memorial windows, and the font is between two larger ones—all to the memory of those clergymen who died in the earlier days of missionary work, some in New Zealand, others amongst the islands of Polynesia: the beams and walls are of dark-brown wood, and carved candelabra hang from the arched roof. A few brass tables stud the walls, telling how such an one presented a scholarship to the foundation of St John's: strange would be the chronicles of all who won them—brown and white on equal terms, striving together for a scholastic honour, is not a common experience. Then there is the pleasant churchyard—not sheltered, but open to all the winds of heaven—where the sun, rising hopefully in the east, beaming brilliantly at mid-day, and setting gloriously with warm crimson rays, shines ever on the graves of those who have lived and died for their faith.

But we have wandered far from the harbour, and I wish to tell you of Hobson's Bay. The first time I went there we rowed all round it, and we will now follow the same *route*, going by the southern, and returning by the northern bank; so rounding Taurarua cliff we come to a muddy flat with a few houses on its banks, which the inhabitants collectively dignify with the name of Brighton. On the eastern slope of the hill is a long wooden building with peaked roof—the Orphan Asylum. A poor widow, dying in great distress, prayed the clergyman who attended her in her last moments to take care of her children, gasping, with rapidly failing breath, that there was, "no one to look after them." The incumbent of St. Paul's soothed her with assurances that they would not be forsaken; and afterwards, redeeming that promise, gathered others who were in like case, and seven little ones were placed in the care of a capable woman in a cottage near the town. This was the first beginning of the institution, which was supported by private subscription till both the means and accommodation were found to be far from sufficient. In 1862 a bazaar was held, and the proceeds of that, and two subsequent ones, built the present building, besides almost supporting the charity for some years. From eighty to a hundred children are now maintained there.

There are few houses in this otherwise uninteresting inlet. So leaving Brighton, and rounding the point that forms the mud flat into a bay, we reach another semicircular indentation with green banks destitute of trees, except where the settler has planted them round his homestead. Some pretty cottages, looking at their own reflections in the water, brighten with their white walls and green venetians the monotony of the land, for no cultivation has been brought down this bank, and there is no scrub. Further on is "The Bridge," so proudly called by Aucklanders who regard their first public work of this description with strong paternal admiration; it stretches across the water from a spur on the Remuera side, to a steep hill on the Orakei, a distance of about thirty yards. Pass under it, and straight in front there appears to be a lake. But it is not, though a very good imitation, despite the fact that some one irreverently compared it to a half-full pudding basin. Look round. On the left, cliffs covered with trees; immediately before you, a creek running out of the basin; and the rest of the circle is defined by an almost perpendicular bank of brown grass, dotted about with spidery apologies for trees. Keeping up the simile of the pudding basin, not a few would be glad to hear that it *is* only half full; at present its depth in the centre is unknown, and a general impression of its being unfathomable all over has been carefully preserved in many minds. The popular idea is, that this lake or basin is the crater of an extinct volcano, that a convulsion of nature broke down a portion of the intervening wall, and the sea then flowed in filling the tuffcrater with water. Passing through it into the creek, we find that *that* soon divides into two, each narrow and shallow, walled in on either side by high banks covered with dark trees and bright-blossomed shrubs; but boats cannot advance very far on either of these (though one extends to the gully just below St. John's College), and we turn from exploring their tangled beauties to the main creek; in which mangroves lift their greenish-brown leaves above the water, and support on their thin, though tough, twigs a goodly number of oysters. Evading as well as we can any contact of our oars with this amphibious vegetation we gain Lake Orakei, and rowing slowly across towards the bridge pass under a high dark cliff covered with foliage, the occasional patches of clay earth being strikingly contrasted with the rich gloss of the karaka, the dingy-brown manuka, the deep-green five-leaved pittosporum, the bright-leaved rewarewa, and the golden green fronds of the tree-fern that bend over the lower shrubs with a gentle grace and touching tenderness. Beneath, the thin white line of sand seems almost ghostlike, gradually become thinner and thinner as the silently approaching wave spreads a gray veil over its smooth surface. Drifting slowly past this little cove and under the bridge we come to Orakei, a once populous native village.

The whare formerly occupied by the chief stands on the top of the hill in a somewhat mournful state of dilapidation; it has occasionally

been used for public worship, and would comfortably hold about twenty people. The roof slopes on either side from one long ridge to four-feet walls, the front and rear of the building being perpendicular and fitting into the roof, which projects. The remains of some tasteful plaiting are still to be seen on the inner walls, and the door, now lying on the ground, preserves the outlines of some elaborate carving, more remarkable for the amount of industry it represents than for any intrinsic beauty of design. Above the place where the door ought to be, and perched on the end of the ridge-pole, is an imitation of the bust of a man; though as for the form being distinguishable in the narrow strip of wood in the upper part of which the inner pearl of shells, shark's teeth, and red sealing-wax have been introduced to design the features, a Maori might perhaps be able to comprehend the meaning of the native artist, but we could make nothing of it. The plaiting is both bright and ingenious; red, yellow, white, and green are the colours usually employed, the first being obtained from the bark of the hinau, yellow from exposure to the sun, and white by scraping from the reeds or flax their natural green. The Maoris generally plait close and have innumerable designs, for they have much taste in the arrangement of colour, and exercise it in this manner.

The little bay below is well sheltered, and the owners of canoes can leave them afloat on the water, instead of dragging them beyond the reach of the waves, often a necessary precaution at their sea-encampments. Besides the native trees, there are here quasi cultivated plants that afford the means of sustenance to the villagers; peach-groves look strange amongst the branches of the pouriri and tawhiri, the Cape gooseberry is bright against the darker shrubs, and the meandering tendrils and unconscious serpentine coils of the melon and pumpkin give life and colour to the dingy undergrowth. Whares are scattered about—small ones with raupo roofs and sides, and perhaps a piece of glass stuck in crookedly to represent a window. Fishing nets are stretched across poles to dry, or undergo a certain amount of lazy repair; a few women bring pannikins to fill at the tiny brook that issues from the hill-side, or approaching a most mysterious object regard it with some attention. The object in question consists of two five feet poles, six feet apart, and connected at the top by a curtain from one to three feet in depth—torn, ragged, and many coloured. After looking at various fragments of this screen, the woman pulls off a piece, and returning to her fire either throws it on the embers or puts it in a pot. The curtain is a string of dried or drying fish, public property, from which each family can take what they like.

The headland between Orakei and the open harbour is the eastern boundary of Hobson's Bay, and worthy of being the limit of this wide arm of the Waitemate. It is thickly wooded, with trees of considerable age and size towering above the shorter shrubs, some even grow *from* the cliff, and bending over the rippling wave throw

weird shadows on rock and sand. Yet not always has that wave been rippling, or the scene below so peaceful. Many are the storms those trunks have withstood, many the dying throes over which those drooping boughs have wept.

The sun was low down in the west as we paused beneath this height, its glorious beams were encircling the bay with a rich crown of gold and drawing every tinge of green from the foliage on which they rested ; the sea beneath had already assumed its twilight hue, and looking once more to the dazzling summit we dipped our oars and rowed away in silence.

G.

*Vasco Di Gama.—Christmas 1497.**

They were sick at heart and weary, they were tired of wind and wave ;
They saw no beauty in the sea, it seemed to them their grave ;
Two moons had grown and gone again, since they had looked their last
Upon the mount, whose beetling brow braves the Antarctic blast ;
Morn after morn had found them still, one speck upon the sea ;
Eve after eve had left them yet, all landless on the lee :
And ever as the day arrived, more sad, and stern, and strange
The ocean seemed to be to them ; it bore no other change.
And ever as the night came, more lonely, lost and drear
Those seamen felt, as northward, ho ! their course they strove to steer.

For all that those old mariners around them heard or saw
Seemed more and more from olden things their present life to draw :—
New stars that bore no meaning ; new birds with mournful cries,—
The very brine, so deep and dark, was foreign to their eyes :
While as the days and weeks flew on, and seasons came and went,
Alone on that untravelled sea the snail-like hours were spent.
No wand'rer o'er an austral wild, no desert-planted palm,
Could more completely be possessed of isolation's charm ;
For on the vacant surges of that great southern deep,
None but this band of voyagers fell on Christmas-Eve asleep.
Oh, ye that now in giant barks o'er subject oceans speed,
Give to the men that dared them first their peril-purchased meed.
Oh, ye to whom in later times the sea brings few scant fears,
Honour as best befits their fame, those staunch old pioneers.

* Port Natal was first discovered by the great navigator Vasco di Gama on Christmas Day 1497, and was named by him, in commemoration of the day, The Land of the Nativity.

They had left remote behind them—like a memory growing dim,
The shores of Spain—imperial Spain—power, great, and proud, and grim.
They had seen, discreetly distant, the false Moor's gloomy realm,
While, with a sign devout, they guarded well the willing helm ;
And many tales of torture and of death were that night told
By men whose hearts beat hotly with the hates they learnt of old.
Then as the sun rose higher, during many a long, long day,
They crawled along a coast that never tempted them to stay :—
Where sandy shores lay bleaching, stark, beneath a fervid sky ;
Where burnished seas, unruffled, but racked the aching eye ;
Where rivers, wide and torpid, crept through banks of forest gloom,
And breathed across the tainted beach the vapours of the tomb ;
Where under Palma's lofty steep, the rock-thrown shadows rest ;
Or where Biafra's friendly bight bends to the mystic west ;
All down those links of sullen capes ; all down that stricken strand,
Where nature stood with callous front and man with hostile hand ;
With bodies never weary, and with spirits never faint,
They sped all trustful in the care of Heaven and guardian Saint.
Oh, how these sailors' simple hearts with pious hope beat high
When first they saw the sacred Cross hung in the southern sky ;
And soon the gladdening tidings had leapt from lip to lip,
That Heaven itself was smiling on the devious voyaging ship.
Deep was the joy that crowned their hopes when high above them reared,
Wreathed in its folded films of fog, the mountain bold and weird ;
The mountain under whose bleak brow the great seas bask or break,
And round whose rock-built basements, now, vast fleets their courses take.
Nor was the Christmas-tide far off, when they again set sail,
Bent still, the good Lord helping them, the Indian coast to hail.

Rounding the sea-girt Cape, whose crest rose high above the mast ;
Rounding L'Agulhas' sandy point, seen from the sea at last ;
Keeping all closely to the shore, for fear of surge and tide,
The little bark clung to her course, that cruel coast beside.
She passed the gaping cliffs through which the Knysna's waters flow,
And swung secure in sheltered coves when southern gales did blow.
Yon yawning bay whose leafless shore was then all bleak and bare,
Whose busy waters now are thronged by ships that gather there,—
At last behind them passed from sight, and then for days and weeks,
Driven far out by baffling winds, fighting with stubborn leaks,
They tossed, the prey of bitter storm, from ruthless wave to wave,
They strove with slowly deepening gloom their sinking ship to save,
Till in the depth of mute despair they knelt upon the deck,
And prayed that Jesu—Mary's Son—would keep their lives from wreck.

They prayed—ah, when did faithful heart to God the Saviour pray,
Without an answer being sent in God's own time and way;
They prayed, and as their souls thus spoke, hope in their bosoms rose,
And many a weary eye that night in sleep could calmly close.
God's chrism came—it swept the sky—and out the soft stars stole;
It swept the sea whose toppling waves ceased wrathfully to roll;
It swept in visions strangely sweet amidst those sailors' dreams,
Like light which through the tinted pane on kneeling sinners streams.

A flush upon yon eastern sky where glows the Magi's star,
A bank of blackness looming large, as land that heaves afar,
Through throbbing hearts a sudden thrill, that quickens as the morn
Breaks with its summer glory on the day when Christ was born.

Oh joy to our long weary hearts; oh hopes of getting home,
Oh goodly sun and kindly sea and tender sky, God's dome;
Oh land, whose pleasant lineaments, to these our dazzled eyes,
Is glorious as were Canaan's heights to Israel's thankful spies.
Softly the bush-swathed shore arose in backward sloping hills,
Whose swarthy sides hid rushing streams, or bent to rippling rills
Softly those serried bluffs disclosed deep valleys winding far,
Mid gloom of tufted woodland, or stern frown of naked scar.
Softly the mottled heights upsprung in ever rising tiers,
Whose rifted marge far westward seen in distance disappears.
Well might those simple-hearted men, as towards the coast they drew,
With pious unction bless the land thus bursting on their view.
Well might they say that surely 'twas God's purpose true and kind,
That they upon great Jesu's Day this brave new land should find.

'Tis done! Noon's fervid blaze has fired the waters of the bay
Where first and last for long, long years, brave Vasco's vessel lay.
Beneath the Bluff's majestic shade, ranged on the circling beach,
Those wind-worn seamen fondly heard their chief's impassioned speech:—

* * * * *

“Brothers with whom joint perils shar'd my fortunes fast have bound—
Perils of angry breakers, writhing seas, and storm's wild sound—
Ye who in northern lands have knelt by our Lady's sacred shrine,
And are kept from pagan evil, by the Christian's Holy Sign;
Be glad, my gallant sailor hearts, be glad and proud this day;
Be glad that thus the gracious Lord has sped us on our way.
Oh! not for naught our Lady smiled when Lisbon saw us sail,
And not for naught on Holy Day this joyous land we hail.

Fair are its laughing features, fair are its leafy heights,
 Fair as yon sierras soft and dear, where memory fondly lights.
 Oh, that our wives and countrymen who now at home are kneeling,
 Where to repentant souls our Lord His Presence is revealing,
 Could see us here uplifting the banner of our race,
 And planting on this alien soil the symbol of God's grace.
 Yes, men of old Iberia ! bare as this land looks now—
 Bare as a garden yet unsown ; bare as an infant's brow—
 Not ever shorn of human works, unmarked by human hand,
 Save by the deeds of savage men whose tools are spear and brand,—
 Not ever wasting all its wealth of fruit, and plant, and flower,
 Mutely imploring Heaven for some touch of vital power,—
 Not ever thus by godless men shall this new land be cursed ;
 The day will come when it shall too from barbarism burst.
 Yes, sons of queenly Portugal, as I thus feebly speak,
 The future spreads before me like a landscape from a peak ;
 And e'en as Moses saw the promised land from Pisgah's crest,
 I seem to pierce the ages that shall follow us to rest.
 To-morrow we may set our sail and leave this shore behind,
 But not again shall other ships this welcome haven find.
 Seen by us once, it then shall pass from human thought and ken,
 While the world rolls, and knowledge grows, and new minds pass o'er men.
 For thus 'twill be God's purpose, which we neither know nor see,
 To keep this land unpeopled till man gets more strong and free.

At last, long generations hence, another race shall come,
 Conq'ring wide realms to other sounds than din of gun or drum.
 Sons of those daring islanders whose seamen strive to vie
 With us, who on the sea's wide field all rivalry defy.
 Their flag shall then flaunt undefied o'er countries now unknown ;
 Their fleets shall mock the proudest foe and flout the oldest throne.
 Freedom, in grandly fashioned mould, shall sanctify their name,
 And men, by dint of toil and thought, sink deep and firm their fame.
 No longer then yon tangled hills shall blankly greet the sun,
 Nor bear no sign of love or life, or daily labour done ;
 No longer then shall silence brood unbroken o'er this bay ;
 Nor never a bark bring stranger's foot on stranger soil to stray.
 A marvellous change, brave brothers, but marvels e'en come true ;
 And dreams are oft outdone by deeds that great men do.
 Those hillsides bared and burdened with the fruits of English toil ;
 Those valleys hiding happy homes of them that own the soil ;
 Vast piles of brick and stone in which the fire-fiend tamed by man
 Shall work as ne'er one wonder worked, since human toil began.

These and a host of other scenes more wild and vast and strange,
Through my enkindled fancy now like prophet-visions range.
I see it all ! a peopled land : rich, peaceful, happy, free !
A land of plenty, breathing hope o'er the wide Indian sea ;
A land whose bulgent bounds encroach on desert-depths beyond ;
Striking the springs of social life with the force of Aaron's wand—
The prayers of Christian men are said ; the name of Christ is known ;
Where, o'er the faithless savage, ages of night have flown ;
And amidst deserts, labour-clad, the swarthy pagans raise
Unto the Son who saved us all, their vesper songs of praise.

Darkly the clouds mayhap will lower, murk may the prospect seem ;
And adverse times to baffled men come like a troubled dream.
'Tis not the lot of man to reap the golden sheaves for ever ;
'Tis not the lot of nations to meet misfortune never ;
'Tis not the doom that Adam earned to know nor pain nor dolour ;
Nor glows yon sky through day and night with no surcease of colour.
No ! in the far-off future, the long scroll of earthly fame
Will bear no title honoured more than this land's happy name.
Cities and churches, fields and herds, ships, roads, and giant piles,—
Grand trophies of a nobler race, sprung from the English isles ;
Rising in latter times to prove that still the world is young ;
That Kingdoms rise and Empires fall, and still life's psalm is sung :
That barely yet has History fixed the beacons of the Past,
When dawns with lustre fuller a heritage more vast ;
That not to one especial part of God's good world is given
A glory and a destiny from other portions riven :
That not to one appointed race the Maker has assigned
Rule over all the various realms of matter and of mind :
That we with eyes and hearts untaught are ignorantly groping
Where other generations shall be having all, not hoping :
That the feeble and despised in God's fore-chosen time.
Shall perfect in their majesty His purposes sublime.
Therefore, O God, whose Father's love has brought us to this shore,
We dedicate with thankful hearts to thee for evermore
This land, which first by Christian trod on Jesu's Birthday, shall
Be known to all that follow us by the good name NATAL."

J. R.

A Ghost Story.

TOM JUDKINS, the subject of this story, was a terribly nervous fellow. A mouse or a cockroach pretty well drove him into fits ; and he was, moreover, imbued with a wholesome dread of ghosts, which positively developed itself into a kind of disease. He and I were tolerably good chums, and we roamed about the world a good deal in each other's company. My friend was a thorough rolling stone ; but when judiciously advised that he would never gather any moss, he invariably retorted by saying that a sitting hen never gets fat. In the year 1870 we found ourselves in the Cape Colony, a country which I certainly like the best I have ever seen, affording a beautiful climate and both ample and varied resources for heartily enjoying one's self. The scene I am about to relate happened not a hundred miles from Cape Town, and, not to be too personal, I will call the hotel "The Peacock." We had been travelling all day, and were right glad when evening came, to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances permitted in what I suppose would be called in England the bar parlour. There was no lack of mirth and merriment among the guests, numbering some half-dozen, and pipes and liquor were the order of the night. Each had some striking adventure or racy story to relate, and, of course, the matter of ghosts, apparitions, and such like were not forgotten. The landlord was an uncommonly jovial man, and I could see at once that he belonged to that sort who are ever ready for a good practical joke or any kind of devilment. It was certainly a little too bad, but we came to the resolution to have a little fun at Judkins's expense, relying on his ghost weakness for our amusement. After various plans had been duly talked over and considered, we came to the following resolution, as they say at public meetings. When Tom Judkins had retired to rest, and was snugly settled down, Squires, the landlord, was to play the ghost, and, dressed in the orthodox white garments, and making himself appear as weird and unearthly as possible, was to enter my friend's room. In order to make the scheme as complete in all its parts as possible, some spoons and other valuables were to be put in a wooden box, and buried at the bottom of the garden, the reason for which proceeding will presently appear. It was considerably past the witching hour when graveyards yawn, when we all retired to our respective rooms, those who were in the secret being on the *qui vive* as to what would be the upshot of the joke. When everything was still, the "ghost" came into my room, where he powdered his face, enveloped himself in a sheet, and made all necessary preparations. This done, he walked slowly and majestically into Tom's apartment, I and another keeping well in the background, but determined not to lose any of the fun, if possible. The poor fellow was, as may be easily imagined, in awful terror. He went down on his knees, and made all kinds of supplications and

entreaties. "Sing a song," said the ghost, whereupon Tom managed to screech out a few cracked couplets. An order to dance a jig was similarly obeyed, and to this day I shall never forget the ludicrous and absurd figure, shaking with fear in every limb, and with nothing on but his night-shirt, capering about in deference to the ghostly authority. An inquiry as to what further behests he should comply with drew forth, in unearthly and terrible accents, a command to proceed to the bottom of the garden, and dig under a certain tree; there he was to find a box containing treasure which he was to bring back with him; and if the task was satisfactorily performed, the ghost promised to cease his molestations, and let him off. All remonstrance as to the impossibility of performing what was required, the extreme cold, and other considerations were utterly unavailing, and the end of it was that Tom opened the window leading directly into the garden, and proceeded, spade in hand, to the tree which had been indicated to him. No sooner was he clear of the room, than we took the opportunity of having a hearty laugh, for which the terrible fright of Tom, coupled with his excessive gullibility, afforded ample occasion. As a sequel to the joke, it was arranged that when he had succeeded in securing the box and was on the point of bringing it back to the supposed ghost, he was to be seized by one of us, accused of stealing and making off with the landlord's silver spoons and brought to imaginary justice. Myself, Squires (the landlord), and a young midshipman named Evans, nearly split our sides with laughter, as we watched our mutual friend labouring away with his spade. By-and-by he stops; he has reached the box, and putting it under his arm, was hurrying up the garden walk, when the landlord, who had of course meanwhile dropped his ghostly apparel, rushed out and collared the delinquent, and accused him of robbery. While all this was going on, we had hastened to our rooms, but pretending to hear a disturbance, we ran out just at the right time to see Tom Judkins still holding on to the box of spoons, but in the strong grasp of the landlord. We, of course, affected the most intense surprise at the strange proceeding, and appeared most anxious to know what could have possessed Tom, who was still trembling with fear, to have taken into his head such a scheme of midnight marauding. I need hardly say that he believed most profoundly that he had been actually visited by a ghost, and had completely succumbed to his fears by doing all he had been told. This consternation, therefore, at the sudden transition from the spiritual to the material,—and I can hardly imagine which must have been the worst and occasioned him the most alarm, the apparition in whose company he believed himself to have been or the painful position of finding himself caught in the act of making off with the hosts' valuables. When an explanation was demanded, he asserted in the most emphatic manner possible that he had seen a ghost who threatened to annihilate him on the spot if he refused to do his bidding, and that in obedience to his requirements, he had dug in the

garden to find the box, with what result has been seen. It was still early in the morning, and as none of us had had much sleep, it was resolved that the culprit should be placed in *durance vile* until the next day, consoling himself with the fact that he would then be handed over to the tender mercies of the law. I deeply commiserated with the poor fellow, who poured his tale of woe into my ear, and it was with the utmost difficulty I could restrain myself from bursting out into laughter, which would have, of course, placed our little scheme in jeopardy. I managed therefore to maintain a composed and solemn bearing, and while sympathizing with my friend at the awkward position in which he unhappily found himself, pretended to be rather down on him for so maliciously abusing the landlord's hospitality. Next morning Tom Judkins, the injured innocent, was the cynosure of every eye, and he was besieged with inquiries as to his nocturnal visitor, about whom we all appeared to be excessively curious. He swore the house was haunted, and that had he disobeyed and refused to do all he was bid, some horrible fate was threatened. I never saw a more thorough instance of credulity, and though I have met numbers of nervous folks in my time, I would not have believed it possible that anyone could allow his timidity to so far overcome him. Nor can I imagine a more awkward and absurd predicament to find one's self placed in. Here was a man caught in the garden at the dead of night carrying off the landlord's forks and spoons. He is seized in the act, and then lays his sinfulness at a ghost's door. I wonder what a magistrate would say to such an allegation! Things began to assume rather a serious aspect, but we all thought the joke had been carried far enough; and much to Tom's relief, who verily believed the landlord would prosecute him, the whole mystery was unravelled, and he saw the ghost in human form. The sorry figure he cut when greeted with peals of laughter from all sides may be better imagined than described. A sage once said that the greatest fool every man has known is himself, and I think my friend conscientiously felt the truth of such an aphorism. Some will say that the joke was a little too practical, but it certainly had one good effect, inasmuch as it considerably modified Tom's ideas in relation to ghosts, and he is always ready to join in a hearty laugh at the remembrance of his ridiculous escapade at "The Peacock."

From a Day-book of the Olden Time.

IF it be true that social life is the aggregate of all the individual men's lives who constitute society, and that history is the essence of innumerable biographies, then the following memoranda, extracted from a Day-book of 1815-16, and which may give your readers a glimpse into the domestic arrangements of half a century ago, may, though perhaps not very interesting, be worth inserting in the Magazine.

"6th September, 1816.—To remind me that I have promised R—— two pups when Muis has a litter."

That our ancestors were more methodical than we of the present generation is not the only deduction from the above note. It is quite refreshing to find such accuracy in matters usually deemed of so small importance; but, moreover, how often are pups and similar pets promised without a moment's hesitation, the promise no sooner made than forgotten. The memo. has endorsed across the face of it the additional one, "*Voldaan* (settled) 2nd November, 1816," showing not only that by our accurate forefathers the promise of puppy dogs *in futuro* was considered of sufficient importance to record, but that the promise itself was considered sufficiently binding to be kept. The man who made such a memo. as this would probably be voted over-particular in these our fast times; but might it not be matter for rejoicing if our failings in this respect leaned a little more to virtue's side?

"17th October, 1816.—Paid S—— for a bet I lost to him, 1 rix-dollar."

Here is a specimen of uncompromising honesty! This man has been in the wrong, has backed his erroneous view with one and sixpence, and not only paid the penalty, but in a manly, straightforward manner records the fact for the benefit of generations yet unborn. Such straws as these upon the surface of Time's current assist us in forming an estimate not only of the man, but of the age in which he lived. It speaks to us of a time when, though the Turf Club and Lotteries were yet a dream of the future, the sporting tendencies were already beginning to show themselves, and a wager was a thing not unknown, though a habit not indulged to excess, being limited to such moderate risks as this aforesaid one dollar, and thus conveying another lesson of moderation to such as are now too often found making such books as their incomes and their knowledge of horse-flesh by no means justify.

The way to mix lime, unlike that of staining glass, is not reckoned amongst the lost arts; yet it might have been. Had day-books been *en regle* ever since our era commenced, possibly the recipe for the real original staining mixture might still be somewhere discoverable.

"18th October, 1816.—For making lime for plaister you must take two buckets of clay, two of sand, and one of quick-lime."

"21st November, 1816.—My stable must come ten feet six inches

wide, measured from the kitchen window to the water pump. The wall on which the main beam is to rest must be the thickness of two bricks, and the door must pass under the landing of the stairs, so as to communicate with my slave-house."

"22nd November, 1816.—To remind me that when I put a manger in my stable the hinder portion of it must be built into the wall, so as to lie even with the plaistering, and to have three or four pieces of wood fixed into the wall for the manger to rest on, and not with upright posts, as is customary. The stoeps of my shop and butchery to be smeared with melted sheep's tail fat (N.B., the fat to be taken from the tips of the tails), and to draw round the stoeps, when so smeared, sheep skins dipped in lime."

"18th October, 1816.—Lent A —— one rixdollar." There is no sign upon the face of this memo. that A —— at any subsequent period found it convenient to repay this dollar. It may be so; but the chances are dead against so satisfactory a termination of the affair. There is no endorsement of "voldaan," as in the case of the puppy dogs, and so accurate a bookkeeper is not likely to leave the record of a debt of honour unobliterated had it been wiped out in due course. Looking at the evidence we have of the transaction after this interval of fifty years' time, the conviction will force itself upon one's mind that the one and sixpence remained unliquidated. So small a loan is just the sort of sum to be a risky one, and A —— may have deemed himself justified in ignoring so trivial an obligation. The probability of recovery diminishes in direct proportion with the amount. This rule has its exceptions, however, as, for instance, "once upon a time" a certain A borrowed from a certain B, who was a "new hand," the sum of ten shillings sterling to be returned to-morrow, of course. Next day, quoth the old hand to him for whom he held the money in trust, "You had better let me have another ten, for I have forgotten to bring the other, and if you make it a sovereign it will be a round sum, which one is not so likely to forget." B ——, though he failed to see in what respect a sovereign partook more of the qualities of a "round sum" than ten shillings did, nevertheless made it a sovereign, and, saith the old chronicler, that sovereign is still due and owing to the heirs of B —— unto this very day.

"19th March, 1815.—To cure dysentery nothing is better than to drink old pontac, a wineglassful about three times a day; and to prevent the destruction of the coating of the stomach, the manure of a goat, strained through a rag, and a wineglassful of this taken several times!"

This prescription is recommended to the medical faculty without comment, for the blessed art of healing has as yet so much of the occult about it that no profane feet dare rashly approach its mysteries. Here is another hint of the same sort:—

"Cure for Sore Eyes.—*Lapus Calamanarius*. Such a quantity of this as is sold by the apothecaries for two schillings must be allowed to draw on an ordinary cellar-bottle (quart?) of young, and especially

sweet steen wine. Shake the bottle well, and let it stand uncorked, else there is danger of its bursting." It seems a pity that no closer particulars are obtainable as to the quantity procurable for two schillings, nor is there any information as to whether the mixture is intended for external or internal use, although the "sweet steen wine" might assist in solving the difficulty.

"14th August, 1818.—To-day was laid the corner-stone of the Lutheran Church by H. Sunderby, under which stone was placed a silver case containing the history of the commencement of this church; by whom it was built, as viz., by M. Melck; and rebuilt by H. Matfelt, and now again by the congregation, or rather by the members, and some sympathizing friends. The said corner-stone, on which the above date is inscribed, as also the name of the young man (Matfelt) is engraved, forms the corner-stone of the tower, and lies in about the middle of the breadth or width of the Lutheran Church."

Cape-born people who have grown up after 1834, though aware that most of the coloured population around them are either the children of slaves, or have been slaves themselves, have been so long accustomed to the "audacious native" and the Masters and Servants Act, that they can hardly realize that not more than forty years ago a system, the atrocity of which all civilized nations now acknowledge, existed here in full force, and are apt to regard in the light of a fossil any old body that their father may point out to them as having been their "lyf jong" (body-servant or valet), or their mother may take an interest in as having formed part of her inheritance. The following may be taken as matter-of-fact evidences that, however well slaves at the Cape may have been treated, as has often been asserted, and as there is no reason to doubt, there was no misgiving in the minds of our slave-owners that the nigger was purely and simply a chattel:—

"10th December, 1815.—Paid Jan Lubbig, of Wolvekraal, 1,150 rix-dollars, on behalf of grandfather, for Dela, housemaid and cook, aged 47 years. Also paid on behalf of grandfather for one can of linseed oil 10 rix-dollars. Total 1,160 rix-dollars."

This entry being as usual endorsed "*voldaan*," with the date of such settlement.

"1st December, 1815.—This day I gave my maid Roosje to Mrs. De la M—— on hire at 10 dollars per month," and lower down, "This day, being the 19th of February, 1816, received back my maid Roosje from Mrs. De la M——, she having been in her service since 1st December, 1815."

These memoranda may close with one which bears testimony to a piece of grandfatherly liberality which might make some grandsons wish that all their relatives, both paternal and maternal, in the ascendant line were still alive, and on good terms with their offspring:

"This day, being the 21st March, 1816, received as a loan from my grandfather the sum of 1,000 rix-dollars—*without interest!*"

The Congo Expedition.

It is now upwards of fifty years since any serious attempt has been made to explore the river Congo. Occasionally small parties have gone up the stream as far as the first cataract, and a survey has been made of it for a distance of 102 miles from its mouth. On the whole, however, up to the present time comparatively little has been done to give us a knowledge of this great African river. A few words about it now may prove worthy of interest, especially in connection with the expedition just sent there with the view of aiding Livingstone, as well as adding to our geographical knowledge.

The river at its mouth is indifferently called the Zaire or the Congo by map-makers, and the natives have named it the Moienzi Enzaddi, these words signifying the river that absorbs all others. Where it meets the sea, the stream is six miles broad, and in mid-channel there is a depth of one hundred and fifty fathoms. The volume of water is so great, and the current so strong, that the water for several miles seaward is quite fresh. Various surmises have been made as to the origin of the river, but nothing trustworthy has been made known on that point, and of the river itself the most reliable account is that given by Lieut. Grandy, the leader of the present expedition, from whom the following statements are taken:—

Public attention having lately been directed to Western Africa, I think the opportunity favourable for offering a few general remarks on the history, importance, and capabilities of the Congo river. The embouchure of this mighty stream, variously called Zaire, Congo, and Moienzi Enzaddi (the last being the native name, and signifying the river that absorbs all others), is in about 6° south latitude, with a breadth of 6 miles and a depth mid-channel of 150 fathoms. It takes rank among the giant streams of the earth (being considerably larger than the Mississippi) for volume of water and strength of current, which, combined, effectually prevent the formation of a bar. Fourteen miles seaward the water is perfectly fresh and of a dingy red colour. Accounts as to the sources of this river differ, some asserting that it receives its waters from a large lake north of the equator, others that it rises in the Mosamba mountains in 12° south latitude. No European has ever yet traced it, and it seems extraordinary that a river of its magnitude and importance should not have long before now claimed particular attention. It is first spoken of by Claudius Claudianus, an African, born at Alexandria, and who wrote about A.D. 400. It was visited by Diego Cam in 1484, who took possession of it, and also the adjacent lands, in the name of John II., King of Portugal, and in memory of this work he erected a stone pillar on the point to which he gave the name of Point Padrone. In 1570, the King of Congo ceded to the King of Portugal the whole of the sea-coast comprised between the Congo and the Island of Loanda. It has been also mentioned by Purchas,

Lopez (who spent many years in the Congo), Labat, and very many others. Fernandez de Enciso in 1518, writes, "The people of the kingdom of Manicongo say that their river, the Zaire, has its source in the Mountains of the Moon." João de Burros, the historian, informs us that it rises in a large lake, 200 miles long; Lopez places the lake from which it rises on the confines of Angola; Labat names the Vambre or Umbre, coming from the north and east, as a branch of the Congo; Tuckey speaks of it, on native authority, as coming from a great marsh north of the equator; and Dr. Behm, the German geographer, in an important essay lately published, adopts three methods, altitude, comparative volume, and flooding, to identify it with the Lualaba of Livingstone. An expedition was fitted out in England in 1816, under the command of Captain Tuckey, to explore the Congo; but, unfortunately, it did not reach the river until the best time for travelling (May, June, and July) was past. After accomplishing a distance of 280 miles, Captain Tuckey was obliged, owing to the lateness of the season and sickness of his party, to abandon the journey. This is greatly to be regretted, for they were then on the threshold of a beautiful country, with a fine navigable river 3 miles wide, $3\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms deep, and with abundance of provisions and game. Since the failure of this expedition, no serious attempt has been made to explore the river, although small parties have at different times ascended to the first cataract. A survey and sketch prepared from various sources has been completed to a distance of 102 miles, at which point the river has a depth of 50 fathoms. The influence of the tide is felt as far as Sondie, or just below the Narrows, where the rise and fall is about 16 inches. The downward current is not affected by the tide.

The distance from Shark's Point at the entrance of the river to the commencement of the Rapids is 140 English miles, and they continue as far as Inga, the river having a width of from 300 to 500 yards. The Yellala (native name for a cataract) falls have a perpendicular drop of 30 feet in 900, and appear like steps. The river is at its highest in March, and lowest in August. The latter time corresponds well with the end of the dry season in the latitude of its supposed middle course. Livingstone coming from Bambara with the men who joined him there, in February, 1871, had reached as far west as Nyangwe (200 miles of travelling) before June, 1871, and it is not likely that he started from Bambarra before the rains had ceased, or say in April. Every third or fourth year the river is higher than in the intermediate ones. It begins to rise about the 1st of September. A month before the rains set in, and immediately after the showers, Captain Tuckey noticed the rise to be 7 feet between the 1st and 17th of September, but the velocity was not at all increased. The rise of the river, excepting in the narrows, does not exceed 11 feet. At Punta da Linha it is only 6 feet, so that it may almost be said to be in a perpetual state of flood, the little difference between the rise of 7 feet, which takes place in the dry

season, and when the sun is still north of the Line, and that of 11 feet in the wet season, when the sun is twice vertical, would seem to afford a reason for its having a northern feeder, as stated by Labat and the natives, and as Captain Tuckey also believed. But that is not absolutely necessary, for we know that in Central Africa, for 7 degrees north and south of the Line, the rains commence in the month of August, so that a river flowing in a curve, as we suppose the Congo to do, would pass through the zone of August beginning rains, and might thus well begin its rise where Tuckey noticed it in September. The Quango river, which forms the Portuguese boundary eastward in Angola, is supposed to be one of the great southern feeders. It rises on the north side of a large oblong mound at the head of the valley of Quango. Livingstone says the Kasai and Quango are reported by intelligent natives, who profess a knowledge of the country, to join somewhere north of Cassange, and to form the Congo or Zaire river.

The Kassai or Loke, according to the report of Muato Yanvo's people, flows to the north, even beyond the residence of their chief, which statement is borne out by Livingstone's late researches; and if, as the Lualaba, it ultimately goes to the west, we can form some idea of the advantage and importanee of establishing commerce on the Congo. It is scarcely possible to estimate the ultimate effect which success in this effort would produce. These rivers drain such an extent of territory that they assume features of great interest. A portion of the waters of Lake Dililo flow down the Kasai, and canoes can pass northwards by the Dililo river into the affluents of the Congo. Natives report that there is a branch of the Kasai coming from the north-east, which is also navigable, and contains a large body of water and "waves." There are two seasons on the Congo, the dry and the wet. The dry season is from April to September. The first rains commence at the end of September, and continue to the middle of October. This is the time for preparing the ground for planting. The second rains commence in November, and end in January. They are very heavy, and are attended with great heat. The third rains continue during the months of February and March, and are very heavy, with violent tornados and storms. The native week consists of four days, the month is thirty days, and the year, M'Voo, consists of the rainy and dry season. The winter of the Congo is spoken of as like the mild spring or autumn of Italy. The natives of the Congo are perfectly black, but their noses are not quite so flat, or their lips so large as the generality of negroes. Their clothing consists of a wrapper of dungaree round the loins. They are great fishermen, rice and fish forming the principal articles of food. Like most Africans, they have a form of fetish worship.

From the commencement of the Narrows there is a rocky barren ridge of no great height. The greatest elevation met with by Tuckey is given as 1,450 feet. Yellala may be considered as in the line of the greatest elevation, which is said to decline considerably in

proceeding to the north; but the scenery improves, the country is richer, with plenty of good water, provisions cheap and abundant, and a large population who are said to be friendly. There lie beside this great river the sources of a large future trade, and one great feature of an expedition should be to open the path for commerce. The interior is well known to be comparatively healthy and fertile, capable of producing every article of agricultural produce that is known in the tropics; and if river communication could be opened up with the remote country of Muropuo, of which Muato Yanvo is paramount chief, the advantages to trade would be very great, his kingdom being very thickly inhabited, with extensive towns and villages, whose population would take large supplies of our Manchester goods, while the mines of copper and other precious metals bid fair to repay the toil of working them. The chiefs near the coast are averse to direct intercourse, and prevent tribes in the interior from visiting it. This peculiarly obstructive and protective policy prevails universally in Africa; but, by opening up the country and explaining to the natives where a ready and safe market can be found for their produce, ivory, now lying rotting in the forests, copper ore, palm oil, and all other articles of commerce will find their way to the sea-coast, and eventually to our markets. Many parts of Africa are well adapted to the growth of cotton, which at the Congo may almost be said to be indigenous; and the cultivation of the plant may produce a salutary change in the condition of the natives. Oil-yielding vegetables, such as sesame, rape, and linseed, whose culture is easy, might also be introduced with success. The trade with the Congo has very sensibly increased during the last few years, owing to the abolition of the slave trade and consequent improved condition of the natives. The Portuguese have numerous factories at Punta da Linha and Embomma, 67 miles up the river, and the agents of several English, Dutch, and other houses have lately established themselves there. The natives speak both English and Portuguese. The river is navigable for sea-going ships for a distance of 100 miles. Captain Beddingfield took H.M.S. *Pluto*, drawing 12 feet of water, to Embomma in 1860, and I believe all the steamers now trading there ascend the river to that point. The palm oil of the Congo, which forms one of the chief exports, contains a large percentage of stearine, and is considered the best on the coast, commanding much higher prices than any other.

Having said so much regarding the Congo itself, the instructions given by the Royal Geographical Society to Lieut. Grandy will be read with interest. The instructions say:—

Mr. Young, of Kelly, has, in his anxiety that all the measures should be adopted which may lead to the assistance of his friend, Dr. Livingstone, made a noble gift of £1,500 (to be increased, if necessary, to £2,000), in order that an expedition may advance towards the great explorer's probable position, from the direction of the Congo. Dr. Livingstone has announced his intention, after exploring the

sources of the Lualaba, of advancing down the River Loeke, or Lomame, towards Lake Lincoln. It is a generally adopted opinion among geographers that the rivers Lomame and Lualaba are tributaries of the Congo; and it is therefore possible that Livingstone may be met with in some part of the valley of the Congo, and in want.

The chief object of your expedition will therefore be to explore the course of the Congo, and to endeavour to reach Lake Lincoln. If you should meet Dr. Livingstone, you are to render him all the assistance in your power, and to undertake such further exploration as he may suggest to you. The thorough examination of the course of the Congo, and the discovery of the extent of its basin, is the most important geographical question which awaits solution in Central Africa; and the successful achievement of this great result will also secure the completion of Dr. Livingstone's discoveries. You are, therefore, to exert your best endeavours to perform this valuable service.

We expect that you will keep a full journal, obtain numerous observations to fix the height above the sea of stations along your route, and of the peaks, lakes, and rivers you may visit, take constant observations for latitude and longitude; and that you will carefully plot your routes and all the topographical details which come within your observation. We also desire that you will neglect no opportunity of communicating with us, and of transmitting abstracts of your journals and observations.

We have full confidence in your judgment and in the special qualifications which your previous service on the West Coast of Africa have given you. The route to be taken on leaving the coast, the point of departure, and the arrangement of the details of the expedition are, therefore, left entirely to your own discretion; and such arrangements will be made for the supply of funds to you as you may recommend. If rendered necessary by your successful advance into the interior, the noble gift of Mr. Young will be supplemented at a future period by a grant from the funds of the Society.

You are permitted to take your brother as a companion, who, in the event of any accident happening to yourself, will take charge of the expedition.

You will be furnished with official letters from Government Departments to the authorities at Sierra Leone, to Her Majesty's Vice-Consul at St. Paul de Loanda, and to the senior Naval Officer on the West Coast of Africa. I also herewith furnish you with a copy of the Instructions which have been given to Lieut. Cameron, the Commander of the "Livingstone East Coast Expedition."

The enterprise with the conduct of which you have been entrusted is arduous and difficult; but at the same time it is one of which the importance, in a geographical point of view, can hardly be overstated. We very sincerely wish you success, and that you will return to England in health and safety, after having achieved one of the greatest geographical discoveries that remain to be accomplished.

The Velocity of Sound *

An Experimental Determination of the Velocity of Sound. By E. J. Stone, F.R.S.,
Astronomer Royal at the Cape of Good Hope.

A GALVANIC current passes from the batteries at the Royal Observatory, Cape of Good Hope, at one o'clock, Cape mean time. This current discharges a gun at the Castle, and through relays drops a time-ball at Port Elizabeth.

It appeared to me that a valuable determination of the velocity of sound might be obtained by measuring upon the chronograph of the Observatory the time between the sound reaching some point near the gun and that of its arrival at the Observatory. I thought also that it would be a point of interest to check, within the limits of our changes of temperature, the variations in the velocity of sound as dependent upon temperature, and to obtain some test of the applicability of the coefficient of expansion of dry air, as determined in cabinet experiments, to the mixture of air and water which would be the medium of the propagation of sound in our experiments.

There is only a single wire between the Observatory and Cape Town; some little difficulty was therefore experienced in making the necessary arrangements, without any interference with the one o'clock current to Port Elizabeth. I have adopted the following plan, which was brought into successful operation on 1871, February 27. It would, however, have been quite impossible for me to have had these experiments made, without an encroachment upon the time of the Observatory staff which could not have been sanctioned, had it not been for the assistance of J. Den, Esq., the acting manager of the Cape Telegraph Company. I am indebted to Mr. Den for the preparation of a good earth near the gun, for the assistance of one of the gentlemen attached to the telegraph Office, Mr. Kirby, who has made all the observations at the Cape Town end, and for a general superintendence of the arrangements in Cape Town. Mr. Kirby stands at a distance of 641 feet from the gun, near an earth whose connexion with the single main wire is broken at a tapping-piece which Mr. Kirby, at the time of the experiments, holds in his hand. A small battery is arranged at the Observatory with one pole to earth through the chronograph coil, and the other connected with the Cape Town wire through a tapping-piece similar to that used by Mr. Kirby. At one o'clock the observer at the Observatory (Mr. Mann) connects the local battery with the main line: this current is arranged so that it merely assists the main time-ball current. Mr. Mann holds down his tapping-piece until three seconds after one o'clock, and thus affords a connexion through the chronograph coils to register Mr. Kirby's signal. When the current has passed the telegraph office in Cape Town, the connexion is broken at that office. Mr. Kirby's distance from the gun has been arranged so as to allow of this being done before the sound reaches his station. The line after the breaking of the connexion at Cape Town is complete except at Mr. Kirby's tapping-piece. When the sound reaches Mr. Kirby's station he completes the circuit, and his observation is registered on the Observatory chronograph. Mr. Kirby then holds down his tapping-piece for half a minute, to make earth for the observer at the Observatory station. The connexion at the Observatory station is broken, as before stated, at three seconds after one o'clock. When the sound reaches the Observatory, about $13^{\text{s}}.2$ after Mr. Kirby's observation, the Observatory tapping-piece is again connected, and the time of the sound reaching this station recorded on the chronograph. Time-signals are then sent to check the loss of time of gun-fire, but not as bearing on the determination of the velocity of sound, the results for which are quite independent of any loss of time at the gun, or of any errors of rate except that at the chronograph between seconds of the transit-clock and of the transit-clock for about 13^{s} .

* This article we take from a copy of the Philosophical Transactions, just presented by Mr. Stone to the Public Library.

The observations have been made on all the days since February 27 upon which Mr. Kirby's services were available without any interference with his regular duties. The observations will be found in Table I.

The results have been corrected for the effects of the motion of the air upon the difference in time between the sound reaching Mr. Kirby's station and its reaching the Observatory, with velocities of the wind found from a set of Robinson's cups.

To reduce the equations of condition to a linear form, corrections have been applied for the second and third terms of the expansion of $\sqrt{1 + a\theta}$, where a is the coefficient of the elasticity of air under a constant volume for a degree Fahrenheit of temperature, and θ is the excess of the temperature at the time of the experiment above 32° . The observed differences have also been diminished by -0.09 for the effects of personal equation between Mr. Mann and Mr. Kirby under the circumstances of these observations.

This personal equation has been found as follows:—A gun was fired at such a distance from the Observatory that the sound was heard with about the same degree of distinctness as the ordinary time-ball gun at the Castle. This was at a distance of 1483 feet from the Observatory. Mr. Kirby was placed at a distance of 162 feet from the gun. From previous determinations of the velocity of sound, or from the first approximate result of the present experiments, we can compute with great accuracy the difference in time, at the temperature of the air at the time of observation, of the sound reaching Mr. Kirby near the gun and Mr. Mann at the Observatory. The computed difference was 1.177 ; but the observed difference, with the same observers and with the same tapping-pieces as those used in the principal experiments, was 1.265 : this was the result from twelve accordant observations. The difference 0.09 has been applied to all the observed results.

This correction depends more upon want of sensibility in picking up and recognizing faint sounds, than upon mere habit of making contacts. When the observers were reversed, and Mr. Kirby stationed at the Observatory and Mr. Mann near the gun, the observed difference appeared still too large, but in this case by 0.20 . It is clear that such personal equations are not eliminated by an interchange of observers nor by return signals.

The equations of condition appear in Table II. The times given are those observed corrected for the motion of the air, the second and third terms of the effect of temperature above 32° , and for personal equations. In these equations

$$x = \frac{14808.5 \text{ feet}}{V}, y = \frac{ax}{2}, V = \text{velocity of sound at } 32^\circ.$$

The solution of these equations gives

$$V = 1090.6 \text{ feet per second.}$$

$$a = 0.0019.$$

Regnault's value of a is 0.0020 .

The agreement between the value of a deduced from these experiments and Regnault's value is so close that the difference between these values would scarcely be appreciable within the limits of variation of temperature in our experiments. The whole of the results have been given equal weights. It has not appeared necessary to attempt any discrimination between the results in the present paper. There appears, indeed, but little difference between the residuals as dependent upon the corrections for the motion of air. I have grouped the residuals into two classes according to the dampness of the air; but there appears no difference in the velocity, as dependent upon dampness, appreciable within the limits of these experiments, either when referred to tension or humidity. The mean residual for each group nearly vanishes. The whole of the measurements of the distances involved have been made by Mr. Mann. The observations of the regular series from February 27 have been made by Mr. Kirby at the Cape Town end, near the gun, and by Mr. Mann at the Observatory. The arrangements for the experiments, galvanic and otherwise, the determination of the personal equations, and the discussion of the results have been made by myself.

THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Our Agricultural Population.

THE flow of wealth to the Colony, the awakening of trade and of general enterprise, the prospecting for profitable investments of accumulating capital, are satisfactory topics to dwell upon ; rapid communication throughout the Colony and with Europe will, it is hoped, stimulate the onward spirit which is permeating the hitherto apathetic habits of a population whose characteristics of dull contentedness and persistent conservatism are, by this time, household words among those who have visited the Cape of Good Hope.

The pictures which are drawn of us by flying visitors are highly coloured by the contrasts which strike the eye, just fresh from the sight of the grinding, continuous labours of the man-machine in the manufacturing industries of old-settled countries, where nipping cold and pinching poverty ever warn the laggard with the menace "work or starve:" yet we do plead guilty to being neither very enterprising nor given to hard toil. No one enjoys a long day of idle sunning more than the Cape artisan ; and nature will have her way. The sunny south and the bleak north will always be represented in the temperament, habits, and institutions of their respective peoples. Yet the knowledge of this law of the physical world need not deter statesmen and philanthropists, missionaries and schoolmasters from the endeavour to raise the intellectual and social standard of Cape life to the level of the European.

Commercial pursuits are powerful agents in creating a taste for the amenities and comforts of civilized life ; and, by the constant interchange of thoughts and opinions, even on business matters, an educating influence is at work which prevents any lapse into ignorance and degeneracy. Anxiety for the education of children of men thus engaged, who every hour feel that success in life depends on sound elementary instruction,—the Three R's, if the reader will pardon the *slang*,—and on early formed habits of order, industry, and temperance, may be fairly put aside by us at present, because men of business are not likely either to neglect their own duty or having their children instructed, or to allow the State to shirk its duty of seeing that the education is effective and conducted by qualified persons.

But there is a large class whose isolation and mode of life and daily occupations stand in marked contrast to the stirring community of the commercial world. The agencies of the newspaper, telegraph, and railway do not reach the farmer of the back country ; he stands

still, intellectually and socially, while the rest of the community is making strides towards affluence and all those refining pursuits in literature, art, and science which comparative ease and wealth foster and diffuse : for the agricultural population, for its advancement in intelligence and for its elevation to social habits, befitting the civilization which is developing among and around the great centres of commerce, the sympathy and co-operation both of political and of religious bodies are needed and invited.

Theory and sentiment are likely to produce little sympathy or co-operation ; and yet it would be easy to draw such a picture of the hideous union of ignorance and vice, of the inevitable and immoral results of whole families herding together in one sleeping-room, of the diseases that do, and must, attend upon the absence of any appliances for personal cleanliness, that even those who are pretty well familiarized with these features of life in the back country might be startled at the unwelcome sight. I have no wish to write a sensational romance, even though founded on painful facts ; nor would I like to hurt the feelings of one of those many farmers, who amid all the uncleanness of their homes have shown again and again the kindliness of heart which prompts them to give freely of such as they have ; but in sorrow, and yet in hope, I would ask the ministers of religion, the promoters of education, and the responsible rulers of this Colony, if they are satisfied with things as they are?—if they realize the fact of the children of Dutch-speaking, European parentage growing up with less care bestowed upon them than upon the beasts of the field ;—without the ability to read or write even their mother tongue ; without any instruction in the knowledge of the God that made them ; having at their command no language at all, but a limited vocabulary of semi-Dutch, semi-Hottentot words, and these only concerning the wants and doings of themselves and the animals which they tend?

It is time to look in the face the actual position of the Dutch farmer as regards the education of his children, even if nothing can be done to keep up in himself the *prestige* of his European origin. What is the typical aspect of a farmer's family? *Jan* and *Piet*, as soon as they can toddle, slouch about the homestead, or lie about in the veld, in charge of a few goats or head of cattle ; baked by the sun, without an interchange of words on any topic except the safety or the number of sheep or cows, they drift on to puberty. *Mietje* and *Saartje*, meanwhile, have spent a lifeless girlhood among the low-typed Hottentot women who infest the farmer's kitchen ; not even an occasional visit to the distant town, at the *Nachtmaal*, has left a bright reminiscence of their memories ; a long dull, monotonous, and spiritless youth culminates in a brief instruction in the catechism under the persevering efforts of an itinerant teacher, whose duties begin and end within a year. Confirmation, then marriage, follows in due course ; and another generation is born to undergo the same unutterable dreariness of a life without an object. Can nothing be done by Church or State to fill up the blanks of such an existence?

It must be apparent that men who will consent to the hard vagabond life of an itinerant tutor are unlikely in point either of morals or of intellectual culture to influence their scholars for good. The farmers' children can, at the utmost, pick up a few crumbs of information; may have the *Kort Begrip* dinned into their memories until they can repeat it parrot-like; may repeat a fragment or two of Church Hymns; may even scrawl a few letters or figures on a slate; but the real education and discipline of mind or of body are utterly ignored.

Can the great and influential Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church, within the pale of whose communion this benighted population is, originate no measure for the extension of sound elementary instruction among them? I allow that that Assembly has shown the will, but lacks guidance. Many a minister is diligently labouring within his own parish to organize third-class public schools, with a Government grant of £30 per annum, wherever twenty or thirty children can be assembled; and in some cases, where the population is too sparse, a half grant with a reduced attendance has been secured; but many a minister is still insensible to the needs of his people for spiritual and intellectual food; the people look in vain, in some districts, for the house visits of their pastor, who may put them in the way of getting teachers and schools. One Sunday sermon in the village church is the only evidence of their being a State-paid minister of religion in some parishes. The individual minister, of whom the people are ever asking for bread, instead of a stereotyped stony discourse, is the best and proper agent for initiating schools and introducing qualified governesses among the families of the farmers. That there are no great obstacles but such as are incidental to every reform is proved by the successful labours in starting schools of the ministers of Robertson, Montagu, Mossel Bay, George, Oudtshoorn, and of other places; and of the minister of Victoria West, in procuring governesses from Cape Town for the distant sheep farmers of his unwieldy parish.

Whilst no agency can well supersede that of the parochial minister, whose influence among even the remotest of his parishioners is still paramount, whose word of advice is law, there are functions which lie beyond the compass of any individual, and which fitly devolve on the Dutch Reformed Church as a body. These are (1) the training of qualified teachers, especially females, who may become governesses in country families, or take charge of the elementary public schools; and (2) the establishment in each *Ring* of a cheap boarding-school for educating the children of the farmers.

Feeling that any practical suggestions on these matters will be received with attention and in a good spirit by the advocates of progress in the ranks of the Dutch Reformed clergy and laity, I shall venture to pursue the subject in detail in a future number of this Magazine.

Lost in the Rapid.

A COLONIAL INCIDENT.

ON a close misty afternoon in November I left a friend's station in the F—— district, South Africa, with the intention of proceeding to the town of L——, distant some twenty miles. My road lay over some of the higher lands of the Colony, and ere I had travelled far, thick banks of mist drifted across my onward path, threatening to obscure the track, while the distant rumbling of thunder was plainly audible. Too old a colonist to misinterpret these signs of a coming storm, I pressed rapidly forward, hoping to reach the shelter of a not far distant wayside inn ere the rain descended. I arrived in time to escape a wet jacket, but had scarcely off-saddled when the storm broke with fury, and the rain came down in torrents.

The inn itself had formerly been a roomy farm-house, built by earlier settlers when the district was but thinly inhabited by Europeans; and the garden and orchard which surrounded it, cultivated and planted by the former proprietor, were well cared for, and possessed a certain quiet charm which pleased the eye, and what perhaps was of more consequence to the landlord, attracted a fair share of custom. Nor was the accommodation indoors belied by externals, for visitors were made completely comfortable. Weather-bound, like myself, were two other travellers, in one of whom I recognized an old acquaintance of bygone times; so though the heavy sheets of storm-rain had subsided into a steady, determined set-in of Scotch mist only, we decided on remaining in our present comfortable quarters till the following morning. Dinner concluded, we had drawn round a cheerful fire which the sudden change of weather and chill damp of the atmosphere rendered acceptable, lighted our pipes, mixed tumblers of punch, and were in fact doing our best to defy the weather demons raging abroad, when the sharp click of a horse's feet resounded on the paved way without, and a loud voice was heard calling to the Kafir groom to "bring a light and take his horse." Presently the door opened, and the new-comer was ushered into the room by the landlord. He was a tall, very powerfully-built man, enveloped in a long, rough cloth cloak, from which the water ran in streams, proving the value of a pair of huge riding boots reaching above the knee. The face was evidently that of a young man, though deeply furrowed, and wearing a sad, thoughtful expression,—the expression of one who (as I thought at the time) had grappled with the grim phantom Death, and though successful in the contest, the powerful emotions experienced at the time had left an indelible mark.

"Hallo, Graves!" exclaimed Mason, one of my companions, springing up and wringing the hand of the new comer. "Who'd

have thought of meeting you here ! I thought you'd gone home long since."

"So I did ; but am now about to look up the old diggin's again, for you know I left farm, stock, in fact everything, in F——'s hands; but I now intend to sell off, and return to England for good."

After supper, at which Graves spoke but little, he pleaded weariness, called the landlord, and went to bed, leaving Mason and myself *tête-à-tête*; so calling for more wood we stirred up the fire, and prepared for a comfortable pipe.

"Poor Graves !" exclaimed my companion at length, "he's never been the same man since his narrow escape at the Rapid. Oh ! I forgot, you've never been in those lower provinces. Well, as the incident made much stir at the time, I will, if you like, tell you all about it."

"By all means," said I ; so he began at once as follows :—

"The part of the country through which the Rapid runs, after leaving its source in the Kedge Mountains, is, though but thinly populated by whites, sufficiently fertile, and good grazing land as well ; which advantages, I suppose, induced a Major Hall to select the district to settle in when he retired on half-pay. He certainly proved how much an energetic Anglo-Saxon backed by a sufficiency of capital can draw from the virgin soil of South Africa, which is rarely ungrateful for any care lavished upon it, or niggardly of reward : and so, in what to an European might appear an almost magically short time, fertile gardens and richly-laden orchards, very fair to look upon, sprang out of the wilderness ; bright morsels of sunny Devonshire itself nestling in a rugged corner of South Africa, and gathering fresh charms from the rough setting around. Nature had fashioned the country thereabouts in one of her unaccountable freaks.

"The Rapid, which heretofore belying its name had crept sluggishly through a nearly level and dreary country, after skirting the foot of the Major's garden, springs off a ledge of rock and precipitates itself into a densely wooded valley beneath, a depth of some 250 feet. The Major's house stood, in fact, on the edge of this natural terrace, and a walk of a few hundred yards from the house brought you in a line with the falls. This waterfall, of much local celebrity, is known among the neighbouring Kafir tribes as Tuyama, or Black Falls; owing probably to the dense ink-like shadows flung over the narrow basin of the falls by the dark cliffs which wall up perpendicularly from the base. To Europeans, however, they are more familiarly known as the Rapid or Coal Pit Falls. A wagon-road led down to the river, here crossed by a fairly level drift, and much used by travellers when the water was low ; but naturally the falls below were looked on as an ugly possibility if the river ran high.

"Now, Major Hall was a good type of the thoroughly hospitable English gentleman : he kept a good table, good wines, and altogether had very pretty notions about enjoying life himself and aiding others to do the same. It may, however, be fairly stated that the greatest

point of attraction of all to the Cloisters in the eyes of many lay in the Major's two pretty daughters, the eldest of whom, Emily, was at the time I first made her acquaintance, engaged to Harry Douglas, a young sheep-farmer, who resided some thirty miles distant, on the other side of the Rapid; and whose close neighbour and intimate was our friend Graves. The marriage was to take place in the following June, and I was an invited guest."

Mason here rose, and, opening the window, looked out. The night was dark and wild. At sunset the storm had again increased in fury, and the wind, now risen to a gale, howled dismally, driving the rain which fell in torrents even under the deep verandah.

"The weather," said he, on resuming his seat, "in which I reached the Cloister, two days previous to the wedding, was boisterous, squally, and unsettled; in fact, very much as it is now. But I had better follow the movements of Douglas, the expectant bridegroom, and Graves, who was to accompany him as best man. The ceremony was, of course—there being no church in the district—to take place at the Cloisters; so it had been arranged that Harry and his friend should put up the night before at an acquaintance's house, close to the Major, and on his side of the river.

"This part of the narrative," pursued Mason, "I received from Graves' own lips when he first rose from a bed of sickness, and am, I believe, with the exception of Major Hall, the only person to whom he could bring himself to speak on the subject; so I will, to the best of my recollection, proceed in his own words:—

"We left Douglas's on the evening of the 7th, intending to cross the Rapid above the Cloisters; sleep, as agreed upon, at Grimshawe's, and arrive at the Major's by ten o'clock next morning. The weather had been a bit unsettled, and we had observed dark banks of clouds hanging over the Kedge Mountains, but as you are aware, the rains are very local, and if any idea of the river's being up did cross my mind, I had perfect confidence in Harry's experience and knowledge of the drift. It was dark when we left Ashdown, Douglas's place, but the moon presently rose, and though frequently obscured behind dark, drifting cloud banks, gave us sufficient light to raise the track at a sharp canter. We were within some six miles of the drift, when we met a neighbour of ours, who casually mentioned that "he feared the Rapid was up, as heavy rains had fallen towards the mountains." A momentary cloud passed over Harry's countenance, for there was no other ford passable within many miles, and it was already far into the night; but he laughed off the intelligence and warning, saying, "Old Weller has always some absurd story afloat; we'll have a look at it anyhow." In another hour we stood at the edge of the Rapid. The stream, as you are aware, here flows over a nearly level rock which, if carefully kept upon, offers good foot-hold to a horse; but above this ledge there is a deep hole, and below the rocks slant off in a succession of steps, forming a series of small falls, till some 150 yards further it

takes its final grand leap into the vale, 250 feet below. To cross the drift in safety it is necessary to make a curve, keeping warily on the rocky ledge. I must also mention, and beg of you to keep in mind, that at the ford the current divides; the further stream bearing directly down to the falls; the other, and nearer one, setting partly on to a small island midway between the drift and the falls. I confess that I did not like the appearance of the drift. The dark yellow tide of the swollen river gleamed luridly in the faint moonlight, and I could just make out that the small falls below were imperceptible in the flood which flowed over them; but Harry laughed at my fears. Pshaw! he had crossed the drift in a trap when higher than now, and knew every inch of it. Knowing as I did that he had lived for years in the neighbourhood, I unhesitatingly followed him: indeed, any idea of *danger* never crossed my mind, and I should myself under the circumstances have deprecated turning to the upper ford.

“Keep exactly in my wake, cried Harry, as we rode in; don’t go down too low. We both were mounted on strong up-standing horses, and at first the tide only rose as high as the animal’s arms, but running with great force. A few more steps, and it reached the saddle-flaps. We were now nearly in the centre of the stream; Harry just about to enter the *off* or *fall* current, while I stood close to the edge of the near one. The moon slowly emerging from a dark cloud was shedding a pale, sickly light, by which I plainly made out Douglas as he advanced.

“Suddenly the water appeared to rise. Heavens! it rushed over his saddle with an angry hiss. I heard the poor fellow yell out, “Turn back! Back, for your life!” The next instant he had parted company with his horse, and was striking out manfully for the opposite bank. The moon, which for an instant had lighted up the scene brilliantly, now sank behind a cloud, and I was left alone in darkness, a stranger to the ford, the water surging up my saddle-flaps. For a moment I paused irresolute. Then there smote on my ear—or was it fancy?—a cry as of despair away down in the darkness towards the falls. At that moment my horse plunged suddenly forward; the water rushed over my saddle. I tried to turn the animal’s head up-stream and regain the bank, but in doing so his feet slipped from under him; down we went, and the fierce current swept over me irresistibly.

“I can, as you are aware, swim well, and on rising struck out for the bank; but oh! the feeling of agony that crept over me as I found myself, encumbered as I was by my clothes, unable to head the rushing tide. Inch by inch, foot by foot, I felt myself giving way and being borne gradually but surely down—where? To the Coal Pit Falls. My strength was failing me, unconsciousness was creeping over my senses. I had muttered an inward prayer and given myself over to despair, when an indescribable thrill of relief and delight vibrated through my frame—my feet touched the ground.

“‘By God’s kind providence, for it was by no forethought of my own, I had made for the bank we had quitted, got into the near current, and been drifted on to the island I have mentioned. I was now in comparative safety, though the water flowed entirely over it, reaching to my knees. I could only wait till the morning’s light brought succour.’

“Now,” said Mason, “I may revert to the part of the tragedy which passed under my own especial notice. On the morning of the 8th, the wedding morn, we, the male guests at the Cloisters, were aroused ere the first gray streaks of light tinged the sky by our host himself, who in his jovial way insisted on our turning out to bathe. I think I can see him now as he held aloft a jug of syllabub, ‘Just to wash the cobwebs from your eyes, boys!’ said the cheery old Major. ‘I expect,’ continued he, ‘that Harry will be late this morning, for of course he had to go round by Aylmer’s drift.’ Scarcely were the words uttered, when a Kafir rushed in. ‘Baas, baas! dere’s a Malunga (white man) in de reveer; come, baas, come!’ ‘By Jove!’ exclaimed the Major, ‘surely no one can have been mad enough to attempt the drift.’”

“We all slipped on hurriedly some clothes and ran down to the banks of the river. There, standing on the now submerged island, and with the water running considerably above his knees, was a figure which we at once recognized as Jim Graves, but as yet no suspicion as to the real nature of the accident crossed our minds; in fact, our attention was too much absorbed in the efforts of a group of people collected on the opposite bank who were endeavouring to get riems out to the unfortunate man, to reflect much.

“Between the island and the mainland the river flowed deep, with a tremendous current, which, curling round the island, set down direct to the falls. To aid Graves across this channel by means of ropes was now the persons’ object on the opposite bank. Of course we were forced to remain mere spectators. Presently the riems reached the prisoner, who, securing the one end under his arms, committed himself to the boiling torrent.

“‘Thank God, he’s safe!’ burst from our lips; but no—horrible to relate, when half way across the gulf the riems slipped asunder, and again the poor fellow was adrift in the flood. Providence did not forsake him. By his own efforts, aided in a measure by a lucky turn of the current, he again stood on the island.

“Reduced to desperation by this second narrow escape, he now hailed those on shore that he was about to trust to his own strength and swim across. Drawing his shirt, the only garment he had reserved, over his head, he plunged into the stream. It was a moment to us of intense anxiety. The slightest mistake and he was a dead man. With desperate efforts he battled with the yellow tide, his shoulders rising high as he made his strokes. For an instant it seemed as if he must give way and be swept down the torrent; his life verily trembled in the balance; but he was a strong, very skilful

swimmer, and proved victorious, and great was our relief when we saw him grasp the hands stretched out to receive and draw him safely to the bank.

“‘Heaven be praised!’ exclaimed the Major, ‘he’s safe at all events, though on the wrong side of the river. I wonder why he didn’t go with Harry; *he’d* have saved him that ducking at any rate.’

“Scarcely were the words spoken when a brown horse quietly feeding hard by attracted our attention; his bridle broken, the saddle damaged. A glance sufficed. We all recognized Douglas’s horse!

“I will spare you the recital of how the sad news *gradually* and by cruelly slow degrees came to our ears, for Graves was laid up by an attack of brain fever, which left us in the dark as to many of the details for a long time. From old Weller, who, you may recollect, had left the two men on their way to the river, we derived our first tangible intelligence.

“Of course horrible suspicions of Douglas’s fate at once seized on us; dark doubts which must rest uncleared till, the torrent subsiding, it became possible to search in the Coal Pit for the body; and thus endeavour to at least relieve our present uncertainty, for of course while there remained a hope or possibility of Harry’s having escaped we clung to it.

“But how return to the house, where even now they were anticipating the joyful advent of the bridegroom? How crush the fond hopes filling the mind of that fair girl already being arrayed for the altar by our suspicions? We held a hurried consultation, and decided on sending off a despatch to the coming clergyman, and laid the double absence to the charge of a swollen river; for he too had to cross a stream.

“With wistful eyes, meanwhile, we watched and noted the waters of the Rapid, for, rising as it did among the mountains, the fall was generally as sudden and unexpected as the rise; in fact, as evening closed in there could remain but small doubt that the following morning would relieve our present suspense.

“Ere daylight, accompanied by a strong force of Kafirs, we descended the steep declivity which led down to the base of the falls, and in half an hour’s time stood at the edge of the Coal Pit. The scenery around was striking and beautiful. With the exception of one or two trifling off-lets, the Rapid made a clear leap of some 250 feet into the deep rocky basin at whose edge we now stood. The rays of the morning sun which gilded and lighted up with many brilliant colours the silver crests of the falls had not as yet penetrated into the dark depths of the chasm before us, and the lengthened early shadows flung over the waters were further darkened by the contrast, imparting that dense inky hue from which the spot derives its name.

“So quickly had the flood subsided that the water had already cleared in a great measure, but quantities of driftwood whirling

round the basin spoke plainly of the late rise. Towards one still corner all floating bodies seemed insensibly to bear. There evidently lay our best chance of success.

"We at once went to work with a drag hastily constructed from a pair of harrows, and after a quarter of an hour's work felt that we had hold of some heavy, motionless body. Cautiously, carefully, we hauled in ; eagerly we bent down to pierce the dark depths before us. Was it he ? We almost dreaded the confirmation of the fears we instinctively felt to be too true. Another moment, and all doubt was at an end. That cold, pale face now emerging from the dark waters of the Coal Pits was well remembered and recognized by those present. Poor fellow ! his marriage bed had indeed been a cold one.

"We drew the corpse carefully to shore and laid it reverently on the bank, while we noted how little it had suffered by the terrific fall. Most of the clothes had indeed been as it were *worked off*, seemingly by the action of the water in the basin, but the body appeared but little injured.

"The truth now revealed in all its ghastly nakedness, Major Hall at once started home to fulfil the sad duty of breaking the intelligence to his family, while despatches were sent off to a clergyman and doctor. That evening we buried him beneath some weeping and Australian willows in a corner of the Major's garden. *Requiescat in pace !*

"Many months elapsed ere poor Miss Hall sufficiently recovered from the severe shock she experienced from this sad accident to enable the Major to leave the Colony for England, which he eventually did ; and the Cloisters is now in the possession of strangers. But I was glad to observe when passing the spot a few months ago that the willows still drooped, cool, refreshing, and graceful as ever, and that fostering hands had carefully trailed and tended many beautiful native flowers over and around poor Douglas's grave.

"The intelligence of the catastrophe floated rapidly through the district of F——, and the startled settlers were for a time clamorous that so dangerous a stream should be suitably bridged ; but these ebullitions of public opinion, emanating from a hard-working and widely scattered community, are but too generally evanescent, subside rapidly, and lead to no practical results. And so the Rapid is still suffered to pursue its dangerous course unchecked by buttress or pier, though later disasters of a serious and often fatal character have added to its evil reputation ; and at the fall of the season, when the storm-clouds gather round the lofty crests of the Kedge Mountains and, charged with rain, roll gloomily down their steep ridges and ravines to the low lands beneath, the prudent traveller on topping the hill which overlooks the old Major's drift, wisely bears off to the left, preferring the longer journey and chance of a wet jacket to braving the hidden dangers of the ford."

Lucy.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALFRED DE MUSSET.

Alone by her one eve I took my seat :
 She bowed her head, the while from note to note,
 As in a dream, her snowy hand would float.
 Such murmur rose as makes the wavy beat
 Of far off winds that over roses creep
 And fear to break the neighbouring linnet's sleep :
 The luscious vapours of the brooding dark
 From flowery chalices were poured around ;
 The ancient oaks and chestnuts of the park
 Beneath their dripping crowns slept still and sound :
 We listened to the night, while Spring's perfume
 Was wafted to us through the half open screen :
 The winds were still, the plain was wrapped in gloom :
 Musing alone we sat—our years fifteen.
 I gazed on Lucy, pale and flaxen-haired :
 Were never two more dainty eyes that drew
 To yield again the heaven's serenest blue.
 Spell-bound I gazed—my love none others shared :
 With bonds of sisterhood my heart she drew,
 Such charm of modesty around her grew :
 Long time we spake not, hand in hand entwined :
 A dream upon her sad sweet forehead dwelt ;
 At every change within my soul I felt
 How strong for every ill a balm to find
 Those symbols twain of peace and happy chance,
 The bloom of youth in heart and countenance.
 Sudden with silvery floods around her played
 The moon, as to a cloudless sky it sprang.

She saw within my eyes her form pourtrayed ;
Sweet as an angel's was her smile ;—she sang.

* * * *

Daughter of sorrow, Harmony divine !
Language by genius framed, love's countersign !
Italy our teacher, Italy's the skies :
Sweet language of the heart, where Thought alone,
That timid maid, to idle terrors prone,
Moves with drawn veil, with calm but half-shut eyes !
Who knows what purpose may a child declare
In heavenly sighings born of breathèd air,
Sad as its heart, and as its voice subdued ?
A passing look, a trickling tear we note ;
All else is dark, from vulgar ken remote,
Mysterious as night, as wave and wood.

We mused alone, while Lucy's face I read ;
Her song upon my senses seemed to thrill ;
She leaned upon my breast her drooping head :
Poor child ! Did thought of Desdemona fill
Thy weeping heart ? Upon thy mouth's rare grace
Sadly thou sufferedst my lips to rest,
Patient amid thy grief to be caressed.
Such the cold hueless form I did embrace :
Such in two months they laid thee 'neath the sod ;
Such, stainless flower, did'st thou pass away.
Thy death was like thy life, a smile as gay ;
And in thy cradle wast thou born to God.

J. G.



Confessions of a Policeman.

I AM a policeman, as all my fathers were ; not that I ever had more than one—but somehow or another “the force,” as it is technically called, has for an indefinite period of time been adopted as our family profession. Dissatisfaction with the career which one has deliberately chosen, or rather which has been chosen for you, is a very common thing, and it is a pity everyone has not two or three lives, in order that an opportunity might be afforded of rectifying the blunder which has been made in connection with one’s pursuit in life. A cat, says the proverb, has nine, which I think is an unnecessary luxury. At all events, I wish that my father’s blue cloth coat had fallen upon anybody else’s shoulders than mine. I know there are certain ill-natured cynics who regard policemen, cabmen, and a few others in a contemptuous kind of way, and as of but little good in the world—a popular idea which, for my own part, I could never reconcile with the important interests of society which are consigned to our keeping. A policeman has unfortunately few chances of distinguishing himself ; the calling is one of pretty nearly all blanks and only a prize here and there, so that you may guess when a man does get a chance he invariably makes the most of it. A ludicrous incident occurs to my mind, which happened at the time when the infanticide mania was at its height in England. The papers teemed with heartrending accounts of young children being found in some secluded spots wrapped up in a recent number of a penny paper, or carefully deposited in a basket and left on the doorstep of some philanthropic old gentleman, whose generous proclivities made him the mark of heartless mothers wishing to rid themselves of their incumbrances in as genteel a way as possible. Babies of the tenderest years were constantly being fished out of the river or canals, and, of course, the police were stimulated to the utmost to curb the shocking crime, and bring offenders to justice. My father was no common constable, but a man of lofty thought and considerable ambition ; still he had never succeeded in bringing in any good charges, cases, I mean, where he could be commended for zeal, activity, and so on. This made him the more determined and energetic at the time the slaughter of the innocents was proceeding. One evening he had been his rounds in the usual way, and seen to the security of houses and shops ; but finding everything all right, he sat quietly down in a corner, his thoughts bent on nothing but child murder. Presently he saw a female form approaching in a stealthy manner, evidently in a state of doubt and uncertainty as to which way she should go. With a furtive glance around to see that the coast was clear, she drew from under her shawl a parcel, which she gently threw on the footpath just under the wall, and then started off. My father, who had witnessed all that had transpired, lost no time in following up the affair. He quickly reached the parcel,

which he snatched up and stuffed underneath his capacious coat. His vivid fancy lent it shape, and a clearer case he never saw. To catch up the culprit was but the work of an instant. She struggled hard to break away, but a firm grasp held her. "My girl; you have made a mess of this, I fear. What's in the parcel you have dropped yonder?" "Me! I! I dropped no parcel." But it was no good, and with unconcealed joy and cheeks flushed with pride, the policeman triumphantly led his victim up to the inspector, and triumphantly charged her with infanticide. After detailing the whole proceeding he drew from his pocket, with becoming solemnity, the dreadful parcel and laid it on the table. The charge having been duly preferred, the prisoner was asked if she had anything to say for herself, and thinking, I suppose, that infanticide was the name they gave to throwing kittens in the road, merely sobbed out that her mistress told her to do it. "Oh!" quoth the inspector; "so you do not deny the charge, but merely try to implicate your mistress in your fall." Every one in the Police Station was silent, and conversed in whispered tones, conscious that they all stood in the presence of the dead. First the doctor and then the mistress were sent for, and afterwards, in breathless silence, the parcel was untied. The ridiculous scene that ensued when a couple of healthy kittens were exposed to view, I leave you to imagine! From that time to the day of his death, father was always known by the *sobriquet* of "kitten."

Feeling that the colonies afforded a more ample field for my energies, I resolved to emigrate, and ultimately joined the force at Cape Town, in which capacity I have contracted a still greater dislike to a policeman's career. One's existence is a terrible round of monotony, and as a rule there is no greater demand on my talents than the physical ability to "run in" a drunken and boisterous black. Anything requiring acuteness of perception, shrewdness, and experience, occurs but rarely; in fact, Cape Town is not at all suited to the ideas of an English policeman, who is accustomed to something more active than peregrinating the streets with a short cane, vainly endeavouring to hunt up an offender. Moreover, some of the coloured fellows are such unwholesome and disagreeable customers to deal with that one feels an instinctive repugnance in collaring them, so I often leave them alone. A constable, to my mind, seems to command a very small modicum of respect at the Cape, and fails to inspire that awe on the part of wrong-doers which is so patent elsewhere. Even the small boys continue to perpetrate their petty vices with unruffled serenity in spite of an approaching "bobby," evincing no signs of alarm, which is oftentimes trying to one's idea of his self-importance. At the time when diamonds were all the rage, I remember we received information of a robbery that had taken place. The thief was alleged to have come to town, and was described as a short sandy man, with a profusion of whiskers, a scar over his left eyebrow, and other noticeable marks, which it was thought could leave but little doubt as to his identification. I pictured to myself

what a hero I should be could I but succeed in hitting upon the culprit and in bringing him to justice. It might result in my promotion, I thought,—a by no means unwelcome idea, since my present rate of remuneration was barely sufficient to keep the bodies of myself and three human beings dependent upon me in company with our souls. I therefore kept my eyes open, peered into all kinds of out-of-the-way places, and whenever I came in contact with anybody inclined in the slightest degree to the colour one commonly associates with carrots, my heart thumped about like a steam-engine. There he is, thought I, one day as I beheld a thick-set, stumpy little fellow who had a good deal of swagger about him, and for all the world I could have sworn he was the gentleman we wanted. But distance had unkindly lent enchantment to the view, and a closer investigation showed that the party in question answered in much too feeble a way to the description to warrant an apprehension. I returned home that night mortified and discouraged, only to dream about a man with a red bushy whiskers, a scar over his left eyebrow, and the stolen diamonds in his left hand trowsers pocket. We continued on the look-out for about a fortnight, but our vigilance was rewarded with but indifferent success. One day on my return to the Station an excited and animated conversation was going on, and I could see that something unusual had occurred. “Well, he’s caught at last,” I heard one of my comrades say. “Who’s caught?” I anxiously inquired. “Why, that chap that priggged the diamonds. It seems he went to Port Elizabeth instead of Cape Town, and they nailed him just as he was going on board ship—a neat thing it was, too.” I felt far too crest-fallen to concur in the alleged neatness of the thing, and only lamented the fact that I was altogether out of the field. It really seemed as if I was never to make any mark, and I was beginning to get disgusted with myself when I reflected that all the return Government got for my pound a week was the occasional capture of a “drunk and disorderly,” who failing the possession of the orthodox five shillings, was condemned to a combination of incarceration and spare diet.

Some folks consider policemen a stern, hard-hearted set of men, without sympathy or compassion; but it is a great mistake. The very nature of their duty places them often in a position but little calculated to win the favourable regard of the general public; but you will find few men who make better husbands or kinder fathers; and though in a pecuniary point of view there are not many worse off, I have seen acts of really genuine charity and good-heartedness among my comrades that one would look for in vain in more likely quarters. But I am digressing and beginning to moralize. Whether it was from an innate feeling of loneliness or whether from the fact that I was constantly seeing comely forms and faces in the shape of servant girls and nursemaids—I fell in love, a passion to which a police constable, I must tell you, is intensely susceptible. The object of my affections was a smart-looking maid-servant at a large house in

town, whom I was accustomed to meet on my evening beat, and we soon got on pretty intimate terms. True, she was not altogether innocent of what I have heard called the tar brush element, but the tinge of brown was a drawback of no moment; in fact, I sometimes tried to convince myself that it lent beauty to the features of my adored. Acquaintanceship speedily ripened into love, or rather what is commonly known by that name: and one night, after sundry affecting scenes which I could hardly trust myself to depict, I was allowed to retire with the ineffable satisfaction that I was accepted. A colonial policeman comes in for none of the tit-bits and delicacies which he may invariably count upon at home; indeed, with myself it was a rare occurrence for a week to pass by without at least one comfortable sit-down supper out, leave alone the delightful slices of cold mutton and other dainties which were passed up through the area railings. I have more than once been surreptitiously secreted in the copper or some convenient cupboard at a large house in Russell-square where I visited as the "young man" of one of the Mary Janes of the establishment. The "missus" there was an ill-natured old maid, possessed of an inveterate hatred of policemen and soldiers, who she confidently said did more to corrupt the morals of young females than all creation put together. But now I had to forego all such enjoyment, and love-making was reduced to a very prosy, common-place business. All the cold meat of the house was invariably consumed by its inmates, and the damsel's kisses were unaccompanied even by so much as bread and cheese. Still I solaced myself that our happiness would one day be consummated in blissful matrimony, little dreaming of the amount of cold water destined to be thrown on all my dreams of future joy. One morning the Inspector handed me a suspicious-looking document, which I knew at once was a search-warrant, instructing me at the same time to proceed forthwith to No. 199, Dark-street, and search the trunks of one Jemima Kaartje. I hastily took the paper, but the writing seemed to swim before my eyes, and I could scarcely believe my senses. No. 199 was far too familiar to me, for was it not the abode of my beloved one, whose delicate waist my manly arms had encircled but the night previous? But there was no help for it, and with a heavy heart I proceeded on my painful errand. Arrived at the house, the first person I encountered was the mistress, who led the way to Jemima's room. What with sobs from the servant, and vehement denunciations on the part of her mistress, combined with my own feelings, which were pretty equally divided between love and duty, I was well nigh overcome; but when the box was opened and the purloined articles, consisting of jewellery, silver, and clothing, brought to light, I began to look at things in a somewhat more practical light, and fear that my affections had been misplaced. But the worst thing of all was the day of the trial. If there is one thing more than another to which I am averse, it is giving evidence at the Supreme Court even under ordinary circumstances. What with being badgered by the counsel and brow-

beaten by the judge I get so nervous and confused that to save my life I could not preserve a steady and equable demeanour. Judge then of my painful sentiments when I had to confront one who in a short time would have been my partner for life, and rejoiced in the patronymic of Spriggins—for the ring had already been bought, and I had even gone the length of trying it on. Well, the witnesses had severally given their evidence when I heard a lusty voice shout out, "Police Constable Spriggins." I mounted into the witness-box, and proceeded to draw forth my official note-book detailing the number of forks and table-napkins discovered in the prisoner's box, not daring to cast even a sidelong glance in the direction of the dock where stood the agonized Jemima. How I stuttered through my evidence I hardly know; I feel certain his Lordship must have thought me a great fool and fit for anything but a police constable. There was no doubt about the prisoner's guilt, for which she was condemned to atone by a twelvemonth's confinement in the House of Correction. I have never got over the shock, and it will take a very great deal to dissuade me from a firm resolve to live and die a bachelor. I have furthermore registered another vow, namely, to quit the force as soon as possible; so that if there is any aspiring candidate, I may inform him there will shortly be a vacancy.

A Translation.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O.

There's nought but care on every han'

In every hour that passes, O :

What signifies the life of man,

If 'twere na for the lasses, O ?

Green grow the Rashes, O :

Green grow the Rashes, O :

The sweetest hours that e'er I spent

Were spent among the lasses, O.

Burns.

DULCE RIDENTEM LALAGEN AMABO.

Horace.

Vita quid prodest ? vitiosa cunctos

Cura perturbat, fugiunt quot horae :

Vita quid prodest, nisi cum puella

Dulce loquenti ?

Juncus ad ripas viret, et virebit !

Juncus ad ripas viret, et virebit !

Hora mî felix agitur puellas

Inter amatas !

A Tour in France when Charles X. was King.

WHEN I read last year in the *Cape Monthly* a journal of a tour in *Egypt* ten years ago, it struck me that possibly the impressions of what another Cape man saw in *France* more than forty years past might not be without interest to those who visited that country from hence nearly half a century later. But old men are apt to become what a fox-hunting friend of mine used to call babblers; and if you think me very prosy, or my notes only amusing to a small circle of friends (who have probably been bored with them before), why then, of course, don't publish them.

It was in the commencement of the autumn of 1829 or 1830 that I crossed the Bay of Biscay from Dublin (for in those days there were no other steamers direct from Bordeaux); the passage was pretty rough, but I am not going to try the graphic style, though I cannot pass over an acquaintance I made on board, whose colonial name, Faure, perhaps made me take to him at first. The old gentleman, from what I saw of him on shore, must have been in the habit of indulging in messes of which sweet oil formed the principal ingredient, and, suffering from bile, kept saying during the intervals of sea-sickness, "*On m'avait dit que je me bisquerais, dans la baye de Bisquai.*" I felt for him, and showing him little attentions, we were soon excellent friends; in consequence I was invited to visit him at his estate on the Rhone—which I did in course of time, as I shall hereafter relate. He introduced me also to his agent at Bordeaux, and before he left for home we used to take long walks together; during which I boldly talked French for the first time in my life; for though I had learned the language, as most school-boys do, the theory and practice were as different as the study of anatomy and a surgical operation. However, I advise all beginners to get hold of some kind-hearted old gentleman who does not know a word of any language but his own, let no third party be within hearing distance, and fire away—*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*. My old friend even insinuated that I spoke French fluently and with very few blunders. To proceed. Our first landing place was Pouillac, a small town on the Garonne. Here we breakfasted at eleven, commencing with six oysters, then fish, veal cutlets, tiny beefsteaks, sliced potatoes fried, next half-a-dozen small birds strung like our own *sosaties* with alternate bits of bacon, crisp, and eaten bones and all. I cannot recollect all the infinitesimal doses. The whole finished with splendid peaches and other fruit, a cup of coffee and a *petit verre* of liqueur—if I mistake not its name was "bottled velvet," "*velours en bouteille.*" During the repast we had a pint of Bordeaux wine; and I have seen English ladies, after residing some time in France, finish off a bottle of *vin ordinaire* in most extraordinary style. Well, of course, I thought to myself, if this be

breakfast, I wonder what the dinner will be like ; but I found out afterwards that when people breakfasted in this way no dinner followed on that particular day, and they contented themselves with a dish of milk and rice or something of the kind for supper. It was delightful to see my old friend make up for his losses of the day before, when he tucked his napkin into a button-hole and dipped one little fried fish after the other in sweet oil, swallowing them almost whole, so that one might have said as the Negro preacher, inverting his text, said of "one called Jonah, he swallow whale ; terrible fellow for fish !"

At Bordeaux I set up at one of the largest hotels, "Richelieu," or "Michandiere," I forget which, and felt rather uncomfortable, not meeting with any Englishman I could converse with. Asking the chambermaid to show me a room, she sang out "*la clao*," which I suppose meant the key in the Basque language. However, here I found I had another advantage, for I could fearlessly venture my French without danger of criticism, and at once called for tea, when to my surprise with the utmost sympathy the girl asked whether monsieur was *malade*. At first I thought I had not made myself plainly understood, but was not long in discovering that generally in France people were not supposed to take tea any more than jalap, except medicinally. The national taste may have altered since *thès dansantes* have been introduced as a fashionable novelty,—at any rate, the decoction did me good, for I slept comfortably after it ; but judge how I stared when on rising next morning I found the whole yard of the hotel placarded with announcements of plays, concerts, Madame Garnerin's balloon ascents—all for that day (which was *Sunday*). Now I knew very well that a Scotch Sabbath and a French *Dimanche* were two very different things ; but still, having only very lately lived in Scotland, the transition was to me very sudden.

I went to breakfast where my friend was staying, and the host, who received me very hospitably, introduced four or five friends, whose musical instruments, consisting of a couple of violins, a bassoon, and a clarionet, had preceded them. These instruments soon after breakfast were in full action, and the private concert lasted an hour or two. One of the younger men proposed a stroll, when I asked him to show me into one or two churches, which he did willingly ; I found these edifices almost forsaken, except by a few women kneeling some distance from each other at hired chairs. My conductor made me sit down in a confessional, a sort of sentry-box, like those our old *ratelwachts* used to snore away the midnight hours in. When I was seated, my cicerone posted himself at the side opening and bade me *confess* ! I could not for the life of me understand how a Roman Catholic, and not otherwise a man who scoffed at religion, could allow himself such pranks with a stranger and a Protestant. So much for my first Sunday, which was, I may say, my first day in France.

I soon made acquaintance with one or two families, partly English and partly French, to whom I had letters, and remained lodging at the hotel, determined during the month of my stay to do my utmost in learning to speak the language and to regain what I had lost in other respects. I read and copied a good deal during the day—"Madame Roland and Dumorier's Memoirs," spoke to any one who could not speak English; and was determined to crown all by taking a season ticket (*abonnement*) for one month at one of the theatres, so as to take lessons in that way in colloquial French; but conceive my disappointment when I found that instead of a *vaudeville* the ballet of "Paul and Virginie," in which all is dumbshow, was to be repeated during fourteen consecutive nights. However, the Polignac ministry came to my relief. The understrapper who performed the character of M. De la Bourdonnaye, Governor of Mauritius in the time of which the story of Paul and Virginie speaks, was so tremendously hissed every time he appeared on the stage, that the Maire of Bordeaux telegraphed or semaphored to Paris, and an order to discontinue the piece immediately followed. I now found that the citizens of Bordeaux had, in the absence of a free press, thus vented their spleen on the unpopular minister through the unfortunate player.

I am not going to copy from old "Tourists' Guides," or give the statistics and history of Bordeaux. My principal endeavours must be to interest Cape readers. Mr. Johnson, the great wine merchant, invited me to his villa on the opposite side of the river, where I received much kindness. Through his nephew and through his son-in-law, a Deputy, I had excellent opportunities of seeing the Medoc vintage during the wine-making season. M. Gautier, with whom I spent some days at Becheville, on the borders of the Garonne, gave me a great deal of information on agricultural subjects; his account of the *Landes*, a marshy district to the south of Bordeaux, made me doubt whether people with moderate capitals did well in risking emigration to colonies, where less improveable land sold even higher than moors can be bought for in Scotland, or in this part of France. My informant told me that he had himself purchased a large extent of *Landes*, upon which, after laying out a round sum in improvements, he was growing sugar beet most profitably.

Whether it is advisable to recommend emigration to France is, in school-boy phrase, "*toute* other shoes." Lord Brougham did not like the sort of citizenship he was offered there, and as we do not yet know whether Gambetta or Napoleon IV. is to have to do with taxes on saccharine or other raw materials, after all, Natal, with a Legislature which is beginning to show down on the upper lip, may be preferred to sugar, though slightly tempered by despotism.

I never visited the *Landes* at night, but in order to cross wide ditches and to keep their feet dry, the inhabitants are obliged to go about on stilts, and when visiting each other on dark nights they carry lanterns, so that the sight must be a novel one, particularly to

those who connect marsh exhalations with "will-o'-the-wisps." Speaking of stilts makes me think of the beggars I saw in the streets of Bordeaux, who go about mounted on these perambulators and who hold their hats for half-pence whilst bending low. Both men and women are adepts; one fellow drew crowds by exhibiting his dexterity in balancing a peacock's feather on his nose, with the quill end upwards, and then blowing against the feathery side and causing the feather to make a somersault, he caught the pointed end on the tip of his proboscis. I thought this a wonderful display of *leger de bouche* till I got hold of a similar implement and tried the trick myself; nothing easier; let the reader make the experiment, and draw his own moral lesson, "and if you find you don't succeed, try, try again."

My friend of the Chamber of Deputies has a valuable vineyard not far from the château, an edifice exactly like the one described in Washington Irving's "Traveller" (at least, I think that is the title of the book). I had an opportunity of seeing the food and manner of life of the peasants, who during vintage flock from the Pyrenees, as the Irish labourers do to the west coast of Scotland in harvest. I forget what their pay was, but the food consisted of a slice of rye bread, with garlic and grapes *ad libitum* for breakfast; white bean soup with sweet oil, in lieu of meat, for dinner (also spiced with garlic); in the evening, as far as I could learn, the morning meal was repeated, and the whole finished with a dance. The hall of the old château, with a tile or stone floor, something like an old-fashioned *voorbuis*, was given up for the purpose. The same unfortunate fiddler who had to keep up the spirits of the men whilst tramping the grapes in the *pressoir* during the day had to do duty at these night revels. How these people did remind me of our Hottentots!—except in their sobriety—for a push, working hard all day and dancing half the night; and when my entertainer opened the door to give me a peep, the sudorific garlic, which sent out an odour anything but *de mille fleurs*, brought to mind "Dulcinea del Toboso," Mr. Bell's excellent painting of a "Canteen in South Africa," and "Home, sweet Home."

I do not recollect much that would amuse the general reader with regard to anything I saw during my month's stay in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux. Cape people would of course be as surprised as myself when they saw pedestrians of all sorts hunting, not for *koekemakrankas* as we used to do, but for snails, considered there not only wholesome but a great delicacy.

The Medoc or famed claret-growing country is anything but picturesque (Englishmen prefer a fine turnip-field to a vineyard, as far as looks go); and so valuable is every inch of superior *vine soil* considered that I did not see a tree and scarcely a garden plot on any estate except "Chateau Margaux," where there was a clump of trees not far from the house. But then the proprietors never reside on these estates; even M. Conseilland, my friend's agent, who took me

to his farm for a day or two, only went to bottle some wine and arrange about other matters. A sort of peasant overseer takes charge after the vintage and during the rest of the year.

But before taking leave of Bordeaux, I must not forget to mention that I visited a law court once. The judges, among whom were one or two very youthful ones, were, if I recollect right, five in number. The trials were all criminal ones; they had interpreters for the *Basque* language, as we have for Kafir, and it appeared to me that the witnesses were not much, if anything, removed above our uneducated natives. A young barrister—whose domicile was afterwards pointed out to me, where his mother kept a small *smeer winkel*, as we call it—seemed not only eloquent, but quick and original. He was defending an English sailor, and told the jury that in England the law was that no foreigner should be tried unless at least one half of the jurymen were foreigners; but no such law was required in France—a French jury could be trusted to do justice even to an Englishman! There was a good deal of pomp and ceremony during the proceedings, and considerable display of ermine.

And, by-the-by, as I have not passed over the Court of Justice, I must not forget the *Jardin des Plantes*, or rather the *Pepiniere Royale*, though it sounds rather like *apropos des bottes*; but I fancy it does not matter how I jumble things of different sorts together, provided our Cape readers are interested, which is the only thing I promised to try to do. Well, then, in each territorial department, at least in my day, a nursery for every kind of tree or shrub likely to be of mercantile value was cultivated at the expense of Government, and the seeds and young plants distributed at a low price, to encourage the cultivation of the very best varieties. I am not sure that such paternal governmental aid is in the long run desirable; it is different with the introduction of untried species, such as the olive, which Mr. McGibbon or some one else on the part of Government ought to be selling at a nominal price, and in any quantity; but for most other grafted fruit trees, the Van der Byls and others keep up a supply according to demand; not that I disbelieve in exceptional cases where the Government should initiate,—for instance, with the Cape *flats* (mind, I never pun). I have frequently gone up and down the Garonne in small steamers, at a very cheap rate, all the fuel for which was obtained from the pine forests of the sandy land between that river and the sea, formerly a complete waste, and now bringing in a good revenue to the Government, who planted it with fir seeds, keeping the sand hills quiet by grasses, which have been somewhat similarly employed in Scotland, and which Mr. McGibbon can give us the botanical names and characteristics of.

And now I must conclude my brief account of Bordeaux without philosophizing or telling your readers what a Cape youth of nineteen thought of French morals, or how he was shocked at seeing one of his new acquaintances in a box at the theatre, surrounded by his unmarried wife and illegitimate children, without any apparent

disgust on the part of his other lady friends. I shall not descant on the state of France at this day, the progress of virtue, after half a century, or how International Exhibitions and Steam Communication have made the people of Great Britain to be less horrified at such things, or at the *éclat* produced by the *demi-monde*. The other day revolutions, communism, and the murder of an Archbishop were but repetitions of *a la lanterne les prêtres*, and the Goddess of Reason a hundred years before.

We left Bordeaux by diligence, and I managed to sleep very comfortably in it,—almost as soundly as in Colonel Dickson's coach, which carried its passengers at a spanking rate, 150 miles in 16 or 18 hours, finishing with the Cape Downs, before there was a hard road; but whilst snoozing I did not dream of railroads in France, still less at the Cape.

In my next, if you will allow me to continue my journal by fits and starts, I shall go on with the South of France to Hières and up the Rhone,—that is, if my memory does not leave me in the lurch, for I have lost my diary, a thing which Mark Twain's friend faithfully promised to keep, and which he thought as great a bore as I daresay a young Cape friend of mine did, who kept notes of his South African travels somewhere about the year 1824, of which the main items were: We "outspanned" at such a vley and breakfasted at such a river. Poor fellow! I need not name him; and his journal-keeping must have been a sign of want of common sense. One of "the innocents abroad" was quite out of his latitude, and out of his longitude too, when comparing chronometers with the captain and officers of the *Quaker City*; and my hero, who entered the army when quite a lad, allowed the regimental surgeon and the young officers at the mess to play the following trick upon him:—The doctor undertook, if every man at the table would put a napkin over his head, and if one would place an egg under it, he would leave the room, and on re-entering point out where "humpty dumpty" had been hidden. Of course the conjuror roughly slapped the cranium of the mess butt, and it was no joke when yolk and white ran down his pitiless or unpitied cheeks. All he uttered was "Lor, how funny!" and yet it is well known that as a subaltern in one of the regiments stationed on the Frontier, the indiscretion of this very identical youth was the cause of a Kafir war, which cost England hundreds of thousands, and laid the foundation of the withdrawal of the troops system. But there were no competitive examinations in those days.

Mr. Mullins.

IN the month of September, 186-, urgent business demanded my presence at Melbourne; and, as I might possibly be detained in Australia for a considerable period, I determined, in deference to the wishes of my wife, to take her and our two children out with me. In the days of which I write, it was usual for passengers to the Antipodes to fit up their cabins at their own expense, the ship-owner merely providing the necessary space. I therefore gladly availed myself of the kind offer of a friend to place his town house at our disposal for the few weeks preceding our embarkation, as such an arrangement enabled me to superintend in person our outfitter's operations—an unspeakable advantage, for these gentry say somewhat like Humpty Dumpty in the wonderful book, “When I get an order, it means just what I choose it to mean, neither more nor less.” My wife and I, however, having already “doubled the Cape” *en route* to India, had received our baptism of fire in this respect: so after a sharp preliminary skirmish or two, in which we plainly showed our determination not to be encumbered with useless lumber, had the satisfaction of finding all things flowing smoothly. It was owing, in a measure, to this experience that an early friend of my wife's, Mrs. Grey, being desirous of rejoining her husband, who resided at Melbourne, put herself under our wing, and requested that we would secure for her and family the adjoining cabin to our own on board the *Edinburgh Castle*, one of the White Wall line of packets sailing to Port Phillip, and that I would further kindly superintend the fitting up of the same. This, of course, entailed a considerable increase of trouble to me, and I was frequently detained till late in the out-of-the-way regions bordering the East India Docks, where the vessel lay. One night in especial I was delayed. I had made an appointment to meet a cabin furnisher on board the *Edinburgh Castle*, and punctuality not entering into any code of regulations formed by these gentry, I was occupied pointing out various minutiae till nightfall, and, on hurrying to the railway station, found that the last up-train had just started. While making the best of my way to the nearest cab-stand I was accosted by an old friend who commanded an Indiaman, and agreed to join a party assembled at Lovegrove's Hotel to celebrate his safe return from a prosperous voyage. It was late when we separated, and the chimes of St. James's, Piccadilly, were solemnly proclaiming the hour before midnight as my Hansom turned into the adjoining street to that in which our house *pro tem.* was situated. I had been, I imagine, half dozing in the comfortable corner of my cab, when I was effectually aroused by the driver pulling up sharply, and the Babel of voices which arose on all sides. To spring up and inquire the cause was the work of a moment,—to obtain a correct version, that of time.

A very much excited lady, who, from outward appearances, doubtless filled the station of good plain cook, informed me that "a bloody murder" had been committed in an adjoining house. This was immediately, and with much heat, contradicted by a costermonger, who insisted that a young lady had been caught in the act of eloping with her dancing master. These persons were evidently mere flakes in the great social snow-ball accumulated by the rumour of something unusual having occurred, not natives of the region. However, in a measure by further inquiry on the spot, but mainly from an account circulated in the morning papers, I elicited the following facts. A robbery had that night been committed in the house of Sir Henry Hazard, and a considerable quantity of plate stolen. The baronet and family had left London a day or two before for his country seat in Warwickshire, and the plate chest had been left behind in charge of the butler, who was to follow his master with it. On the examination of the premises by the police, it was found that the robbers had effected an entrance from a narrow lane running along the back of the house, and separated by a small court from the main building. Bounding one side of this court ran a sort of return, originally intended for a small conservatory, but latterly used as a lumber-room. In the gable end of this return was a small window which immediately overlooked the lane aforementioned. Two bars of iron, protecting the window, had been sawn through, and the robber, stealing his way through the house, had apparently opened the front door to his associates. Two remarkable features in the case may here be noticed. The entrance through this very small window could only have been effected by a mere child, probably a boy, and the occupants of the house, an elderly female servant and the butler (under which latter's bed the plundered chest had been stowed), on their examination, stated that, after partaking of supper, they felt unaccountably drowsy, and, retiring at once to bed, were only aroused after repeated exertions by the police. A young servant girl, who was also attached to the household, had that evening been absent on a visit to some friends. This young person, on returning, had let herself in by the area gate with a latch-key taken with her for the purpose, and on entering the hall found herself most unexpectedly confronted by the burglars, who, having heard her entry, lay in ambush for and caught her. They at once effectually gagged this maid, and, leading her to one of the front bed-rooms, lashed her to a bed-post. She stated that the robbers were three in number, two being tall men in shirt-sleeves, and wearing black masks,—the third, an apparently young boy, also masked. The girl, after the lapse, she thought, of about an hour, succeeded after repeated struggles in loosening her bonds, and, rushing to the window, raised the cry of robbery and murder with so good a will that the neighbourhood was speedily aroused.

The butler and elderly female servant strongly urging that they must in some way have been drugged, inquiries were made, which

resulted in the information that the usual supper beer had been conveyed by a boy personally unknown either to the publican who supplied the house or to the servant who received it. This boy had given a slip of paper to the barman, on which was written,—“Please give the bearer the beer.—J. Stubbs.” The signature was, to the best of the man’s belief, the butler’s. He had, of course, delivered the beer. The servant who received the beer stated that the boy told her he had been sent from “The Swan” with the supper beer—no unusual occurrence.

The result of the various examinations was not satisfactory. It was very certain that the plate had been abstracted; equally so that there seemed but small chance of its recovery. It was made pretty evident that the supper beer had been drugged by a small boy,—most probably the same seen in the house by the female domestic; but that precocious child declined voluntarily to ornament a reformatory, and the most strenuous exertions on the part of the police seemed unequal to the feat of capturing him. In short, after the lapse of a fortnight without further results, it was shrewdly suspected that Sir Henry Hazard’s plate was already in the melting pots, and that the whole robbery might be credited to the annals of undiscovered crime, if time failed to furnish some further clue.

The proximity of the scene of this robbery to the house we were in so alarmed my wife that I really felt relieved when a letter from Messrs. G—— informed me that the *Edinburgh Castle* would haul out of the East India Docks in a couple of days’ time, and, proceeding to Cowes, be prepared to embark her passengers there. A considerable number of Government emigrants had been collected at Southampton: so Cowes had been selected as the most suitable point for departure, in preference to the more usual one of Plymouth. So to Southampton we took train, there to await the telegraphic message from Hurst Castle which was to announce the advent of the *Edinburgh Castle* at Cowes Roads, and be the signal of our own departure.

My wife’s friend, Mrs. Grey, was to join us at Radley’s Hotel, which place we had selected as a point to *rendezvous*. She had, she informed us by letter, quite providentially picked up a “treasure” to act as servant during the voyage—a man named “Mullins,” who had retired, after several years of domestic service, with his accumulated savings to a small village adjoining Mrs. Grey’s residence. To the clergyman of the parish Mrs. Grey was indebted for the information that Mullins had long been planning emigration to Australia, as he wished to reside with a sister already settled there, one of whose children had been living with him for some time. A bargain was soon struck, and Mr. Mullins was duly installed as factotum to my friend. My wife and I had at first strenuously opposed this arrangement, for visions of many domestic incapables inflicted on us by friendly clergymen or their wives rose unbidden, we having frequently found that, though the young person’s reported character in

Sunday or day-school might be meritorious in the extreme, yet, nevertheless, did breakable articles persist in dropping from their grasp; and the first shyness of town life rubbed off, their numerous cousins, amongst policemen, soldiers, or maid-servants, were astounding. Aunts who lived in a mysterious but no doubt highly respectable neighbourhood, had no cause to complain of neglect from their nephews and nieces, for they were visited (or, at least, leave was asked to visit them) regularly twice a week. With these experiences before us, we may be excused for having feared that the Rev. Mr. Meek's *protégé*, however good and virtuous, might also prove incapable and cumbersome.

We were fated, however, to be agreeably surprised. It need not excite wonder that a man-servant should be considered an acquisition to a lady with three children during a long voyage; on the contrary, much useful labour, in looking after baggage and performing odd jobs about a cabin, falls to their lot, or rather did in a sailing vessel of the olden time; and Mullins, it was evident on a very short acquaintance, was likely to prove very useful. An air of the most perfect respectability and thorough efficiency pervaded his whole bearing; it was traceable in his black coat, to be recognized in his hat, and finally concentrated in his white cravat. To the limpy effects of damp, dismal weather, that tie never succumbed; always crisp, well tied, and clean, it shortly became an object of fruitless emulation to some young clergymen on board who were proceeding to the Antipodes. Tall, rather spare, and well made, a benign smile used to illuminate Mr. Mullins's features when he briefly referred in retrospect to the numerous "families in high life" he had served, and the many countries he had visited in the capacity of valet, before retiring to comparative obscurity, with his well-earned savings, at the village from which Mrs. Grey had unearthed him.

Mullins was always the thorough servant when required, noiselessly but expeditiously performing all duties; and drawing liberally on the stored wisdom of his experience he foresaw and provided for all contingencies; so my wife and I mentally registered a note in his favour *in re* "clergymen's *protégés*."

There are few towns in the United Kingdom which furnish more spots of interest imbedded in lovely scenery than Southampton; but, on the other hand, there are few positions in life in which we are so unable to avail ourselves of neighbouring attractions as that of waiting for and hourly expecting "the route." Through a long tiresome day we awaited the expected telegram, and the rain which began to fall heavily towards evening was hailed by me as a relief, preventing as it did a fifth ramble with my wife up the High-street. At length the intelligence of the *Edinburgh Castle's* arrival off Hurst, was officially announced, with the further information that a small steamer would be in attendance at the docks in the evening to convey the passengers to Cowes Roads, where the vessel lay. Those who have already experienced the disagreeabilities attending embarking a

wife, children, and baggage on a pouring wet evening need no memory refresher from me, but will grant ready sympathy ; those who have not have yet perchance to travel a stormy path in life's journey. They will learn to their cost that no human precautions will prevent their children from getting wet, that hand-bags containing the only available change of clothing will get lost in the prevailing gloom, while, as in our case, the spirit of darkness and rain which had taken possession of the good town of Southampton, and reigned supreme in the docks, evilly affects the tempers and language of the cabmen, porters, and sailors, who aided by the dim light of a few ships' lanterns preside over the scene, and anathematize things in general with much good will and unction. Mrs. Grey, however, emerged from these various trials with her property, living and dead, safe, and her good temper unruffled.

Mullins had directed the cabman, tipped the porters, and landed his mistress safe and sound, her children, hardly even slightly damp, into the little cabin of the steamer ; and charitably returned to aid me in getting my household gods together.

The first bell now rang. The babel of sounds increased. Commissioners and harpies of various kinds who prey on travellers and emigrants in general, warned by its tinkle that the last moment for action has arrived, organized their forces, and flinging all petty differences to the winds, made a combined and final effort to secure their demands ; while, on the other hand, many an affecting parting took place between near and dear ones, doomed perhaps never again to meet after that sad dismal parting on the wet and sloppy pier of Southampton. At the sound of the last bell, however, the clamour ceased as if by magic, and, the gangway run in, we slowly forged our way across the dark basin of the docks, some scattered lights glimmering feebly through the mist alone marking the lately quitted pier, and showing in relief the few pale sorrowing figures still waving their kerchiefs to the receding vessel ; while on all the pitiless rain descended in torrents.

A run of a couple of hours' duration brought us safely to the *Edinburgh Castle*, and glad I felt when the ladies were safely housed in their cabins, though rest for that night at least was rendered impracticable by the noise and disturbance which reigned everywhere. Day at length broke, cold, gloomy, and misty ; but as the wind was blowing from a fair quarter, we were quickly under way and running through the Needles passage with a fair promise of soon leaving Old England far astern.

The voyage fairly commenced, we had all additional reason to note the efficiency of Mullins ; for he by no means confined his attentions to Mrs. Grey. She was already his ; he now absorbed us. A good understanding was effected also between him and the steward, and through his instrumentality, many of the little comforts and additions so grateful to ladies and children were obtained.

I question much if any one ever embarked on a long sea voyage

without feeling wretchedly bored and *ennuied* ere half the distance was completed. It is all very well to blame the passengers, as wanting occupation for their minds, and to say that "the crew never feel dull." How else except because they are dull can we account for the thorough *abandon* with which they enter into the most childlike games? In the "Dog Watches," which even Captain Smithy held sacred (for he was a rough old gentleman and somewhat of a Tartar) sports such as baste the bear and hunt the slipper, which we supposed we had discarded with boys' clothes, were eagerly entered into; and several sailors exhibited a talent for beating a sheepskin stretched over the top of a cask, and called by courtesy a drum; there also being an unlimited supply of soot in the galley funnel and plenty of bones about, a troupe of amateur Christy's Minstrels was formed, in which Mullins wielded the baton of conductor with considerable credit. Though never himself condescending to the clog dance or exhilarating hornpipe, which he left to the sailors, he sang with much taste and feeling. His little nephew, too, became a general favourite; he was active as a cat and knew as many tricks as a monkey. With the ladies, his curling auburn hair and blue eyes made him an especial favourite, and many were the almonds and raisins (those prominent features in a ship's dessert) which were surreptitiously conveyed to him. Strange to say, however, wine possessed the greatest attraction to him, and one young lady was very deservedly scolded by Captain Smithy on being caught in the act of treating the child to a tumbler of port behind the mizen mast. We often wondered where he could have acquired this taste, for his uncle rarely touched spirituous liquors of any kind, or, if he did, only in the privacy of his friend the steward's cabin.

Eighty days out. Most of us, too, thoroughly tired of our voyage and the constant monotony of viewing day after day an endless expanse of heaving green waves urged onwards by a succession of north-west gales, engaged in abortive attempts to kick our good ship behind. The living part of creation represented by a multitude of albatrosses, Cape hens, and other sea birds, but who treated all overtures to closer acquaintanceship through the medium of a sail-maker's hook and piece of pork with silent contempt. When then Capt. Smithy briefly announced at dinner that he expected to make Cape Otway light during the night, we all received the intelligence with unfeigned satisfaction, and on the following morning "Port Philip Heads" looming on the bow rejoiced the hearts of many who crowded on deck and clambered up the rigging to catch a first glance of Australia.

In this rambling age, few persons require to be told how the two or three hours previous to landing after a long voyage are passed, and fewer still desire to be reminded of them. The entire energies of all are concentrated in an effort to particularize, and, if possible, get hold of (quite a different thing) the various articles required for immediate use on first landing. Happy the man who succeeds,

for generally the box most required has, though positively seen by the mate the day before, apparently re-stowed itself at the very bottom of the hold.

In assisting Mrs. Grey and ourselves to arrange our baggage, Mullins was performing a last office. He had during the morning received a substantial testimonial from the cabin passengers, in acknowledgment of his constant civility, and, at his own request, a certificate as to the nature and efficiency of his services, which, of course, we granted readily, as an experienced, obliging servant at sea is indeed a pearl of great price.

It was late in the afternoon when we slowly threaded our way through the numerous shipping congregated in Melbourne harbour, and finally moored alongside the railway pier. Some of the passengers disembarked at once, but as evening was closing in, most of us, including all the Government passengers, determined to content ourselves with a short stroll around Sandridge, and defer our departure to Melbourne till the morrow.

Of course, the *Edinburgh Castle* claimed attention as a new arrival, and doubtless many members of the crowd who boarded us on various pretences were actuated as much by the possible profits to be derived from the new arrivals as from curiosity alone. However that may be, the decks of the vessel and pier alongside which we were moored were crowded. We were standing on the poop criticizing the many groups attired in every diversity of costume and discussing the various merits of cabbage tree hats and digger boots, when our attention was attracted to Capt. Smithy, who passed at that moment in company with two clergymen, and in his usual loud voice gave them leave to disseminate tracts, &c., amongst the steerage passengers and crew, though, in no choice language, expressing his own doubt of their value. "My dear sir," rejoined one of the clergymen, a tall man, attired in a faultless suit of black, and wearing blue spectacles, "why assume that our seed should so surely fall on stony ground? At least, with your kind permission, Mr. Brown and I will endeavour to reclaim some of these poor lost sheep."

Curious to witness the result, I leant over the poop rail and watched them mingle among the groups gathered on the quarter deck. For a time their efforts were not attended by success,—a light laugh or derisive sneer the only acknowledgments vouchsafed, till Mullins, who was standing by the hatchway, courteously accepted a proffered tract, and a few moments of, no doubt, profitable conversation ensued, to be, alas, most abruptly terminated by the tall clerical gentleman himself, who suddenly throwing himself on Mullins, clutched hold of his collar, while his colleague seized the little boy standing by his side. A scene of great confusion at once followed. Springing from the poop, I was speedily amidst the excited crowd which surrounded Mullins and the two apparent clergymen, and seemed inclined to attempt a rescue.

"Back, you fools!" exclaimed the shorter of the two men, thrusting a baton in the face of the nearest, "we are officers in discharge of dooty. Back, in the Queen's name!"

It was indeed too true. The seeming clergymen were detectives. The urbane Mullins and his nephew prisoners in the name of the law. The full particulars of the case, subsequently communicated to me by the tall detective, may be thus briefly summarised.

The robbery for which Mullins was arrested was none other than that perpetrated in the house of Sir Henry Hazard. His nephew was the boy who had first effected an entrance through the garret window, and then opened the front door to Mullins and an accomplice, who, on being arrested for a subsequent burglary, informed on his late associate; and two detectives, famous for skill in disguising themselves—rendered very necessary when on the track of a man known to be, in police parlance, "special leery"—were at once dispatched by the P. and O. mail-steamer to await the *Edinburgh Castle's* arrival at Melbourne.

Mullins had for a long time back, by improving his opportunities, been the prime mover in many ingenious burglaries which had long baffled the vigilance of the police; and on breaking open the false bottoms with which his boxes were provided, much jewellery and small articles of plate were recovered.

When, his crime proclaimed, he stood an arrested thief on the quarter-deck, there were many who asserted "that all along they had thought sumat was wrong in that ere Mullins;" and others indignantly remarked, "that no wonder their rations had run short;" but, with a quiet, derisive smile, he scorned such pitiful accusations.

"Think you," said he loftily, "I would so far forget myself as to rob my associates? You all are beholden to me, more or less."

I rather believe he was right. Mrs. Grey, my wife, and I freely confessed that we, at least, owed him for a lesson. He had taught us effectually not to place too much faith in mere outward appearances, or implicit confidence in a country clergyman's *protégé*.

Q. Q.

Hidden Music.

THERE is a hidden music
 That breathes within the heart :
 No sound from aught that's earthly
 Can show its counterpart.

Not to the jaded worldling
 'Tis giv'n those strains to hear :
 They strike not on the senses,
 Nor reach the outer ear.

'Tis to our higher nature
 Those harmonies belong :
 And in the soul they waken
 The very soul of song.

And to the list'ning spirit,
 From coarser influence free
 They ever breathe the softest
 And sweetest melody.

They come to us like echoes
 Of far-off hymns above,
 That tell the soul within us
 Of Heaven's abounding love.

Where'er that finer nature
 Within the heart is found,
 Therein that spirit-music
 Is heard, the world around.

On Avon's lilled margin,
 On Afric's sultry plains,
 Or where Alaska's moutains
 Stand bound in icy chains—

The higher-gifted nature,
 The finer-temper'd ear,
 Hark to that hidden music,
 Though others never hear.

Cape Town and Cricket.

AFTER reaching Cape Town and completing one's tour of all the picture galleries, statues, public buildings, theatres, churches, and so forth, the thoughts of the observant traveller naturally turn to the outdoor exercises of the community. We issue forth, note-book in hand, to observe the youth of the place and notice their games. We confess to thinking that games are an important element in the life of any community. We agree with Dr. Watts that "books and work" are only two-thirds of the preparation for "the good account at last,"—that "healthful play" has, at all events, some share in the matter. We are not prepared to go all lengths with the "Muscular Christianity School," and affirm that the *ne plus ultra* of humanity is to "fear God and walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours;" but we believe that under this quaint exaggeration there is much hidden truth. The wisdom of "*mens sana in corpore sano*" is hardly equalled by its triteness, which is saying a good deal.

Led by what we conceive to be a proper instinct, we present ourselves at the office of the *Minister of Education* to ask our way to the Gymnasium, the Racket Courts, and the Cricket Ground of this fair town. The Minister is unfortunately from home; we must trust to our own observation. In all kindliness, here are some of the results.

Cricket everywhere!

Good—good indeed.

Any one, we think, who has analyzed games would allow that for reasons political, ethical, and physical, cricket is probably the first game in the world. Politically, because in it rich and poor, gentle and simple, can meet together in a way in which they cannot in any other game or business that occurs to us—in a way that does good to all alike. "An eleven" in the field is a symbol of a country on its trial! Each man, irrespective of social standing, does his best for his club, his village, his county, or his country, not only for himself. Patriotism is the bond of an eleven; for the good of his side, the lord thinks all the better of the rough miner "in with him," who, after a dangerous shooter, cries to him to "keep his spune i' the hole or the next o' those will do him;" and the miner over his pipe with his friends at night thinks all the better of the great nobleman who took the warning so kindly.* He was an observant foreign statesman who remarked, after witnessing a County match in which a shoemaker had bowled out half the great people of the neighbourhood, "Alas! we have no game like this."

Ethically—for what game teaches at once more courage yet coolness, and patience yet wise daring, command of temper, generalship, self-repression, discipline, and determined perseverance even to the

* This is a true story.

end? The whole conduct of the game is a reflection of that noblest type of English character at once patient and brave, determined, cheerful, and upright, of which we have a right to be proud. The captain of a well fought up-hill game who leads his team to victory is worthy of being the countryman of Wellington. He has *some* of the same characteristics as the winner of Waterloo.

Physically.—Observe, O nervous spectator (who from sundry contusions have a shrewd notion of the agony of knocks, especially on the shins), Freeman is going to bowl. At the opposite wicket stands Pooley, the diminutive Surrey wicket-keeper, ready to bat. Three nimble steps, and the great Yorkshire gladiator hurls a ball with the speed of lightning dead on to the wicket, but over-pitched. For one-tenth part of a second the little batsman is gathered into a mass of concentrated yet quiet energy—eye, wrists, arms, back, legs, feet, are all as one—just poised—a thud! a wish! the bat has fallen. There is an insane rush behind Freeman on the part of the field, and little Pooley is scouring over the ground like a race-horse. That almost cannon ball has been hit back over the head of the swiftest bowler in the world by a man about 5ft. 1in. high for four runs. A clean drive! O Pindar! from all thy Olympian, Pythian, and Nemean heroes, canst thou produce such a feat of perfect physical training? Crown your heroes with “parsley!” No ancient games ever showed such an example of eye and strength together, of such physical *skill*. The little Surrey man is only a type, and a poor one too, compared with scores of others. Some of these characteristics are possessed by all the manly games in which Englishmen delight, but by none of them in such combination and fullness as cricket. Napoleon I. used to say that chess was a miniature of war, and hated in consequence to be beaten at it. If chess be so, as it is, in one way, intellectually, verily cricket far more so. A well-drilled English Public School eleven, with a captain at its head whom the boys can trust, is a far more lively and truthful illustration of the Prussian army in the last war than the most perfect Indian chessmen with Staunton at their back; which, if our readers cannot see, may they always have pawns to deal with, and not men. To one, then, who thus thinks, and to one who thoroughly loves the Cape, imagine, O most patient reader, the delight of finding cricket everywhere!

As we sailed into the glorious bay and caught sight of the grand mountain, little did we think ever to see our beloved game going on half-way up “the Devil’s Peak;” yet there behind Zonnebloem, on a ledge scooped as it were from the mountain’s side, we have beheld stalwart young Kafirs bowling and hitting with freedom and skill. Fort Knokke must have been named prophetically, we assume, for there elevens, military and civilian, receive and distribute thumps to one another’s shins and the much-enduring ball, which ought to re-christen the abovenamed fortification for the future by exactly that name which it bears at present.

Why tell of the cricketing glories of the Parade? Her Majesty's servants there fire blank cartridge in the mornings at the Masonic Hotel, and round shot at one another in the shape of cricket balls in the evenings. And skirmishing round their serried ranks on every patch of green are crowds of small boys of all colours playing *cricket*. As naturally as within the precincts of York or Canterbury, cricket grows beneath the shadow of St. George's Cathedral. The devotion with which the authorities allow their school windows to be broken by the "flying ball" is perhaps more admirable than exemplary; but so it is, and we must confess to a thrill of sympathy with the gentlemen who allow their panes to be smashed rather than stop the lads' cricket; though as we have stood and watched the game, and the ball has disappeared with a crash into the school-room, terror has entered our souls, and we have fled incontinently with the fate of Mokeana before our eyes.*

Merry it is among the jolly oaks that flank the Avenue to hear the bats clicking and see the youngsters making catches out of the thick leaves. And astonished we were to find that the boys of the South African College had no cricket-ground, and we rather wished for a pot of black paint to inscribe under the agonized lions that flank the entrance Dr. Watts' immortal line before alluded to, with three thick dashes under "Healthful play." But more of this by-and-by.

But we will go on to where slopes of turf trend upwards to the reservoirs, and there tiny mites are busy with bat and ball, and little Pollys and Susies are bowling to brothers and small sweethearts no bigger than themselves, and beginning to take that interest in cricket which in England nerves many a fine lad afterwards, and makes his first match at Lord's with his sisters looking on as important as ever was medieval tournament.

Breezy Green Point Common, one of the finest natural grounds on earth, at times swarms with cricketers, and at others is as deserted as the sea itself.

And now, dear reader, wherefore all this detail? Simply for this, that if cricket be, what we deem it to be, the finest game on earth, and every boy and man who has the chance (aye, and your little girls too) play at it, what are you, the community, doing for it? You, fathers, who bring your lads spikes and flannels and a cane-handled bat, and love to hear the boy come in and tell of his score; and you, kind mamas, who bind his cricket shirt with blue ribbon and take an equal interest with "papa" in his pleasure, though you know nothing about it, and "I was stumped for going out to a 'tice" and "I got two ducks, that's spectacles, you know," and "my first hit was a three to leg," are all speeches in "Hebrew-Greek" to you; and you, wise legislators, who talk about "the advancement of the

* If, gentle reader, thou knowest not the fate of the far-famed Mokeana, blush for thine ignorance, and imagine it. "Go, or I fire!" said the Dean, applying a match to one of the Minor Canons. He did not go!! The Dean fired—now imagine!!!

Colony," and think it's "all railways;" and you, big people generally, who have done so much and want to do more, and are everlastingly supplying all the metaphorical spikes, flannels, cane-handles, and blue ribbons you can, do you know what you have NOT done, what you have all left undone? There is not a decent "playing field"—a cricket-ground—for the boys of Cape Town—and so all your spikes and flannels and blue ribbons are, to a great extent, thrown away.

Be it known unto you, O wise and kind-hearted friends, that all the paraphernalia of games without the ground, or the right kind of ground, whereon to play are so many uniforms without soldiers,—rifles without hands to load and fire them. And allow us for a moment to seat ourselves in the chair of oracular wisdom and talk great words. What the Quintain Rings and the Tilt-grounds and the Butts were to England of old, so are Lord's, and Trentbridge, and Fenner's, and Cowley Marsh, and Brammall Lane, and old Trafford, and many another thousand such sweet levels of smooth turf to Old England now. Do not the racket court and the fives court and the running ground grow up as natural appendages to the cricket-ground? Where are any here? Not known. No wonder that many of our lads' idea of manliness is to cock their hats on one side, and swagger down the street, cigar in mouth; and yet, is there not manliness *in* them of the true old Teutonic type? Do they not try, as far as they can and know, after that old type which made English and Dutch in Elizabeth's day the models of the world? Verily, when put to it they do. They thrash round the Bay in boats, when many a Tyne professional would stop ashore; they grind away at cricket on grounds, or rather earths, where the Graces would not set their foot, and show all true desire to be the brave and patient lads their forefathers were when Philip II. found Holland too tough a nut to crack, and a woman with young England at her back beat off the Armada. But who helps them? What chance have they? What public encouragement or public recognition beyond the meeting at the annual regatta, which no one can well help, as the sea is free to all, and row they will?

The South African College is a representative institution. It has professors and scholarships and scholars, too, and good ones, but no cricket-ground. *Everything* but this; but is this nothing? Surely, is it not a very serious omission?

Take away the playing fields from Eton, and what would it become? Pass an Act of Parliament and destroy the ten thousand cricket-grounds of England, and whither would our young men drift? The "ground" is a source of a life only less important to most boys than the school-room, and to some lads, we will not scruple to say, more so. It is a wise, a true, and healthy belief for a lad that God gave him his limbs and muscles, and that, not for the purpose of lazy lounging, but for use. But how futile to tell him this if you cannot point out to him the where and wherewithal he may practise what is preached!

We look after our people's sanitary condition, or profess to do; we take some pains with their education; but the physical training of our young men in Cape Town does not seem yet to have been thought of; and yet that it has a most beneficial effect upon morals no one doubts. The poor Cape Town lad seems to be condemned by his educators, his pastors and masters to alternate lessons and lounge.

And now we pause for a moment, to be pelted with Mr. Southey's Field, or the Wynberg Ground. We are going to be told that there is a ground, and a good one, and money has been spent, and there the sisters and mothers and "dearest ones" "nerve the young batsman" by their inspiring presence, and that Wynberg is the Cape Lord's, and so on and so on. But, my hasty friend, hath it ever crossed your mind that Wynberg is some nine miles off, and that, if the Harrow boys had to go up to Lord's every time they wanted to *practise*, they would certainly never show there to play their annual match,—that it is the good practice-ground close at hand which makes the cricketer, and without this a brood of cricketers you never can or will have. The Wynberg ground is enchanting; it affords a most charming lounge; a better "wicket" it is perhaps impossible to get on our turf; very spirited cricket can often be seen there. It keeps cricket alive, but it also chokes it: for as long as there is 2s. 3d. between the Cape Town lad and his practice (Cape Town being the greatest community here), cricket is in a state of semi-strangulation. "Floreat, Wynberg!"—may its grass be ever green; year by year may its growing firs be o'ertopped by the flying ball; but let not its turf be the sepulchre of Cape Town cricket.

Every cricketer knows that a good and get-at-able wicket is absolutely necessary if people are to play this best of games, and every cricketer knows we have no such wicket here.

We want a town ground and a gymnasium with racket and fives courts and a running path in connection therewith. Port Elizabeth and Graham's Town have their grounds; Stellenbosch and Robertson have their grounds. The inter-colonial matches of Australia are matters of notoriety. But Cape Town, with Green Point Common and the Parade, has not a decent wicket whereon to bat,—Cape Town, where every lad that can plays bat and ball, and also many lads who can't, and no wonder, because there is NO GROUND.

A town ground once formed, and large enough, the management thereof is easy. The "Cape Town Club" would doubtless have the first claim upon it. But every school would afford to pay something towards keeping a few special square yards in perfect order for itself as a practice-ground, and different clubs would do the same, making arrangements with the secretary for the "match ground" as occasion required, as is done on the big grounds in England. A town cricket-ground here once laid out might easily become a moderately profitable commercial speculation; it would be its own feeder in a few years—the fact of its existence making more players.

On the advent of the "annual Cape Town and Port Elizabeth two days' match," lengthened to another day by "Eastern and Western athletic sports," there would be the entrance fees of a thousand spectators for each of the three days. Why not? Such things have happened elsewhere; why not here? Again, it would lead to the establishment of an Athletic Club; and the Bishop's College and the South African would hold their annual athletic sports there also, and so on and so forth for some time. All who take a real interest in boys and young men have an interest in providing a proper outlet for their physical energies,—for the Berserker spirit, as it is the fashion to call it.

Such gymnastic institutions as have been sketched forth are moral institutions also. To you, venerable clerical friends, we appeal; is not this a matter of deep interest to you? One of the wisest clerics who ever lived hath written that "bodily exercise is profitable for a little;" it is as well, then, to have that little. But to sing a lighter strain. Most amusement-lacking public, does no languid interest in this matter stir you?—not a thrill as you prophesy to yourselves future "grand matches," "assaults of arms," "athletic sports?" A smile dimples the public countenance. Then will it be done.

Of course, the next question is,—Where? Rashly we answer, Green Point. We ink it down here, and, like Lord John Russell and his "No Popery," run away, pursued by the Town Council. Still, as we run, we cry,—Some money and perseverance, some trees, a wall, some water, and GREEN POINT. The racket courts and gymnasium, with a few flanking trees, keep off the south-easters; watering does the rest; money and public spirit will do all.

Some will set us down, perhaps, as a lunatic cricketer escaped from Robben Island. We think, in all sober earnestness, that our plan is a perfectly feasible one, and would be in time a commercial success. We acknowledge it will take "a pull all together" to start and complete it. Imagine it done: what a boon to the community! Then, let us *try*!

AN OLD PERIPATETIC.

Scenes in New Zealand.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III.

"THAT corner of the world smiles in my eye beyond all others; where the honey yields not to the Hymettian, and the olive rivals the verdant Venafrian; where the temperature of the air produces a long spring and mild winter, and Aulon, friendly to the fruitful vine, envies not the Falernian grapes." Thus dear to me is the land of which I write, and therefore you must bear with me if I linger too

long on the attractive theme. We will take up the tour of the harbour from the spot where we left it, and round the north-east head of Hobson's Bay. A long white beach with waving Tohi-tohi drooping its feather-tipped stalks to the sand, and a few sea-birds hovering about its shore, constitute the distinguishing features of this bay, known as Okahu. Another follows almost similar, with a rock at the far end, apparently broken off from the cliff. An undoubtedly steep rock, nearly perpendicular, and few have taken the trouble to climb to the top; it is nearly round, and the names that have been given it are numberless,—the Bastion, Signal or Sentinel, being perhaps the most usual. At high tide a boat can row between it and the cliff; and as it does so, life suddenly seems to spring up in the least likely place,—a long semicircular bay with plenty of flat ground, on which blue-stone buildings, wooden cottages with gardens, and half sunken fences appear at a time when one thinks that nothing but a few straggling sheds could possibly present themselves. But though the buildings are there, those for whom they were built are now far distant, and the tones of Fiji men and women will never more echo in the chapel in which they were wont to offer the prayers of our Liturgy in their soft dialects. This is Kohimarama, where for many years Bishop Paterson brought Melanesian converts to pass the summer. They came in the missionary schooner, and after being taught and cared for during the warm months, returned with their teacher to the islands of the Pacific; or choosing to learn further the wisdom of the white man, the half-savage islander would elect to stay with the missionaries. Then he would either be left at Kohimarama and continue his studies there, or in the *Southern Cross* go from island to island of the southern seas, learning far more from the holy life of his pastor than books could teach him. In 1867 the mission left the station, for it was too distant from its work; and having obtained land on Norfolk Island, the whole establishment moved to that place, which is now its head-quarters:—but alas! without its chief, since the noble-hearted mission Bishop was martyred through the villainy of his own countrymen. Kohimarama was a happy looking place in the mission days; now it seems deserted, though still there are bright green fields behind the dark blue walls, and the Ti (*Cordyline Australis*) commonly called the cabbage tree, throws its strange shadows on the grass.

But we will go no further in this direction. Returning to the North Head (opposite Rangitoto)—a hill rising straight up from the water, and rounded where it joins the land,—between it and Flagstaff Hill (as its name implies, the signal station) is a rapidly growing village, if indeed the inhabitants would not be offended by such a humble name. They call it a watering-place, and the manner in which it is rushed to in the summer certainly justifies their vanity. It is supposed to be cool, being only a few hundred yards across from the harbour to the open sea, but dust or sand flies about in every direction; bathing is a difficulty, and the chief excitement is the arrival and departure of

the tug steamer that plies between this place and Auckland. The Flagstaff Hill, covered with scoria blocks, is rather steep, and overrun with rabbits, who have flourished here most wonderfully—so well that some predict the caving in of the hill in consequence of their excavations. Return we to the boat, and rowing up the harbour reach Shoal Bay, where wooden landing stages have been thrown out; and here, though momentarily expecting to run aground, we can land.

A walk of a mile under native trees growing singly, between hay stacks, through fields, one or two farm-yards, and a lane with hedges of yellow furze bursting into bloom, brings us to Lake Takapuna. This is about a mile in diameter, and four or five round, but looks to the casual observer almost circular. It was long considered unfathomable, but its depth in the centre is now discovered to be twenty-three fathoms. Though only divided from the sea by narrow ridges, the water is quite fresh, and those who have inquired into the matter believe that it is supplied through submarine channels, by the lava fields of Rangitoto. There is a legend among the natives that the mountain was taken out of the lake, and some mysterious connection between the two certainly seems favoured by tradition. The lake partly fills a crater basin that rises about one hundred feet above its level; it is generally smooth, though, for some unexplained reason, boats are not in the habit of venturing far from the banks, which are covered with trees; reeds and rushes grow on the shore, and partly into the water; amongst them sea birds rest, looking with no little astonishment at the large swans and native companions who, having been placed here, have made themselves at home. Above the reeds the native trees bend over the gentle tide, till, the summit of the bank having been reached, they proudly rear their heads in self-asserting freedom. The scarlet crowned Rata, though here small in comparison to its forest size, is nevertheless beautiful with its bright quivering branches; the Hinau stands beside it, and Rewarewa grows in slender poplar shape between its broad branched companions; grass spreads its green carpet beneath the trunks, and gives a parklike air to the still scene.

And now I must speak of two bays facing the north shore: the first, St. George's,—rather a deep indentation, with a creek, sometimes a most appreciable stream, that meanders lazily from the foot of the hill (which ascends sharply about two hundred yards from high-water mark) to the sandy beach, where it loses itself. A few houses are on the small portion of flat land at the head of the bay, the jutting cliff being far too steep, on one side, for even grass to grow, and with difficulty supporting on the other a few wild shrubs. One of the show gardens of the town is situated in this bay, and oranges have been grown within ten yards of the usual height of the tide. This is a favourite camping place of the Maoris, who bring their produce to town for sale, and prefer their own tents to the native inn; and at any time that they have edibles to dispose of, they may be found here. Canoes, now either floating on the water or lying

sideways on the sand, have brought hither peaches, potatoes, kumeras (sweet potatoes), melons, pumpkins, or Cape gooseberries. At the time of arrival each individual seizes a portion of his or her proper prey, and loaded with fruit or vegetables, according to the time of year, goes from house to house till all has been purchased. Men, women, and children alike follow the trade, if it can be dignified by such a name, for they take very little trouble in growing these things, never attempting careful cultivation. They sell their produce by the kit, a basket made of green flax loosely plaited into a hammock-like shape; a really good one, either brown and white, or black and white, is a flat bag with twisted plaits for handles, and varies from six inches by four to two feet and a half in length by two in height; but these are not used for hawking purposes until they are old, the common ones being lighter, and more easily made. As the afternoon advances, most of the vendors return to the bay and spend the rest of the day in finding pepis, or sleeping; the rest lounging about town till dark.

The tents are generally pitched where the sand ceases to be the sole foundation, and a bank three feet high marks the usual boundary of the tide. Here, with the creek making spasmodic efforts to gurgle blithely and a few old willows throwing a quivering shade on the short grass that here and there endeavours to assert its right to grow, the "noble savage" may be studied—a process that cannot but suggest that in his natural state he must be an infinitely better picture than the inert creature partial civilization has produced. On the beach a few figures are grubbing in the sand, their dark loose garments suggesting that they are women; many brown "piccaninnies" run in and out of the water or play in the canoes; and perhaps one man may be mending a fishing net or bailing out a boat. Two small bell tents with the sun shining on them from above the opposite hill give a picturesque air to the scene; but it fades with amazing rapidity upon a nearer approach. The tents may once have been white, but certainly not since they have been used by the Maori—a most decided gray, verging on undecided black, being their present colour. The ashes of a fire with a few uneaten potatoes still lying in the white wood embers are between the canvas rooms; full and empty kits are piled together, melons in some places burst their insecure fastenings, and push themselves through the opening baskets, pumpkins lie on the top, as if they had been put there to keep the other things secure, and perhaps with unusual thoughtfulness, some one has cast an aged garment half over the heap to protect it from the sun.

Various bundles of cloth or cotton interspersed with red, blue, or white blankets, all reduced to a peculiar earthy hue, are around or within the tents. These are Maori men. A torn suit of European garments clothes one who is disposed in a sort of heap against a canvas wall: he looks up when anyone passes, and seeing that they do not help themselves to anything, relapses into his hedgehog position.

A blanket envelopes the form of another, and it is probably the only travelling habiliment he possesses. In military overcoats, in garments of every form and shape, in various cloaks and jackets, ranging from shooting-coats to those appointed for evening wear, these men sleep, or smoke, or drink away the time till the women have prepared the evening meal, which being completed, they perform the same programme till the morning, only diversified, perhaps, by one or two of their number breaking into a low monotonous chant—a form of music more startling than edifying to the dwellers in the neighbourhood. Even during the war, these people stayed here for nights together, no one ever thinking of warning them off. They were known to come from Orakei, and as they had done no harm before, none ever deemed it probable they would then begin. This reasoning, though far from logical, was quite sufficient for the case, and these Maori visitors were never known to develop warlike propensities in the town: true, they occasionally got very drunk and became suddenly imbued with a passion for vocal display, but this idiosyncrasy could hardly be termed seditious.

To reach the next bay a steep hill has to be overcome,—a pleasant country hill, with a rushing, splashing creek at its base, crossed by a very shaky bridge, with steps cut up the steepest part, and skirting one side of the precipitous lane. A hawthorn hedge, on which tiny close roses twine and twist and show their delicate blossoms in every position in which it is difficult to reach them. Larger monthly roses, too, are scattered through the may, and these mixing their perfume with the tiny-leaved sweet-briar and the golden furze, whose scent seems almost warm from the sun, give forth such a generous wealth of sweetness that to lie on the grass and inhale the delicious air that lingers on this spot would seem but a just tribute to the fragrant flowers. Following the lane, the dividing ridge is reached, and then descending, the beach is gained by keeping to the course of the inevitable creek. This bay and the preceding have steep hills on either side, and another right behind, but in St. George's there really is a little flat ground: here there is none; the creek has sunk into a narrow bed, and the course of its once more powerful stream is the only level approach to the sand. Taurarua Bay has kept in common use its native name, which signifies "two ropes;" but is known in maps as Judge's Bay, so called from the fact of the first Chief Justice and Attorney-General taking up their abode there on their arrival in the colony in 1841. It is of horse-shoe shape, and the eastern cliff stretching further into these than the western, cuts off the view of Rangitoto from the shore. It is a happy-looking spot, and we often stop our boat a little way within the line of the points and idly rest our eyes upon it. High yellow walls bound it, the shrubs in some places reaching almost to the water's edge, in others surmounting the perpendicular clay rock as a crown. On the left, standing high in a green grave-yard, is a small wooden church in the form of a Maltese cross. It is St. Stephen's, and around its

unpretending walls those are buried whose names are well known to all who are familiar with the country's history. Here are the graves of the wives and children of missionaries, and here, too, are Maori clergymen and their families—as if the graves were only of those who strove to make their fellows happier. Truly, a pleasant place to rest in after the world life has ceased; with the sun falling warmly around nearly the whole day through, the rustling of the trees beneath, and the wash of the waters still lower, to minister soothing calm.

Lower down than the church, but rather further from the water, embowered in trees, is the house of the first Chief Justice, a long low cottage with roses growing in at the windows, and scattering their light petals on the broad gravel walk; from which, looking over trees and shrubs, the harbour, and then the flat north shore beyond, can be seen. Here, having long relinquished legal duties, Sir William Martin is materially assisting the Melanesian Mission by compiling a comparative dictionary of the almost innumerable languages of Polynesia. On the other side of the creek, facing the sea, with a background of hill and side-frame of trees and flowers, is another home. The house stands on a small terrace above a richly green rise, and the garden, in a hollow further to the right, is a delightful wilderness, with wild and cultivated plants mingled together in graceful confusion—roses growing over ferns and geraniums blooming beneath the stiff brown tea-tree. A few of these incongruities may be seen from the water. A number of large trees grow from the western cliff, but in one place, where the rock is really precipitous, there is only scrub. On a little plateau lilies, iris, roses, and verbenas have been planted, and a rustic seat is overshadowed by Pohutukawa and Puriri. On the eastern point of this bay there was once a pah, and the mound thrown up there is still to be seen; it must have been a very strong position, for a broad ditch protected it from inroads from the land, and the steep cliffs, though far from insurmountable (we have often climbed them), would have been very uncomfortable roads by which to enter an enemy's stronghold; for those above would have every advantage of position, and be able to judge with fatal exactness the precise moment for hurling stones on each invader's head.

And now turn from Taurarua and look eastward. Right in front, opposite Kohimarama is Brown's Island, a bare dingy-green crater, one side of which has been broken down: on its left, Moutatap projects beyond Rangitoto, and many headlands behind this fill in the space till they bound the view. On the right, the cliffs of Kohimarama and of the entrance to the Tamaki, with the densely wooded points of Waiheke, an island in the mouth of the river, form the boundary of the harbour, while height upon height rises in the distance, till lost in the soft white colouring of the horizon.

Here I must end: but have I, in these short sketches given you any idea of the surroundings on which I long to linger? Have I made the scenes on which I gaze with eager delight present to your

eyes? If you have gathered some real impression of this far distant spot—if you can see in thought the water change from gray to blue in quick succession of entrancing lights, the sudden transformation from stillness to the vigour of an angry power that dashes unheeding against the impassive cliffs,—I have attained my object. If not, I can only wish that you were here—that resting on the deep transparent wave a joyous sense might spread itself through mind and body, causing all care and thought to lose itself in the pure delight of being.

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Many happy years have I spent in New Zealand—happy, yet not uneventful—contented yet not unchequered—for the country has been rent from end to end by the madness of gold-fevers and the terrors of war and devastation. Still nature is unchanged, and the sun rises on as fair and peaceful a scene as on that bright September morning, fifteen years ago, when, rocked on the bosom of its azure wave, I first rested my eyes on the beautiful land of my adoption.

G.

Dr. Fritsch's Natives of South Africa.

I WISH to direct the attention of all who are interested in the Natives to an important book which has just been published in Germany, under the following rather lengthy title :

*Die Eingeborenen Süd-Afrika's ethnographisch und anatomisch beschrieben von Gustav Fritsch, Med. Dr., Assistent am Königlichen Anatomischen Institut, und Privatdozent an der Universität, Berlin.—Mit zahlreichen Illustrationen, grossentheils nach Original-Photographien und Zeichnungen des Verfassers im Holzschnitt ausgeführt, zwanzig lithographischen Tafeln mit Abbildungen einzelner Skelettheile, Proben der Hautfärbungen und Buschmann-Zeichnungen.—Nebst einem Atlas enthaltend sechzig in Kupfer radirte Portraitköpfe.—Breslau, Ferdinand Hist, Königliche Universitäts- und Verlags-Buchhandlung. 1872.—(The Natives of South Africa, described ethnographically and anatomically by Gustav Fritsch, M.D., Assistant at the Royal Anatomical Institute, and Private Lecturer at the University, Berlin.—With numerous illustrations cut in wood, mainly from the Author's original photographs and drawings; also with twenty lithographed plates, exhibiting parts of the skeleton, specimens of the (different) colours of the skin, and Bushman drawings.—Together with an Atlas, containing the portraits of sixty Natives, etched in copper.—Breslau, &c.)—Royal octavo, pages xxiv and 528, besides four tables, and fifty plates. Thirty of these plates giving sixty heads of Natives—each in profile and *en face*, etched on copper—are of oblong folio size, and are bound together as an atlas accompanying the work.*

The author is, personally, well known to many of the readers of this *Magazine*, as a traveller in this Colony, Kaffraria, Bechuanaland, the Free State, and Natal, during the years 1863—1866. These travels had already been described by him in a handsome octavo volume, published in 1868, and illustrated with many plates, several of which are coloured. But the present work gives the results of his scientific anthropological studies, on account of which he undertook this expedition. The author, who is an excellent photographer, took himself on his travels the photographs of more than a hundred natives, representatives of the different races; each head being in profile and *en face*. Most of these photographs (specimens of which can be seen in the Grey Library, to which the author kindly presented a good many) were afterwards etched in copper, and thus form the magnificent atlas accompanying the letter-press text of this work. We particularly direct our readers' attention to this part of the work, as it is one which even those who do not understand German can fully appreciate.

But the fact is that the author has with great industry collected, arranged, and gone through the great mass of the existing published (and even much unpublished) material, for a knowledge of the Natives of South Africa south of the tropic of Capricorn; and, in consequence, his work has become an indispensable compendium for any one who may in any way occupy himself with the anthropology and ethnology of these regions. Not that we agree with him on every point; but even where we think him to have been mistaken or misled, it will be necessary to consult him; and the greatest advantage will be derived from the systematic arrangement of the different facts, or statements of facts, which we find in the author's patient, industrious, and on the whole critical compilation.

After a short introduction, the author begins with the Frontier Kafirs (*Amazosa*). He first describes their bodily appearance and intellectual development, then their dress, arms, utensils, and dwellings, and lastly, their manners and customs. Then, in a similar methodical manner, he brings before us the Zulus (*Amazulu*), Betshuâna, and Ovaheréro (*Damara*).

This careful description of those nations of the Bântu race, who, as living nearest to the Colony, are of greatest interest to us, was just a work very much needed, and for which we must be very thankful. We especially assent to the author's opinion that there is no very essential difference between those natives and the general Negro (or, as he prefers to call it, Nigritian) type. Many modern anthropologists have here been led into the error of distinguishing the Bântu nations from the so-called Negroes. They arrive thereby at the to us (who dwell at the uttermost ends of South Africa) absurd notion of excluding the Negro entirely from South Africa,—i.e., from Africa to the south of the Equator. Accordingly, neither Kongos nor Mosambique natives would in this case be permitted to be called Negroes.

Before the author proceeds to the second part of his book, he gives short sketches of the different languages of the natives which he describes, translated with the reviewer's special permission from his works. In the second part of his book, Dr. Fritsch describes the Hottentots and Bushmen, which he both comprises under the name *Koi-koin*. One might object to this name, as it is especially only the national name of the Hottentots, and seems to throw the Bushmen into a nearer relation with the Hottentots than the author otherwise himself feels justified in ascribing to them. As the exact manner of relationship existing between Hottentots and Bushmen is as yet too undefined, it might have been preferable at present to have treated them under different heads, and instead of two divisions, made three, one for Bantu, the other for Hottentots, and the third for Bushmen. Practically, Dr. Fritsch has in the main really done so, as his introduction, comprising both Hottentots and Bushmen, is a very short one. Of the Bushmen he seems to us to have conceived, on the whole, a very just opinion, ranging them very much higher than usually has been the case.

Appended to the anthropological portion is a general sketch of the history of South Africa, which forms a very useful addition.

We cannot here enter into any further details ; but only recommend the work strongly to those in any way interested in this subject. The distance of the author's residence from the place of printing seems to have been the cause of a number of misprints, particularly in proper names, which, however, with our local knowledge, it is easy to correct. But we rather wonder at the author persistently calling our late Governor Sir George *Gray*, particularly when we remember that for several months he used daily to study, for hours, the documents and manuscripts presented to our Library by Sir George Grey. However, these are trifling defects. We heartily congratulate the author on the completion of this important work, interrupted as it had been by two *wars*, in both of which the author was personally called upon to serve his country.

W. H. I. BLEEK.

The Heathen Elysium.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

There is in space, to human ken unknown,
 In heaven, or may be in our earthly zone,
 Another world—Elysium—a spot,—
 Rivers of honey course but pierce it not,—
 Where good men's souls, in all but godhead blest,
 Quaff endless nectar with unfailing zest,
 And shades of martyrs, an immortal throng,
 Receive due solace for the body's wrong :
 Not smiling Mænalus or Tempe's gloom
 Loading the morning breeze with rich perfume,
 The vales of Hæmus, or the verdant hills,
 That fair Eurotas with its murmur fills,
 Or e'en the land, to poets' raptures known,
 That makes the traveller forget his own,
 Rival the glory of that blest abode,
 Where day springs ever from the eye of God,
 Where brightest noons no twilight shadows wreathe,
 And life is love, and love the air they breathe :
 And frames renewing, or that never die,
 For new delights new faculties supply.

“Bodies in Heaven? Life and death allied?”
 Yes, changed in form, by spirit glorified,
 The soul, to form its envelope of grace,
 Culls all that's fairest thro' the realms of space,
 In life and matter all that's pure and bright,
 The rays transparent of refulgent light,
 The dappled reflex of all tender hues,
 Odours that eve from flowery censers woos,
 Melodious echoes which the enamoured breeze
 Pours in night's bosom from the whispering seas,
 The flame that plays in gold and purple jets,
 Crystal of heaven—reflecting rivulets,

The purple sheen upon the wings of morn,
The slumb'rous light from starry twinklings borne,
Together brought and ranged in order fair,
Blend in their fingers, and the frame prepare :
And thus the soul, long galled by slavery's chain,
That with the hostile senses warred in vain,
Triumphing over all its weak pretence,
Now reigns majestic o'er the world of sense !
For endless joys perception multiplies,
And makes all time and life and space its prize.

Sometimes to fly to where its yearnings tend,
To Zephyr's wing it will a perfume lend,
Gilding it on its way with rainbow hues ;
And as a bee its vagrant course pursues,
From east to west, where spirits soar or lurk,
It loves to trace, and greet God's handiwork ;
Sometimes it takes Aurora's chariot fair,
Yoked with the flaming coursers of the air,
And, where the fires thro' glowing tracts are rolled,
Seeking the spirits that it loved of old,
From sun to sun, throughout the starry host,
It flies and with the soul it loves, is lost ;
Winds thro' the labyrinths of boundless space,
And in God's bosom still regains its place.

Not from earth's compounds doth the soul procure
For its high sustenance its nurture pure ;
Nor could the nectar poured from Hebe's cup,
Nor flowery odours by the winds caught up,
Nor the libation in her honour sought,
Supply the spirit's wants ; its life is thought.
With love and fancy and desires pursued,
Eternal essences, eternal food,
Thanks to the treasures with which heaven is rife,
It feeds, prolongs, immortalizes life ;
And can, sustained by love's immortal state,
Enlarge its being and in turn create.

Another Scheme of Frontier Defence.

IN the event of a large effective force being required to defend the frontiers of this Colony, the first thing to be considered would be the line of country best adapted for defence, and the kind of force required for the several posts or forts when they are built. Upon this point a diversity of opinions may naturally be expected; but the present writer, from a wide experience of Kafir wars and actual knowledge of native habits, inclines strongly to the view that the best line of defence would be from East London, as a starting point and base of supplies to King William's Town, leaving Pato's tribe of Kafirs on this side of the Kei, but all other tribes to be bundled over the river, and never allowed to cross again on any pretence. King William's Town would naturally be the head-quarters of this force, having three forts between that town and East London,—viz.: Fort Jackson, Fort Murray, and the Amilinda.* These would amply suffice to keep up free communication. At each fort might be stationed forty men and twenty horses; with fifty men and twenty-five horses at East London; and one hundred men and fifty horses at King William's Town. This would equal a force of two hundred and seventy men and one hundred and thirty-five horses in all.

Another line of defence would extend from King William's Town to the Kei, also composed of three forts,—viz.: one at Yellowwoods, with eighty men and forty horses; the second at Hangman's Bush, with eighty men and forty horses; and the third at the Kei, near one of its drifts, with one hundred men and fifty horses,—in all, two hundred and sixty men and one hundred and thirty horses.

A third line of forts could be made effective by putting a fort at the Izela, with eighty men and forty horses; and another on the Kei, with eighty men and forty horses, having King William's Town as the head-quarters. The entire force would equal one hundred and sixty men and eighty horses.

A fourth line of defence might be planned by taking Keiskama Hoek as the head-quarters, with one hundred men and fifty horses, and placing eighty men and forty horses at the first fort at Kabousie; with eighty men and forty horses at the Thomas River; and also eighty men and forty horses at the Kei,—in all, four forts, with a force of three hundred and forty men and one hundred and seventy horses.

A fifth line of forts should extend from the left of the Keiskama Hoek, straight up the hill to the Hogsback, and away across the flat towards the Kei, having the first about five miles behind the Hogsback, with one hundred men and fifty horses.

This force would be able to protect and watch the whole of the country at the back of the Amatolas.

* Formerly a station of the 60th Rifles.

The sixth line of defence should have its head-quarters at Fort Hare, with fifty men and twenty-five horses. There should also be fifty men and twenty-five horses at Fort Cox; the same number at or on the left of the Hogsback; and a strong fort at the back of the Amatolas, between the Kat River and the Kei,—say, with a garrison of one hundred and fifty men and seventy-five horses, in all four forts, with three hundred men and one hundred and fifty horses.

These six lines of forts would guard the frontiers from East London to Fort Beaufort, leaving a line of country in time open to the Kei, and giving an extent of one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles of the best land in the Colony to military settlers.

To recapitulate the distribution of force :

1st Line: East London	50	men	and	25	horses	} Head- quarters at King William's Town.
Amilinda	40	"		20	"	
Fort Murray	40	"		20	"	
Fort Jackson	40	"		20	"	
King William's Town....	100	"		50	"	
	270	"		135	"	
2nd Line: Yellowwoods.....	80	"		40	"	} Head- quarters at King William's Town.
Hangman's Bush	80	"		40	"	
Kei Drift	100	"		50	"	
	260	"		130	"	
3rd Line: Izela.....	80	"		40	"	} Head- quarters at King Wm.'s Tn.
Kei River.....	80	"		40	"	
	160	"		80	"	
4th Line: Keiskama Hoek	100	"		50	"	} Head- quarters at Keiskama Hoek.
Kabousie.....	80	"		40	"	
Thomas River.....	80	"		40	"	
Kei River	80	"		40	"	
	340	"		170	"	
5th Line: Five miles behind Hogs- back.....	100	"		50	"	
6th Line: Fort Hare.....	50	"		25	"	} Head- quarters at Fort Hare.
Fort Cox.....	50	"		25	"	
Left of Hogsback.....	50	"		25	"	
Back of Amatolas between Kei and Kat Rivers..	150	"		75	"	
	300	"		150	"	
Total.....	1,430	"		715	"	in 19 forts.

For the above force would be required :

- 1 Colonel.
- 13 Captains.
- 26 Subalterns.
- 39 Sergeants.
- 13 Colour or Pay-Sergeants.
- 13 Lance Sergeants.
- 39 Corporals.
- 13 Lance Corporals.
- 1 Paymaster.
- 1 Quartermaster.
- 1 Quartermaster Sergeant.
- 1,270 Privates.

The men should not be older than from twenty-three to twenty-five years of age when they join the force. The period of service to be for fifteen years. To be enlisted in the same way as in the regular army. Each man to receive, per diem, $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. bread, $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. meat, 4 oz. rice, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. salt, $\frac{2}{7}$ lb. of coffee, $\frac{4}{7}$ lb. sugar, and 2 shillings per diem for himself; to find his own clothes, with the exception of one uniform suit in the year,—viz. : one jacket, one pair of trowsers, and one pair of boots. Moreover, each man should receive a grant of land near to the forts where he is stationed, say ten acres with right of water. If he deserts, or is dismissed for disgraceful conduct, he should forfeit his ground and service. When he has served his full time of fifteen years, he should receive his ground as a gift, not to be sold during his lifetime ; but after his death, the new owner should pay a quitrent to the Government in perpetuity.

The half of the men in each fort to be off duty month about, so as to enable them to work their land, the men on duty to receive 3s. per diem, instead of 2s., being 1s. extra for the keep of the horse used by them,—the horse to be the property of the Government. Every man to sleep in the fort at night. A guard to be on duty night and day, with sentries round the fort inside the ramparts. There should be no allowance in money for pension, except to those wounded or disabled or incapable of self-support.

The reports from each fort to be sent to the head-quarters of the line, and the Colonel-in-Chief to have his head-quarters at King William's Town and the Keiskama Hoek. The officers to be promoted from the ranks, as an inducement for young men of abilities to join the force—for many a young man may lose his character in civil life, join the force, and through good conduct and zeal for the same become a good member of society. It will be a refuge for all who are become tired of a city life, and require change, and would save many a young man from a bad end ; but discipline will require to be sharp and stern. Thus, if a man is steady and industrious, in fifteen years, with ten acres of land and six months' labour in the year, he would be able to save as much as would keep himself and family in comfort for the remainder of his life.

The people best adapted for the above force are the Germans. They are generally steady, and are not too proud to work, either men or women; and in a few years towns may be expected to arise round the forts. Trade would be opened with the Kafirs, and the force would not then be required any longer, except the frontier were to be extended to the Bashee River.

The expense of the above would amount to about £73,000 annually. To build the forts, a grant of money would have to be obtained; but the men themselves could do the work,—the half being off duty for the first year, and paying them four days extra in the week, they giving two days to their land, until the forts were built. Brick or stone, with slate or iron roofs, would be suitable materials. No thatch or reeds to be used, for fear of fire.

Thus within a year, a reliable system of defence could be entered upon, of which the forts would become the nuclei of towns, while the defenders would improve the soil, extend agriculture, and set a good example of thrift and patriotism to their immediate neighbours. A plan like this in full detail could be worked out by King William's Town men, like Messrs. Smith and Brownlee, and their friends; but next month we will go further into the matter.

RIFLEMAN.

Old Times at the Cape.

It may interest some of the readers of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* to listen to the sage remarks made by the author of Herr Alleman's Biography on his first arrival at the Cape. For this purpose we have selected the sixteenth chapter of his quaint history, giving a short description of the condition and rules of military service, as well as a graphic account of what would probably happen at the Cape should the English take it into their heads to attack and take possession of it so early as 1770. Some of his comments are almost witty for a Deutscher!

"The Cape, as is well known, lies at the extreme southern point of Africa. By this term one understands all the known inhabited country, which stretches out far and wide to the inner continent, and has even down to this time no known boundaries. As fresh colonists arrive, the Government proceed further inland, and there assign them the richest known spots. The Hottentots living there must then retreat; and they do so unbidden, and gladly and willingly accept the European new comers.

"But by the name of the Cape of Good Hope we mean merely the extreme point of Africa, upon which the castle and the citizens' houses are situated; so these are bounded on two sides by the sea. Towards the north lies the bay or roadstead, where the ships lie at

anchor, and towards the east lies the continent. Truly, this Cape of Good Hope has no harbour ; but the sea forms a bay, and rather deep indent into the land. Fifty or sixty ships can easily and conveniently lie at anchor there. It would be possible for more ships to lie there, but towards the north side there are breakers, and the waves beat upon the shore with such force that it would be dangerous to anchor there. In this country blow two constant winds, namely, the south-east, from the beginning of September to the middle of April ; and the north-west wind, from April to September.

“However violently the south-east blows (and sometimes it does so for fourteen days without ceasing), it does the ships no harm, for it drives the sea out of the bay, and makes the water so low that it can throw up no big waves. The north-west, on the contrary, drives the water from the open sea into the harbour, and churns up the waves, so as to make it very dangerous for the ships. The East India Company lost several millions in this roadstead ; therefore after a short time they resolved and gave orders that during the four months that the north-west wind blew so strong their vessels were to lie in False Bay to recreate their crews. But for this purpose many great preparations must be made, many houses and magazines built, and many officers placed there. But if they only save a single ship, the cost is well repaid ; and during the four months of north-west wind the ships are as safe as they are in Table Bay when the south-east blows. At the mouth of the harbour, towards the west, lies a little island called Robben Island, or the Island of the Sea Dogs. A sergeant with some men is stationed on it, and has under him convicts who are employed in stone heaping, and also in collecting on the beach mussel shells for lime-burning. This island forms thus on both sides two gateways, in and out of the bay, otherwise no ship could enter the bay in a north-wester or go out of it in a south-easter. But the greatest wonder is that sometimes during the eight summer months, when the south-easters drop for a short time, a north wind springs up ; and the same thing happens in winter,—that is, between the north-westers a south wind will blow for a few hours ! Eastward towards the continent lies another island, called Paarden Island ; but it is quite unworthy of note, only serving as a grazing-ground for the mules employed in carrying forage for the Company’s stables. Before this island lies, right across the bay, a reef of rocks which no boat can safely cross at ebb-tide. On the southern side of the bay lies the “Cape” and the castle. I have already explained that by this word is meant the town, where the inhabitants and many officers have their dwellings. In my time, this place contained 400 or 500 houses, but in 1779 there were 1,200 houses in it. The castle lies to the east of the town. It is a pretty regular pentagon, composed of five bastions. It is tolerably high, and its walls are built of great blocks of stone. The two bastions towards the Table Mountain, called *Oranien* and *Leerdam*, are built much higher than the other three, named *Buuren*, *Catzwellenbogen*, and *Nassau* ; which are

nearest to the bay, and are almost on the beach. These two highest bastions could, if the cannons were turned round, flank the three smaller ones.

“On these five bastions stand (reckoning those in the arsenal, which can be run out when necessary) over one hundred metal and iron cannon of different calibre, two large mortars, two howitzers, and about five or six little mortars on blocks.

“Outworks had this citadel or castle none. Only upon the roof-top of the gate and the bastion *Leerdam* are two half-moons thrown out, the use of which, as they lie towards the houses, I never could see. I suppose that such an ornament is looked upon as a necessity to a citadel! In front of these half-moons the ditches out of which the earth has been thrown are allowed to remain, and look like graves. In some places they are so deep that when filled with water it would be above a middle-sized man's waist. Towards the bay, from whence the enemy's ships can fire at the castle, are placed redoubts, ravelins, counterscarps, and some more outworks and glacis are thrown out, but the castle on this side stands quite bare and free.

“The bay is about four hours' ride or two leagues in circumference, and is very nearly round, with many rocks appearing above the water and lying under it, and only in the neighbourhood of the castle is a space about 800 paces long, which is open, and where the boats can land. This seems a pretty tolerable natural fortification, and as there are besides many sunken rocks at some distance from the land large ships dare not come close enough to inflict much damage with their cannons on the castle. Outside the castle are three batteries, one of them with sixteen cannons called the *Wasser Kasteel*, and one of six cannons towards the bay; and another, also of six cannons, lying on the sea coast. But these pieces of artillery are very bad, and miserably served. A gunner, with an under gunner, besides eight or ten sailors called *Bofs-schieters* (who understand between them nothing more than how to load a gun and fire it off) are the only so-called artillerymen at the Cape!

“Not one of them knew how to apply the match or the *schlagrohre* (a small tube filled with powder) to a bomb-shell, and still fewer could load a mortar, or know how to raise and fire off the quadrant. The testing of the powder or the calculation of what quantity of powder would be required for certain distances were to them unknown mysteries. In time of war, of course, all the sailors at the Cape, about a hundred at a time, would be put in the batteries to serve the guns, but even one hundred such ignorant fellows placed behind as many guns would certainly not startle the heavens by their cleverness!

“The before-mentioned *Wasser Kasteel*, or the battery of sixteen cannon, had for the enemy's ships the most dangerous place, as it was built on the rocks, with rocks around it, and the guns stretched out far over the water.

"If the cannons are in a direct horizontal position on their carriages and not directed too much towards the right or left, they cannot possibly miss hitting the enemy's ships. The regular soldiers, who wear uniform under arms, that is to say, officers, under-officers, and bandsmen, number about two hundred men.

"Of passport men and free workers, who by the Government are assigned to the service of the officers, there must be about 100 men. About the same number must be scattered about at the outlying posts, or *buiten posten*, of the Company, who can be brought together when required.

"One hundred men may perhaps be lent to the country farmers, and by them they are supported; and besides these, if the artisans and mechanics were armed, they would also make up about a hundred men. All these people belonging to the soldiery, if they were reckoned up, would make about six hundred men, of which only a few are regularly exercised.

"I will now take this opportunity for explaining to my readers how it was that the inhabitants supported the soldiers. If an inhabitant of the flat lands possessed two or more farms, and required an overseer, or if such a farmer was in want of a tutor for his children, and had sought for and found a man who was suitable, he went to the Governor and begged leave to have his services. This request was very seldom refused, and only in case of the man asked for being able to employ himself in the Company's service, and willing to promote its interests. The farmer must also deposit in cash down what was owing for the soldier's transport to the colony, and any other arrears of debt, and in return the cleared soldier must then repay him out of the wages contracted for. Such a schoolmaster, besides food and drink, received tea, coffee, and tobacco, and the first year monthly fourteen Dutch gulden, the second year sixteen, and the third year eighteen gulden. But a similar overseer received two guilders a month more. But no soldier had open leave for longer than a year. If, then, both the peasant and the soldier would remain longer together, the farmer must procure every year a fresh permission, and this brought into the treasury a good many fees. These years spent in the country by a soldier on leave were not reckoned in the five years' full service which he must render before he could return to Europe. Notwithstanding this, presents and intercessions sometimes made an exception to the rule. I have known people who in such a manner for twenty years have passed on from one farmer to another, enjoying the most comfortable life, putting together money, and with no desire to re-enter the Company's service or return to Europe. If only the schoolmaster who can teach the children nothing besides reading, writing, reckoning, and catechism, can keep himself from drinking and abstain from too much wine, of which there is an overabundance, he must be an honest man, who without care can enjoy his life, and always without trouble be passed on from one farmer to another.

"The inhabitants were reckoned at about 20,000 people. If the slaves and the free Bastard Hottentots are reckoned too, there would be a far larger number. Amongst these 20,000 men are reckoned, besides women and children, the Company's servants and the free burghers; consequently, hardly 3,000 men fit to bear arms could be gathered together to take the field for the defence of the country, and amongst these scarcely 200 men could be found who had ever smelt the enemy's powder. To arm the slaves at any attack of the enemy would surely be against all policy. But the Bastard Hottentots could safely be trusted with arms, for they are trustworthy, and can often fire as well and as accurately as a European. But the Bastard Hottentots are of two different sorts. Those who have a slave father and a Hottentot mother are held to be free men, and the same as the original tribe, but those who have a slave mother and a Hottentot father remain slaves, as they belong to the mother, who is herself a slave. When any inhabitant wants such a child he must apprentice him till he is twenty-five years old. Even under all these circumstances, and with the bad state of the defences at the Cape, it would be a very rash act for any fleet to enter the bay and fire at the castle. I feel quite sure that the enemy would get the worst of it. But if (as one reads in the newspapers) the English are resolved to some day place their fleet in False Bay, put their crew on shore, and conduct the fighting on land, and seize the castle on the land side—ah! then poor Cape! as soon as this happens are you altogether lost! * * *

"False Bay lies some miles behind Table Mountain: from afar it looks almost like Table Bay, and many ships have gone astray there; hence its name. The bay itself is defended by nothing in the world. No garrison is stationed there, no battery is built there; in a word, it is totally undefended.

"If the English had 200 cavalry men with them, with their saddles and bridles, they could in one night collect quite as many horses from the farms roundabout, for each farmer has at least twenty, or some thirty or even more horses, chiefly for breeding and treading out the grain. This little troop of cavalry is quite sufficient to occupy the passage through the Salt River, and to cut off the connection of the castle with the land, also to keep back the assembled country folk; for before these, who live half a league apart from each other, were all called together and assembled at their rendezvous, Stellenbosch, the castle would surely have been compelled to beat a parley and surrender; for the castle, together with the Cape, is, as it were, in a half circle of four mountains, viz., the Lion's Head and the Lion's Rump, the Table and the Devil's Mountains. These surround and lock them in.

"This last has a ridge or hilly spur attached to it, which gently slopes and stretches down to within about four hundred or five hundred paces of the bay. These five hundred paces of level ground, namely, from the foot of the mountain to

the bay, comprise *this* passage, through which all who come from the country and wish to go to the castle or town must pass. The cavalry, or, failing this, the advance guard, could easily hold this place, as they would be quite safe from the guns of the castle. At the same time they require to have a knowledge of war, so that they cover or take possession of the ridge running down from the mountain. If the *corps d'armée* then advance, even if it only comprises 2,000 men, and plant their cannons behind a breastwork with loopholes in one of the cuttings or kloofs on this mountain, the castle must surrender at discretion ; no dog left in it would live, as this height fully covers the castle and, as it were, commands it. Under such circumstances, it would be fool-hardiness, and not bravery, if the Dutchmen were to make a defence, for having never expected an attack from an enemy on this side their defences would be in no proper condition to meet them. If the English wanted to be still a little more clever, they might do this : they know of every circumstance from their East Indian ships touching at the Cape to refresh, and so they might throw ten or twelve shells into the castle, which would very soon blow up one of the powder magazines, and then a terrible affair would follow.

“With very little trouble the enemy could cut the pipes (which are quite visible to the eye), and which lead the water from the Table Mountain to the castle, for the use of the inhabitants and the ships, and so deprive them of it.

“Besides this, the rain water from the Table Mountain has dug out a deep trench to the castle ; if the enemy liked, they could take the castle by storming, for they could in the stillness of the night bring their army to the foot of the Devil's Mountain and into this deep gully, wherein very little water flows, and could creep on right under the cannon, yes, and to the walls of the castle, without their approach being made known to the beleaguered garrison. A single petard would be exploded at the sally-port, and I would wager that this till then free-living garrison would never once have thought of such an accident taking place.

“One knows, moreover, what widely circulated manifestoes, filled with promises and interwoven with threats, are sent to the burghers and peasants (or farmers) to induce them to turn out in face of a foe. But burghers and peasants everywhere are well-to-do people, loving peace and unaccustomed to war. But fire and sword where-with the enemy threaten are to such people terrible things. A single fire-ball can set on fire all the 1,200 houses of the Cape, which for the most part are roofed with inflammable reed-grass, and reduce them to ashes. More than three-quarters of the houses could be plundered before the castle could drive the enemy out. Wife and children, besides their household goods, are naturally dear to these citizens, but without doubt, they will not willingly allow themselves to be shot dead. Notwithstanding it may now be possible that the inhabitants of the Cape of the burgher and peasant class may

make up an army of 3,000 to 4,000 men, yet am I assured that before their assembling, and so long as they are on their own lands and in their own dwellings, though warned and threatened by an enemy's manifesto, they will draw no sword. It is true that the inhabitants are very well contented under the Dutch rule, and it seems to me very laughable, as shown in our newspapers a short time ago, that the inhabitants of the Cape displayed such great joy to follow the American-English standard, and declare themselves free men. So little long these good people for more freedom, so cheerfully would they again be brought under the yoke, that I cannot see for what reason they should wish for independence, for it is always much better to be taken care of than to take care of oneself, and thereby expect to be the prey of some other conqueror.

"Their present taxes, especially those upon the lands, are very bearable, and are got in without a troublesome collection. The East India Company take over all grain which the farmers can spare and can sell. They pay all without distinction never more, never less than eight Cape gulden and sixteen stübers for the muid, which amounts to net one bushel and a half. So much wheat as a farmer delivers (the rye is not much cultivated) so much payment receives he in hard cash, after a tenth part is deducted, and thereby is the troublesome collection of the tithes or taxes almost done away with. The remaining tax of one florin on one leaguer of wine, one florin on ten head of cattle, and one florin on one hundred sheep, the farmer pays over yearly to the Landdrost of his district. If the East India Company took out all these taxes together at the delivery of wheat, and instead of paying eight florins a muid only paid seven florins, so would the farmers know nothing of any taxes; and it is remarkable that while in some years of sterility and poor crops the Company cannot charge the bakers and other farmers dearer for their wheat, *they* may charge more. But then, again, when there is a full harvest the farmers need not lower their prices."

In our next we propose to translate some curious particulars on the mode of lending and making money in the olden days, as well as the way in which ancient sales were conducted. For the present we forbear.

L. G. B.

To the Cape for Diamonds.*

MR. BOYLE has written a tolerably pleasing book, and wisely says : " In so far as this book is a narrative, I have no need to preface it, unless with a limitation self-evident ;" and again, " a conscientious writer tells only what he sees." It is " self-evident " that Mr. Boyle has done simply what he professes in his preface, and considered purely as a narrative it is quite up to the mark of what we should expect to find in the columns of a newspaper.

Mr. Boyle's passage out in the *Cambrian* appears to have been unsatisfactory, and he inveighs a good deal against the ship and company, but as his personal experiences during the voyage have little interest compared to his views of the Colony, we refrain from transcribing any of his grievances, which are rather fully detailed.

Mr. Boyle lands at Saldanha Bay and proceeds to Mr. Van der Byl's store, where he procures a cart, and has his first taste of Cape brandy.

At the store we made acquaintance with the Jehu who had passed so furiously. He gave us a favourable impression of the Africander, which experience, unfortunately, did not confirm. We straightway plunged into a bargain with this pleasant fellow for conveying us to Cape Town. Pending the ratification of preliminaries, which we left to the experience and patience of Mr. W——, it was given us to taste " Cape smoke." When I say that this liquid did not give us nausea, bile, pains in the chest, back, and limbs, and aversion to female society, upon the spot, that will be sufficient evidence how utterly unlike to all known liquors is this home-made brandy. I will confess that I even had a relish for it in this first essay. It was not until the palate had grown used to the most abnormal of flavours, that the mere sight and smell of Cape brandy produced on me, as on others, a feeling of hatred towards the whole human race, and a wish that I never had been born. I think I actually tasted the concoction three times—the last occasion under *force majeure*. No description of its sickly, poisonous smell is possible. He who would know must try.

He arrives at the farm of Mr. Vasson (Basson ?) where the size of the men surprises, but the food disgusts him.

Mr. Vasson—who will certainly never hear or read this lines of mine—was monstrously big and stout, as are nine in ten of the farmers, whether French or Dutch or English by descent. I think this race of men is the heaviest and largest in the world. It is certainly the biggest I have encountered in a life of travel. Picked western men of America might match them in height, but in bulk and weight they would be left behind. I am quite sure that the average of the fifty thousand grown men in Cape Colony would be very close on six feet. It is a common thing to find a half-dozen sons in a family, each of them two or three or four inches above this level. And their breadth of shoulder, girth of limbs and body, and muscular development are more striking still. At an early age, however, their drowsy habits and copious feeding run them into flesh. I did not notice many instances of excessive fat, but every man over thirty was twice the thickness he should be for health. Three times a day the family gorges itself upon lumps of mutton, fried in the tallowy fat of the sheep's tail. Or else—their only change of

* To the Cape for Diamonds. By Frederick Boyle. London : Chapman and Hall.

diet—upon the tasteless *fricadel*, kneaded balls of meat and onions, likewise swimming in grease. Very few vegetables they have, and those are rarely used. Brown bread they make, but scarcely touch it. Fancy existing from birth to death upon mutton scraps, half-boiled, half-fried in tallow! So doth the boer. It is not eating but devouring with him.

On his way from Darling he reaches Mamre, which is thus described :—

Mamre, a mission station of the Dutch church, was the next settlement. This is the brightest oasis we were destined to see in South Africa. It lies buried in trees of mighty growth, and has dikes of running water all about. Neat walls and hedges fence the church and parsonage, and a pleasant glow of flowers shines above them. The cottages too, though built of mud, had a respectable and cleanly look. I am well aware what bitter feeling against mission stations is prevalent at the Cape—as indeed in all other countries where I have found them. My own experience would not by any means lead me to describe this feeling as prejudice; but whatever be the evil of such institutions, and whatever harm they work to the bodies and souls of “converts,” no one who has emerged from the surrounding deserts into that green isle of Mamre could do aught but bless the *padres*. If it be only for displaying what this land *might* be, they deserve our thanks. One would have wished to halt awhile here, and explore the secrets of the place with official guidance; though I’ll confess a deep distrust for that order of men called missionaries, be what may their creed. It would be interesting to learn what all this teaching really has achieved, and how far the converts are fitted for an honest life in our world and the next. But time was pressing, and, knowing nought to the contrary, I will hope that Mamre is as pure within as fair without.

Cape Town itself is not honoured with much notice, but there is an elaborate description of our dispute with the Free State, a portion of which is correct and a portion not, though Mr. Boyle very fairly gives no less than thirty-seven pages of *Government Gazette* proclamations and *Diamond News* and other extracts, upon which he bases his views.

Fancy runs riot a little, for chapter ten opens with a description of sunrise at Du Toit’s Pan, where “the pure heaven” is described “as green as a turquoise.” We have heard a foreigner describe an object as being “blue as a cherry,” but we were under the impression that a turquoise was blue also.

High compliments is paid to Cape cattle, and especially the Cape cart, which, by the way, Mr. Boyle mistakes for an “import,” and Messrs. Arnot, Webb, and Fry come in for a large share of commendation for hospitality and intelligence, which they doubtless deserve.

Jacobsdal, at page 188, is described as “one of the most rising settlements of the Free State, a resort of scoundrels flying from English justice.”

Our author does not appear to have been very successful as a digger, or rather shareholder of a claim, but bears his losses cheerily.

On the whole, the book, as one of personal experiences in a strange country, is sufficiently readable; but we doubt whether the intending emigrant will, after perusal of the work, be able to make up his mind whether he should come to the Cape for diamonds or not.

Ostrich Farming.

AN awkward accident, though fortunately not of a serious character, prevented our esteemed contributor, Dr. Atherstone, from preparing for this number an article devoted, as he says in a private note, "to the bird that lays the golden eggs, and showing how I ran one down in the desert twenty years ago fairly on foot (owing to being able to stand heat the better of the two), and killed and eat him all except the wings, while the Korannas eat all except the feathers!" Pending this article, which we hope may be forthcoming for next month, we have the pleasure of publishing now from the *Australasian* the following paper on the same subject which Dr. Atherstone prepared for the Acclimatisation Society of Victoria, at the request of Sir Henry Barkly :—

"This new and important branch of industry is beginning to attract considerable attention here, and deserves the serious consideration of all interested in the welfare of the Colony. The export of feathers is rapidly increasing every year in quantity and value, not so much, I believe, from wild feathers, indicative of the progressive destruction of the ostrich, as from the increase of the domesticated birds and their more successful management, by which the feathers, at one time considered vastly inferior to those of the bird in its wild state, are now proved by market value to be equal if not superior in quality. I have myself seen, during the last eighteen months, upwards of 500 domesticated ostriches in different districts of the Colony in the Eastern and Western Provinces, under varying conditions as to soil, climate, and management,—some in enclosures, some herded in large flocks like sheep without enclosure or shelter of any kind; and from my own observations and the inquiries I have made, I am of opinion that the success of ostrich farming, like that of sheep farming, depends more upon the character of the veldt (or soil or grazing ground) and diet than upon climate conditions. Exposure to wet and cold does not appear to be injurious to birds in full health and vigour, but it kills them if weak or out of condition. It is advisable, however, to protect them by shelter of some kind from the cold rains of winter in the domesticated state. The natural home of the ostrich and antelope is found in the Karroo plains and sweet grass flats of the interior, and although, like the springbok, the ostrich occasionally resorts to the long sour grass of the coast lands, where, perhaps the lime and salt replace alkalies of the sweet grass and Karroo, neither will thrive for any length of time on the 'strand veldt' or the 'sour grass' of the sandstone ranges, deficient in alkalies. Alkalies in some form or other seem to be necessary to the very existence of sheep, bucks, and ostriches, and where these do not exist in the soils or plants, they must be supplied artificially to ensure the healthy condition of the animal and the proper growth of the wool, hair, and feathers. It is for this reason that salt, so necessary for all domesticated animals, is in some parts of the Brazils said to be worth its weight

in gold. I have heard of a house, the walls of which (made of brack ground) was nearly licked through by a span of zuurveldt oxen let loose on the werf. The attraction of the salt licks or pans in the interior for game and stock is well known. This natural want may often be recognized at a glance on the surface of a farm. No bones are seen lying about on a zuurveldt farm, all being greedily devoured by the stock; cattle and sheep crunch them up, and ostriches swallow them whole; whereas on a sweetveldt farm, whose soil and shrubs are rich in alkalies, the bones are untouched. Nothing requires them. There are three farms adjoining each other, within a dozen miles of Graham's Town, on which upwards of 150 ostriches are kept, which strikingly exemplify this fact, and the comparative adaptability of different soils and pasture for sheep, angoras, and ostriches. Kruisfontein, on the south, belonging to my brother, John Atherstone, is an unmitigated zuurveldt farm, situated on the sandstone range called the Zuurberg, which skirts Graham's Town on the south. There is no limestone on the farm. He has been at considerable expense in sheds, enclosures, and artificial feeding; and, though successful at last, it has been only attained by dear-bought experience. Angoras do not succeed, and, as a rule, wethers only thrive well, lambs are reared with difficulty, and ostriches require a large amount of artificial food, mealies, and green crops, and require crushed bones, which they devour greedily. Until this plan was adopted, the birds were in low condition, unhealthy, and the feathers inferior and interrupted in their growth.

“Since the supply of bone-dust (he gives $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. sulphur to two buckets of crushed bones with salt) the improvement in the quality and value has been very marked, and the condition of the birds greatly improved. The yield and quality of the feathers appear to be directly proportionate to the health and vigour of the bird. Limestone, from the coastland, was tried at first as the birds would not lay; it was broken up and scattered about, but the birds would not touch it; the phosphate of lime of the bones was the thing wanted, and they rushed at the bones with avidity, and immediately began to improve in health and to lay. Still, although he has had ostriches for nearly three years, and began with many full-grown birds, the attempts at incubation have been abortive from various causes, and he has had no increase. Of eighty-five birds originally placed on the farm, in a forty-acre enclosure, he has lost twenty-seven—thirteen by cold and wet, three by diphtheria, six killed by natives, three by fighting, and two by falling into holes; he has five more males than females. Of sixty eggs, nineteen were destroyed by black crows, which were seen from the house to hover over the nest and let stones fall on the eggs (on running up on one occasion to the nest, about 600 yards off, he found three stones in the nest, the eggs cracked, and the yolk strewn about); forty-one were sent to the adjoining farm Hilton, to be artificially incubated, but these failed, probably from having been shaken, although they were carried in baskets on the heads of native women. He has received £1,450 for his feathers, plucking them every eight months, selecting the ripe feathers only, and plucking about sixty at a time. He finds it injures the bird, and produces irritative

fever, to pluck too many at once; they become quite thin. His experience leads him to the opinion that the ostrich cannot stand exposure to wet or cold. This farm is rather higher (about 200 or 300 feet) than the other two, and therefore, perhaps, colder. The next farm, Hilton, is like a table farm adjoining it, on the junction between the sandstones of the Zuurberg and the schists and trap conglomerate formation, and mixed veldt, partly sour and partly sweet grass—the soil rich in alkalies, which often effervesce on the surface, in the hollows. On Hilton, Mr. Arthur Douglass has now seventy-one birds, kept in an enclosure of 300 acres, in good condition, and requiring very little artificial food. They lay well, and do not appear to suffer from exposure to wet or cold, although they have no shelter. He commenced about three years ago with eleven birds; he has now seventy-one; he has successfully hatched seventy—forty artificially by the incubator. They have paired and hatched their young in the natural state, which has enabled him to watch them, and he has thus acquired much valuable information regarding their habits and the natural mode of incubation. The male birds are very ferocious during the breeding season, and it is dangerous to approach them. Mr. Douglass has had several narrow escapes. They sit alternately, the male at night grazing and guarding the female; during the day time, the time of his going on the nest varies at different times during incubation, as also does the time between the female leaving the nest and the male taking her place, the exposure and cooling being probably regulated by the temperature of the incubative fever at different stages. All these apparently trivial minutiae are yet matters of considerable importance to artificial incubation, and only to be acquired by patient watching and judicious application of the principles involved in machine hatching to ensure success. Brack Kloof, which adjoins Hilton on the north-east, is on the trap conglomerate—a purely sweetveldt farm—with many of the bitter and aromatic shrubs of the Karroo. Here Mr. George White, my brother-in-law, has twenty-three young ostriches in an enclosure of 500 acres, thriving well, in good condition, and yielding feathers of excellent quality. As a rule he gives no artificial food; they thrive and fatten on the scanty scrub and sweet grass in the enclosure only. Last year, when he put several hundred sheep and goats into the same enclosure, the birds were nearly starved, but they regained their condition as soon as the sheep were removed. They have no shelter of any kind, and have not suffered at all from the rain or cold. He began with seven, four males and three females, all chicks, their sex undistinguishable from the plumage. He has had them sixteen months, and has not lost one. He plucks them twice a-year. In rainy weather they do not even seek the slight shelter of the walls, but group themselves in the open ground, not appearing to care for cold or wet. The rocks, soil, and herbage contain alkalies in abundance, and the water is brackish, as the name of the farm implies. Sheep, angoras, and cattle thrive well, and no bones are eaten by the stock; they lie scattered about everywhere. The contrast between the farms is very marked, and their comparative fitness for ostrich farming. The ostrich requires, as a rule, I think, ‘sweetveldt’ variety of food, and a large extent of grazing ground to roam over, to keep them in health and vigour.

“The Wimmera district, as I am informed by Mr. E. J. Dunn, geologist, who is intimately acquainted with the district, is sour grass, and, as such, ill adapted to the successful rearing of ostriches, although when reared they may thrive very well with artificial food. Mr. Dunn, who has lately travelled a good deal in our Colony, and knows the peculiarity of our sweet and sour velds, recommends the banks of the Loddon, near Baringup, as better adapted for experimental ostrich-farming; it is, he says, sweetveldt, and the high banks and the rich flats along the river, and the high banks and stony ground above, are more likely to suit the birds; the lucerne also growing luxuriantly there, and it is one of the best green crops for ostriches. My brother gives 200 to 300 lb. of lucerne to his birds daily, besides mealies or Indian corn (1 lb. to each bird).

"With regard to plucking the feathers, which unfortunately are in prime condition at the period of incubation, when the plucking of them would interfere sadly with the birds, different opinions are entertained; some pluck, some cut off the feathers close to their insertion, some separate some of the males from the females about the time of incubation, and then pluck them. My own opinion is that the best plan is that adopted by a farmer in the Western District who had seventy or eighty ostriches, and found the plan the best and most convenient. To show me the whole process, he had the whole flock driven into the wagon-house, and we then insinuated ourselves by wriggling amongst the densely packed birds. He had previously shown me what to do in case of any bird proving vicious: they are perfectly in your power if you seize them by the neck; you may then choke them as far as you please until you find them powerless, and you can then run away. Having got, with my friend, into the middle of the crowd, so packed that they were unable to move, he quietly selected two or three of the best feathers, and, with a curved sharp knife in his right hand, the blade protected by lying flat against his finger, he pressed it down as near the root as he could, and cut it off obliquely upwards. The bird was quite unconscious of the operation, standing perfectly still as he handed several to me. He then picked out a blood feather, very beautiful, which, on being cut, bled a little; but the sharp knife separated it without being felt. In a month or six weeks he took out all the stumps, if they had not already fallen out. By this means the health of the bird is not impaired, no irritative fever is produced, as in the case of my brother's birds, and you can select only the feathers that are in prime condition, leaving the others to ripen in due course. Still the process of incubation injures a great many valuable feathers, and it appeared, therefore, clear to me that some mode of artificial incubation must be attempted to derive all the advantage possible from this new branch of industry. I therefore wrote to my son in London, about three years ago—early in 1869, I think—requesting him to hunt up some maker of incubators for hens' eggs, hoping, by giving him the size of the egg, habits of ostrich, &c., to be enabled to get a machine adapted for hatching ostriches. He sent me a letter in reply, and prospectus, from Mr. W. H. Thick, 188, Weddington-road, Kentish Town, London, W., offering to construct one if I sent him all the particulars. I had great difficulty in inducing anyone to enter on the risk. My brother declined, preferring to wait till he saw if his birds would not breed in their natural state, and hatch their young. Not being a farmer myself, although perceiving at once the immense value of such an important aid to this second diamond discovery, or rather gold discovery, to the Colony (for feathers were realizing nearly their weight in gold, £45 per lb.; single, 15s. to 20s. each, or about £60,) I could not myself carry out the idea. At last I persuaded Mr. A. Douglas, of Hilton, to send home an order for one of Mr. Thick's machines, which on the road from Port Elizabeth was unfortunately broken to pieces. However, by constructing another on the same principle, which was afterwards varied to suit the new phenomena that presented themselves during the experimental incubation, and taking advantage of the practical lessons of the birds on the nest, testing their temperature, &c., Mr. Douglass has succeeded in making a machine proving very efficient, though in many respects differing from the one originally imported. Several ostrich farmers have tried this improved incubator, and have been perfectly satisfied with their success. It is astonishing what slight causes will cause the failure of eggs; a thunderstorm has been known to destroy them; even the rough opening of the drawer containing the eggs will shake and injure them; and too great or too little heat proves fatal to the chicks. By his plan one male to three females is sufficient, but in a natural state of course there must be an equal number, as both sit alternately. I saw large herds of ostriches near Colesberg—150 in a flock, at least, herded by only two men on horseback, with long whips, on the open flats. I presume mealies tempted them to the homestead in the evening, where they remained in the "hoek" until the next morning.

THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

"Gareth and Lynette."

THIS volume concludes the series of the "Idylls of the King," of which the *Morte d'Arthur* was the prelude. That splendid fragment, published originally in 1842, was the first, and for many years the only, indication of Mr. Tennyson's interest in the old Arthurian romances, and will always hold its place as a conspicuous illustration of the power of true genius to discern the capacities of a legend, and to adorn with its own beauty whatever its hand has touched. That fragment was followed, after the lapse of many years, by the four Idylls of *Enid*, *Elaine*, *Vivien*, and *Guinevere*. To these were added, in 1870, four new Idylls, with the last of which, *The Passing of Arthur*, the original fragment was incorporated. The present volume contains *The Last Tournament*, previously published in one of the magazines, and *Gareth and Lynette*, with a prefatory note assigning to each its place in the completed series.

We have no intention in the present paper to review the entire series, though we may have occasion to compare the thought and expression of the new poems with those of their predecessors. We shall endeavour simply to estimate the value of the contents of the new volume as a work of art, and to make such suggestions as the formal completion of the series may invite.

Gareth is introduced in the opening lines as "the last tall son of Lot and Bellicent," yearning for the life of adventure and glory, the traditions of which are all about him, but from which the fears and anxiety of his mother have hitherto kept him aloof. She urges her own loneliness, the helplessness of his father, and his own youth, as reasons why he should remain with her. The motherly pleadings are finely expressed, with that exquisite delicacy and precision of language which we expect from the author of *Vivien* and *Enid*; and yet, as it seems to us, with an occasional fastidiousness of epithet and studied archaism of language from which the earlier Idylls are comparatively free, and which suggest the impression that the poet's long sojourn in the realm of legend and unreality has somewhat fettered the freedom of his thoughts, and marred the felicity and vigour of his earlier style. A single line will illustrate our meaning. Bellicent promises, if he will remain with her, to seek him out "some comfortable bride and fair,"

to grace

Thy climbing life, and cherish my prone year.

There is no special felicity in the words "climbing" and "prone," as here used, to justify the selection of such unusual epithets to describe the rising manhood of the son or the declining years of the mother. There is a coldness and an affectation, in spite of their accuracy to a classical ear, which, we venture to think, the reader would gladly exchange for the unaffected simplicity of homelier language.

Gareth at length, by dint of importunity, prevails upon his mother to grant him her permission to go to Arthur's Court; but the permission is coupled with a condition—

only one proof,
Before thou ask the King to make thee Knight,
Of thine obedience and thy love to me,
Thy mother, I demand.

The condition is that he shall go in disguise to Arthur's Hall, and hire himself as a kitchen-knave, concealing his name and birth for a twelvemonth and a day. The terms are eagerly accepted, and the conflict of feeling in mother and son is described with great power and delicacy, in verses worthy of the poet's fame:

Gareth awhile linger'd. The mother's eye,
Full of the wistful fear that he would go,
And turning toward him wheresoe'er he turned,
Perplexed his outward purpose, till an hour,
When, waken'd by the wind which with full voice
Swept bellowing thro' the darkness on to dawn,
He rose, and out of slumber calling two
That still had tended on him from his birth,
Before the wakeful mother heard him, went.

The three companions, disguised as tillers of the soil, travel southward, towards the city of Arthur, dimly haunted by the floating traditions of its weird and unreal character. They reach the city at daybreak, and their fears are confirmed by the strange illusion of the morning mists and the mystic words of "an ancient man, long-bearded," who answers their summons at the gate. Two descriptions in this part of the poem are given, each of them in the poet's best manner, with that subtle delicacy and "tender grace" of which he is the greatest living master. The first is of the King's city, the Camelot so well known to the poet's readers:

Far off they saw the silver-misty morn
Rolling her smoke about the Royal mount
That rose between the forest and the field.
At times the summit of the high city flash'd;
At times the spires and turrets half way down
Prick'd thro' the mist; at times the great gate shone
Only, that open'd on the field below:
Anon, the whole fair city had disappear'd.

The city and its life are more particularly described in the verses which follow :

Camelot, a city of shadowy palaces
And stately, rich in emblem and the work
Of Ancient Kings who did their days in stone,
Which Merlin's hand, the Mage at Arthur's Court,
Knowing all arts, had touch'd, and everywhere,
At Arthur's ordinance, tipt with lessening peak
And pinnacle, and had made it spire to heaven.
And ever and anon a knight would pass
Outward, or inward to the hall : his arms
Clash'd, and the sound was good to Gareth's ear ;
And out of bower and casement shyly glanced
Eyes of pure women, wholesome stars of love ;
And all about a healthful people stept,
As in the presence of a gracious King.

The four lines which close this extract are equally beautiful in expression and noble in sentiment. The first two remind us of that lofty reverence for woman, a precious heritage from our Teutonic ancestry, which is everywhere reflected in Mr. Tennyson's poetry. The last two remind us that the poet is an Englishman.

More beautiful still is the second picture, the Gate of Camelot :

And there was no gate like it under heaven.
For barefoot on the key-stone, which was lined
And rippled like an ever-fleeting wave,
The Lady of the Lake stood : all her dress
Wept from her sides as water flowing away ;
But, like the cross, her great and goodly arms
Stretch'd under all the cornice and upheld :
And drops of water fell from either hand ;
And down from one a sword was hung, from one
A censer, either worn with wind and storm :
And o'er her breast floated the sacred fish ;
And in the space to left of her, and right,
Were Arthur's wars in weird devices done,
New things and old co-twisted, as if Time
Were nothing, so inveterately, that men
Were giddy gazing there ; and over all,
High on the top, were those three Queens, the friends
Of Arthur, who should help him at his need.

The word "co-twisted" is harsh, though expressive ; and "inveterately" in the next line draws too heavily on its etymology. But these slight blemishes (if we may venture to call them such) are lost in the splendid effect of the whole passage. It is the perfection of noble and stately simplicity. Let the reader cast his eye along the lines, and see how few words there are of more than one syllable. The consummate artist is seen in the subtle weaving of the simplest shreds of speech into a texture of rare grace and beauty. "The

Gate of Camelot" is a splendid addition to the glories of English descriptive poetry.

The scene in Arthur's "long-vaulted hall" is sketched in a few fine lines. Gareth felt "his young heart hammering in his ears" as he beheld "the splendour of the presence of the king," and saw

in all the listening eyes
Of those tall knights that ranged about the throne,
Clear honour shining like the dewy star
Of dawn, and faith in their great King, with pure
Affection, and the light of victory,
And glory gained, and evermore to gain.

The king is seated on his throne, hearing complaints and dispensing justice. Among the suppliants is the lady Lynette, who comes to ask the assistance of Sir Lancelot against four knights who have besieged her sister, the lady Lyonors, in Castle Perilous. Gareth has already proffered his request to the king, and is installed among the kitchen-knives, in obedience to the promise to his mother. The latter, however, relents at the end of a month, and looses him from his vow—

Between the increscent and decrescent moon.

(Surely, by the way, nothing is gained, and something is lost, by the substitution of these uncouth classicalisms for the simpler "waxing" and "waning.") By a sudden impulse, Gareth claims to be sent with the lady in the place of Sir Lancelot, and the king grants his request, to the disgust of blustering Sir Kay, the seneschal, and of the lady Lynette. The character (if we may use the term) of the latter is altogether meagre and unsatisfactory: fair-browed, rosy-cheeked, with (not to put too fine a point upon it) a turned-up nose, petulant in temper and insolent of tongue, she is simply an ill-mannered young woman, whose sneers and insolence to the young knight serve as a foil to set off his calm and unswerving pursuit of the quest which he has taken upon himself.

Avoid! thou smellest all of kitchen-grease!

is the burden, repeated with wearisome iteration, of her addresses to the knight. Two things, however, we must say of her in simple justice: one is, that she is sorry for her rudeness at the end, and begs pardon; the other is, that she sings an exquisite song, for the sake of which we are quite inclined to forget her naughty manners. The verses are sung in succession, as the several knights fall beneath the strong hand of Gareth. They form a lyric which will take its place with the songs in the *Princess* and the earlier Idylls.

O morning star that smilest in the blue,
O star, my morning dream hath proven true,
Smile sweetly, thou! my love hath smiled on me.

O sun, that wakenest all to bliss or pain,
O moon, that layest all to sleep again,
Shine sweetly : twice my love hath smiled on me.

O dewy flowers that open to the sun,
O dewy flowers that close when day is done,
Blow sweetly : twice my love hath smiled on me.

O birds that warble to the morning sky,
O birds that warble as the day goes by,
Sing sweetly : twice my love hath smiled on me.

O trefoil, sparkling on the rainy plain,
O rainbow with three colours after rain,
Shine sweetly : thrice my love hath smiled on me.

The remaining part of the poem is devoted chiefly to the combats between Gareth and the lawless warriors from whose tyranny and insolence he is to deliver the beleaguered lady. The successive encounters are described with considerable power and much of that minuteness of detail which is so characteristic of the poet. The first to fall beneath his lance is Sir Kay, the Seneschal, whose insolence provokes the young knight to an encounter, and who is carried back wounded to the king's palace. The next adventure is against six tall men whom he surprises in the act of murdering a stalwart baron, Arthur's friend. His good sword accounts for three of the villains, the others taking to their heels. All this, however, is by way of preliminary to the real work before him ; and beyond a few felicitous lines, and one or two somewhat quaint similes, there is nothing noteworthy in the description. In the narrative of the successive encounters with the knights who hold the passes of the river "that runs in three loops" round Castle Perilous, there is greater elaboration of detail, and the pictures are very bright and clear ; while at the same time one is conscious of a subdued under-tone of allegorical meaning, which rises to the surface in the final struggle, where the brave and enduring hero fronts and strikes down the shadowy terrors of Night and Death. But before touching upon the allegorical and spiritual meanings which may lie in the poem, we will conclude our brief sketch of its structure and incidents.

The interest of the latter portion centres, as we have said, in the base knights of the river-passes. These are three brothers, who bear the names of Morning-Star, Noon-Sun, and Evening-Star, with corresponding devices upon their shields ; while a fourth brother—

A huge man-beast of boundless savagery,
He names himself the Night, and oftener Death,
And wears a helmet mounted with a skull,
With white breast-bone, and barren ribs of Death,
And crown'd with fleshless laughter—

holds the Lady Lyonors a close prisoner in her castle. The likeness of each, and his surroundings, are sketched with consummate skill, so as to suggest (as we have said) the spiritual significance, which, how-

ever, is never allowed to interfere with the vividness of the picture. How admirably, for example, is the character of the Knight of the Morning Star sustained and intensified by the accessories of the scene in which he appears—the silk pavilion, with purple dome, and fluttering crimson banneret ; the Daughters of the Dawn—

three fair girls
In gilt and rosy raiment came : their feet
In dewy grasses glisten'd ; and the hair
All over glanced with dewdrop or with gem
Like sparkles in the stone Avanturine.

The Noon-Sun again is arrayed in armour "burnished to blinding," and Gareth's eyes

had flying blots
Before them when he turn'd from watching him.

The Knight of Evening is described in these fine lines—the very verse seems wrinkled and slow with age :

With slow steps from out
An old storm-beaten, russet, many-stain'd
Pavilion, forth a grizzled damsel came,
And arm'd him in old arms, and brought a helm
With but a drying evergreen for crest,
And gave a shield whereon the Star of Even,
Half tarnish'd and half bright, his emblem, shone.

There is a fine image, full of deep and solemn meaning, in the description of the encounter with the Knight of Evening :

Gareth panted hard, and his great heart,
Foredooming all his trouble was in vain,
Labour'd within him, for he seem'd as one
That all in later, sadder age begins
To war against ill uses of a life,
But these from all his life arise, and cry,
"Thou hast made us lords, and canst not put us down."

These knights go down before the true lance of Gareth, who now gains the scene of the last struggle with Night and Death, and sees

A huge pavilion like a mountain peak
Sunder the glooming crimson on the marge.

Slowly the Knight of Death issues forth from the black hangings of the pavilion, clad in the terrible symbols of the grave, monstrous in stature, awful in silence : but at the first shock,

those that did not blink the terror saw
That Death was cast to ground, and slowly rose ;
But with one stroke Sir Gareth split the skull :
Half fell to right and half to left, and lay ;
Then with a stronger buffet he clove the helm
As throughly as the skull : and out from this
Issued the bright face of a blooming boy,
Fresh as a flower new-born.

And the poem closes with telling how they

made merry over Death,
As being, after all their foolish fears
And horrors, only proven a blooming boy.
So large mirth lived, and Gareth won the quest.

In the dedication of the completed series of the Idylls to the Queen, the poet distinctly indicates the spiritual meanings that lie beneath and within the legends as he reads them to us. They shadow "SENSE at war with Soul." He said the same thing, in effect, when in the *Morte d'Arthur* he calls the Round Table "an image of the mighty world," and elsewhere describes the king as "a Conscience to his knights." Read in the light of this idea, the poem before us is rich in profound meanings, and its artistic beauty becomes the vehicle of spiritual truth. Gareth's quest is the battle of Life—the good fight of Faith. His patient obedience to the king is the symbol of allegiance to the supremacy of Conscience. The quest is the way of Duty, from which the whispers of ease and worldly prudence would keep him before he has entered upon it—in which trial and temptation assail him, and would turn him aside—which leads through the midst of foes, but brings peace and joy at the last. Very noble and beautiful is the lesson which we may draw from the victorious progress of the pure and patient-hearted knight. Obedience, devotion, self-control, high resolves, faith, courage, truth—it is these that gain him the victory. Bellicent, with her common-places of ease and comfort; Kay, with his sneers; and Lynette, with her contemptuous disdain and conventional standard of worth: we know them of old—they are the very foes that meet us in

The war of Time against the Soul of man.

In the allegory, again, of the brother knights, the poet teaches how the pure, true heart overcomes the temptations of youth, manhood, and old age, as symbolized in the Knights of Morning, with his train of damsels; Noon-Sun with

red

And cipher face of rounded foolishness ;

and Evening—the gloom and doubt of decaying years. These are distinct, yet kindred—brothers in their warfare against the Soul. And beyond the lusts of youth, the pride of manhood, and the gloomy fears of old age, lurk the terrors of Night and Death. But the true heart that has vanquished the former is not dismayed by the rest. This is the easiest victory of all; one stroke, and the terror is disarmed. A blooming youth lies hidden in the ghastly imageries of Death. It is but another reading of the truth that

the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-land,
To which our God Himself is Moon and Sun ;—

or of older words—"Keep innocence, and take heed unto the thing that is right: for that shall bring a man peace at the last."

Compared with the older Idylls, and with the sweet music of *Elaine* and the deep voices of *Guinevere* fresh in our memory, *Gareth and Lynette* will seem to many a reader to be pitched in a lower key ; and undoubtedly this is the case. It is more laboured, less free and natural in expression, and, putting aside the finer passages, the average poetic worth of the remainder seems to us scarcely up to the level of the earlier poems. But then we are hardly in a position to judge of the relation of the several parts to each other. We read last what the next generation will read first. The poet has almost reversed, in the publication of the successive Idylls, the order in which they are to appear as a completed series. The last published of the ten poems is to stand second. The first published will appear as the last. If, therefore, in the work as a whole, there is a gradual gathering of strength—a *crescendo* movement which culminates in the pathetic penitence of *Guinevere* and the mystic splendour in which *Arthur* passes beyond the range of human vision ; there must needs be a corresponding descent, a *diminuendo* movement, when we read them (as we have hitherto done) in the reversed order. The poet is but true to his own art, and skilfully working out his wide-ranging plan, in reserving the fuller and deeper music for the close. The stately temple was built before the vestibule by which we should enter it. It is but fitting that the eye which has grown familiar with the rich and graceful edifice should miss something of beauty or majesty in the porch by which we retire. And so it is that "*Gareth and Lynette*" is a worthy prelude to a very noble work—a gate by which we enter into a city of splendours. Another generation, which has the advantage of entering "through the gates into the city," will be better able than we are to form a true judgment of the symmetry and proportions of the whole.

The work is now complete ; and after what we have said there is, we trust, no fear of our being misunderstood when we confess to a feeling of relief that it is done with. We are grateful for the addition to English literature of a great work of poetic genius and art ; but we trust that the poet has taken his last farewell of the knights and ladies of *Arthur's* legendary halls, and will again speak to the intellect and heart of Englishmen, as he spoke in former years, on the great questions of life and duty and destiny which are stirring so profoundly in the under-currents of modern thought. How large is his sympathy with these questionings, and how competent he is to speak to us on these high themes, readers of *In Memoriam* do not require to be told. In the Ode to the Queen, published on the completion of the series of the Idylls, he has shown how carefully he has watched the currents of thought in England, and how keenly alive he is to the dangers that beset its intellectual and social life—

Waverings of every vane with every wind,
And wordy trucklings to the transient hour,
And fierce or careless looseners of the faith,
And softness breeding scorn of simple life,
Or cowardice, the child of lust for gold.

That these and such-like influences are to triumph over the wisdom and faith which have made England "mightiest of all peoples under Heaven," he does not believe—

if our slowly-grown

And crown'd republic's crowning common-sense,
 That saved her many times, not fail—their fears
 Are morning shadows huger than the shapes
 That cast them, not those gloomier which forego
 The darkness of that battle in the West,
 Where all of high and holy dies away.

This confidence will be justified, if wise and true counsels strengthen the heart of the nation. And no living Englishman has spoken with more power, or can speak with more welcome, to the heart of his people than Mr. Tennyson.

Our Agricultural Population.

II.

Let the soldier be abroad if he will; he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage, a personage less imposing in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad; and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array.—*Lord Brougham.*

THE schoolmaster is, indeed, abroad; but we are not satisfied with the quality of the article. Every learned profession demands credentials of its *alumni* before they pass from the precincts of the School and the Hospital to practise their arts on confiding clients and patients. Our farmers trust the tender hearts and intellects of their children to the unskilled guidance of any charlatans, whose own experiences have been in stitching cloth or leather; and whose acquirements, even of the lowest type, are sullied with the gross habits of the class to which they belong. Are we surprised at the results? Do we really hope to gather grapes from thorn-bushes? Do we forget the law that "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined?"

When the fitting agent is found, who will live among the farmers, educate their children, and throw an air of decency and comfort over their rough habits of life, half the difficulty is surmounted. It is useless to expect young men of quick business habits and of average culture to devote themselves to this work of family-training; and it is a duty more congenial to the governess, whose own position in the family is easily tolerated, and who can regulate at all times the thousand and one little things that go to make up civilized life—the cleanliness of person and of dress; modesty of demeanour, and respect for parents; and by daily intercourse and conversation, she can influence for good the whole household.

Funds are not wanting to the authorities of the Dutch Reformed

Church for apprenticing young men to the business of school-keeping; but it is found impracticable to get candidates who will bind themselves for a term of years, first as apprentices, and afterwards as teachers. The bond must be a *moral* one, whether you train men or women; and even if the young women, who have been for two or three years in training at a good school, decline to become governesses or teachers or withdraw from their occupation after a limited time, the result is not a barren one, for the school has benefited by their services, and they go forth into society, well-trained and educated, and fitted to the better discharge of their future duties, as wives and mothers.

If the ministers of religion will impress on our colonial families that there is not only no degradation to their daughters in entering on the business of teaching, but that it is an honourable and useful calling; if thus the prejudice of mothers, in limited circumstances, struggling to maintain a decent appearance before the world, can be swept away, I apprehend no great difficulty in inducing many young women to attach themselves to schools approved by their ministers; where receiving a small salary, £1 to £2 monthly, in return for their services, they may qualify themselves for an elementary teacher's certificate. A list of such persons in training and of certificated governesses being kept by some central authority, each minister would at once know what course to pursue, when his parishioners apply to him for advice and help in educating their families. Young persons, thus qualified, would expect at least £30 per annum, as fixed salary, besides free board and lodging in the family; and where, by the union of two or three families for school purposes, a daily attendance of ten to fifteen children is secured, the managers would be able to get the small but substantial half-grant, viz., £15 per annum, from the Superintendent-General of Education.

I do not contemplate that this system would be confined to Cape Town; but the ministers of each *Ring* should manage their own training-system; and there would be less disinclination on the part of governesses to accept posts within their own districts, where they have friends and acquaintances.

My own experience is that a fair proportion of pupil-teachers, attached to schools aided by the Government, do become teachers; and that those who are positively disinclined or unfitted for the work show their tendency to break off in the early days of their engagements; the parting is then arranged by mutual consent, and wisely; for you may bring your horse to the stream, but you cannot make him drink.

But an agency of another and more complete kind is necessary to bring the boys away from the farm, and train them in the order and discipline of a well-regulated home; where by mutual contact, and by the daily intercourse with superior minds, they may develop those qualities which are not wanting to their race,—truthfulness, self-reliance, emulation. A boarding-school is required in every district or *Ring*, where farmers' sons could be maintained and fairly educated

at a rate not exceeding £20 each per annum. Such an institution should be situated on the outskirts of a town or village, and so conducted as to utilize the produce—sheep, corn, vegetables, &c.—in which most would prefer, and many are only able, to make payment of the school expenses. The fixed salaries of the head and assistant masters and of a matron being guaranteed by the central authority of the *Ring*, it would be necessary to exercise a certain control, so as to keep down the rate of charge as low as possible, to suit the means of the agricultural population. Of course the place selected should, with due regard to healthiness, be in a cheap district.

Assume, for instance, that Tulbagh is chosen, where the climate is healthy and provisions are cheap, and by the late exodus house-rent is reduced. The approximate scale of receipts and expenditure might be drawn out as follows :—

Rent of premises	£100
Head-master, fixed salary	200
Assistant do.	100
Matron do.	60
	<hr/>
	£460

The expenses of house-keeping must be kept down to an economical rate ; and with forty boarders need not exceed £750 per annum, including certain rations to the officers of the household.

For the school instruction, I anticipate that the part salaries of the teachers, as in public schools, would be defrayed from the Parliamentary grants for public education. In this way I estimate that the managers would have to provide about £200 per annum, at first, from extraneous sources ; but as soon as seventy-five to one hundred boarders were obtained, the institution would be all but self-supporting. The influence of the various ministers of the Presbytery, if earnestly and honestly brought to bear on the farmers, could easily fill the institution.

One year spent by a lad of about twelve years of age, away from the desultory habits of his home, would give him more real education than he can get at an ordinary farmers' school in his whole time of boyhood.

The most eligible places, as far as I can judge, would be in the neighbourhoods of (1) Tulbagh or Worcester. (2) George. (3) Uitenhage. (4) Graaff-Reinet.

This outline is sketched in the knowledge that where every one talks of our wants and no one methodizes the remedies, progress is impossible. Let one such institution be fairly tried, let even one public farmers' school, and there are many good ones in the neighbourhood of the Paarl, be enlarged so as to accommodate boarders at a cheap rate, and the Dutch Reformed Church will have entered on a career of usefulness which will atone for its past inactivity in regard to the mass of its adherents, the agricultural population.

Professor Tyndall.

HARDLY any person has given more vitality to the theory of atomicity than John Tyndall. What was first an hypothesis, and afterwards a theory, became a reality in his hands—a reality rendered intelligible to any ordinary mind: molecular science was thenceforth within the reach of unscientific people. The Royal Institution, “the monument of Count Rumford’s invention and enterprise,” may well be proud of its present head, as it was of his predecessor, Faraday.

Born in the east of Ireland in 1820, though of Anglo-Saxon stock, he seems to have inherited an Irishman’s felicity of expression, which has served him so well in public speaking. His father was not in good circumstances, but he was a well read and strong-minded man. Such little instruction as the village school could give him formed the basis of his education. It was here that he formed a taste for mathematics, of which Faraday had but a scanty knowledge in his early days. Referring to this period of his life, Tyndall says:—“If I except discussions on the comparative merits of Popery and Protestantism, grammar was the most important discipline of my boyhood. . . . How I rejoiced when I found a great author tripping, and was fairly able to pin him to a corner from which there was no escape! As I speak, some of the sentences which exercised me when a boy rise to my recollection. ‘He that hath ears to hear let him hear:’—that was one of them, where the ‘he’ is left, as it were, floating in mid air without any verb to support it.” He subsequently joined the Government Ordnance Survey, and, besides becoming independent of his father’s support, became practically acquainted with draughtsmanship and surveying. Even now he set apart a fixed time to private studies and mental culture, devoting five hours a day to the study of natural philosophy, engineering, chemistry, and other sciences. At twenty-four he resolved to emigrate to the United States; but an accident diverted him from his intention, and for three years he was engaged in railway engineering at Manchester. It was, no doubt, here that his powers of accurate observation were first duly recognized. Both his employers and his colleagues seem to have been struck with his exactness, thoroughness, and perseverance.

In 1847 he joined the Greenwood College as instructor in elementary, agricultural, and engineering science. Next year he went with Professor Franklin to Strasburg University, in Germany, to pursue a course of study under Bunsen, Gerling, Knoblauch, and Stegmann, and partly in the laboratory of Magnus in Berlin. In Germany he remained three years; and it is evidently to this period that he refers when he says, in his address to the London University students in 1869, “The reading of the works of two men, neither of them imbued with the spirit of modern science, neither of them, indeed, friendly to that spirit, has placed me here to-day. These men are

the English Carlyle and the American Emerson. I must ever remember with gratitude that through three long, cold German winters Carlyle placed me in my tub, even when ice was on its surface, at five o'clock every morning; not slavishly, but cheerfully, meeting each day's studies with a resolute will—determined, whether victor or vanquished, not to shrink from difficulty. I never should have gone through analytical geometry and the Calculus had it not been for those men. I never should have become a physical investigator, and hence without them I should not have been here to-day. They told me what I ought to do in a way that caused me to do it, and all my consequent intellectual action is to be traced to this purely moral source. To Carlyle and Emerson I ought to add Fichte, the greatest representative of pure idealism. These three unscientific men made me a practical scientific worker. They called out 'Act!' I hearkened to the summons, taking the liberty, however, of determining for myself the direction which effort was to take."

The extract which we publish requires no apology. It reveals the motive power which has led Tyndall hither and thither in search of scientific truth: it shows us the main-spring of action and the secret of his success: it is sufficient to suggest that others too may pick out a step here and there in which he has trodden.

In Berlin he threw himself into the study of diamagnetism—a subject which was then engrossing the attention of scientific circles. His essays on "Screw Surfaces" and "On the Magneto-Optic Properties of Crystals and the Relation of Magnetism and Diamagnetism to Molecular Arrangement" secured for him a status in the scientific world, and placed him on the first round of a ladder which he has since been steadily ascending. The molecular constitution of matter was fairly unravelled by his master mind. Atoms and molecules seem to be no idle fiction with him; they are living realities: he sees them embracing and clashing against each other; heat tears them asunder and holds them apart; galvanism separates them still further; and electricity unites them, or creates other combinations. It is not only *his* eye that sees these changes: that wonderful power which enables him to impart his knowledge to others brings his listeners within the line of vision; he unfolds to them truths which are clear as daylight to himself; he makes the molecules start into existence before their eyes, and fills them with wonder at the extra-microscopic operations of nature.

But the mind that can form a clear idea of the infinitely small will readily grasp the principles that underlie the movements of masses. Indeed, the laws that apply to these masses are the same that govern the movements of the molecules of which they are composed. We are not surprised, therefore, to find Tyndall turning his attention to glaciers. The laws by which he proved them to be guided, and the system to which he reduced them, were really the result of his investigations in the laboratories of Bunsen and Magnus

In 1851 Tyndall returned to London, and met Faraday, with whom he soon formed an acquaintance which afterwards ripened into intimacy. He speaks with affection, almost with reverence, of that philosopher. "His work," he says in an old diary, "excites admiration, but contact with him warms and elevates the heart."

In 1852 Tyndall became a Member of the Royal Society, and in 1853 he appeared as a lecturer in the Royal Institution, where Faraday had fought his battles and won his laurels, and was now wearing them as the head of that institution. Diamagnetism and magneto-crystallic action again absorbed Tyndall's attention, and the results of his labours in this field of inquiry were of considerable value.

The Glaciers of the Alps had great charms for him. A pleasure trip in 1849 was followed in 1856 by a scientific tour in Switzerland, in company with Huxley. The next year and the year after found him pursuing the same object, and his book "On the Glaciers of the Alps," as well as other fragmentary works, gives a clear insight into his persevering energy, indomitable courage, and unflinching interest in the cause of scientific truth.

In 1859 we find him on the top of Mont Blanc, studying the effects of solar radiation, while Dr. Frankland is experimenting on the combustion of candles, which both philosophers find to consume at the same rate, whether surrounded by the air of the valley or by the lighter air of the summit of the snow-capped mount, although the light given out during the combustion is far feebler above than it was below.

Among other works written by Tyndall may be mentioned "Mountaineering," published in 1861; "A Vacation Tour," 1862; "Heat considered as a Mode of Motion," 1863; "On Radiation," 1865; "Sound," 1866; and "Fragments of Science for Unscientific People," issued in 1871. His work on Heat is perhaps as well known as any other. With greater perspicuity—at all events, in a far happier, though less formal way—than may be found in Grove's "Correlation of Physical Forces," Tyndall has shown the correlation which exists between the physical sciences. He waxes warm on the subject, and in his warmth he becomes eloquent. Heat he considers as the first cause of all those forces by which we are surrounded. Animal and vegetable growth and action are attributed to the same agency. The sun is the great reservoir whence all terrestrial energies are derived. "The primary action of the sun's rays is qualified by the atoms and molecules among which their power is distributed. Molecular forces determine the *form* which the solar energy will assume. In the one case this energy is so conditioned by its atomic machinery as to result in the formation of a cabbage: in another case it is so conditioned as to result in the formation of an oak." On the vexed question of generation he claims animal life as a derivative of pre-existing life.

In his "Rede" lecture on Radiation, delivered before the Univer-

sity of Cambridge in 1865, he gives a remarkable instance of the risk which a true lover of science will run in his pursuit of scientific knowledge. The heat rays from an electric lamp were brought to a focus, the light rays being intercepted by a solution of iodine. It was thought that if the retina of the eye were brought into the focus the sensation of light might be experienced. To use Tyndall's words, "The danger of this experiment was two-fold. If the dark rays were absorbed in a high degree by the humours of the eye, the albumen of the humours might coagulate along the line of the rays. If, on the contrary, no such high absorption took place, the rays might reach the retina with a force sufficient to destroy it." Experiments were first made on water and alum. The cost was counted, and the risk run. The rest of the eye being screened by a piece of metal, "the focus was attained, first by the pupil and afterwards by the retina. Removing the eye, but permitting the plate of metal to remain, a sheet of platinum foil was placed in the position occupied by the retina a moment before. The platinum became red-hot. No sensible damage was done to the eye by this experiment; no impression of light was produced; the optic nerve was not even conscious of heat."

Like Faraday, Tyndall seems to have taken for his motto "Prove all things." Hence, in his inquiry into spiritualism we are not surprised to find that, on starting, absolute unbelief in the facts alleged by spiritualists was by no means his condition of mind. "On the contrary, he thought it probable that some physical principle, not evident to the spiritualists themselves, might underlie their manifestations." His experience, however, of the spiritual phenomena evidently led him to the conclusion that, so far as the spirits whose supposed manifestations he witnessed were concerned, spiritualism was an imposture. The facts he discloses are laughable; but, as he says, "it is in vain that impostors are exposed."

Brief though this sketch is, we cannot omit to mention one feature in Tyndall's public writings, which has given rise to adverse criticism both in England and America. Whatever may be his convictions as to the efficacy of prayer *quoad sacra*, he has no belief in its power to affect the operations of nature, either by miracles or by special providences. In his opinion, the prayer for rain might very well be left out of the Liturgy. This "twist" tends to make a few of his writings rather dangerous for unstable minds; but no one can read his works without acquiring an intense admiration of his ability, powers of observation, and wonderful genius for exposition, as well as an appreciation of the absence of all pedantry and affectation. An American writer, in anticipation of his visit to America in October last, says:—"Equally attractive is he in private life. Those who know him socially tell of his genial manner, his delicacy and modesty, his excellent listening powers, the sprightliness of his conversation, and the kindly flavour of his Celtic humour."

The Dying Christian.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.]

Hark ! Is't a death-knell strikes upon my ear ?
 What means this gather'd throng, the falling tear,
 The chaunted death-hymn, and the taper's gloom ?
 O Death, is this thy voice ? and dost thou call
 My soul away ? Yes, yes, I see it all—
 There lies the open tomb.

O thou, all glorious spark of heavenly flame,
 Immortal tenant of a mortal frame,
 Banish thy fears—Death comes to set thee free :
 Plume, plume thy wings, my soul ! put off thy chains,
 Lay down the burden of thy earthly pains :
 Is this mortality ?

The glass of Time for me has run its sands ;
 Ye radiant messengers from brighter lands,
 What homes of bliss shall I partake with you ?
 E'en now on floods of light I seem to rise ;
 The realms of space spread out before my eyes,
 And earth fades fast from view.

But hark ! E'en as my wakened soul ascends,
 Sad wailings reach me from lamenting friends ;
 O fellow-exiles, why bemoan my state ?
 You weep, e'en as my soul in Heaven's own founts
 Has quenched its sorrows, and transported mounts
 To the celestial gate.

Old Times at the Cape.

IN the present chapter we propose to give some particulars of monetary transactions in the days of old. They may not be without some interest to lovers of the antique, and show them how much we have lost by the effluxion of time at the Cape.

"He who possesses a little money here can soon earn in many places more than he can spend, consequently he becomes ever richer. The families hang together: they are related to one another by marriage and cousinship; they help one another in need; and do not easily allow a relation to sink, if it can be helped.

"There is often a superfluity of money offered to be put out at interest" (just as at the present day in the year of our Lord 1873, but oh! from very different causes to that of two hundred years ago). "It is not even a matter always looked into whether the debtor is poor or rich, or whether his immovable estate is worth more or less than the capital to be borrowed amounts to. If he is only a good landlord, or if any one can show that in some way or other he has something to expect, this will suffice to the creditor. But first the intending debtor must procure a *scheepen bekentnis*, and two burghers must sign their names to it at the bottom as security. If the debtor fails to pay, the money-lender demands his money from the first security. This one in turn holds his fellow surety as bail for himself, and both in succession grant the debtor time and indulgence. The interest at least he must pay regularly, and after his death his property must be sold to restore the capital. But after a sale by auction, payment is always made by instalments. The first term runs from eight to twelve weeks after the sale; the second one year after the first; and the third payment must be made one year after the second instalment falls due. A fundus (landed property) is, moreover, always sold twice, once by public proclamation or by the rise to the highest bidder (who receives ten or twelve or more ducats as *strijkgeld*, as he seldom cares to remain the purchaser, and the fundus can again be put up to sale, so soon as the public proclamation is over), and then by the fall. For instance, a house has been sold by public proclamation at 2,000 guilders; the auctioneer, who is at the same time a messenger of the Court of Justice, offers 4,000 guilders for it, then beats off every time one hundred guilders, calling out loudly 3,900, 3,800, 3,700, till he comes down to 3,000, 2,950, 2,850, and so on. As soon as the sale reaches a certain sum somebody calls out '*Mine*,' and this is the true buyer of the property, the previous purchaser only receiving the bonus.

"This manner of selling is very advantageous to the seller, for if an estate finds a purchaser by the rise, before he can really secure it as his own he must every moment expect to hear another person calling out '*mine*,' and then the sale is irrevocable."

Our author is a little obscure, but practically the principle of a

Dutch auction is pretty well understood now by the majority of our readers. We will, therefore, pass on to the claims of genteel poverty and church out-door relief, as well as to the minute and particular account of barrack routine in those good old days.

“Very poor people who cannot earn bread for themselves are cared for by the Church and its deacons. In my time the Church at the Cape possessed more than 200,000 guilders, but now it is probably still richer. Every one supported by the Church receives monthly twenty-four Dutch guilders and twenty stivers. The interest of their invested capital is not their only revenue. The poor box brings in every year a handsome sum; and when the Communion is held some of the communicants slip quietly whole heaps of ducats under the napkins which cover the holy vessels. The Dutch give willingly and handsomely towards the support of the poor, but the clergy receive their handsome salaries from the State. The highest place is given to the clergy out of respect to their cloth, and the Heeren Head Merchants extend to them the right hand, but their wives rank with those of merchants only.

“The Dutch East India Company had formerly an establishment on the Isle of Mauritius, about 2,000 miles from the Cape of Good Hope. But nearly sixty-five years ago they left it, and the Dutch residing there came over to the Cape. The East India Company derived very little profit from the island except what the inhabitants contributed. Black and yellow ebony and amber, which was sometimes thrown up by the sea on to the beach were the chief articles of product and trade. Of poisonous animals and insects there were very few on the island, but all the more of rats, with whom the inhabitants lived in a state of perpetual warfare. As soon as the Dutch left this island the French took possession of it and gave it the name of the ‘Ile de France,’ and they erected also an establishment on an island not far from it, called ‘Ile de Bourbon.’ The Ile de France is now thickly inhabited, and the French have there a fine land and sea force, which is considerable. During the present war between Holland and England one hopes that the French fleet stationed there will protect the Dutch at the Cape. In such a case it would be fortunate for the Dutch to have such near neighbours in the French. But woe to the Cape and all East Indian establishments if Holland should ever engage in a war with France! The Dutch would then learn to their cost what a mistake it was to abandon this island. They would then bitterly regret it, but too late.

“From what I have mentioned in this chapter a thoughtful reader will easily divine how little resistance the English would have been met with, and how easily it would be for them to surprise the Cape of Good Hope, in case of the French not hastening quickly enough to protect Table Bay and False Bay. There are, it is true, still two bays where the English could effect a landing, namely, Saldanha and Mossel Bays, but both lie further up the continent, and the Dutch

would thereby gain time to meet the enemy with all their force. But owing to these circumstances, and as the Cape could so readily be taken, I do not believe that the inhabitants would expose themselves to so much danger and allow themselves to be shot dead, simply to escape living under the English flag. For the sake of peace, the Dutch should rather give up everything in the world than surrender this convenient, useful, and indispensable Cape of Good Hope to the English."

And yet we know by subsequent events how they did so, and completely ruined the Dutch trade in consequence. Our author then turns from critical to descriptive writing, and is almost amusingly particular in the following:—

"As a sort of addition to this biography will I now describe to my readers the different excellent regulations observed in the Castle from all time, and still carried out in my day. For a person who loves order it is a true enjoyment, if he takes notice how every hour some duty has to be accomplished and how punctually at the stroke of the clock it is done forthwith. If the land force at the Cape of Good Hope were as numerous as the regulations are well arranged, an enemy would find hard work to surprise and conquer the inhabitants. But at present they lack the energy for a resistance, and before the French Legion (as it is called) and the Dutch Volunteer 'Jagers' could arrive it would be too late.

"The days in the latitude of the Cape are not so long in summer nor so short in winter as here in Germany, but we will draw an average, and say that the Cape day commences at five o'clock and ends at seven o'clock in the evening. The difference in summer and winter is about half an hour more or less, but that will not affect our relation in the least. But in order to understand and know beforehand how all the regulations are carried out with such punctuality at the Cape (where, on account of the often tremendously strong winds, no open clock can be used), you must be told that in the Castle is an accurately manufactured sun-dial, and that in the guard-house are two soldiers placed called the 'Rondegangers,' who watch an hour-glass and take turns to reverse it when the sand is run out; they then ascend to a small tower placed over the Castle gate, and with a cudgel strike a bell weighing six hundred weight, as many blows as may denote the hour it was when they ascended. When now the hour-glass is run out at four o'clock in the morning, one of the patrol turns it, and the corporal of the guard goes out with two soldiers to make the rounds at daybreak. This daylight patrol must during their rounds wake up the following persons:—First, the adjutant, then the sergeants who have the command for the week or for the month, the drummer whose turn it is to be on guard, the piper, if there is one, and the six remaining soldiers who have not been on guard, for they must all take turns; also at this hour by an especial night guard were the two trumpeters and the twelve grenadiers of the body guard woke up in the Governor's

quarters. But these last generally only put their under garments on in order to be ready quickly if the Governor went out early, as he sometimes did. By this time the early patrol have fully completed their rounds, so they pass the beforementioned small tower, and one of them ascends and strikes four o'clock. Upon this the patrol is mustered at the guard-house and their names called over every day, the corporal gives over to the sergeants the 'parole,' and then all retire. As soon as the guard under arms are relieved, the two trumpeters sound the morning-call by a flourish of their trumpets. When these have finished, the drummer belonging to the guard-house steps out, as well as the one elected for the day, and they play or sound the reveille. In the meantime arrives the adjutant and the sergeants at the guard-house, and by this time it is so light that a written paper can be read. The guard are now called to arms, and the adjutant, accompanied by seven of the patrol, goes to Government House, in order to fetch the key of the gate, which is carried by one soldier, and protected by the other six with pikes. When the adjutant returns with the keys only the little door in the gate is opened, the corporal and two men go out, see if all outside is right, let down the bar, leave one man by it as sentry, and then return with the other to report that all is right. Hereupon the main guard present arms, the gate is opened, the drummer beats a roll on his drum, the sentry at the bar fixes it above and places himself at his post outside the Castle gate, and the man up in the tower tolls the bell, whilst the adjutant and his seven attendants take the key to Government House and give it over. Then he receives the report from the sergeant, and if all is right and nothing has happened he departs to his quarters.

"At six o'clock the bell is again rung. The mechanics as well as the slaves go to work, but the new soldiers are kept at the guard-house to be exercised by the sergeants. At seven o'clock the two drummers and the piper stand ready, and at the last stroke call the soldiers by beat of drum to assemble. At once all the corporals with their soldiers appear on the bastion from their several quarters, descend, and march to their meeting place. Soon comes the adjutant, arranges the 'wachtparade,' divides the different guards, and sometimes lets them perform some exercises with their arms. At eight o'clock appears the officer whose turn it is to be on guard, as also the six hautboys, and, falling into line, the soldiers march round the square with drums beating and four hautboys and two flageolets playing, and place themselves before Government House, opposite the guard-house. On the arrival of the fresh guard the old guard presents arms, and the drummer beats a march. When the parade is marched round, arms are presented and again shouldered. The officers and the sergeants accost each other and mutually give over their guard; the new corporal in conduct of those who come on guard relieves the sentries. In the meantime the musketeers of the Herr Governor's guard march about, and as soon as the officers join

each other again, the hautboys begin to play till the two corporals come together again and report that the different posts are relieved and taken over. Then the old guard step away with their firelocks held erect in their right arms, and the new guard occupies the guard-house. No sooner has this taken place than one sees the officials, merchants, under-merchants, book-keepers, and assistants hastening to their respective places of business. He who wishes to speak personally to the Governor can at this hour have an audience.

"When the 'rondeganger' has struck nine o'clock, he rings the bell as a sign that the Senate will now assemble either for matters of justice or political consultations, and all who are summoned before it or who have any complaint to make must appear. On Saturday all matters concerning the matrimonial state come before it. Those who are engaged and wish to be married must, before the banns are published, present themselves in person before the council on Saturday, by whom they are examined as to whether there are any hindrances in the shape of near relationship, blood kindred, or anything else; but if there are none, their names are written in a book and the permission to marry is handed over to them.

"At eleven o'clock is the signal given for the mechanics and the workpeople, as well as the slaves, to take their hour of rest; also the officials and clerks may lay aside the pen and go home. At noon the hour was struck according to the sun-dial, and the sergeant in charge with his halberd in one hand and his written report in the other, stepped over to the Governor's House to present it to him. The officer on duty also departed either to lunch with the Governor or to his own quarters.

"At one o'clock the bell was rung, and at once the mechanics and slaves returned to their labours, where their masters awaited them. But the clerks came not back till two o'clock and left off their duties at four o'clock, unless it was just before the departure of the homeward bound ships, when of course there was extra work to be done, and quickly too. At six o'clock the working men and slaves left off their labours. The six hautboys stood before Government House, blew first an evening song and then played for half-an-hour. As soon as they had retired, the drummer whose turn it would be the next day to be on duty stood in readiness on the bastion 'Leerdam,' and beat a tattoo till seven o'clock or till the gate was locked. During this time all the soldiers who must be in their barracks before the locking of the gate, hastened into the Castle, because soon afterwards the roll was called over, and those who came too late *caught it with the long cane* from the sergeant who for the week had command over the barracks! When the roll is called over each corporal leads his men to the front hall of Government House, where evening prayer (but never morning prayer) is held."

With what a quaint particularity is not all this useless tomfoolery described by a writer who is quite sensible of the utter inutility of the whole proceedings to guard against any real dangers menacing the

Cape settlement ; and yet throughout the whole of his description he seems pleased with the performance as a matter of routine and discipline, specially got up for the entertainment of the looker-on. We could have wished for a more minute account of the military dress and accoutrements of those days ; and perhaps in this connection he might have told us how the soldiers amused themselves and managed to pass the time. But unless human nature is very much altered for the better, it is but proper to suppose that military life will always be more or less the same, and that the legions of Cæsar and Alexander are not likely to have essentially differed from the regiments of Van Riebeeck or Field-Marshal Turenne in their mode of killing *ennui* or sharpening their weapons.

L. G. R.

A Wintry Jaunt.

HAVE you ever been over Bain's Kloof, and got caught in the mists, and been drenched in the showers, and bumped across the ruts so characteristic of mountain travel ? Well, if you wish to enjoy a new sensation in wet weather, you cannot do better than take a trip to Wellington, and have yourself conveyed by cart to Ceres, when I promise you an infinitude of pleasant sights on the road. The last time I passed that way, I enjoyed myself greatly, as the succession of showers seemed to make the kloof scenery grander than ever. There was so much water tumbling about in every direction, and everything looked so fresh and green, that you could hardly recognize it for the same dusty, sun-dried spot so familiar to Diamond-field visitors. The river was then full, so full that it almost looked like a Scotch river "*in spate*," and went whirling and whizzing over the gigantic rocks in the most frantic manner. The clouds, too, choked up the passes—dark, gloomy, and glorious—seeming in such perfect unison with the sombre grandeur of those solemn old mountains. And then, too, what a road to test your cart-springs—full of little hills and valleys, and stones and lakes of mud, bumping and splashing you with equal indifference, and keeping you in a constant state of see-saw and muscular exercise. By dint, however, of whipthong and patient perseverance on the part of your Jehu, it is possible to mount the hill, and with four good horses it takes no very long time to reach the toll-house, and enjoy one's fill of the glorious prospect. Here, as you know, you have a most extensive view ; but in wet weather everything looks twice as vivid and distinct as in summer. Especially was this the case with the Groen or Veveel Berg—(*i.e.*, Green Berg or Velvet Hill). Anything more beautiful cannot be well conceived than the mossy, smooth, and velvety appearance of this curious grassy hill, looking for all the world as if an enormous Brussels pile carpet had been drawn over the whole

of it. On one side of the slope it has numerous little valleys, twining and interlacing in and out of each other as it were, just like the undulating swells of the sea on a calm day. And then the lilies in the kloof! On the day of our trip they were simply exquisite, and abounded in every nook of the road. There was one long valley that appeared to be literally carpeted with them. To see these charming sylvan glades is to make one wish the days of fairy queens back again, and people the nodding arums with tricky sprites and fascinating Pucks. Although I am not romantic, I always find a quiet enthusiasm pervading all my being whenever I get up high among the mountains; and yet how difficult it is to reproduce this feeling in a landscape painting, however accurate. There you can never succeed in effectively introducing those slight impromptu, startling bits, that come upon you like a revelation, and give the whole tone to the picture; and yet it seems so easy in Dame Nature to excite enthusiasm when gazing at her masterpieces. You never find one of Nature's feasts of the soul too poor or too heavy, or in want of relieving touches, or increased richness of colouring. Contrast, for instance, these great mountains—confused masses of huge, sombre, heavy, awesome, grey boulders—with that lovely little glen and its trickling silvery thread of a stream. Then look up higher, and glance at those clumps of blooming heather; and higher up still there, just topping the crest of that lofty crag in the middle distance, take note of the leafless trees and patch of deep, deep blue, and the battalions of fleecy clouds chasing each other, and vanishing as if in smoke and feathery flakes. Can you put them together in a picture, and make them combine harmoniously, and reproduce thus their weird and romantic essence and association? And yet how beautifully and easily the eye takes in all this, and much more, at a glance. Especially is it so with the water, hurrying along, and full of the richest reflections of colour in amber, sepia, dark-brown, and brilliant chestnut. It requires an artistic eye to appreciate these subtle gradations of tints and shadows in the freshets and pools; but they richly repay the study of mountain streams and scenery.

One striking feature in Bain's Kloof is the grotesquely absurd forms assumed by the rocks. It needs but little power of imagination to people them with figures and gigantic baboons, kneeling, falling, crouching, or standing erect like sentries. And, again, it is truly wonderful how marvellously and nicely they seem to be balanced just over your head. There, right in front of you, you see a huge rock, as big as a house, overhanging the road; and, to your infinite astonishment, when you come right under it you fancy you can see quite underneath, and that it is only kept in its place on another big rock by a few little loose stones wedged in on one side. Many of them look really as if the slightest touch would send them toppling over, so wonderfully are they poised in mid air.

There is another charm about the kloof. Far down on your right dashes a loud, impetuous torrent; here on your immediate left

warbles, sweet and clear, a most musical rivulet. The deep sonorous bass and the clear mellow treble remind you of some noble old opera, where a hundred voices are hoarsely declaiming, and one clear voice piteously appealing, each, however, subordinate to the other.

But I must not detain you too long in Bain's Kloof, or we will never reach the end of our journey. Of course, we stopped at the old wooden shanty at Darling Bridge, and had a tolerable meal. Then on to Ceres, over a rather uninteresting road, and so to the bridge at Mostert's Hoek. Here it was very pretty to look back in the Tulbagh direction, and up that first soft bit of Mitchell's Pass. The country round about was new to us all, and greatly excited our curiosity; but we were rather late in starting, and before we got any distance up the Pass the sun had set, and it grew to be dark almost at once. Somehow I can't help thinking that the horses and driver that night must have had feline qualities of vision, or else it is past comprehension how we got over the road without an accident in the dark. Every now and then we met and passed several lumbering vehicles safely, and yet the night was as dark as pitch. It seemed as if we never would get to the top; but when once we caught sight of Ceres, we had the twinkling lights of the village to guide and cheer us, and naturally this makes a great deal of difference to tired travellers.

Ceres, of course, lies somewhat high: hence the exhilarating breezy air that wafted us to the welcome best hotel of the place. Here we were only too glad to get out, stiff and sore, and feel the delicious sense of "supper coming on," as a reward for all our toil. One needs to have appetite sharpened by mountain air to do justice to up-country meals; and so, as we were too tired for an inspection of the village that night, the ladies of our party retired early to bed. The gentlemen, however, were not so successful in courting "Nature's sweet restorer," for one of them, in his first beauty sleep, was rudely awakened by *something* ghostly moving stealthily round his bed. Was this a "*spook?*" He put out his hand, and felt *something* cold. The hand was at once withdrawn; cogitation ensued—(we had heard the house was haunted). Here was a predicament! Was discretion the better part of valour? Should he allow the midnight visitant to depart as he had come, and take no notice of him, or should he alarm his fellow-lodgers? Visions of thieves, burglars, pixies, and ghosts flitted confusedly before him. At length a bright idea galvanized him into action: "I'll strike a lucifer, and throw light on the subject!" All this time the mysterious stranger was slowly creeping nearer and nearer. Meanwhile, somebody's heart was thumping and knocking him into a cold perspiration. Alas for scientific aid, the matches were not within reach! Well, anything is better than suspense, thought our poor fellow; and so, with a nimble leap on to the floor, and a vigorous *coup de main*, a match was struck, and he stood confronted with the midnight disturber of his slumbers—a poor little doggie! Poor little beastie!

he had followed us all the way from Wellington, and, finding the outer street-door open, must have crept his way into the room, and hidden himself under the bed, out of the cold. Anyhow, there he was, and a right good scolding he got for his unwelcome intrusion.

The next morning dawned bleak, cold, and dismal. The state of the weather was our first thought, and dreary enough was the prospect when we looked out of window: rain, rain everywhere, everything wet and dripping, and the air bitterly cold. We had made an appointment the previous evening to go to the "Waterfall" with a gentleman who had kindly offered to take us. At nine o'clock he called for our party, but the ladies were prohibited from going, as it was still very wet and damp, though the weather was decidedly clearing. As it kept getting brighter, we donned our waterproofs and started on a little excursion of our own, when we met the others returning, and in ecstasies with the fall. This determined us to visit it also, as it would be a pity to have come so far and then miss seeing it. The horses accordingly were spanned in, so as to take us the greater part of the way out of Ceres. You can imagine how much the "fall" is hidden away, when our amateur guides, who had just come from it, had some difficulty in finding it again. There is nothing in its surroundings to lead one to suppose that there is a perfect little fury of a waterfall embosomed amongst those cold grey hills. It reminds one of Mrs. Sigourney's "Little Stream":—

"Thinkest thou to lie concealed, thou little stream
That through the lowly vale dost wind thy way,
Loving beneath the darkest arch to glide
Of woven branches, blent with hillocks grey."

How many, many little priceless gems of scenery must thus lie concealed in some unknown spot, away from the haunts of men! Like other beautiful furies, this little waterfall fury is treacherous, sadly treacherous. To give some idea of the place, I will repeat a melancholy story connected with it. Above the fall, the stream—for it is nothing more there—appeared to me to glide calmly along in the ordinary way, till by a sudden freak of nature it has to encounter a conglomeration of huge boulders, through which it roars and tumbles, and finally falls by two cascades into a deep round pool: and that is the treacherous place. It is so deep that the water looks quite black. It makes one shiver to gaze down into its awesome depths. The boulders form a sort of natural bridge across, with the stream on one side and the deep dark pool on the other. Not many years ago, there was a picnic held near this spot. Among the party were two engaged lovers. With unaccountable venturesomeness, some of the party attempted to cross, amongst them the young lady and her *fiancé*. The latter gave the girl a slight push, believing he had a firm hold of her dress; but, alas, his hold was insecure, and

she slipped from his grasp—slipped to the side of the dark pool, and disappeared for ever.

“One ripple on the mighty river’s brink,
Just where it, shuddering, makes its own dread plunge;
And at the foot of that most dire abyss,
One gleam of flitting robe and raven tress,
And all was o’er!
Save the deep thunder of the eternal surge,
Sounding her epitaph!”

Aye, just so; but her fate was worse than Oriska’s, for *she* had nothing to live for, and our heroine’s life was to outward appearances just commencing, her marriage having been fixed to come off shortly after that picnic. Of course, this story—known to be only too sadly true—gives all the romance and part of the interest to the spot. One cannot but picture to one’s self the joyous, happy party of young people, the boldest suggesting the attempt to cross; the others, in the fearless exuberance of their picnic spirits, acquiescing; the sad and sudden calamity; the dire distress of the whole party; the distracted lover standing spell-bound on the brink, “one ripple on the dark pool’s surface, one gleam of flitting robe,” and all being indeed over, and the cold, passionless stream pursuing the even tenour of its way. Verily, the horror and the sadness of the whole occurrence will not soon be forgotten by the survivors!

During the time it had taken us to inspect this interesting place our changeable friend, the Clerk of the Weather, had again assumed a frowning visage, and after we got into the cart, and were fairly “homeward bound,” one drop succeeded another till it was “raining a little,” and then by-and-by it was “pouring” so much that we were obliged to have the blinds of the cart down, each of us, however, taking care to secure a loop-hole; and, notwithstanding the heavy rain and the limited “look-out” there was no part of our trip we enjoyed more. The scenery was truly grand. Every mountain was veiled, as it were, with the hazy, rainy mist, which penetrated into every nook and crevice, and made every rock and shrub in the immediate foreground seem to stand out in bolder relief. Then, too, great masses of cloud rested on all the crests, and gave quite an Alpine aspect to the scene. We only needed the rush of an avalanche and fields of snow to be added to the sounds of rippling cascades and angry waterfalls tearing down the precipices, ere mingling with the turbid streams far below, and we might have fancied ourselves in Switzerland.

“Like a steed in frantic fit,
That flings the froth from curb and bit,
Chafing her waves to spray,”

these mountain torrents dashed headlong down the valleys, fretting furiously over every obstacle. It needed no great force of imagination to picture “castles in the air,” for on the heights,

"Their rocky summits split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola, or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd,
Or mosque of Eastern architect"—

so boldly and so grandly did these peaks stand out in the intervals of rain.

Before leaving Ceres we had a good look at the neighbourhood, and mean no disparagement when we reserve our opinion as to its beauty. It is a very quiet and unassuming place of business, and I dare say there are some nice kind people in it, and a few nice houses; but on the whole we preferred Wellington as a place to stay at, and therefore returned as quickly as we came to Van Enter's hotel. Here we arrived very tired, but delighted to think that we might be as lazy as we liked next morning, as there was no need for starting off anywhere in search of the picturesque at an execrably early hour. After a full indulgence of bed, we occupied the rest of the day by taking a drive to Wagonmaker's Valley, to see its famous orange-groves; and really we enjoyed the bright sunny day and the cool, sharp air, after rain, all the more because of the smoothness of the level road, so free from ruts and disturbing bumps! The orange-groves were truly very beautiful. On some of the trees there were both flowers and fruit. Thousands of golden apples clustering round the rich dark foliage, and scented with the breath of bridal blossoms, are a very lovely sight. We gratified more than one sense by this visit, as we had free permission to help ourselves to the fruit—deliciously cool and sweet thus gathered fresh off the trees. The only drawback to this feast was the fact that no sooner had one picked a "perfect beauty" than another even finer than the last was pointed out for our consumption. As we couldn't manage all the "beauties," we borrowed a basket, and returned to town heavily laden with spoils from the garden of the Hesperides, here thought of but little account, though the steam dragon was roaring with all his might during our invasion of his territories. Thanks to the railway, we were soon safely landed on the Grand Parade, and not at all sorry to exchange our hard cart cushions for cosy, comfortable home chairs—cosier and all the easier from contrast with the previous week's bumpings. One feels all the better for having had a run in the country; and yet I am not very sorry once more to repose under the shadow of our grand old Table Mountain. And now, adieu; shall it be—*au revoir*?

M. M.

The Dying Poet.

Full to the brim, my cup of life now breaks ;
 In long-drawn sighs its flight my spirit takes,
 Tears nor regret can now its course arrest ;
 The wing of death, above the tolling bell,
 With intermittent beat proclaims my knell ;—
 Is song or wailing best ?

Let's sing, while still my hands are on the strings ;
 Let's sing, while death melodious impulse brings,
 As to the swan, when all things fade from view ;
 A happy omen sent me from above,
 That now my soul, 'twixt harmony and love,
 Hymns forth its last adieu.

The lyre in breaking gives a nobler tone,
 A sudden gleam from dying lamps is thrown,
 Purer and clearer ere it disappear ;
 The dying swan its glance will upward cast,
 Man only, looking backward o'er the past,
 Bemoans his brief career.

What matters it how long the sands have run,
 Hour answering hour, and sun succeeding sun,
 Each hour the same, advancing or in flight ;
 What this one brings another will redeem,
 Labour and rest, distress, perchance a dream ;
 So day, then comes the night.

Ah ! hapless he, who, like to plants that climb,
 Clings with wild frenzy to the wrecks of time,
 And in the future sees his hopes decay !
 For me, whose home hath no foundations here,
 Calmly I go, e'en as the leaflet sere
 The light wind bears away.

The poet-race like birds of passage seem,
 That never build beside the sedgy stream,
 Or rest upon the tree-top as they fly ;
 But idly rocked upon the foamy sea,
 With distant plaints they mark their passage—we
 Know nothing but their cry.

No hand e'er guided in their wanderings
 My unversed fingers o'er the tuneful strings ;
 Not by long teaching doth man Heavenward soar ;
 Untaught the torrents to their channel spring,
 Untaught the eagle swoops with careless wing,
 And bees their honey store.

The bell whose notes upon the air are flung,
Now sad, now joyous, with its sacred tongue
 Proclaims the death, the bridal, and the birth ;
Like to that metal in the flame refined,
Each passion thrilling thro' the awakened mind
 Drew utterance not of earth.

Even so the harp Æolian in the night,
When its low plaints with murmuring streams unite,
 Unbidden to the whisp'ring wind replies ;
The traveller listens, rooted to the spot,
Lost in amazement listens, knowing not
 Whence come those heavenly sighs.

Oft was my harp with briny tears bedewed,
A heavenly dew for us is sorrow's mood ;
 Hearts do not ripen midst unclouded days ;
When breaks the cup the ruddy juice o'erflows,
The balsam trampled underneath us throws
 Sweet perfume round our ways.

God's glowing breath my living soul informed,
Whate'er approached it by its fire was warmed ;
 Sad gift ! thro' love's excess to death foredoomed !
Whate'er I touched has crumbled into dust ;
So Heaven's fire that strikes the stubble must
 Die out when all's consumed.

Time ? 'Tis no more. Renown—what are its sweets ?
An idle sound that age to age repeats ;
 A name for after times to dote upon.
You who to this would make the future bow
List to the note struck by my fingers now—
 Already it is gone !

Ah ! give to death assurance more profound !
Think ye the memory of that fitting sound
 Above the senseless tomb for aye endures ?
That dying gasp—is that the trump of fame ?
And ye who pledge the future for a name,
 Mortals, how much is yours ?

Witness, high Heaven ! since I came on earth,
Ne'er have I uttered without secret mirth
 That lofty name, forged by man's crazy brain ;
Howe'er you force it, still it yields no fruit,
Long since I spurned it as a sapless root,
 Pressed by the lips in vain.

Idly intent on glory's fleeting dream,
 Man gives in passing to the drifting stream
 A name that daily less resplendent grows ;
 Bright waif, that Time's swift current may deride,
 From age to age advancing, till the tide
 Of Lethe o'er it close.

One name I cast upon that shoreless sea,
 To float or sink, as skies and winds decree :
 What gain have I ? Nay, 'tis but empty sound ;
 The swan that wings its way to boundless space,
 Cares it to know if still the shadow trace
 Its wings upon the ground ?

Why did I sing ? dost ask. The bird of night
 Should tell you why its melodies unite
 With shady brooks that prattle as they go—
 I sang, my friends, as men their breath respire,
 As sigh the winds, as sings the feathery choir,
 As waters murmuring flow.

Love, song and prayer—such my sum of life ;
 Of all the aims of man's ambitious strife
 No one regretting at this hour I part ;
 Nought but the yearning hope, the heavenward sigh,
 The lyre's sweet madness and affection's tie,
 Where heart embraces heart.

To sit at Beauty's feet and feel the spell,
 While from her strings harmonious raptures fell,
 Flowed with the sound and passed into her breast ;
 Draw gentle rain from eyes that we adore,
 As morning's tears from brimming chalice pour,
 When by the winds caressed.

To watch the glance of modest maidenhood,
 Upturned to Heaven as in plaintive mood,
 As tho' 't would share that melody's sweet flight ;
 Then chastely glowing to thyself return,
 When 'neath her drooping lids the lovelights burn,
 Like glimmering fires at night.

To watch the thought reflected on her brow,
 While faltering lips refuse to breathe the vow,
 Then, long-expectant, hear the fond reply ;
 In words that echo to the vaulted sphere,
 "I love thee"—words to gods and mortals dear,
 Rich value for a sigh !

A sigh! a longing! vain and empty breath!
My soul flies heavenward on the wings of death;
 I go where all my heart's desires have flown;
I go where hope assumes divinest shape,
Where go the sounds that from my lute escape,
 Where all my sighs have gone.

Like to that bird that sees thro' darkest night,
Faith, the soul's eye, hath pierced my gloom with light,
 Her prophet instinct showing all my fate;
Midst coming years how often would my soul
On wings of fire rapt to the farthest pole
 E'en death anticipate!

Let no inscription mark my dark abode,
Nor vex my shade with monumental load;
 For earthy bed nought reck I how I fare;
Let but a slender margin round me lie,
Where the poor sufferer who passes by
 May bend the knee in prayer.

Oft mid the churchyard's sad and lonely gloom
A prayer is wafted from the grassy tomb,
 That finds at death's right hand hope's cheering ray;
With one foot in the grave earth's cares recede,
The vision widens, and the spirit freed
 More smoothly glides away.

Break, break, to winds or waves or fire be thrown
The lute that yields but one responsive tone;
 Soon in my hands shall Seraph's harps resound;
Dwelling like them amidst immortal bliss
Soon may I lead the choral symphonies
 With heavens list'ning round.

Soon—but Death's hand, that voice nor hearing knows,
Hath struck the tender chord—it breaks and throws
 A dull sad sound upon air's billowy plains;
My lyre is chilled and mute. Take thine, my friend,
And let my spirit to its rest ascend,
 Cheered by its sacred strains.

J. G.

From the French of Lamartine.

Travelling Paupers.

It is a fact, perhaps not generally known, that a very large number of "mean whites" are gradually being dispersed over all our colonies. These tramps or vagrants, as a class, are generally strong, able-bodied men, who have been troublesome on board ships and have been left behind at foreign ports by their captains on one charge or another. It matters but little whether in the first instance they were not altogether free of blame; but once introduced within the four walls of a prison they soon lose all sense of shame and decency, and rapidly degenerate into confirmed "loafers." With this fraternity some mystic bond of freemasonry exists, and it is wonderful how they eke out a living in spite of the successive relays of claimants on the public bounty. In Cape Town, for instance, there are always to be found some fifteen or sixteen seedy individuals who haunt the back doors of hotels for broken victuals at night, and prowl about the suburbs in couples during the business hours of the day, seeking for the means of obtaining drink at canteens. They are always shabby, always dirty, frowzy, and disreputable. They have a hang-dog air about them, and a limping gait as if troubled with corns, but they can readily tramp many weary miles, and be as saucy and defiant as any Kafir when it suits their purpose. Notably is this the case when they have to deal with ladies whose husbands are away from home. They will then dictate terms, and refuse to move away unless something is given to them. As soon as they have become too notoriously well known to the police they move off to the country districts, and are succeeded by a fresh lot; and so the wretched-looking vagabonds tramp a lazy round from year's end to year's end, through a dozen seasons, apparently without any personal inconvenience or falling off in condition. From an extensive acquaintance with the habits of these good-for-nothing fellows, the present writer is in a position to say a few words as to the evils that follow in their footsteps. It is no uncommon circumstance for the gaoler of a small country prison to be roused up at ten o'clock at night by a "loafer" on the tramp with a magistrate's order in his hand for one pound of bread and meat, as a ration for a distressed British subject. If the gaoler is a shrewd old hand at distributing out-of-door relief, he probably glances at the order and then at the man, and says to him in a tone of conviction, "Have I not seen you before, my good man? Why, you were here about three months ago. How is this? Did you not get work since that time?" "No," growls the vagrant; "*so just give me my rations without any more talk!*" To this the gaoler retorts, "You seem to be looking for work and praying to God not to find it!" Here the tramp loses his temper and gets saucy, and tells him, "*I'll report you to your superior officer for disobeying his orders—so come, give me my rations!*" "Stop a bit; when did you eat last?" "*So help me Moses, not for the last twenty-four hours,*" whines the scamp. "O! indeed; but what have you got in that bag

there?" "*That's nothing to you!*" "Oh, but it is, and I *will* see what you have got there" (seizing the bag, and finding in it bread and meat sufficient for a three days' supply.) "Just what I thought; so come, be off with you, and I'll return your order to the magistrate." The scene terminates by the vagabond going off cursing and swearing at being found out and foiled of the expected "*soupie*" for which he would immediately have exchanged the bread and meat at the nearest canteen. Now this sort of thing is continually happening to the injury of honest labour, while loafers, young, healthy, and strong are gadding about the country, and living a life of idleness. For it is an undoubted fact that these men never work or mean to work. They commence at one end of the Cape Colony, and tramp round every district, avoiding Cape Town, and returning in the same way to their starting point, injuring honest workers, not so much by what they eat or steal as by setting a bad example to the blacks, and raising a generation of young loafers in their track.

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But it may be said that this is an imaginary grievance, that we have really no poor, and that everybody is tolerably well off in the Colony. To this I reply, never was there a greater mistake. If you go through the native locations in every district in the Colony and look into the huts occupied by the natives and bastards, aye, and by white men and women, what do you see in those huts but poverty—the deepest poverty and misery—only to be equalled by the back slums of London. There are no beds, no covering for a bed, no chairs or stools, no tables, no pots or pans, plates or drinking vessels. In one particular district not very far from Cape Town, I once assisted at the serving of a search warrant for stolen sheep. Eleven sheep in one night had been stolen out of one man's kraal. In the huts we searched we saw sheep skins dried with the dirty wool upon them, old rags, damp grass, and dry quinces hanging on rods. Every hut stunk to that degree that I had to run out to take breath every now and then, there being neither air nor light admitted within these dens of vice, misery, and poverty. The whole place reeked again with a combination of foul odours, stale fruit, and carbonic acid gas. Now, I ask, what is to be expected from such miserable surroundings? What will they not produce?—in fact, what have they not produced? A young generation of thieves, criminals, and paupers, who are filling our gaols prematurely. Round these huts were lying family groups of four and five girls and boys. Of course, they pick up a living; but how? Ask the neighbouring farmers how many fowls, sheep, pigs, goats, and now and then an odd ox they lose in the course of the year. Why, thousands are stolen in the year that are never accounted for by convicts, about fifty convictions per annum being under the mark for each district, so used have the farmers and people become to this tax upon their belongings. And yet how few of us will look at the thing in the right light, and perceive that the longer

these lazy people are allowed to remain in their present state, the greater will be the evil for future generations.

And as with the pauper when he is well, so with the pauper when he is sick: the same wretched hand-to-mouth policy prevails. In the event of a drought or famine coming on the Colony, there is absolutely no provision made for relieving the poor. The people of the several districts deny their being in any way concerned with their local sick and poor, and expect the State to provide for them out of the general revenue. Paupers are thus sent travelling down to Cape Town hospitals or asylums, at a tremendous expense, when the districts should have made suitable arrangements for looking after their own poor, whose antecedents they really know something about. Thus it has become quite a system for the authorities up country, so soon as a pauper or sick man goes to the magistrate for relief, to at once start off a letter to the Colonial Office, or forward the case to Green Point or Robben Island. The time has now arrived when, with Responsible Government, each district must be made to accept its share of local responsibilities, and take charge of its own pauper and criminal population, or try to abate their increasing demands on the community.

There is another evil growing out of this absurd dependence upon the Central Government. It has quite grown into a custom with field-cornets and such like to look upon the district prison as the best place for treating sick paupers. All such cases are at once reported to the magistrate, who grants an order for the sick man to be brought to the gaol either by his friends, or, if he has none, by a party of hard-labour prisoners, who are provided with a wheelbarrow or stretcher and bed. The case is perhaps one of a violent fever. The party who fetched him are infected in consequence, and are also laid up, and in a short time the prison is converted into a perfect fever hospital. Nor is this all. Many of the prisoners are only confined for short periods. Should they take the fever out with them, they spread its ravages to every farm-house in the division, and thus a gaol delivery may prove to be a perfect pest. Even the gaoler may find his family cut off when he least expects it, so fearfully quick may be the progress of an epidemic.

The cure for all these evils is not very far to seek. It needs no prophet to foretell the fate of any Ministry that seeks to burden any country with unnecessary taxation. It therefore behoves them to draw the national purse-strings tighter, and set their faces against encouraging the growth of pauperism and crime by needless out-of-door relief to travelling paupers. These paupers, once for all, must be definitely registered. They should not be allowed to rove from district to district, but be confined to their own division, or gathered together on industrial farms and such like self-supporting institutions. The details of these "homes" may well be left to competent officials to work out, but the broad outlines of their constitution may thus be sketched on a practical basis.

Since native locations are what they are, in spite of missionaries, it is absolutely necessary that no further importations of discharged sailors be allowed at the seaports. I see no reason why the country should be burdened with a lot of fellows who can earn ample wages on board ship, if provision were made in the Merchant Seamen's Act compelling the agents of vessels, whose masters leave their men behind them, to find them a passage back to England, and pay for their keep at the Sailors' Home until they do, *at the expense of the owners*. This would make captains more careful of how they engage their crews, and would put a stop to the trivial complaints preferred by the one against the other. If any one engages a coolie or ayah from India, he is compelled to pay the passage back to the port of embarkation. If this is good for the Indian, why not apply the same principle to the English sailor, who is never worth much when far removed from his native element? Of course, also, no soldier should receive his discharge in the colonies, except with the express permission of the Governor, and then only on production of a good conduct certificate. Having thus cleared the ground of vagrant sailors and soldiers, we may now confine our attention to undoing much of the mischief caused by their good-for-nothing predecessors and offspring.

It seems to me that the only way to turn paupers into blessings is to make them work in spite of themselves, and this might be done by an Act of Parliament. Law has a much longer arm than vice, and a Vagrant Act specially adapted to the wants of the Cape might be so framed as to cause every man, woman, or child who gain their bread by begging to give an account of themselves, and be placed on a District Register, and forced to become an inmate of an Industrial "Home," or farm, such as Wakefield Penitentiary. Each district "Home" should be made self-supporting, and only be occupied by its local paupers. This would prevent any travelling about of tramps, and keep their numbers within decent limits. To do this effectually, every Divisional Council in the Colony should get a grant of land from Parliament, and the division should be taxed by a country cess to build a suitable farm-house and out-buildings on it, for the accommodation of all the real paupers within the limits of that district. Every male and female inmate should be rationed by contract, but the produce of the farm—*i.e.*, the result of pauper compulsory labour—should be sold at market by public auction, or otherwise disposed of to the best advantage, and the amount realized placed to the credit of the institution. The farm, in fact, would be a House of Correction, and from it road parties could be hired at a moderate sum for Divisional Council purposes, and their wages paid to the manager, just as in the management of a slave establishment, but with this difference, however, that every man, woman, and child should have his freedom assessed by the manager at a certain sum, and not be allowed to leave the institution, and work on his own account, until he has earned such sum as the price of his liberty, and

her some months after her marriage with Smith, she was said to be as handsome as any woman in the country. Why she married him no one could guess, for he was not good-looking, was totally illiterate, and on the whole was rather a boor. It is no use speculating on the why or the wherefore, for a woman's taste in matters matrimonial is proverbially a mystery. I may remark here that it is singular how many women one met in the army in my time who were mentally superior to their husbands. Whether the ladies had been deceived by the colour of the coat or not I cannot say; but certainly in a large number of cases the grey mare was the better horse. Smith married without leave from the commanding officer, and the girl's parents were strongly opposed to the match. Nevertheless, she made him her husband, and from the day of their marriage a change as if by miracle came over the man. To the surprise of everybody he kept steady, avoided bad language, was attentive to his duties,—in fact, he was in his conduct a totally different person from what he had previously been. So marked was the contrast between his character after marriage and what it was before, and so clear was the cause, that his wife was soon put "on the strength." As she was an industrious woman she was able to live out of barracks, where she kept herself in great respectability. Unfortunately for both, Smith was ordered to form one of an escort over prisoners proceeding to a distant town, and while on that duty—which took him from home for some days—he got drunk, abused the non-commissioned officer in charge, and became so outrageous that he was brought back a prisoner in handcuffs. A court-martial necessarily followed, but his punishment, probably on account of the general respect felt for his wife, was comparatively light. When he was discharged from prison, he continued to drink, and underwent confinement to barracks. Mrs. Smith, believing if she could be always near him that he would give up his fit of intemperance, moved into barracks, and the "quarters" assigned to her was the corner of a barrack-room. Smith became a steady man at once. I have heard the single men who stopped in the room speak of her frequently, and her influence over them seemed to be almost as great as that over her husband. Always friendly to everyone of them, doing little acts of kindness when she saw they were wanted, she became a great favourite with the men of her husband's company. One of these was a rather peculiar fellow of the name of Hall, and many an innocent joke he used to have at Mrs. Smith's expense. He had said something one day that rather displeased her, and he adopted the following method of reinstating himself in her favour. Taking a pin and a piece of thread to her he said, with a solemn face, "Mrs. Smith, would you oblige me by threading this needle? I don't know what is the matter with my eyes to-day." Ever ready to oblige, she said, "With pleasure," and took the pin and thread from him. When she lifted the "needle" before her eyes to thread it, she said "Why Hall, this is a pin!" Looking at it as if

utmost gravity, "I'm so sorry, for it's the only needle I have got. Perhaps you would lend me one." She, of course, complied, when Hall asked her to sew whatever it was he had to do, and wound up by getting the loan of a shilling from her. Smith did pretty well till we went to the Russian war, when, of course, his wife was left behind. Camp life and absence from the only good influence that at that time had any weight with him made him return to his old habits so far as opportunities were given him, and he narrowly escaped a flogging more than once. At the conclusion of the war we were ordered to a station in the Mediterranean, where the women rejoined the regiment, and Mrs. Smith had the pleasure of hearing as soon as she landed from the ship that her husband was then a prisoner in the regimental cells. However, another reformation took place in his character as soon as she was with him again. On the outbreak of the Mutiny we were ordered to India at once, and again husband and wife were separated. Circumstances made me a spectator of the parting between Smith and his wife, and though I had witnessed such sights a good deal before at ports in the United Kingdom at which troops embarked for foreign service, I never saw a more touching spectacle of the kind than that was. Ordinarily as self-possessed as anyone could well be, the woman at that moment gave herself up entirely to her feelings. She hung about his neck, cried, upbraided him for leaving her, then said he would be a coward to remain, kissed him scores of times, and, in fact, went on in so contradictory a manner that it was difficult to believe she had not lost her senses. At the final moment for parting she became suddenly calm, but he had hardly taken his place in the ranks when she gave a shriek that frightened all who heard it, and went into a faint. My own duties compelled me to leave the place at once, but I subsequently heard that she was very ill for some weeks afterwards. A friend of mine, who was a sergeant in Smith's company, took him as batman, that is, as a kind of servant, and became his amanuensis in writing to his wife. Whatever might be the cause, and I suspect it was the great love and devotion his wife had shown for him, Smith remained a strict teetotaler, and throughout the Mutiny never tasted a drop of rum or arrack or beer, though the general opinion among the men was that unless spirituous liquor of some kind was taken, good health could not be preserved in India. He saved every pice he could, for he had resolved that when he again saw his wife he would be able to present her with a pile of rupees. Things had almost cooled down in India, and we were quartered at a certain station, when the joyful news, to the married men, was heard, that their wives had been ordered up from one of the sea ports. The husbands made great preparations for the meeting and for making the married quarters as comfortable as circumstances permitted. Those who had the funds spent a good deal in the way of furniture, and among the rest Smith determined to have something like a home for his wife this time, and

He sang sweet songs while weaving
A garment straight and long ;—
Though you sing sweetly, mother,
You cannot sing his song.

Another child was spinning,
And reeling skein by skein,
And, still the spindle turning,
Joined in the first one's strain.

When his last reel was finished,
He took a garland fair,
And, standing by me, straightened
With silver comb my hair.

Some drops of richest perfume
Upon my brow he shed ;
The garland then of roses
He placed upon my head.

By this the robe was woven ;
Oh, mother, 'twas so white !
No garments that you make me
Were ever half so bright.

All round its upper border,
Lace-trimmed, it looked so gay ;
The weaver drew it gently
Around me as I lay.

Then knelt he down beside me,
And kissed my lips, and smiled,
And whispered very softly,—
“Sweet be thy sleep, oh child !”

* * * * *

In silence wept the mother
As o'er her child she bowed ;
Alas ! that wreath of roses !
That fair white linen shroud !

A Flounder in the Salt River Quicksands.

ARE you an enthusiastic equestrian, my friend? Ifso, mount your Arab and accompany us in a canter along the shore of our African Bay—twin sister, as some ardent admirers call it, of the Neapolitan Harbour, with respect to the beauty of its curve and the blueness of its waters. If you have not a horse, you can get up behind me, for I'm only a "little one;" but then I cannot offer your companion a seat beside my cavalier, for the simple reason that there is no room, he being a man of some weight and substance—(none of your lanky-youths for me, thank you); so perhaps, after all, you had better stay where you are and let me waft you the story of our adventures as we proceed. By the way, I often wonder how our grandmothers managed when they had to ride pillion-fashion behind some very stout individual; it must surely have been rather awkward, especially if the lady happened to be stout also!

Well, we start about an hour after luncheon, and ride modestly, but as swiftly as is decorous, through the "busy haunts of men," follow the lower road behind the Military Hospital, until we get some way behind the toll, then strike off across country and make for the beach. There is just a pleasant breeze blowing, the tide will be at its lowest ebb in an hour, our spirits will be in opposing heights, and the very horses seem to know that they have left the disagreeable civilized roads, and are airily cantering over the turf towards the glorious sands. Civilization is doubtless a grand thing in its way, but it certainly has its drawbacks, and commend me to a gallop on aboriginal wilds, rather than to a painful struggle to keep your steed from stumbling on a road boasting man as its maker, but which is now left to fickle Fortune, and bears but the faint harassing remembrance of its palmy days! In my ignorance I always used to imagine that Divisional Councils and Municipalities looked after these things; but it seems I must be wrong, else why don't the clever members of our Cape Boards keep the highways near the town in better repair? However, to-day we are in too good a humour to grumble, especially as we are nearing a farm-house, and shall have enough to do to steer clear of the various specimens of the canine tribe which are besetting us. There is one splendid mastiff amongst them, but he makes quite as rude a noise as the others. Such a neat house with a trim garden plot in front and all the pleasant signs of country life around it; but we don't stop long to criticize, and in five minutes more are on the beach and sniffing the keen sea air. Hurrah! now off for a gallop, on and on close to the water's edge, with the fine old music of the wild waves beating an ever-varying refrain as we pass, and the mournful ripple of their dying melody laving our horses feet.

By-and-by we sober down a bit, and wonder what strange stories this ancient stormy Sea could tell us of the gallant ships and brave

lives which in its angrier moments it has tossed like corks upon its bosom.

“What hold’st thou in thy treasure caves and cells,
Thou ever sounding and mysterious Main?”

is the burden of our song, and a multitude of crested wavelets answer fearlessly for their great Mother Ocean,

“High hearts and brave are gathered to my breast.”

One instance of these unchecked outbursts we can ourselves recall in the memory of that ill-fated 17th of May, 1865, when the fountains of Heaven were opened, and the gale vied with the billows in a work of sad destruction. I shall never forget how we stood fascinated with a terrible awe at the window of a house just opposite the scene of the fearful disaster, and counted seventeen crafts come, some recklessly, others more slowly, but none the less surely, to their fate and strand upon the hungry shore. It was a weird and fearful sight, the rain pouring in torrents, the wind howling in all directions, and yet hundreds of people packed along the beach, heedless of the storm, longing to be of use, but making confusion worse confounded by their utter helplessness and would-be wisdom.

Thank God! such a scene need never be repeated, for now we have a breakwater to stem the fury of the ocean and to defy the treachery of our lovely but, alas! too fickle bay.

My pet “Charlie” is however restless and anxious to be off once more, so we humour him and exhilarate ourselves by having a small race, which the “darling” of course wins,—a light jockey being heavy odds against a heavy one. But lo and behold! on expatiating mildly on my success, I am effectually “snubbed” by being told it is because I am a *lady* that I won, as *of course* my cavalier would not be so rude as to take the lead and disappoint me! Which, being rather a cool and by no means a palatable statement, I at once firmly decline to accept, and canter on disdainfully past a wagon drawn by eight sturdy mules, which contains, we presume, some sensible farmer, who prefers leaving the dusty main road for a jaunt along the sea shore, and thus kills two birds with one stone, viz., giving his wife the benefit of a real whiff of “the briny,” and his mules the luxury of the cool sand as a soother to their weary feet.

One cannot be cross long, however, on horseback, so I soon recover my amiability, and rival Pecksniff in the freedom of my forgiveness. But just as we are within half an hour’s reach of the modest dwellings at Blauwberg (the scene, by the way, of a memorable battle in the old Dutch times), the words “women and parsons never spare a horse” grate harshly upon my ear, and at the double taunt, I wheel suddenly round in renewed but silent scorn (little people are proverbially said to be “touchy”), for am I not one of Eve’s own daughters, and do I not spring from a long and noble race of “Parsons?”

"Homeward Bound!"—it is usually such a joyous cry, but to-day there is no responsive echo in my breast; so by way of soothing my perturbed feelings my friend tries the remedy frequently adopted in the case of highly excitable children, and tells me a sensational story about the remains of a wreck we are just passing! The narrative has the merit of being *true*, however, and is moreover so unobtrusively pathetic that I must give you the benefit of it.

Once upon a time, or, to be more explicit, between eighty and ninety years ago, there lived somewhere near here a Dutch farmer named Valdemar, who sowed his lands, kept his cattle, and lived happily with his family and at peace with all men. Amongst other possessions he owned a beautiful horse, and doubtless he had many a famous canter along these very sands; but his life was an uneventful and quiet one, until a circumstance occurred which drew forth his latent energies and handed his name down to posterity. One of those fearful tempests arose, which earned for our Cape the surname of "Storms," and a gallant ship lay helpless at the mercy of the waves and was dashed to pieces on the rocks near shore. The cries of the drowning passengers and crew pierced through the sound of many waters; but no boat could live in such a sea, and no man could swim through such a surf.

Then suddenly came Valdemar on his good horse, and together they breasted the waves, not heeding the warning voices of the awe-stricken bystanders. They reached the wreck and a drowning wretch was bidden to cling to the horse's tail and was thus carried on shore. Again and again master and beast swam off, and again and again a saved soul blessed them for their courage; but on the seventh or eighth time strength failed, and the horse and his rider were swallowed by the remorseless billows. Such prowess was rare indeed, and the exploits of the two heroes (for surely the horse did his share) were, it is said, embodied in a Dutch poem, and will doubtless still be remembered by some survivors of the past generation.

By this time the afternoon is waning, old Sol is casting a shimmer of golden light athwart the waters preparatory to taking his departure for a season, and we come to the conclusion that it is time to push on for home and dinner. We have been for some little while amused by the presence of a third equestrian, and speculate as to whether he considers himself an added dignity to our appearance, or whether it is our good looks which operate as an irresistible loadstone to draw him towards us! Certain it is that he comes nearer and yet more near, canters when we canter, and walks when we see fit to do so, until the situation becomes somewhat embarrassing and very "monotonous!" He is a slightly off-coloured youth, dressed in corduroy, his Panama hat tied down with a white pocket handkerchief, and a large red bundle in his hand, which doubtless contains his best suit for the "Nachtmaal" to-morrow.

But the noble creature he bestrides is the great charm of the tableau! It is a hideous caricature of a *rat*, twinkling eyes, scraggy

tail and all complete, and I am offered a handsome present if I will mount him and have my portrait taken at Barnard's! The splendour of the bribe somewhat tempts me; but as I am altogether too bashful to ask the young man from the country for the loan of his unique possession, my friend finally decides upon politely requesting him to inform us what direction he means to take and at what pace he intends going, in order that we may shape our course differently. This broad hint has the desired effect, the abashed swain falls off, and we go on our way rejoicing. We are close upon Salt River now, only two centuries ago the haunt of rhinoceroses, seekoes, and such-like formidable characters, but at present no larger than a good Scotch burn. It seems almost incredible that this small stream was ever deep enough and broad enough to afford anchorage for goodly vessels, yet thus it was, for not only does history tell us so, but I knew of an old gentleman who has beheld them there. I do wish some of these dear octogenarians who have passed through such varied experience during their long colonial life, would write a book and tell of all the strange or funny things they have seen and known in this changeable land. If they are too feeble to write themselves, they might dictate, and I for one would willingly assist as an amanuensis if "great-grandpapa" only would talk English. But let us leave history and look after ourselves. We know there are quicksands about here, and therefore we don't venture to cross near the mouth, where the stream is tolerably deep, nor yet a good way up the bank. But the beach beyond looks inviting, and would be a much shorter cut home than the way we came, so we watch our opportunity and when we reach a very narrow part of the river that has firm ground on the other side, we give our horses a touch up, dash over, and congratulate ourselves—too soon! For lo! a plunge and a violent shiver, and a sinking deeper and deeper until my foot rests upon the ground! "Wheel him round and whip him well," shouts my companion, who is vigorously practising what he preaches, although he is fortunately not so far gone as I am. Easier said than done is the wheeling round process, but both "Charlie" and "Brownie" know it is for dear life they are struggling, and at last with a violent bound we are once more in the river and cross to *terra firma*, where we rein in a moment till our panting steeds recover nerve and breathe. Looking back we see the water glistening over the part we had taken for firm ground,—but which has now been wrung like a sponge—and we are thankful our experience was not more dearly bought. For just two hundred years ago (1673), when the Cape was governed by the Dutch, the following brief fact is recorded in the annals of the period:—"Sept. 19. Almost all the Company's oxen lost in the quicksands at Salt River."

It seems as if we had struggled so long in those treacherous sands, and yet the whole affair occupied but a few moments. "Were you afraid?" and I can truly assure "No," for somehow there was no *time* to think of fear. Perhaps like a coward he had

fled the danger, and his absence was not to be regretted. And yet a host of curious thoughts found time to cross my mind, as I wondered how I would feel to *die* there, and if anyone had ever been buried alive in that spot before ! You see, *we knew* our peril, and had time to turn ere it was too late; but a stranger might have floundered on to death within reach of the busy city, nay, more, within sight of help ! For even now as we wend our way thankfully onward we see a figure draped in scarlet speeding from the neighbouring farmhouse, and with uplifted arm beckoning us from the fatal region. When we reach her she is gasping for breath, and with a white scared face informs us, that having seen us enter the river she had flown to warn us of our danger. We thank the fair angel of mercy heartily for her kindness and then return home without further adventure, but with sadly bespattered horses and habit.

N.B. I have since endeavoured to persuade my friend to go into the quicksands once more (only alone !) in order that I might be able to tell you how one *looks* under such circumstances as well as how one *feels* ; but, strange to say, he does not see the force of the argument at all ! Adieu !

Good Night.

("Parting is such sweet sorrow.")

"GOOD-BY !" — Ah me, no sorrow that is sweet
Lies in these words of mine, but only pain.
To those, perchance, who, happy, think to meet
In some short hours or days again,

There may be hidden sweetness.

"Good-by" I will not say to you ; — "Good-night," —
For if we may not meet in coming years,
These words shall seem a messenger of light
To still thy grief, dry all thy tears,
And add to life completeness ;
Because "Good-night" speaks always of a morrow :
And if on earth alone there shall be none,
"Good-night" shall bid thee banish sorrow,
And hope for a more glorious one.

M. E.

Reminiscences of the Army.

BY ONE OF THE RANK-AND-FILE.

V.

A FEW words on married life in the ranks may be of interest. Had I been ever so much inclined for domestic felicity, I should, when a soldier, have followed the advice given by *Punch* to people about to marry. It was inevitable under a system of long service that some men should enter the matrimonial state; but they were generally of the class that marries in haste and repents at leisure. With a system of short service it is to be hoped that men in the ranks will remain in the state of single-blessedness till they return to civil life, when their domestic arrangements will be placed beyond the reach of War Office regulations and the standing orders of a regiment. In my time, in the ranks there were two classes of married men; the first consisting of those to whose nuptials the commanding officer had given his permission, and perhaps his blessing; the second composed of those more ardent spirits whose affections knew no prudence and who rushed into matrimony at their own sweet will. The men "married with leave," as we used to call it, had certain privileges, among the principal of which, in the United Kingdom, were being "out of mess," that is, at liberty to cater for themselves in the matter of food; quarters for their wives and children; and the right of their better halves to a share of washing for the men belonging to their respective companies. On foreign service the women received rations, and so did the children till they arrived at the age of fourteen, when the Horse Guards and the War Office supposed they were sufficiently mature in the ways of the world to go forth and earn their daily bread. I think the ration allowed to a woman was $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of bread and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of meat per day, and a child's share was half of these quantities. They also got an allowance of fuel and candles, but what it was I do not quite remember. As far as I had an opportunity of observing, a soldier married with leave might live in the colonies with tolerable comfort as far as food went, more especially in North America, where the currency of the country gave a higher value to their pay, at least nominally, than was the case elsewhere. If I am not mistaken, a shilling sterling is equal to fifteen pence currency in Canada, and the soldier, who of course received his wages in coin of the United Kingdom, got the advantage of the difference. In India the married soldiers, if moderately abstemious in their habits, had a very comfortable life indeed in times of peace. It was very different, however, in the United Kingdom, where those whose unions had been sanctioned by authority had a hard struggle of it. The men married without leave had no privileges whatever, and, except in very rare cases, were not even permitted to be out of mess. As the daily "clearance" seldom exceeded five pence, and was more frequently less, these men had to support their wives as best they could on that sum. With it

they had to provide them and their children, if any, with food, pay rent, and meet all the other expenses incidental to the humblest house-keeping. The privation in these "homes of merry, merry England" must have been terrible at times. I have more than once observed some of these unfortunate men who slept in the same barrack-room as myself put away their ration bread without eating an ounce of it that they might smuggle it out of barracks, hid in the breasts of their jackets, in the evening to their hungry wives. The small allowance of meat that fell to their share was often preserved for the same purpose, the husband's dinner being confined to his basin of soup, which, by the way, was by far the best part of it. Sometimes a man's comrades, with a delicacy that could not be exceeded, would place bread at his disposal, on the plea, not always strictly true, that they did not require it themselves. Where the women had no children, they not seldom tried to enter domestic service; but the prejudice in civil life against soldiers and soldiers' wives was so strong that it was difficult for them to succeed. In most regiments that I was acquainted with, the commanding officers, as vacancies occurred, from time to time placed on the strength the wives of men married without leave; but some colonels took a stricter view of their duty to their country, and set their faces against pardoning any man and woman who had entered into wedlock contrary to the manner prescribed by the Queen's Regulations. Under such conscientious colonels the marked men not seldom deserted, it is to be hoped to the benefit of themselves and their wretched wives.

I have said above that the men married with leave were allowed quarters for their families; but to prevent the reader falling into a mistake as to the quality of the residence allotted to them a word of explanation may be necessary. Persons unacquainted with the unwisdom that governed the British army some years ago might suppose that when fat sinecures were so common, care would be taken to spend at least sufficient money to provide accommodation for the wives of the rank-and-file with some regard to decency and morality. The Hero of a Hundred Fights and his advisers seem to have thought such a matter beneath their notice, and they gave quarters to soldiers' wives as if these latter were devoid of every womanly feeling, though many of them, if not the majority, had as much of true feminine delicacy as their sisters in higher grades of the social system. A not uncommon residence for a married couple when I entered the army was the corner of a barrack-room, the room having for its other occupants some twenty or more single men. The "quarters" of the privileged pair measured about nine feet by seven, and from morning till night this family home was exposed to the view of the bachelors. At night the "quarters" were screened off, more frequently by spare sheets and blankets than by ordinary curtains. It would have been contrary to every idea of military propriety to allow the screens to remain during the day, and they had consequently to be pulled down, at latest, by eight o'clock

a.m., at which hour the captain and subaltern of the day went round the barracks to look at the rooms and to ascertain if the men had any complaints about their breakfast. More than once I have seen every corner of a barrack-room, otherwise filled with single men, occupied by married people. Years before this disgraceful state of things was stopped, representations of its indecency were made in the English newspapers, but the Horse-Guards did not in those days read the papers, and even if all the gentlemen in London wearing cocked hats had studied them, the letters would have been attributed to barrack-room lawyers, whose object was anything rather than to put down a shameful scandal.

Sometimes in the earlier period of my service and as a rule in the latter, the married people were put into rooms set apart for themselves ; two, three, or more families occupying an apartment according to its size. This, on the whole, was a much better arrangement than the one mentioned above, but in some cases I believe a decent woman would have experienced less to shock her delicacy had her quarters been in a corner of one of the ordinary soldiers' rooms. The rank-and-file of my time could not as a body be said to have the high chivalrous feeling towards the other sex that comes from education ; but rude, ignorant, and often brutal as my comrades were, I very seldom heard them say anything in the presence of a woman that would shock the most sensitive married lady. In my experience a woman with self respect is almost always respected by men, however otherwise rough the men may be. If a soldier in my time was dastardly enough to insult a woman of good character, his comrades punished him well for it, and I have more than once seen a man tried by what we used to call a barrack-room court-martial for that crime. Hence it is that, in some cases, a decent woman would have preferred the ordinary barrack-rooms to the married quarters. In one of the apartments set apart for the married people there might be twenty families. I have seen more than one room in which a larger number was put. Sometimes at night it would be found that a married man was drunk and disorderly, and a file of the guard would be required to remove him to the guard-house. It fell to my turn to be a member of the escort on a few of such occasions, and in that way I had an opportunity of seeing the married quarters after tattoo. No matter how large a family was, the regulations only allowed it bedsteads and bedding for two persons, and the result of this was that the children were put to sleep on the floor. When married people resided in the ordinary barrack-rooms, the youngsters as a rule slept in the bed of one or other of the single men, for soldiers as well as sailors are proverbially fond of children. Such accommodation could hardly answer when the parents were in the married quarters, and in consequence the floor was the usual bedstead for the juveniles. It would serve no good purpose at the present day, and especially in this part of the world, to describe the scenes that took place in these rooms as I have heard them told by many of my

married comrades. It will be sufficient to say here that policy as well as common sense requires that each family should have separate quarters, however small these may be. Perhaps that reform has been carried out. If not, the sooner it is the better for the individuals concerned and for the service.

Persons who from their infancy have lived in comfortable if not luxurious houses, and who have not been brought into contact with the lower classes of the United Kingdom in such a way as to gain a knowledge of their social life and habits, might think that it was impossible for a woman to live in the circumstances I have described without losing the best qualities of her sex. In some cases, I admit, such was the result; but in most that fell under my observation, womanly nature withstood the degrading influences to which it was subjected. I recall to mind now one woman who for some time had her home in the corner of a barrack-room, and who was as spotless in character and as pure in mind as any lady in the Empire. Many years ago the 6th Regiment of Infantry had a second battalion formed for service in the Hudson's Bay Territory, and it was there for some time. Scattered in small parties in that bleak country, the men, it seems, became pretty well their own masters, and led a life very much different to that of ordinary soldiers. Hunting and drinking appeared, from what I was told, to be their main occupations. Some dispute having arisen between the Company and the Imperial Government, the battalion was withdrawn, and shortly after its return to the United Kingdom was broken up, the men being drafted into other regiments, to which they volunteered. The regiment I belonged to at the time got some twenty or thirty of them, each of whom afterwards contributed more than his fair share to the crimes committed by our corps. The worst amongst them, and they were all bad, was a person whom I will call Smith. A greater black-guard it would be difficult to find. Drunken, foul-mouthed, sensual, and insubordinate, he was just the sort of man that ought to be turned out of the service. But as there is no one so bad that he has not some good quality, Smith had just one particle of gold in his composition, and no more. He never forgot a kindness done to him, and his single virtue was gratitude. When on detachment with his company in a country town, and at a time when his hair was "cropped" after spending a period in the cells, Smith became acquainted with the daughter of a small farmer in the neighbourhood, who was one of the handsomest women it was possible to see. She had been in the habit of assisting her father in his agricultural labours, and out-of-door work in the climate of England had given a glow to her cheeks that Madame Rachel would have envied. No calisthenic exercise could have assisted to develop her physically better than her farm work. She was the type of those country girls of whom old Cobbett said in his rough, blunt way, that he would rather kiss their rosy cheeks than lick the paint from the face of any Duchess in England. When we who were at regimental head-quarters saw

her some months after her marriage with Smith, she was said to be as handsome as any woman in the country. Why she married him no one could guess, for he was not good-looking, was totally illiterate, and on the whole was rather a boor. It is no use speculating on the why or the wherefore, for a woman's taste in matters matrimonial is proverbially a mystery. I may remark here that it is singular how many women one met in the army in my time who were mentally superior to their husbands. Whether the ladies had been deceived by the colour of the coat or not I cannot say; but certainly in a large number of cases the grey mare was the better horse. Smith married without leave from the commanding officer, and the girl's parents were strongly opposed to the match. Nevertheless, she made him her husband, and from the day of their marriage a change as if by miracle came over the man. To the surprise of everybody he kept steady, avoided bad language, was attentive to his duties,—in fact, he was in his conduct a totally different person from what he had previously been. So marked was the contrast between his character after marriage and what it was before, and so clear was the cause, that his wife was soon put “on the strength.” As she was an industrious woman she was able to live out of barracks, where she kept herself in great respectability. Unfortunately for both, Smith was ordered to form one of an escort over prisoners proceeding to a distant town, and while on that duty—which took him from home for some days—he got drunk, abused the non-commissioned officer in charge, and became so outrageous that he was brought back a prisoner in handcuffs. A court-martial necessarily followed, but his punishment, probably on account of the general respect felt for his wife, was comparatively light. When he was discharged from prison, he continued to drink, and underwent confinement to barracks. Mrs. Smith, believing if she could be always near him that he would give up his fit of intemperance, moved into barracks, and the “quarters” assigned to her was the corner of a barrack-room. Smith became a steady man at once. I have heard the single men who stopped in the room speak of her frequently, and her influence over them seemed to be almost as great as that over her husband. Always friendly to everyone of them, doing little acts of kindness when she saw they were wanted, she became a great favourite with the men of her husband's company. One of these was a rather peculiar fellow of the name of Hall, and many an innocent joke he used to have at Mrs. Smith's expense. He had said something one day that rather displeased her, and he adopted the following method of reinstating himself in her favour. Taking a pin and a piece of thread to her he said, with a solemn face, “Mrs. Smith, would you oblige me by threading this needle? I don't know what is the matter with my eyes to-day.” Ever ready to oblige, she said, “With pleasure,” and took the pin and thread from him. When she lifted the “needle” before her eyes to thread it, she said, “Why, Hall, this is a pin!” Looking at it as if he had been perfectly unconscious of the fact, he said, with the

utmost gravity, "I'm so sorry, for it's the only needle I have got. Perhaps you would lend me one." She, of course, complied, when Hall asked her to sew whatever it was he had to do, and wound up by getting the loan of a shilling from her. Smith did pretty well till we went to the Russian war, when, of course, his wife was left behind. Camp life and absence from the only good influence that at that time had any weight with him made him return to his old habits so far as opportunities were given him, and he narrowly escaped a flogging more than once. At the conclusion of the war we were ordered to a station in the Mediterranean, where the women rejoined the regiment, and Mrs. Smith had the pleasure of hearing as soon as she landed from the ship that her husband was then a prisoner in the regimental cells. However, another reformation took place in his character as soon as she was with him again. On the outbreak of the Mutiny we were ordered to India at once, and again husband and wife were separated. Circumstances made me a spectator of the parting between Smith and his wife, and though I had witnessed such sights a good deal before at ports in the United Kingdom at which troops embarked for foreign service, I never saw a more touching spectacle of the kind than that was. Ordinarily as self-possessed as anyone could well be, the woman at that moment gave herself up entirely to her feelings. She hung about his neck, cried, upbraided him for leaving her, then said he would be a coward to remain, kissed him scores of times, and, in fact, went on in so contradictory a manner that it was difficult to believe she had not lost her senses. At the final moment for parting she became suddenly calm, but he had hardly taken his place in the ranks when she gave a shriek that frightened all who heard it, and went into a faint. My own duties compelled me to leave the place at once, but I subsequently heard that she was very ill for some weeks afterwards. A friend of mine, who was a sergeant in Smith's company, took him as batman, that is, as a kind of servant, and became his amanuensis in writing to his wife. Whatever might be the cause, and I suspect it was the great love and devotion his wife had shown for him, Smith remained a strict teetotaler, and throughout the Mutiny never tasted a drop of rum or arrack or beer, though the general opinion among the men was that unless spirituous liquor of some kind was taken, good health could not be preserved in India. He saved every pice he could, for he had resolved that when he again saw his wife he would be able to present her with a pile of rupees. Things had almost cooled down in India, and we were quartered at a certain station, when the joyful news, to the married men, was heard, that their wives had been ordered up from one of the sea ports. The husbands made great preparations for the meeting and for making the married quarters as comfortable as circumstances permitted. Those who had the funds spent a good deal in the way of furniture, and among the rest Smith determined to have something like a home for his wife this time, and made up at the end of a bungalow quite, to him, a luxurious apart-

ment. The women were to come up in three batches, and the first was to arrive in our cantonment at midnight of a certain day; the second was timed to arrive at 3 a.m., and the last at 6 a.m. On the day before they were to arrive, to the bitter disappointment of several agitated husbands, intelligence came in that a party of rebels who had been hiding in Central India was coming our way, and several field forces, or small armies, were ordered out to go after them. Six companies of our regiment were detailed for the duty along with some native troops, and Smith's company was one of them. The time of their departure was to be two hours after the arrival of the first batch of the women. The reader can imagine the excitement that existed among the married men going on field-force duty when I say that no one knew what women would come first, and that it was not unlikely many men would lose their lives either through the enemy or through the climate before the forces returned to the cantonment. Poor Smith was in a dreadful way, for his wife had given birth to their only child a few months after he had left her, and he wished to see both mother and child before leaving on what might prove a most dangerous duty. Punctually at 12 o'clock the *gharries*, or native carts, conveying the women arrived at the station, and a moment was sufficient to show that not a private's wife was amongst them. The officer in charge, to avoid disputes, had forwarded the women according to the rank of their husbands, and the first batch was composed entirely of the wives of sergeants. The effect on some of the married privates who were leaving was electrical. Smith, for instance, when the *gharries* arrived, was as sober as he could be, but in the space of a few minutes he was drunk, shouting on the ground, and abusing with all his might the officer who had been in charge of the women. Any one acquainted with Indian society knows the numerous and strong temptations to which European women are subjected in that country, especially in the Presidency towns, and I am sorry to say that a residence of some months in one of these towns had made two or three sergeants' wives less respectable than they had been before. Bad news travels fast, and it was known in the regiment who the sinners were. When, therefore, Smith gave loose to his tongue, he wanted to know why his wife—who, though a private's wife, was an honest woman—had been left behind, while women who were not honest had been sent forward first. It happened that the officer he addressed, then a captain, had been a subaltern in Smith's company, and, knowing his weaknesses, passed over the abuse he received, trying at the same time to soothe him down. But it was of no use. Smith's disappointment and the drink made him mutinous, and it was with great difficulty several of us got him away from the spot. As he had to take his place in the ranks within an hour and a half, we did our best to make him sober again. From the canteen we got cup after cup of hot coffee, and, after he had cried for some time like a child, we persuaded him to allow a *bheestie*, or water-carrier, to pour a large

quantity of water on his head. When the bugles sounded the assembly he was able to take his place, but before falling in he left a bag containing one hundred rupees, or £10, with a sergeant to be given to his wife immediately on her arrival. Besides this sum he had a good amount in the regimental savings' bank. The husband's wishes were, of course, carried out, and delighted his wife was to hear that he had been so saving, for that had been kept hidden from her. She, too, had her little sum to add to the family funds. By needlework she had earned a pretty good amount, and this she had kept secret from her husband, that it might be a joyful surprise when they met. The field-force on which Smith was, returned in less than a fortnight, when husband and wife were again united. They lived happily and comfortably for a time, and their child, a girl, became the pet of the regiment. But after all their trials, a sad end was in store for them. In the third season the wife was in India the child took the fever, and the father was soon down with the same disease. Then the mother was prostrated. Poor Smith died first; the little girl departed this life a few hours after her father, and both were buried in one coffin. Mrs. Smith survived about a week, when she joined her husband and child. I have told this little history, not merely to fill a few pages of this Magazine, but to illustrate the fact that a woman may preserve her feminine character pure and undefiled under circumstances that to many would seem to entail certain ruin.

While on this subject, however, I may mention a matter that to me appeared to be one of the most horrible of my experiences in the army. After the Indian Mutiny some scores of soldiers' wives, whose husbands were serving in that country, were sent from England to join their regiments in a sailing ship, whose name I forget. With that wise forethought characteristic of the Horse Guards, there was no military escort sent with these women, or, if there were, it was so small that it counted for nothing. The captain of the ship seems to have been a great brute, and his officers, if not as bad as himself, were too cowardly to protest against his infamous proceedings. I see, myself, no degradation in any woman washing a floor, and I have known a few high-born, well-educated ladies who rather prided themselves on their ability to show a servant, by example, the right way to make the boards white; but I think to put women to "swab decks," as that operation is usually performed, is carrying things too far. But this captain made the women on board his ship go at that work as if they were men. He had them divided into watches like sailors, and compelled them to take a share in the working of the ship. But, what was worse, he induced some of them to forget their honour, and these in their turn demoralized others. Before long the scenes on board that ship were of a kind that brought disgrace on humanity. The elements, as if disgusted with those on board, made her their sport, and she was compelled to put into some port—I think it was in South America—for repairs. A difficulty arose about these, and the ship was detained there some months before she was ready

for sea again. When she did sail for India she took a long time to arrive, and for a considerable period it was thought she had gone down with all on board in a hurricane. At last she arrived at Calcutta, and the women were sent up-country to join their several regiments. I was in Allahabad when they arrived in the cantonment there. I was attached at the time to an invalid battalion, and these women were put into a large bungalow in our lines. With them in the bungalow were a few widows proceeding to Europe, and a few wives of time-expired men, also proceeding with their husbands to Europe. A non-commissioned officer of the regiment I belonged to was Quartermaster-Sergeant of the invalid battalion, and his duties brought him often into communication with the women belonging to the battalion. The morning after the arrival in Allahabad of the women from this particular ship, all the other women waited on the Quartermaster-Sergeant, and said that come what might they never would stay another night under the roof with them. That special bungalow was the married quarters, and General Chute, who then commanded the station, had given strict orders that under no circumstances whatever were the wives of soldiers to be quartered but in the bungalows set apart for them. As there was but one of these in our lines, the Quartermaster-Sergeant was in a fix. At last it occurred to him to advise the women complaining to stay one night there, and that he and some other witnesses would go to the bungalow after tattoo that night in order to see what was done, and if things were as represented, a report would be made to the Commandant of the battalion. I was one of the persons ordered to be witnesses, and such a sight I hope never again to see. Men in the army are not usually squeamish, but there was not one of us that night looking on who did not feel sick at heart. The next morning the report was made, and the complaining women, after a deal of bother, were permitted to go elsewhere. As soon as this was known some of the women who had been in the ship went to the Quartermaster-Sergeant, and with tears in their eyes asked to be allowed to move also. They would go any where, they said, rather than stay in what, in their own words, was "a hell upon earth." The Commandant refused their prayer, and they were compelled to continue unwilling witnesses of scenes the most horrible. The long months on board that dreadful ship had not been sufficient to remove the sensibility of these women, but a strict military discipline forced them to undergo for some time longer the mental tortures of evil associations. I should be sorry indeed if the immense majority of soldiers' wives were to be judged by the standard of those women I saw in the bungalow at Allahabad. Yet who will say that if it were not for that awful voyage most, if not all, of those unfortunate women would have gone down to their graves deservedly respected by all who knew them.

I might, did space and time permit, tell of many excellent wives and mothers that I saw in the army. Indeed I could write of women

who, though married to drunken husbands, contrived to rear large families respectably without any assistance but what their own brains and arms gave them. I could tell of clever, well-educated women who aided their husbands in their work as non-commissioned officers. I must mention one. She was a shopkeeper's daughter, and was married to a very good man, a pay-sergeant. She was a very reserved, though very kind, person, and it was difficult to get at the facts in her history. She had married her husband when he was a recruiting sergeant in a large English town, and she did not join the regiment till she had been three or four years a wife. She spoke French and German well, was a fair musician, and wrote a variety of beautiful hands. When her husband got the payment of a company she kept all his accounts, and no books could be neater or more correct. I never saw any one who struck an observer as being so much of the lady and of the woman together. The officers' wives would, in country quarters, have often been glad of her company of a dull evening; but she was too fond of her husband to go where he was excluded, and military discipline in my time did not permit the slightest social intercourse between officer and sergeant unless in such a form as to almost prohibit it altogether. Indeed, it was only a few years ago that I read of a Court-Martial held on an Assistant-Surgeon because he had asked a sergeant to dine with him at a place in India where he and the sergeant were the only Europeans within several miles of each other. To the other women of the regiment the person to whom I have just alluded was like a personal friend. I am not sure but that she had some private means, because her husband's pay could hardly afford the expense of the many little acts of generosity she showed to some families, and her own and her husband's honesty was above suspicion. The husband was subsequently transferred to the militia as a sergeant-major, but what has become of him since I do not know.

Quite a different kind of person was the wife of another sergeant in my first regiment, who afterwards got a commission. I was acquainted with her as a sergeant's wife, and I heard a good deal about her when she was an officer's lady. Having rather good looks, she was very vain, and her vanity was an indication of her shallowness. She was one of those soft whimpering women who are more exasperating than a scold. She was always complaining about something. Her husband was one of those healthy fellows who are seldom in ill-humour and never in it long. He had one way of shutting up his wife's querulous complaints that was to me very amusing. After she had almost exhausted her breath at meal times grumbling about the children and other subjects, she would say, "Now, William, what will you have?" "Well," William would reply, "if it is the same to you, my dear, I would not object to have a little peace." When William became an officer his lady put on as many airs as if she were the wife of the Commander-in-Chief. They had hard work to make both ends meet I know, for William

was not above saying a word to an old friend on the quiet, but his lady was "shoddy" to the very life. She had little taste of her own, but was a great imitator, and she affected the talk and bearing of her superiors without having their grace. Poor thing, she had to put up with many slights. The other officers' wives kept her at a distance, as they usually did the wives of men who rose from the ranks, and the soldiers' wives would pretend to look another way when they met her rather than take notice of "that stuck-up thing." I imagine that human nature, and especially female nature, is much the same in the army as it is in civil life.

I am reminded here of what I saw in a certain regiment. There were four brothers in it; one was paymaster, another was quartermaster-sergeant, the third was drum-major, and the fourth was a private. They were all married men, but the wife of the private had as much tongue as would suffice for the whole family. She was by no means a bad woman, but she envied her sisters-in-law, and especially the paymaster's wife, a quiet, demure little creature, that seemed unable to do any harm or to say a harsh word to anybody. The private's wife never met her but she began to speak "at her" something like this: "There she goes! How mighty grand we are! Lord, how she wags her tail! And is that old Tom Doddle's wife? Poor old Tom! no wonder he is grey, and stooped in the back! What a lady! My husband is an officer; he cheats the men out of their pay, and will be hanged yet! We don't know our poor relatives; oh! no, not we;" &c., &c. No notice was ever taken of these insults, and that only made the scold more fierce. It was part of the quartermaster-sergeant's duty to see that the women's wash-houses were kept clean; but that unfortunate non-commissioned officer never could go near the wash-house when his sister-in-law was present but what she pitched into him and his in slashing style. I often wondered why the paymaster remained in the regiment, as he could easily have exchanged; but there he continued till he retired on full-pay.

There is no denying that in my time many soldiers' wives had a capacity for scolding that was perfectly marvellous to a stranger. I remember that when I enlisted there was a woman in the regiment who went by the name of the "She Sergeant-Major." This Amazon was tall and bony, and anything but a Venus; but her bodily strength was such that in disputes in the wash-house if one of the other women went too far she would quietly put her across her knees and punish her as mothers do naughty children. Her volubility was simply astounding. She would commence in a low key, gradually raising her voice till even the deaf might almost hear, and she would continue shrieking in her highest tones till all opposition ceased from sheer inability to be heard. Her husband was a little feeble fellow, who dared not say an angry word to his better half; but, as far as she could, she took care no one would put upon him. This woman was very popular with the soldiers, and sometimes when she visited

the barrack-rooms to collect the washing she was greeted with cheering. The reason of her popularity was, I heard, that before my time she had spanked a woman of another regiment for saying in disparagement of our gallant corps—

The Onety-oneth, the dirty crew,
Lost their colours at Waterloo.

In grateful acknowledgment of her bravery in maintaining the honour of the Onety-oneth, a subscription was raised for her when her husband was about to be discharged, and she paid us the compliment of returning thanks in every barrack-room, her husband standing mildly behind her while she made the speeches. She was a rough woman every way ; but I have seen some females of finer texture in body and mind a great deal worse at heart.

And this recalls to my mind a tragic story, in which a handsome, intelligent woman was one of the principal figures. When the Mutiny broke out in India, and the troops took the field, the women of such regiments as happened to be in the country were placed in various stations considered safest. After being a few months in the country we sent some men to one of these stations. An acquaintance sprung up between a man of ours and a married woman whose husband was in the field ; but as far as I heard nothing particular was thought about it at the time. Some months afterwards the whole of our regiment was concentrated at that particular station, and the man referred to was taken into the hospital as an orderly to assist in the surgery. In a short time we were ordered off after the rebels, and we were to march till we met a certain large field force. On the third day after leaving the station a native dragoon arrived in camp with a letter informing the Colonel that Mrs. ———, of the ——— Regiment, was missing, and that it was supposed she had left with this man who was hospital orderly. The Colonel, Adjutant, and Sergeant-Major put their heads together, and the result was that on our next day's march the column was halted about half-way, and a strict search was made among the camp-followers for the missing woman. The inquiry was almost given up when an accident led to her discovery hid in one of the hospital *doolies*, or boxes in which the sick are carried by the natives. She was in male attire, and the doolie-bearers had been made to believe that they were carrying a sick soldier. The man was immediately dismissed from the hospital, and a guard put to watch the woman. In the disturbed state of the country it was considered too dangerous to send the woman back from whence she came unless conveyed by a large escort, which could not be spared, and she remained with our column. At a certain point we effected a junction with another field force, and in a few minutes it was known that three companies of the regiment to which the woman's husband belonged formed part of it. She at once rushed towards their camp, found that her husband was there, and throwing herself upon his neck made the poor fool believe that

she had accompanied our column merely for the purpose of seeing him again! The hospital orderly, as soon as he heard of this—for the news spread fast—loaded his rifle and went in search of the woman to shoot her. His manner and the fact that he carried a rifle attracted the notice of the quarter-guard of the other regiment, and the sergeant in charge made him a prisoner. The rifle being found loaded gave rise to suspicion of intended murder, and he was sent over to our camp in custody. It was noticed that he spoke to no one, and kept lying down in the guard-tent, as if trying to sleep. After a few hours it was observed that he was motionless, and that no breathing could be heard from him. On closer examination, he was found to be dead. It seemed the unfortunate man, when he heard what the woman had done, made up his mind to shoot her and then commit suicide by taking poison. His position in the regimental hospital gave him access to the medicines, and he had supplied himself with the necessary drug before he left our camp. Finding himself foiled in the first part of the programme by his arrest, he took the poison after he was removed to our quarter-guard, and its action was swift and sure. The woman remained with her husband, and the men of his regiment said that he entirely believed every word told him by his good-looking, clever, but totally unprincipled wife.

One often hears how the women are deceived by the men, but I must confess that the case just mentioned is not the only one in which I have known men to be deceived by women. I noticed above how the women of our regiment had been detained for some months in one of the Presidency towns in India. While there two of them left the quarters assigned them, and occupied a bungalow among the civil population. One of the two was the daughter of a coroner of an Irish county, and in education, as well as in birth, was a lady. She was a fine, handsome woman, having great intelligence, and we wondered much when she married a sergeant in our regiment who, intellectually as well as socially, was considerably her inferior. The other woman was a native of Gibraltar—"rock-scorpions" is the name given to the persons born on the Rock—and she was a true Spanish woman in appearance and temper. When the women were ordered to join the regiment these two persons positively refused to come, and the officer in charge wrote to that effect to the Colonel. A friend of mine who was a clerk in the Orderly Room showed me the letter, and we pitied the husbands when they came to know the unpleasant fact. After reading the letter I was proceeding to my bungalow when, as fortune would have it, I met the husband of the Spaniard. He was a colour-sergeant, and had the payment of a company, a position he had attained before he was four years a soldier. A smart, intelligent young fellow he was, and dotingly fond of his wife. As I passed him I said, "Good afternoon, sergeant," when he stopped me and asked me to go with him to his bungalow to see the preparations he had made for

his "dear little girl," as he called her. I went with him, and he pointed out the furniture he had purchased from the bazaar, and what he had had made by carpenters belonging to his own company. As a pay-sergeant he had two rooms there, and he sought my opinion as to whether they were sufficiently comfortable for the "dear little girl." I thought they were, and said so, but I did not say what had a few minutes before come to my knowledge. He was so happy that I would not for the world have destroyed his peace of mind. Judge the surprise of those in the secret when these two women were among the first to arrive in the cantonment. They had changed their minds at the last moment, but till this day I do not believe their husbands ever supposed they had any mind but one on the subject. Did space permit I might follow up the subsequent history of these two women.

Before closing this paper, I must say that nothing surprised me more in India than the early and numerous marriages made by many Europeans of both sexes in that country. It is no uncommon thing to see on a tombstone such an inscription as the following :—"Sacred to the memory of Jane Atkins, widow, who departed this life on the — day of —, aged fifteen years." Girls frequently marry at fourteen. And that reminds me of one lady who entered on the responsibilities of matrimony at that mature time of life. I was acquainted with her husband, and shortly after the honeymoon I was invited with other friends to spend an evening with them. My friend's juvenile wife had rather a good voice, and was of a musical turn. Some one asked her to sing, when, drawing a deep sigh, she said, as if she were a grandmother, "Ah! My singing days are over!"

If women live in India and their husbands die, they sometimes get "very much married." I saw a woman who had just buried her fifth husband, and there were sporting characters on the spot ready to bet ten to one that she would live to bury five more. A sergeant in a regiment that I belonged to married a woman who had been a widow three times. He did not always treat her well, and when she complained she did it after this fashion :—"Tom never did the like to me, nor did poor Bill, and I'm sure Sam wouldn't do such a thing." I thought these words must have been very pleasant to No. 4. The reason of these repeated marriages is that the women lead such comfortable lives in India that they will not return to Europe to enter again into the drudgery of domestic service. I will give a sample of what often takes place, showing how confident the widows are of securing husbands. At a certain station I was quartered at, I became acquainted with a man of another regiment who was married. After a time he died, leaving his widow with three children to mourn his loss. It was just at the end of the cold season, and the last batch of invalids were about to leave the station, on their way to Calcutta, to embark for England. If I am not mistaken, a widow is allowed quarters and rations in India for six months after her husband's death, and a free passage to Europe; but at the end

of that time she must shift for herself. The Colonel of the regiment to which this woman belonged sent for her a few days after her husband's death, and told her that if she intended going to England a good chance offered by the departure of the invalids, and wound up by saying that if she remained she would have to be struck off the strength before the next cold season came round, unless she married again in the meantime. With the confidence of a firm faith in the chances of the marriage market, she artlessly replied,—“I think, sir, I can promise you I will not be struck off the strength.” The statement was delicately put, and the woman's anticipations were realized, for before the expiration of the six months she was Mrs. Somebody-else.

It was a strange sight to see—as was often the case in the old Company's European forces—an Englishman married to a woman as black as any negro. I remember well the grievance one such case was to a number of European women. The husband of the black woman was sergeant-major to a battery of the Bombay field artillery, and, by virtue of his rank, she took precedence of the wives of his subordinates; and much enraged they were at it. Some of the white women had been pupils in one or other of the orphanages for soldiers' children in India, and had a fair amount of education; and this only made them feel their social inferiority the more.

By the way, a good many amusing stories might be told how wives used to be selected at these orphanages by soldiers in times gone by; but I have already said so much that I must end here with the remark that the man who marries while he is one of the rank-and-file of the British army, unless very exceptionally placed, does an unwise thing.

Words at Parting.

I BID you think, when I am far away,
 Of some last words that I will leave to you :—
 I charge you, when a lonely life shall come
 To live its silent sorrow in your midst,
 You greet it with some love and charity,
 And bind it in the arms of sisterhood;
 And—for its sorrow is not of your lives—
 Stand not aloof with righteous lifted eyes
 And open scorning lips that say, “because
 We cannot *understand*, this *must* be wrong;”
 But use your women's right of kindly love,
 And judge a sister as you would be judged;
 Nor let the poisoned whisper of your world
 Hush out the glorious cry of “Justice!”

A Tour in France when Charles X. was King.

II.

WHEN I broke off last I think I had fallen asleep in the diligence which was taking me from Bordeaux to Nismes. My object in travelling through the south of France to Nismes at this season was not merely pleasure, and certainly not that of publishing hasty observations on the men and manners of the time. The reader must therefore take my reminiscences for the purpose of comparing what an Africander saw upwards of forty years ago with what so many more of my countrymen have an opportunity of seeing in these railroad days, for *nunc licet omnibus adire Corinthum*—I don't mean *an omnibus*, for that would be *singular*.

The journey to Nismes offered few incidents to notice. The hotels where we did breakfast or dine must have been furnished with first-rate cooks, and the wines were good and cheap. Excepting a somewhat monotonous country, covered with olive trees, I had nothing to remark (these olive trees are not handsomer than the wild ones which grow to as great a height in many of our South African kloofs)—nor can I recollect any interesting incidents occurring. Perhaps my month's stay at Bordeaux had not been sufficient to perfect my French so as to enable me to understand all that was so rapidly said,—a good deal of it in slang phraseology; for we had two young midshipmen, one a son of the Commandant of Toulon, with us, who afterwards showed me through the Dockyard, but, unlike the present naval officers, neither of them spoke English,—whatever the change may be. At the time I am speaking of few Frenchmen understood any language but their mother tongue.

Arrived at Nismes, I set up at one of the best hotels (it used to be false economy to go to second-rate ones). Either on the journey or at the hotel, I forget which, I became intimate with Col. Simonet, and somehow, though I have received much kindness and hospitality in France, I never took to any Frenchman so soon as I did to this fine old man; but I must add that he was a native of Strasburg, and was only French in language. Well, the old Colonel and I stuck to each other for some weeks, travelling as far as Marseilles, Hieres, &c., &c., and back. He was an invalid, and was not allowed to take wine, so I regularly finished off his pint of claret as well as my own allowance at the *table d'hôte*, where for two francs or twenty pence you secured, besides your *demi-bouteille* (which was less intoxicating than a single glass of ale), a great variety of dishes most excellently prepared; and though I saw little beef or mutton in the south of France, every kind of poultry, and even partridge and wild fowl, with the most delicate vegetables and splendid fruit, were at your service. The only drawback, though not to me, for I did not dislike it, was that every dish, whether it was a sausage or a turkey,

was seasoned with garlic. I dare say the half-pay officers and their families who reside here get accustomed to garlic, and relish it after a time. Indeed, when we believe in cleanliness next to godliness, what are we to say of the modern Englishman, who smokes his cutty pipe, and, in spite of the moustache, eats his curry? Never mind; men with a moderate fixed income could not so easily associate with families of their own rank did they remain in any part of Great Britain; but it is a question whether the residence of so many English in France for the last fifty years has not caused the introduction of sauces and made dishes, which may have undermined the English constitution, spoilt English stomachs and teeth, and encouraged radicalism.

By-the-by, we are none of us perfect, and my friend the Colonel had a fault. In his carpet bag he carried a clarionet, and wherever we came, as long as the inmates of the house did not remonstrate, he incessantly played his favourite instrument. We often had to sleep in the same room when the hotels were filled, and I patiently suffered, and I dare say often (with a mental reservation) said I was fond of music.

The kind-hearted old Colonel undertook to show me all about Nismes. First we stumbled on a court-martial; perhaps I had to thank my friend's military taste for it. Here a private of one of the Swiss regiments was on his trial. It appears that for all crimes of insubordination they were, with many other privileges, permitted to be tried by their own officers only, and indeed the system by which the services of these men were secured to the monarchs, who did not confide in the loyalty of their own nation, was a strange one, and, when we consider the character of the people, apparently irreconcilable with their love of freedom and patriotism. It seems the practice was to bargain with the Colonel for so much per regiment, the food and clothing being found by the King of France; the appointment and pay of officers and men were arranged and settled between themselves and their Colonel still, as was proved at the Tuilleries when Charles X. had to fly. Their indomitable courage and Mount St. Bernard dog faithfulness (whether the consequence of early training in their mountain homes or not) were the admiration even of the people who detested their presence on French soil. I must admit, however, that when some months afterwards I encountered several of these mercenaries in Switzerland returning to their native cantons, footsore and in sad plight, one of them was from *Holland*. Whether the Swiss soldiers were in the service of the King of Holland to keep the "Belgians" in awe, or whether they could be hired at lower rates, I cannot tell, but the revolution in Brabant a short time previous was a "strange coincidence."

We next went to see the "*Maison Carré*," described in every guide book. Now, as my purse and time gave me no chance of seeing Italy, and this ancient temple in an almost complete state, with its magnificent Corinthian columns, left a clearer impression on

my mind of ancient Roman art and splendour than one can gather from history and books, I envied my fellow-colonists less who in these days travel fast and at little expense—often I am afraid, in the words of the poet,

“To show how much a dunce that has been sent to Rome
Excels a dunce who has been kept at home.”

I am not a critic in architecture, and have perhaps admired the beauty of some freestone edifices in Edinburgh and stucco palaces in London nearly as much ; but it was the thought that such structures could be erected by a nation so far behind our age in the sciences which one would suppose should aid in perfecting art that made me reflect and wonder. Then, again, our more universal educational advantages, one would fancy, could alone produce a populace capable of duly appreciating “beauty”—whatever the few might do—before steam-printing and the schoolmaster were abroad.

We saw ancient Roman baths and the *tour magne*, the object of which people do not know, although some say it may have been a lighthouse, when the sea was nearer Nismes,—unless this theory was invented in order to find a use for the lighthouse. However, it was not my business to settle the question, and so we proceeded to inspect the amphitheatre—more perfect, I was told by those who had seen both, than the Colosseum at Rome—an oval building of about 500 feet in length, the outside walls some eighty feet high, built in such a way as to form steps or seats inwards, gradually descending till you come to the area, of the same oval form, in the centre, which was on the same level as the ground outside, and at a safe depth from the lower tier of seats : this was the space allotted for the arena. Holes round each tier of seats are still to be seen, intended, it is supposed, for posts over which awnings were spread.

From the outside, on a level with the internal arena, were gates, with passages through the solid mass of which the seats were composed. Through these gladiators and wild beasts, such as St. Paul fought with at Ephesus, must have passed, for the delectation of high matrons and the *dames aux Camelias*, as well as fops and fast young men, who in later times contented themselves with cock-fighting and badger-baiting,—and no doubt “the gods” had to sit up higher in the galleries.

Any one who has seen Buffeljagts River Bridge, and inspected the quartz-stone of which it consists, may form some idea of the massiveness of the building when I state that the amphitheatre at Nismes is built of the same hard material, only in immense blocks, apparently so neatly chiselled as not to have required cement at all ; each block of this stupendous pile resting on a perfect level, and being kept in its place by its own weight. I don't know that there is any history preserved of this Roman colonial relic a whit more reliable than that which alludes to the infancy of Rome

and the twins in the figure sculptured over one of the gates, of the wolf, a real *Lupa*, suckling Romulus and Remus.

I dare say my description is getting rather tedious, but just one word more, as wordy speakers are apt to say. Compare the race stand and the hippodrome at Green Point with the amphitheatre at Nismes, and the more refined amusements of an English Colony with a Roman one, and don't despair about the influences of modern civilization. Compare our wooden erections in the country, so like anatomical lecture-rooms, with the now useless remains (though interesting to the antiquary) of Roman extravagance, and admit that *neef* Yankee is wise in his generation to build cheap bridges that last only twelve or fourteen years, when for the interest saved, he can build a new one in such a situation as the change of times may require. Some people, however, think little of the practical man who turns up his nose at the moss of ages.

I have only to add further about the town of Nismes, that the buildings are comparatively lofty, that is, if you leave the old town of Edinburgh out of view. Some one told me the very narrow streets were built so on account of the high winds. It may be true; only when I recollect that an English lady who published her wanderings in Africa had been made to believe that the chimneys in Cape Town formed of cork-screw shape owed their freeness from smoke to the sapience of our Dutch ancestors, I beg to end this paragraph with the moral that we should not judge from externals of chimneys, or anything else, and that south-easters may possibly not have produced narrow streets in Nismes any more than the twisted appearance of Cape chimneys; and, moreover, that if travellers take liberties, there are such things as tricks upon travellers.

We made an excursion to the *Pont du Gard*, an aqueduct over a deep kloof. It was evidently intended to supply Nismes with water. There are three rows of arches, one above the other, the uppermost tier surmounted by a covered watercourse, through which we walked, scarcely stooping. As far as I can recollect, the material was the same quartzose sandstone of which the amphitheatre of Nismes was constructed; hardly a chip had been broken off, though history does not record the origin of its existence. For miles as the crow flies remains of the aqueduct could be discerned, in a dilapidated state. It is a moot question whether the want of material and the knowledge of casting metallic bent tubes of sufficient diameter prevented a less expensive conduit, or whether Archimedes and those who came after him ever saw a *sea-bamboo*, by which they might have proved that water no more abhorred an equilibrium than nature did a vacuum.

After nearly half a century I cannot forget the romantic valley of the *Pont du Gard*, with its beautiful oaks of the cork variety, and how I thought even then of the advantage my country might derive from cork as a floating capital; but silk and chicory, lavender and corks, must wait, it appears, for the time when natives no longer earn their food and two pounds sterling a month at the Diamond-fields.

Our next excursion was to the "Fountain of Vaucluse"—a purely sentimental journey—just to remind one of "Petrarch and Laura;" but as I was told of a Cape traveller under similar circumstances, during his European tour, who said he would prefer *boboti*, I confess I was unsophisticated and unpoetical enough to admire the dish of eels we were treated to, even though I found out in due time that what one of my French acquaintances warned me of was true enough, as to the way Englishmen, or even those born under the English flag, were skinned at the hotel—*on y écorche les Anglais comme les anguilles*.

Except some artificial salt-pans, such as a Mr. Benningfield once attempted to create at the mouth of the Salt River, but failed in (I don't know why), as also some water meadows, produced by a system of irrigation our dairy farmers had better inquire about, I had no opportunity of seeing anything on our journey to Marseilles. We passed these meadows and salt-works in the diligence, so I could only judge of their utility from what the passengers said. "Salt," as well as "tobacco," were the delight of the tax-gatherer under Charles the Tenth. Whether these imposts existed during Louis Napoleon's reign of free trade, or have been trebled under the "Moderate Republic" and the partial suppression of free trade under Thiers, I hope some of our Cape political economists who are now travelling in France will be able to tell us.

Anyone can read a description of Marseilles in books more carefully and better written than these cursory notes. I prefer giving a description of a large street, called, I think, the "Rue de Rome"—a very broad avenue, with a double row of trees for foot-passengers in the centre, having *jets d'eau* at different distances, and forming a delicious promenade in a warm country, such as the "Heerengracht" (stupidly changed into "Adderley-street") might have been made, when the Municipality cut down fine old trees, without replacing them by a walk like the Marseilles street. At the time the old canal was filled up, such an avenue might have been planted on that site. Another thing at Marseilles also made me compare it to Cape Town: in no other place that I have visited did one meet with so many individuals of different nationalities. The Greek, Turkish, Russian, Dutch, and other ships in the harbour sent sailors and passengers on shore, dressed in costumes and speaking the language of almost every maritime people.

I went to the old Roman Baths, where the washerwomen assemble, and there one may hear the "*patois*," as unintelligible as the "Basque" at Bordeaux,—the one a bastard Spanish, the other a kind of Italian.

From Marseilles, after sight-seeing according to established routine, we moved on to Toulon, partly during the night. During daylight we could observe at leisure the artificial terraces, where fine olive trees were cultivated, in a soil formed of the disintegrated particles of the slate rock, of which the supporting walls were built.

Unchanged by Time.

DEEM not, belov'd, as years fleet by,
 That all thy charms decay,
 Howe'er they dim thy brilliant eye,
 And turn thy tresses grey.

I lov'd, indeed, thy maiden grace,
 Thy early bloom I priz'd ;
 But not for goodly form or face
 Wert thou most idoliz'd.

The gentle purity enshrin'd
 That blooming form within ;
 The beautiful, the deep-ton'd mind,
 To better worlds akin ;—

These have but gather'd strength the more
 As years have wrought their will ;
 For these, I lov'd in days of yore ;
 For these, I love thee still.

The flower, the grace of meaner things,
 To swift decay is given ;
 But with a life immortal springs
 All that is due to Heaven.

'Twas not alone with earthly love,—
 Our spirits, too, were wed ;
 And still a blessing from above
 Has all our wand'ring led.

For me thy spirit brighter glows,
 As seasons onward roll ;
 And purer, fonder, holier grows
 Our union of the soul.

THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Our Education.

EDUCATION is advancing at such a pace in England and all her larger colonies, that the effect is almost bewildering. So rapidly and unexpectedly do the several moves follow each other on the board that the keenest observer cannot feel sure at any moment that he is master of the game. Public School Commissions, Endowed School Commissions, Middle Class Examinations, India Civil Service, English Civil Service, Army and Navy Competitions, University Reforms, Ladies' Colleges, and a hundred other recent developments of the movement indicate, if nothing else, a stir and agitation, a great aim, and a determined energy in carrying it out, that all must watch with the deepest interest. Is this only the beginning? If so, of what? It is certain that never in the world's history was there a more eager and universal desire manifested for "light, more light," culture, instruction,—education, in fact, under whatever name it is called. Great intellectual movements there have been, and educational revivals, in ages past; but it has been reserved for this day to proclaim and enforce the right of every man born to a share of intellectual enlightenment. The world has got on so far with a mere fraction of its brain power brought into working order. Will its course be the same when the millions of Europe represent a full complement of mental activity—a thinking, instructed brain to every pair of hands—millions questioning, arguing, and judging, where thousands did before; thought and knowledge, with ever-increasing momentum, disencumbered of mystery and privilege, leaving their cloistered haunts, and mixing with the herd, for issues to be determined not merely by the area of their operation, but by the rapid and ever accelerating growth of knowledge itself?

Undoubtedly, a new era is breaking upon us, for new moral forces and new social agencies are being brought into play that must give new directions and a new aspect to European life. Wonderful to relate, Governments are beginning to understand that the brain force of a nation is one of its best resources, and they who neglect it henceforth will do so at their peril. "The devil take the hindmost," is the cry—a cry repeated with wonderful unanimity everywhere, and bearing fruit in manifold results.

In view of this general and earnest movement, to inquire what is our position, and what ought to be our aim, may not be out of place. It is not easy to criticise fairly and fully, nor would it be reasonable to measure by any lofty ideal standard, the educational arrangements of a country where the growth of wealth and the very idea of progress are creations of yesterday. Our educational position at the moment represents all that could be done when the energies of the country were absorbed in the mere struggle for existence. On the whole, we need not be ashamed of it. Schools have been planted in every town and in almost every village throughout the Colony; the Public Examinations have been steadily raising the level of our attainments and teaching; and, with the exception of one class only, the wants of the country have been fairly provided for. Of this neglected class we shall speak presently. Meanwhile, we would draw attention to a few points connected with our present working system, which, we think, will be most fitly considered now when we are on the eve of important changes.

One great and crying defect, which we believe to be common to all our schools, is the non-encouragement of English reading and the study of English authors. In a country where reading of a profitable sort is certainly not the rage, and where culture of any kind is limited in extent,—where, as in our country towns, beyond the precincts of the school-room, the boy meets with little that can stir his thoughts or awaken his fancy; where the very climate and physical surroundings seem to discourage the habit of reflection; where, again, those traditional feelings and principles which mark our national character seem in danger of losing their force through want of the sustaining power of numbers and intercourse, it should be, we humbly think, a first consideration with our educators to familiarize the colonial youth with the intellectual treasures of the mother land. If school boards and schoolmasters neglect this primary obligation, the necessary force can be applied through the annual examinations, in which judiciously set papers, having this end in view, would soon bring about the desired result. We are aware that papers are set on what is called English literature, and we are aware also that the work they represent has about the same relation to the genuine study of English authors as walking on stilts has to paving the road. We commend this defect most earnestly to the notice of the governing body of the contemplated University; and, as facts are the best of arguments, we would invite those who feel an interest in the matter to examine for themselves among their school-boy acquaintances, and see in how far our remarks are justified. We believe that in our best schools the ignorance, not only of English literature, but of the world's current history, would be found to be deplorable.

Having been led to notice the examinations, we shall take leave to point out another, to us, most serious defect in their character. Regulating as they do the whole tone of our higher education, it is of the utmost consequence that they should be framed with a due

regard to their effect upon our teaching. It is our honest conviction (we say it with all deference) after revising the papers of several past years, that neither in the First nor in the Second Class Examination (we confine ourselves to literature at present) is due scope given to real capacity and sound training. In the former especially it appears to us that a youth of very average ability, backed by a good memory, may not only pass with credit, but may by force of "cram" actually distance his more solid and honestly prepared rival. What with "set" subjects and "cram," it is quite possible for a candidate to get high marks and carry off the bursary without having the slightest tinge of real scholarship. Mr. Gladstone has recently told us that there is nothing like the old classical studies for making the most of a man's powers; and, following up his chief's remarks, Mr. Bruce reminded those who would question their practical value that the two best Chancellors of the Exchequer England had ever had were eminent classical scholars. But what do these gentlemen mean by scholarship? We can understand and believe that the habit of wrestling with the difficulties presented by a strange and high-toned literature, and the quick insight and enlarged intellectual grasp created thereby, may be an excellent training for most walks of life; but the assumed result implies, above all things, *work*, the stretching and straining of mental sinew, the faithful, courageous grappling with the mysterious and knotty problems met with, the girding up of the loins for battle, and the triumph won by fair fighting. We fear we cannot admit that this kind of discipline has been encouraged by our examinations, or that we have been working upon Mr. Gladstone's model. This ought not to be; for, in the first place, it is unfair to all candidates alike that the examination itself should make such remarks as the above possible; and, secondly, it is greatly to be deprecated that real ability and honest work should be discouraged by unfair conditions. It needs little argument to show that if mere cleverness and power of absorption are allowed an advantage over real mental power and careful training, our education would be vitiated at its source, honest teachers and genuine scholars would be disparaged, and the charlatan would triumph. We would venture, therefore, to express a hope that under the new system solid, durable attainments, the fruit of real power and earnest study, may have due scope allowed them, and that the honest student may be distinguished from the crib-trained and cram-fed impostor.

With the University movement we have every sympathy, not only for the salutary influence it is likely to exercise on education in this and in other directions, but because, given the necessary appliances, we do not see how the country can any longer withhold from its youth the recognized rewards of intellectual labour. Assuming (and this is a point we do not pretend to be able to decide) that we have the materials for a complete staff of examiners, whose awards shall command respect, we think, in the interests of poor students who cannot afford a residence in Europe, the country

should give them what, but for the money difficulty, they would certainly obtain in London or Edinburgh. More than this, we believe, is not contemplated; and, as the cost will be little, we suppose the coming session will witness the inauguration of a Cape University.

But while we are thus providing for our intellectual *noblesse*, we are reminded by Δ , in the *Cape Monthly*, of a class—and a large and influential class, too—who have hitherto been overlooked in the educational programme. Seeing that the farming interest is the mainstay of the country, that upon their intelligence to a very great extent the wealth and progress of the country depend, it is bad husbandry, indeed, to leave them without those helps which would at once feed their ambition and direct their energies. No one who knows anything about them will pretend that the condition of our agricultural population is anything like what it ought to be and might be made under proper guidance. Ignorance is not the only blot; the want of contact with their fellow-men—with any, at least, who are not mere repetitions of themselves—has made them as a class almost wholly deficient in all the higher instincts and graces of humanity, stolid, unreflecting, unsympathetic, unable to understand and enter into the feelings and modes of thought of any who are different from themselves. And it is to this moral deadness and insensibility, this blight of the whole ethical nature of the man, to which we would bespeak attention, and for which we would provide remedies. A purely animal life, untouched by any refining influence but the formal ministrations of the neighbouring kerk, has made him what he is. Examine him, if you will, and see for yourself what is the outcome of this soulless, uninspired, vegetable existence of his. Look into his bed-room, and conceive the sensibilities, sensuous and æsthetic, of the man who can spend several hours a day in such a den. Sit at his table, and tell us in what respect his mode of feeding differs from that of his canine dependents. Listen to his midnight incantations—dare we call them Vespers?—and if you have ever heard an Irish wake, or had your slumbers broken by the ululations of starving jackals, you will not be unprepared for the ordeal; but if you understand that this is a part of the family worship, you will admit—frankly, but sadly—that there is more music in Heaven and Earth than is dreamt of in the philosophy of Boosey. Ask him to dine with you, if you dare,—though in common honesty we would remind you that your insurance agent ought to be first consulted. Try, in short, in any way to meet him as a man and a brother, and your strongest faith and sweetest charity will be sorely tried. Yet, why should this be? Beneath the incrustations of mere mental sloth and moral insensibility there are germs of the very highest promise. That he has the best capacities, moral and intellectual, we fully believe; that he may change his stolidity into steadfastness, his social apathy into genial, hearty good nature, his animal thralldom into expansive human sympathy, is a fact to which a thousand

pleasant homes in South Africa bear witness. Where the remedy has been applied, and has had time to work, the results are such as only to make us regret the more bitterly the darker side of the picture. The strange thing is, that side by side in many parts of the country may be found two households, one of which is a model of refinement and comfort, the other a haunt of indecency and degradation. The difference is not in means—money has little to do with the matter—prejudice and opportunity much. The farmer in the happier case has given way before stronger and better influences, and opportunities of education and improving intercourse have been greedily seized. The result is such as the most fastidious taste may rejoice over.

We think it high time that this matter was taken in hand by the Legislature. Those we are pleading for are not a self-helping class ; and if we wait for spontaneous movement on their part, we may wait till the end of all things ; and if we wait for the efforts of individuals or municipalities, we may wait a trifle longer. Noble gifts have been bestowed within recent years to advance the higher education ; but we should admire above all things the self-sacrifice of the man who would endow from his superfluous wealth a simple farm-school, which could add no lustre to his name. We fear, however, that sentiment and liberality are not likely to be enlisted in favour of such modest institutions as we contemplate. The Dutch clergy, if they would, could very soon solve the problem for us ; and seeing that prejudices have to be encountered and sluggish interest to be shamed and quickened, we look to them, the most powerful agency at hand, to give what help they can. Poverty can no longer be pleaded in excuse of inaction ; and we are happy to think that, little as the ordinary Boer cares for education proper, there is a growing desire amongst his class to have their children taught English. Such instruction as they desire they would readily embrace ; and if the schools were planted in localities where farming experiments of an instructive kind could be witnessed, we venture to think that their success and usefulness would exceed all expectations. What we should especially like to see would be an attempt to bring Dutch and English boys into common centres, so that in the fusion of school intimacy and common pursuits race animosities might be obliterated for ever. If this be unattainable, we should at least endeavour by the spread of a common language to facilitate intercourse, and so remove one of the causes of mutual repulsion which undoubtedly exist. If nothing of the kind be attempted, and matters are allowed to go on in their present groove, one thing is certain, that the Boer will sink more and more in the social scale. Our town youth are being educated, and as they advance the distance widens between them and their brethren of the *veldt*. As the tone and manners of the one improve, intercourse between the two classes will become less and less practicable, and a sense of degradation and a loss of self-respect on the one side will be the inevitable result.

Schools of the right sort, where instruction and social discipline are combined, and uncouthness and grossness of manner and habit may be made to give place to something better, will do much to counteract a downward tendency that threatens to cut the social body in twain, leaving the lower half deprived of all stimulating and elevating influences.

X. Z.

Spa.

THE town of Spa is beautifully situated in a valley, through which runs a rivulet named the Wéay, and is distant some seventeen miles from Liège. It is bounded on the north and east by thickly-wooded hills, to the south and west by broken patches of the forest of the Ardennes, interspersed with intervals of rich campaign country. Its mineral waters have been well known and appreciated for ages. As early as the twelfth century we find that the inhabitants of the old town were unable to provide adequate accommodation for the numerous strangers who flocked to drink the waters, so that many, in fault of better lodgment, were forced to dwell in tents pitched on what was then the meadow of the Pouhon. In the fourteenth century, an artizan named Wolf, or *Le Loup*, whose health had been restored by the use of the Pouhon spring, obtained a grant of land, and built thereon a house for the reception of travellers and visitors, with the sign "*Au Roi de France*." Other buildings presently sprang up, and these formed the nucleus of the present *Place du Marché*.

Although in the sixteenth century it was by no means easy travelling in that broken, hilly country, traversed by infamous roads or mere tracks, such grew the reputation of Spa waters that we find the number of visitors yearly increasing, and including among the number many crowned heads and names which are destined to live long in the pages of history. To the Spa of our own day we purpose to introduce the reader through the medium of these pages.

The hand of winter falls heavily on this little town, and few would willingly face the bitter winds which sweep through the valleys in the vicinity; so many of the inhabitants enter a protest against Nature, and betake themselves temporarily to a more genial climate. But when the bright rays of the returning spring sun melts away the last trace of Jack Frost on the rivulets, and clothes the forest glades and sylvan bowers of "*La Géronstère*" with new life and verdure, the Spadois throw off inaction, and bethink themselves seriously of the coming season. The relation which Spa bears to the outward world is purely that of a watering-place providing the greatest possible amount of comfort, convenience, and amusement to the many who resort thither to test the virtues of its waters. Of local manufactures

or specialities there are none ; the mineral springs supply the place of trade and commerce, and from these fertile resources of nature Spa draws fame, wealth, and position. Connected by rail with Brussels, Antwerp, and Strasburg, this spot is easy of access, and alike to the man of business, to whom time is money, and whose hard-earned holiday has to be carefully invested to the best advantage, and to the invalid who dreads the fatigue of long travel and the frequent vexatious changes incidental to Continental railways, this is an unspeakable advantage. Many a colonist, too, from the wide-spreading prairies of South America, wilds of Australia, or *veldts* of Africa, indulging in the much-required relaxation from toil, and seeking renewed vigour in the long-threatened trip to the old country, tired of the noise, turmoil, and heat of the London streets, and also perhaps (though unwilling to confess it) heartily weary of sight-seeing for the present, might find it conducive alike to his health and comfort to devote a few days of his allotted holiday on a trip to the Belgian town, where the season is at its height, and hundreds are worshipping the water-gods in the vicinity.

The most usually adopted route to Spa is from London by one of the General Steam Navigation Company's boats which leave the Custom-house Wharf twice a week, sailing for Antwerp. There is also another well-known vessel, the *Baron Osy*, which sails every Sunday,—I suppose on "the better the day the better the deed" principle. The fare in both companies is thirty shillings for a return ticket to Antwerp, which, of course, only covers the passage. The accommodation in all these vessels is good ; the fare and attendance excellent. Let us, then, take our stand on the wharf, and watch the old *Trident* as she warps alongside to embark her passengers, of whom we form units. She is a type of vessel fast passing away into oblivion,—in fact, seldom to be seen now, except it be in tow of some snorting tug *en route* to their final resting-place, or to be broken up. Broad of beam and bluff of bow, with a comfortable rotundity of hull, she looks the very antithesis of the wall-sided, straight-bowed, and hideously-painted "canallers" which swarm alike in Eastern and Western waters, and poke their useful, but decidedly ugly, noses into nooks and crannies where but a few years back he would have been a bold man who had predicted the advent of the propeller.

But the last bell has rung, and, the gangway run in, we are off, amidst strong assurances of "a perfect sea and speedy trip." These predictions are happily fulfilled, and we find ourselves struggling with Belgian Customs officers at the ancient city of Antwerp by noon of the succeeding day. The few hours' delay ere the departure of the train to Malines we devote to a visit to the Cathedral ; and, after being mulcted of the usual black-mail levied by the ciceroni, stroll through the crowded market-place, where we find to our astonishment that the majority of the beasts of burden in use there are—dogs ; yes, dogs of every conceivable breed, shape, and size, and harnessed

by various means to apparently any vantage point of the vehicle—some in the orthodox manner to shafts or by traces, but many also may be seen attached to the sides and even axles of market carts; tandems are frequent, and often we note some brisk-eyed terrier determinately pulling its pound, with a sturdy mastiff as wheeler, who doggedly plods along with a certain characteristic expression of sullen resignation visible in its face. Have we, then, stumbled on a land where some good and wholesome legislation inflicts hard labour for certain offences on the canine race? And does the supply of industry so obtained equal the demand? If not, we know of proper recruiting grounds. Have you, reader, ever chanced to get benighted in some Eastern city, say Cairo or Alexandria, for choice? If so, you may call to mind that particular evening, when, whilst groping your way uncertainly along, lighted thereto by an Arab guide, certain ghostly forms which flitted across your path, and, as the gloom increased, grew bolder, approached nearer, and finally resolved themselves into dogs. Oh, how they snarled and growled, and anon made furtive dashes at your calves! And how at last, losing your temper, you incautiously swung your flimsy paper and calico lantern at one bolder than the rest, when it quickly collapsed, went out, and you forthwith subsided into a hole half full of what the guide gloomily assured you was—ah, well—water! Would it not be pleasant to secure the biggest, ugliest, and boldest of those half-starved marauders, and condemn them to hard labour for life at Antwerp?

But the clock of the Hotel de Ville striking the hour reminds us of the approaching departure of the train to Malines, and we hasten to the station. Evening is closing in as we reach Pepinster, and, leaving the main line, branch off to our destination. We have frequently noticed *en route* certain lithographed placards exhibited at the various railway stations, and, on close inspection, find that they are programmes issued by the “Administration Communale de Spa,” setting forth the various *fêtes* and amusements for which that body had made arrangements for the season. Let us not undervalue the difficulty of the task undertaken by these gentlemen, or lose sight of the fact that they propose to attract and cater for some thousands of strangers, whose senses of enjoyment are for the most part blunted to, and familiar with, every phase of fashionable distraction and dissipation; rare skill and novelty are first essentials. Let us glance at the notice before us, and see what the Spadois offer freely and without price to “MM. les étrangers.” Open-air concerts, illuminations, and fireworks at the Promenade de Sept-Heures; entertainments of like kind at the neighbouring fountains of La Géronstère and Sauvenière, children’s *fêtes* and balls; while the orchestra of the Redoute performs daily for two hours at mid-day at the Kiosque, and from six to eight every evening at the Place Royale; and then there are—(we are condensing the contents of our placard)—the attractions of the Redoute; but of these more anon. There is no lack of good hotels in the town, where the hale visitor or the invalid will alike find

every comfort, convenience, and civility, at a moderate price. The Hôtel de Flandre, Hôtel d'Orange, Hôtel du Midi, and numerous others fulfil these conditions, and we doubt if the traveller would find any difficulty on the score of accommodation even at the height of the most crowded season. There is also an abundance of furnished apartments and houses for larger families.

Let us suppose, then, that we have slept comfortably and shaken off the fatigues of yesterday's travel at any one of the establishments mentioned, and, rising early, are fully prepared to commence the day in the orthodox manner. A short walk through the narrow paved streets from any point of the town brings one to the Rue Royale, where groups of peasant girls, pitchers in hand, are laughing and chattering with Jacques and Jean, ere commencing the more serious duties of the day. But in one direction the stream of life eventually bears, and following in its wake we find ourselves in a wide open, paved space, confronted by a large building of the Tuscan order of architecture. We stand, in fact, in the Place Pierre le Grand, and the building before us is the monument of the Pouhon, erected in 1820 by the Prince and Princess of Orange to the memory of Peter the Great, and which at once protects, enshrines, and ornaments the fount of the great water-god to whose medicinal virtues Spa owes its very existence. In the entrance hall is to be seen the white marble obelisk sent to the then Burgomaster by the same Emperor in recognition of his restoration to health by the use of these waters.

The spring itself rises in the mountain which dominates the town to the north, and much skilled labour has been expended, under the direction of a royal commission, to collect, preserve, and lead its waters with the least possible waste into the circular wells which lie under the portico of the monument. At the sources of the springs a curious phenomenon may be witnessed. Pearl-like bubbles of carbonic acid gas traverse the waters rapidly, and rise to the surface with a gentle humming sound, which sensibly increases before rain. The women who watch over and frequent the spot often predict a coming change of weather, declaring that their fountain has sung, "*Leur fontaine avait chanté.*" During hot, dry seasons, the Pouhon waters are perfectly clear, transparent, and sparkling, of pleasant piquancy, with a slightly acid, mineral flavour, and emitting a feeble odour. Let us approach the small table on which are ranged rows of tumblers varying in size from pigmies holding two ounces to comparative giants of twelve ounces, the numbers on each being plainly marked. A sign to the size ordered or wished for suffices, and the attendant nymph, tripping nimbly down the stone stair, dips her glass-holder into the pellucid fountain, and presents you with a first glass of Spa water.

But the *salon* of the Pouhon has been filling rapidly the while, and a very little observation will enable the stranger to classify the votaries of the water-god. There be many who rarely frequent the

springs at an early hour, but drink their morning draught in their chambers. Others, again, sip the waters, flavoured and mixed with claret, at a late breakfast. These are those to whom the wells and baths are but an excuse for a pastime and merry holiday; they have but little of moment at stake; perhaps the London season has been over long and weary, or the heat of the park excessive, and the mineral baths are to be *débonnairly* taken, and the system will be speedily braced up and re-strung. But of a very different type are those who now pass before us, for these are the true devotees. Painful disease and long, hopeless suffering are but too apparent in the frames and features of many. The course marked out for their adoption has to be carefully, persistently pursued, with wearying regularity; day by day, from early morning till late evening, the same monotonous, dreary, hand-to-hand strife with sickness and disease, hoping almost against hope, and looking forward with longing eagerness for the fruits and reward of their toils to reveal themselves after the lapse of months (for the effects of these waters are not often immediately apparent).

But let us pass on, and extend our morning ramble to the bath-house, the attractions of which overcome the indolence of many an habitually late riser. The new "Hôtel de Bains" (bath-house) was completed in 1868, and perhaps is unequalled in Europe for size, comfort, and its numerous and valuable resources. The baths at Spa constitute a very important adjunct to the treatment of disease by the internal use of mineral waters, especially in certain cases; and, indeed, on glancing down the list furnished at the vestibule, the stranger is at first staggered as to how and in what fashion he had best be bathed. It is, therefore, pleasant for invalids that the medical adviser has probably taken that trouble and responsibility off their shoulders. The baths furnished include peat baths, vapour baths, tivoli douches, douches and hydropathic packing, ascending douches, &c., &c., which vary in price from two to six francs. The ordinary mineral bath, with sitting-room and full supply of linen, costs three francs; the same with partial supply of linen, two francs. The full supply of linen comprises a bathing-dress, a sheet, and five towels; the partial, a bathing-dress (sometimes), a sheet, and two towels. The use of steam for heating the mineral water prevents its decomposition; the baths, consequently, when raised to a very high temperature, remain richly charged with carbonic acid gas, and are perfectly translucent. The bath-house itself is a very handsome, spacious building, the vestibule of which is reached by wide, double stone staircases, ornamented and enlivened on either side with many beautiful potted shrubs and flowers. The entrance-hall divides the building as it were into two separate compartments, that on the right hand being devoted to men, the left to ladies. The waiting-rooms for either sex are handsomely furnished, and supplied with the leading European journals. Skilful and attentive satellites are in attendance to afford the bather every assistance.

But it is now time to return to our hotel, where breakfast awaits us ; and that important business of the day being leisurely and satisfactorily disposed of, we may select one of the numerous pony phaetons pressed upon us, and drive out to visit the neighbouring fountains, which, nestling amidst the surrounding forests, radiate at easy distances from the Pouhon as from a common centre, as one and all urge their particular claims for attention and patronage, which are advocated in each case by a staunch band of supporters.

The streets are gay with life and bustle as our stout Belgian pony clatters merrily along the paved way of the Rue Royale. Breakfasted Spa is seemingly on the move, for vehicles of all manners, shapes, and sizes, from the tiny basket carriage of the country to the London-built drag with its four up-standing English horses, are ranged by the doors of the various hotels. Tell-tale baskets, labelled "with care," are being hurriedly passed along, and stowed or slung with much fond solicitude in and around the different conveyances. In short, the good old town itself will be for a few hours nearly deserted, and its visitors scattered around to parties and picnics in some of the charming alleys and shady groves of the Ardennes. For our part we will take the route assigned to us strangers as the correct one to pursue, and which is emphatically known as "Le Tour des Fontaines."

On leaving the town, the road rises, and you soon enjoy a pleasant cooling breeze, and admire the charming country seats and smiling gardens which lie on either side of the well-kept causeway, with its broad band of pavement running ribbon-wise along the centre as a carriage way, while equestrians select the ordinary and softer road at the sides. Passing by the spring of "Le Tonnelet," whose waters much resemble those of the Pouhon in quality and taste, we enter "La Promenade d'Orléans," and, still ascending, pass on to "La Sauvenière," the rows of trees planted on either side of the way affording grateful shade from the increasing heat of the summer sun, while through the openings in the hedge-rows and trees we catch bright glimpses of the rich, highly-cultivated farm lands below, for which Belgium is famous, though the golden first-fruits of the harvest have for the most part been already reaped and garnered. But a short distance further, and we alight near the little dome which surmounts the waters of "La Sauvenière." The existence of this spring has been known for centuries : it is probably the most ancient mineral well in the vicinity. In former days marvellous powers were ascribed to these waters ; and as priests, monks, and nuns were foremost among the devotees, it acquired the title of the "Fontaine Ecclésiastique." At one period so numerous were its frequenters that the resources of the wells were unequal to meet the demand, and each drinker had patiently to await his or her turn to be served. This pretty spot is frequently selected by the Administration as the scene of some of the out-of-door *fêtes* with which they enliven the season, and many visitors who have been ordered the waters take an

early walk or drive from town, breakfast at the excellent *café*—restaurant attached to the establishment, and after spending the day in rambling about, exploring, and enjoying the cool woods around, return to Spa for the excitement of the Redoute in the evening.

But we must pass on, as we have agreed to lunch and spend the hot noon-day hours at “*La Géronstère*,” which has been described to us as the most lovely and attractive of these retreats. So we now enter “*La Promenade des Artistes*,” which, still ascending, will shortly bring us in sight of the white entrance-gates through which runs the road to the spring. Nature has been very bountiful to this charming spot, and lavished many of her choicest gifts thereon; but she has also been ably backed and assisted by Art and skilled labour, plentifully provided by the Administration, who have fully availed themselves of the great natural advantages of the position. Situated as it were in a turfed, carefully swarded clearing in the centre of a forest, the fountain of “*La Géronstère*” claims to hold first place as the brightest gem in the tiara of springs which encircle Spa. Through the depths of the surrounding woods wind labyrinths of well-kept walks, which lead the rambler to many sylvan beauties. Pursuing these paths, we stumble on unexpected grottoes and cool, shady arbours, which form pleasant retreats from the summer heat. Art and nature are here skilfully and strangely blended, and ever and anon a rippling, brawling, mountain stream crosses your path, and leaps its way down the hill-side in great apparent haste to join its elder brother at Barisart, for we now stand at an elevation of some four hundred and eighty feet above Spa. A cool, refreshing breeze is playing gently amidst the foliage of the grand old elms around, and the white-walled *café* looks unpleasantly hot and confined, while the greensward, flecked with flowers, is grateful to the eye; so we follow the example set by that group of merry Parisians, and order our nooning at one of the tables set out under the trees. The wells into which the waters of this spring flow are cut in the rock, and enclosed in a little marble shrine, surmounted by a handsome dome of cut stone, which is supported by four pillars of red marble. This monument was erected by Count Bourgsdorff, who owed his restoration to health to the virtues of this fountain; and though a double row of carriages are fast taking up returning loungers at the gates (for a children’s ball is to be given this same afternoon in the *Promenade de Sept-Heures*) we cannot leave without at least tasting of the life-giving stream. A stout, bluff, unmistakably English paterfamilias, accompanied by his two blooming daughters, is standing by the shrine; the attendant has just handed him a bumper of the crystal liquid, and with trusting confidence he quaffs a deep draught; but we mark a distressing change pass over his hale countenance as he hastily puts down the tumbler, with a hearty epithet in old English. We stay our hand, and cautiously sip the sparkling fluid. Our stout friend was quite right: the waters of “*La Géronstère*” are very nasty.

And now, following “*La Promenade Meyerbeer*,” the last and

prettiest of the loop of roads forming the "Tour des Fontaines," we wind our way down the hill to the low lands, and, leaving the Barisart spring (also a much-frequented and well-cared-for resort) to the left, re-enter Spa by the Place Verte. On alighting from our carriage opposite the bath-house, we command at a glance the principal thoroughfares and promenades of the town. To the right hand lie the Place and Rue Royale, brilliant with jewellers' shops and *magazins des modes*, the latest importations from Paris invitingly displayed therein. To the left stretches the Rue du Marteau, with its tastefully-built houses and handsome hotels standing back from the path in well-kept and luxuriant gardens; while facing us, and shading off into the darkly-wooded hills in the distance, runs the Promenade de Sept-Heures, of which the Spadois are so justly proud. It is under the grateful shade and protection of the magnificent elms which border the wide sweep of well-kept gravel that the out-door *fêtes* are generally held; and in the afternoons, when the fine band of the Administration occupies the Kiosque, this promenade is the favourite lounge of all. It is pleasant of a soft summer evening to sit under the trees, and watch the groups of artistically-attired Belgian and Parisian dames sweep by to brighten and enliven the quaint, old-fashioned, well-trimmed gardens at the further end of the walk, while others prefer to sip their coffee and enjoy the music at the little round tables which obsequious waiters convey from the neighbouring *café*. But on this present afternoon the several units have massed together, and form brilliant, gorgeous banks of life and colour around the Kiosque, the attraction thereto being a children's ball, given on a planked space in front of the building. A merry, pretty sight, truly. From the very wee "toddlkins," still rather uncertain of gait, and probably present only on sufferance, to the coming young lady, inwardly enjoying the dance, outwardly not quite at rest on the score of dignity: all ages and sizes find representatives. We of the ruder sex may know nothing of the subtle combination of details which results in the production of wondrous clouds of muslin, blonde, and ribbon, such as float around the little fairies before us, but we can and do appreciate the harmonious and skilful blending of colours by which the general pleasing effect is arrived at, and which, indeed, but reflect in miniature the costumes of the grown-up children you may see on any Saturday evening in the ball-room of the Redoute. But the refrain of the last waltz floats away down the Avenue du Marteau, and the broad shadows of the great elms are lengthening in the promenade: so nurses and attendants presently appear on the scene, and, enveloping our fairies in prosaic, every-day wraps and mufflers, lead them away, to discuss in all probability matter-of-fact bread and butter at tea; indeed, there is a general move towards the town, and the *table d'hôtes* of the various hotels are soon crowded.

Ten o'clock has chimed from the quaint old clock of the Catholic church, and the main streets of Spa are still astir with life and bustle.

Through the open first-floor windows of a large substantial building in the Rue Royale streams the ruddy light thrown by many chandeliers, while the customers of the crowded *café* which forms the basement have overflowed into the cool moon-lit street, and occupy tables set on the broad flag-way without. Ascending a wide staircase to the right hand, and passing through a doorway guarded by liveried attendants, the visitor finds himself in a spacious, brilliantly-lighted apartment, the lofty walls hung with tall, richly-gilded mirrors which flash back the lamp-light. The veriest novice needs no guide to whisper that he now stands in one of the salons of the Redoute, on the very threshold of the Temple of Fortune, even without the unmistakable rattle and chink of the golden tide which ebbs and flows along the board of green cloth before him, and around which press an eager crowd, ranged many deep. Let us approach and gaze on the scene for perhaps the last time, for the decree has gone forth, and as at Ems, Wiesbaden, and Homburg, the shrine of the blind goddess is soon to be violated, her altars overthrown, and she herself driven out a wanderer on earth's face, to seek perhaps a temporary foot-hold at Monaco. But when the Fates under the guise of civil jurisdiction have done their worst, and the gay *salons*, with their gorgeous surroundings, are swept away midst the things of the past, and the croupiers, accepting the situation, have discarded their queer little cushions and rakes, and betake themselves to their former perhaps more monotonous pursuits from which the gilded finger of the goddess had beckoned them, Spa, resting her claims for popularity and support on the unfailing sources of her health-giving springs, and the admirably active, liberal management of the Administration, has but little to fear from the future. Indeed, the gambling element there displayed has been, and is, generally of a comparatively mild description, and rarely indulged in to any inconvenient extent. But, while noting the fading glories of the "tapis vert," and the disappearance of legalized gaming tables controlled by the authorities, and fully endorsing the verdict passed on such by all right-minded persons, we may make bold to wonder if in the hereafter there will ever arise any resorts dedicated openly and exclusively to the votaries of fortune and speculation, where such perfect fairness and decorum will reign. The chances and fortunes of the game are patent to all: the odds in the banker's favour from "refaite" at rouge-et-noir and the even chances of roulette are familiar to every comer, and at least we are spared the coarseness and vulgarity of the bulls and bears of the Stock Exchange, the roping, pulling, and rascality of the race-course, and the low, swindling villainy of the illegal gaming-house or "hell," this last but a squalid imitation of a bad original, where a dispute generally terminates in some pot-house brawl. The cards here used are subjected to careful official scrutiny; and does any comer excite suspicion or offend decorum, the attendant liveried menials quickly develop into police agents, who hurry the delinquent to the adjoining bureau.

But there are other attractions to be found at the Redoute. The ball-room, *en suite* with the *salons*, is a magnificent chamber, round the walls of which cushioned seats rise in tiers, where those who prefer to remain inactive spectators of the gay scene can gossip, read, or employ themselves at will. There is dancing every evening, but on Saturday nights balls on a larger scale are given, when the full band of the Redoute occupies the orchestra. Formal cards of invitation, which cover all festivities, can be procured with but little trouble from the Secretary of the Commission. Though passports are not a necessity in Belgium, yet there, as in most Continental places, it is advisable to be provided: the expense and trouble are trifling, and they may prove very useful. Attached to this building there is also a reading-room, well stocked with all the leading European journals and papers, and free to all visitors.

As we stand in these glittering rooms, thronged with both health and pleasure seekers, some hidden chord of memory is mysteriously struck, and there flashes across the remembrance of this present writer how, some months back, after a weary day's journey over a wild, dreary, mountainous district in Natal, he had, on gaining the summit of a steep range of dark crags, discerned to his astonishment a wagon outspanned in a green vale below; and how, prompted by curiosity as to its business in such a broken, desolate region, he had made his way to the encampment, and there found to his wonderment that the wayfarer was a distant settler, who for years had been a martyr to some rheumatic affection which defied treatment; and how, having heard the virtues extolled of certain hot mineral springs situated at or near the sources of the Tugela, he was on his way across that difficult country to try their efficacy. What a contrast presented in the surroundings of these different toilers after a common object—health, though linked together in a like pursuit. Here, every convenience and appliance at hand that modern invention and skill can devise for the invalid's comfort; there, the rough, primitive ox-wagon, house by day, home by night, dependent for care and nursing on the swarthy Zulus, who were snuffing with the dusky damsels from a neighbouring kraal, arrayed in mere hints at garments not worth mentioning. A wide gulf to be bridged over, certainly; but let us take heart of grace, and reflect that all the now famous Continental watering-places owe much to the intelligent development of their virtues and natural advantages, the which not alone prove a boon to thousands of sufferers, but sources of emolument to the country at large as well. Skilful chemists have by careful analysis enabled the physician to adopt with nicety and certainty the particular spring best suited to the patient's case; capital, skilled labour, energy, and perseverance have all in turn been freely bestowed, and very abundant has been the reward. Who can say but that, as time rolls on and the chemical virtues diffused in the recorded mineral springs which are sprinkled over the wide region of South Africa have been brought to light and use, we may find the

old story repeated—that we have been travelling far a-field in search of treasures which kind Nature has for ages placed almost at our thresholds.

But the season is waning, and there are visible signs of that indescribable, restless uneasiness which seems to pervade men, swallows, and bees alike, when on the eve of a flitting. You leave your room at early morning to surprise the waiters conning together over their fees and *douceurs*, whilst discussing the season as a thing of the past. The omnibuses from the various hotels, to meet the early trains, are suspiciously full, while the returning evening ones are correspondingly empty. As yet, nothing like a stampede has set in; but let us not tarry to witness the awful appearance of brown holland bags and other abominations which will soon envelop the furniture and chandeliers in their mystic folds, and proclaim the advent of “Spa’s winter season.” We have been pleasantly *fêted*, and the Spadois have invariably called us by the honoured name of guests: let us, then, depart ere it be officially announced that “the transactions of the season have been of a most satisfactory nature,” or that “seldom have the tables yielded so large an income,” lest, perchance, you and I, reader, who have borne each other company on the way, may feel an uneasy suspicion that we, too, have contributed our mites towards these pleasant results. So, let us perform a last duty, and, visiting the establishment of M. Henrard, purchase some of the prettily-painted and graceful wooden trifles, the manufacture of which forms the chief industry of the place, and may serve to remind us of many a bright scene and pleasant excursion which connect cherished associations with the name of Spa.

Q. Q.

Our Agricultural Population.

III.

“The subject of education is one that penetrates into every cranny of every one’s life. Not a man alive but has something to say upon the universal subject. Indeed, in regard to the right methods of training a child, governing a kingdom, and poking a fire, it may be said that every one man considers himself as knowing more than the rest of mankind put together.”

WHEN the keen-sighted author of “*Wayside Thoughts*” penned these aphorisms, it is plain that his experience was not gained in South Africa. Few here trouble themselves about the *right*, or about *any*, method of training their children; and, generally, education is not a subject that occupies the attention of the political or social world of the Cape. So long accustomed to the maternal leading

strings of the Crown ; so long habituated to a life of apathetic contentment under ministers of religion and teachers appointed and paid by the Government, parents had learned to think that when they had done their part in bringing a new generation into the world, the State was to swaddle the nascent faculties of their progeny in the decent bands and habiliments of morals and book-learning.

It is hard to unlearn the lessons of experience which are congenial to the indolent nature that shirks labour and responsibilities ; it is hard to persuade people that it is their privilege and their duty to educate their sons and daughters, to the best of their ability, and at some personal sacrifice ; it is harder still to convince them that the Government has a right to interfere and see that parents and guardians do clothe, feed, and educate those whom nature and society have entrusted to their charge, so that they shall not prove to be a nuisance to the general community. And if children are allowed to grow up, untrained in habits of cleanliness, obedience, and industry, of truthfulness, self-respect, and reverence, what results can be expected but profligacy, idleness, intemperance, and the more hideous forms of crime ? The *street Arabs* who begin to form as conspicuous a feature in our advancing society as the *larrikins* of Melbourne, are the type of neglected children, whose parents do not send them to school at all, or connive at their truancy ; and thus we have daily before our eyes an increasing number of pests to society, the boys growing up to become thieves and idlers, and the girls to become something worse.

In the cities and larger towns it is plain that missionary agency is inadequate or ineffective ; there are schools, but they are not filled ; there is discipline, but it is of that mawkish kind that spares the rod, spoils the child, and demoralizes the school. So eager is proselytism that offences are condoned, lest a weak silly mother should withdraw her naughty and well-whipped booby from the school where rigid discipline is enforced. Is there no remedy ? None, but what is already looming in the distance : a compulsory attendance of all children of a school-going age, either at a Government aided school or at a private school, duly registered and approved by authority.

But if the aspect of educational affairs is unsatisfactory and ill-boding in our towns, where there are missionary bodies, treading on each other's toes, and schools neither wanting in number nor in the standard of book-instruction, what are we to say of the prospects of improvement among the families of farmers, resident miles and miles away from any missionary or from any school ?

In the case of the towns, is it worth while to spend a few hundreds in enforcing school attendance and preventing juvenile crime ?—the alternative being that as the ranks of juvenile criminals fill, we shall have to pay thousands for convict discipline, maintenance, and reformatory systems !

In the other case, can the Colony afford to leave those who ought

to be the backbone of the country without the means of rising into men of intelligence and enterprise?

The material wealth of the Colony might be immensely increased by improved methods of cultivation, by the skilful use of agricultural machinery, and by the study of the capacity of each soil. By the knowledge of the laws which regulate supply and demand, and acquaintance with the climatic influences which from year to year bring plenty to this region and reduce the yield in another, the farmer might turn to his own advantage what the keen experience of the middle man diverts into his own pocket; producer and consumer both contribute to the enrichment of these intermediate agents.

But it is on higher grounds that the christianizing agency of the clergyman and the enlightening influence of the schools must be brought within the reach of the isolated families of the agricultural population. It is an insult to our European origin, a blot on our common Christianity, a disgrace to a civilized community, that we promote in every way by teaching, by preaching, by training to useful trades, the native heathen races within and beyond our borders, but overlook our own stock and blood degenerating into the grossest ignorance and the lowest habits of life, from the absence of the elevating and consoling ministrations of religion, and from the want of appliances for elementary instruction. That one Dutch-speaking child, of European parentage, should be permitted to grow to puberty without the power to read and write, would be a reflection on our apathetic and imperfectly organized institutions; but that dozens of boys and girls, with European blood and physique, sprung from that old Teutonic stock that rules the civilized world, should be left, their minds a blank, their powers of observation undeveloped, their life a mere animal existence, listless, objectless, and without any aspiration after or thought of a life to come—that this should be the chronic state of many who are really our brothers, sisters, and blood-relations, ought to awaken every one who occupies a pulpit in the Dutch Reformed Church, and give his words an electric influence that shall animate the dry bones of the self-contented, easy-going worshippers, who thank God that they are not as other men are—ignorant, abject, degraded, but who, in their Pharisaic pride, never stoop to lift their brother out of his ignorance and poverty, and their sister out of impurity and debasement.

The agencies hitherto suggested, as being practicable and within the compass of individual clergy or of the clerical constituency of a "Ring," are the training of young women for governesses in farmers' families, and the establishment of cheap boarding-schools for the education of the sons of the farmers. Though little can be expected from the Dutch Reformed Church Synod, as being too broad and cumbrous in its organization, yet, with the sanction and encouragement of the Synod, the respective consistories would be stirred to be up and doing, each in its own sphere.

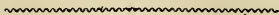
These tentative means have been put forward as consistent with the present system, whereby local energy and co-operation are supplemented by aid and supervision from the Government ; but if these are neglected, or taken up in too apathetic a spirit, nothing else remains but to obtain from the Legislature aggressive powers to invade the lurking-places of ignorance ; to found and maintain schools among the agricultural population by local rates ; to compel all children of school-going age to attend school ; and so to diffuse elementary instruction throughout the back country as to bring the benighted population into the daylight of the civilization which is spreading around but not among them.

It is beginning to be felt in the larger towns that religious bodies are unable to overtake the demands for a sound, practical education among the masses of the people. People want for their sons an education which shall enable them to earn a living,—a power to make their way up the ranks of social life ; they ask a plain, substantial food, but too often they find only the husks of a jejune religious creed.

If religious societies and churches are really anxious to retain in their hands the education of the poor and the neglected classes of our population, there must be at once such a renovation of old ways, such a remodelling of the means and agencies by which they have hitherto worked, as shall convince the public that they have both the will and the means to give a good education in their mission schools.

The establishment of secular schools under local boards, in England, became a necessity, because voluntary agency had failed to reach thousands and thousands of the children of the most destitute classes. Has not religious agency failed in this Colony altogether to reach the child of the Dutch-speaking farmer ? It may be too late for the great Dutch Reformed Church to spread her ægis over her wandering, ignorant, semi-civilized adherents ; it may be too difficult a task for her to compel her State-paid clergy to labour for the instruction of those whom they are paid to instruct. Has the lethargy of centuries permeated the vitals of the main body ? Here and there a limb is active. May public opinion galvanize into renewed life those dormant energies which belie the fine old original stock whence they sprung.

A



In the Achterveld.

THE distance from Ceres to Kenhart is about five hundred miles, the first part of which, that between Ceres and Calvinia, we will pass over without further comment, save that we found it quite as dreary and tiresome as a journey through the Karoo is usually said to be.

At Calvinia, half-way between Cape Town and the Northern Border, we rest ourselves and horses for a while before starting for the second part of our journey. Bidding farewell to friends whose kindness we gratefully remember, we find ourselves rapidly leaving the comforts of civilization behind. Passing the Hantam Mountains, the Achterveld lies before us, and our troubles begin. None of us know a step of the way—"three hundred miles of a way;" so we get farmers to describe the route as *they* know it. After sundry trials and the marking of many traces in the sand, we believe that there are so many roads all leading to the same point that we cannot miss our way, but after a few more lessons our map upon the sand assumes so much the appearance of an intricately-woven spider web, that we come to the conclusion that the Achterveld is *all* road, and that we are likely to spend a great portion of our lives in endless revolutions round some unknown point in a desert waste. We are told that should we miss certain waters, we with our cattle will die of thirst; and instances are adduced of terrible hardships undergone by friends and acquaintances.

Being tired of all this wet blanket business, and despairing of getting anything like a definite description of the country, we go ahead, holding to some spoor which it is said will take us to the first water. Once fairly away from the mountains we wonder no more at the queer direction we got for keeping the road, for, look which way we will, we find no break in the horizon save here and there where mirage throws up its ever changing forms, now apparently mountains, again lakes which we never reach, whilst the continual vibration of the air causes stunted bushes to assume the shapes of moving herds of animals.

We happily strike the junction of the Fish and Zak Rivers, and find the river beds to be as flat and nearly as high as the surrounding country. The water seems to be as much puzzled as we are, and getting out of its legitimate course perversely enters a *cul de sac*, called the "Spruit," ending in a large bare clay pan, from which it is evaporated as fast as it enters. This pan has, so far as tradition goes, never been seen full, but the general appearance of the country leads us to fancy that the Fish River may formerly have found an outlet through this and Vogelvlei, a similar but much larger pan, which we leave to our left, and which is now only divided from the "spruit" by a flat neck two or three feet above present high-water level.

A day's journey further down the Zak River brings us to another of these queer side basins, but in this instance the water has made for itself an outlet, reaching the main stream again a little below. The channel proper of the Zak River here, certainly two hundred and fifty miles from its source, becomes insignificant, the water spreading over alluvial deposit varying in breadth from one to four miles, and so continues till we reach Onderste Doorns. Below Onderste Doorns the flat bed of the river rapidly widens, attaining its greatest breadth (ten or twelve miles) near Lemoenkop, where the channel is entirely obliterated. So great is the spread at this point that within the last fifteen years flood waters from the upper country have only twice passed beyond the Lemoenkop pan.

We passed from the Calvinia to the Fraserburg side of the river, a few miles above Onderste Doorns, and were surprised and pleased to find substantial houses on each farm. Those at Onderste Doorns are models of ingenuity in their way. Materials for roofing being scarce in this part of the country, the difficulty is surmounted by throwing brick arches over the stables and out rooms, while the centre chamber, used as a corn-mill, being inconveniently large for a common arch, is domed. Here, enticed by the hearty welcome and genial hospitality of the lessee of the farm, we stay for the rest of the day to recruit ourselves and cattle.

It is significant that the Fraserburg farms are held under lease, whilst on the Calvinia side of the river the farmers obtain licences to graze promiscuously over the Crown lands of the whole district, live in tents, and make *no improvements*.

As the best road beyond Onderste Doorns is rather difficult to hold, Mr. Fryer kindly gave us a sketch of its twists and turns. A whirlwind carried off the paper that afternoon, and owing to the mishap our ox-cart, being some distance ahead, took the wrong road, upon which it journeyed *forty hours* without water. We with the horses are more lucky, although we have a stretch of fifty miles of dry country before us, the greater part of which we travel by night. On reaching the end it is only by vigorous use of a stout stick we avoid being driven by our thirsty horses over a thorn fence into the well. Here, where the Zak meets the Hartebeeste River, the locality takes the name of De Kruis, and we now follow the course of what is really the main drain of the great central plateau of the Colony until we reach Kenhart. From De Kruis the country changes materially, becomes more undulating and rocky, the valleys are partially wooded, and we make acquaintance with the "Kameeldoorn" and other trees new to us.

At Kenhart we find Mr. Jackson, the special magistrate for the Northern Border, and a handful of police, of which he is nominally the honorary, but really the acting, Inspector. They all lead a thoroughly camp life, grumbling a little good-humouredly at its inconveniences, and making the most of its few pleasures. At home

they enjoy the advantages of a small but well chosen library, while on duty, annihilating distance by their energy, and beating the natives at their own game of trail-hunting, they coerce them to a state of temporary honesty, which will last as long as the police are to the fore, or until the natives determine to drive twenty-five men out of the district. Of the buildings we will only say that they scarce serve to protect their occupants from sun and rain. But we cannot go further without a word of admiration for the Sunday morning service held under a fine old Kameeldoorn tree, which affords a pleasant shade, and where we have joined in worship with more of real pleasure than in many a pretentious city building. After waiting a day or two for the post, we leave Kenhart, accompanied by Mr. Jackson and his clerk, Mr. Meiring, and escorted by a few of the police. 'Two days' ride over a dreary country brings us to the end of our journey, and we camp on the banks of the Orange River.

We confess to having been sadly disappointed with our first view of the river and its surroundings, for, owing to the long drought which has prevailed here, everything is bare and dry almost to the edge of the water, where a narrow fringe of bright green trees only serves to make the surrounding desolation more striking; but on scrambling through the nearly impervious belt of "Wacht-een-beetje," willow, and other trees which line the water's edge and hide the nakedness without, we find a stream now partially under the influence of floods, fully a thousand feet in width, running between steep banks varying from twenty to thirty feet above low water level. Rapids, dotted here and there with densely wooded islets, a noble reach of smooth unbroken stream, the many-coloured foliage of the trees which line the banks, together form the pleasing view which opens out before us; while the flitting to and fro of the king-fisher, the call of the heron, and the chirping of an infinite variety of smaller birds combine to dispel the memories of late past days of toil and nights of weariness, and lead to pleasant thoughts of scenes enjoyed with friends now far away. But we digress. The harsh cry of the guinea-hen and the call of the francolin remind us that we are still in the wilds of Southern Africa; so we decide to get off from our stilts, and into the water, and bathe and cleanse ourselves after our almost waterless journey.

Our business detains us on the bank of the river for a fortnight or more. We shoot a little in the early mornings, fish a little in the starlight evenings, and get our feet most unmercifully roasted by the broiling sand in the prosecution of our daily labour. At night myriads of beetles, moths, and creeping things of all denominations get into our porridge, and put our candles out, but we are repaid for this annoyance by the interest we find in the study of a chapter of insect life hitherto unknown to us. * * * *

The trip to which the above notes refer was made at a racing pace, and at the commencement of a season which has proved to be one

of almost unprecedented drought, and we were obliged, leaving the major part of our work untouched, to return to a more favoured district. We arrived safely at Calvinia, but with teams scarcely able to draw the light loads to which they were harnessed, having seen the Achterveld in a garb in which we hope never again to find it. Carcasses of sheep and cattle rendering the roads near the most frequented watering places offensive to the senses,—farmers destroying numbers of lambs in hopes of saving ewes scarcely able to find food for themselves,—toiling, in many instances vainly, in digging wells, all raising water with difficulty at a season when abundance usually prevails,—all these we met with on our return, and we congratulated ourselves that we turned our faces homeward in time to avoid for ourselves and cattle such frightful misery as that we had so lately witnessed. * *

All clouds are said to have a silver lining. The drought cannot last much longer, and we hope shortly to revisit a district which, although seen in a most disadvantageous aspect, has yet afforded us themes teeming with interest and instruction.

A Christmas Excursion in Madagascar.

WHERE shall we go at Christmas? Last year we went south to Tsinoarivo, and saw Andriamamovoka, that prince of waterfalls; then in May we went down river in the canoe to the west, and spent a few days in that rat-haunted village, where the inhabitants confessed that it was impossible to keep a cat because the rats were so decidedly masters of the situation. East, again, was out of the question, for we had been there over and over again; and though we have a warm affection for the forest and the comfortable house at Andraugaloaka, we preferred a new route, and finally decided to go south-west and visit a point often looked at, and frequently compared to pictures seen in childhood's days of the Delectable Mountains in Pilgrim's Progress.

Popular report represented the way as beset with danger. If we were fortunate enough to escape falling into the hands of robbers and other concealed foes, still it was in the midst of these hills that the fiercest storms were wont to rage, and we were going in the very worst weeks of the whole year for them. However, our ambition was to reach the highest known point in Madagascar, and not feeling much disturbed by the evil report of the way, we set out on our journey the Thursday before Christmas, 1872. Our party numbered four, three single ladies under the care of an old Cape colonist. When palanquin-bearers and other attendants are added, the number increases to fifty-seven; thus we formed a large and sometimes a noisy party. After a five hours' ride we reached the village of

Iharanandriana, where we did what is equivalent to outspanning in South Africa ; resting for the mid-day meal—which the men have to bargain for, buy, and cook—is often the most uncomfortable part of the day's experience, for the native houses are not in any way inviting, nor is it altogether pleasant to be surrounded by inquisitive gazers to whom the sight of a few white faces is a luxury. We sought vainly, however, for a shady spot in and around the village ; but it was nearly noon, under a vertical sun, and we were fain to betake ourselves for shelter from the heat in as comfortable a house as could be found. There we had our lunch and the unfailing consolation of the traveller, a cup of tea, while our men were cooking and eating their rice. Very tired of resting, we started again at half-past one, the sky looking ominously gloomy, and an inauspicious silence pervading the hot air, the thermometer, shaded from the sun, at 93 degrees. The men seemed determined to outrace the storm, and went as only strong, good-natured Malagasy maromita can go ; the rapidly closing in clouds with their low accompaniment of thunder quickening their steps and forming the subject of frequent remark and an occasional shout.

At four o'clock our resting place for the night was in view, and not far off a pretty enough village with a few majestic trees of rich dark foliage. The first consideration on arrival was to find places of lodgment, and the next to try and procure milk and fresh eggs. We ladies appropriated the church as our hotel, while a snug little house close by admirably suited the needs of our venerable friend. The arrival of so many Vazaha (Europeans) was evidently a great event ; indeed, we found afterwards that very few in the village had ever seen a white lady, and as was natural, the inhabitants found it most interesting to observe the habits of the new and strange visitors. Presents of rice, poultry, eggs, milk, and pork were made to us, and various other tokens of good-will shown by the amiable villagers.

Our intention was to go another day's journey in the direction of the Ankaratra hills, hoping to find some small village where it would be possible to put up for a few days, and thence make excursions to the wooded glens around. But here we had to alter our plans, as there was no village nearer than that in which we were staying, so we rested for a day, and at daylight on the following morning started for the hills, half wondering which of all the marvellous tales we had heard might come to pass. Some said that if Europeans went up those high peaks, the whole range of hills would grow black and angry, and none could tell what dreadful consequences might ensue. Another legend says that the daring mortal who goes there will never again be seen. For once upon a time a royal personage essayed to go ; many attendants, of course, were in his train, and an umbrella was not wanting ; whether the brave prince had reached the top, history telleth not, but he had put up his umbrella, when, lo ! the umbrella disappeared and was never again seen. The prince and his followers

speedily commenced their descent, doubtless very thankful that they had got off so easily.

The road from the village of Miantsoarivo to the top of Ankaratra, instead of being fearsome and beset with untold horrors, is one of the most enjoyable for palanquin travelling; in fact, one could ride on horseback all the way except a short steep ascent at the very end of the journey. Grassy undulations and little streamlets here and there; at long intervals, a solitary cot with its patch of cultivated ground, containing hemp, Indian corn, and potatoes (most excellent potatoes are grown among these hills); but scarcely any signs of life beyond these, and the distant droves of cattle lifting up wondering heads as they hear their solitude thus invaded while we pass by along the unfrequented way. A very few bonnie wild flowers were to be seen silently tasting of the cool morning dews.

Such, then, is the road, and that morning we were favoured to behold the wonder-working power of the mist among the hill-tops. It seemed sometimes to chase us like swift but voiceless messengers from afar; then settling down in gloom over some eastern peaks, while those in the west gleamed out in sunny glory, it would gently lift and reveal in a far-off distance some well-known landmark. In three and a half hours from starting we found ourselves upon the summit of the highest known point in the island, about 7,800 feet above the sea level, and there, at opposite sides of the cliff, we found two different climates. To the east the heat was most oppressive; the air still and hot. Crossing over to the west, we were glad of rugs and shawls, a cold but deliciously pure and invigorating breeze meeting us as we looked out into the distance for the famous lake Itasy; and there it lay among just such hills as are seen whichever way the gaze is directed in these lofty regions.

Meanwhile coffee was being prepared on the summer side of the cliff. Trigonometrical observations were being made close by, and a "tsangambato," or cairn, was in course of erection with no little noise on the few feet of rock said to be indeed the very highest. Then came warnings in the form of great rain-drops and distant mutterings of thunder, and before hasty last looks could be given around the shower was down upon us. Once at the foot of the steep cliff, we fled before the pelting rain, and in an hour's time were in warm sunny weather again. The villagers were watching for us, seemed gratified at our safe reappearance, and specially begged to know if we had seen or heard anything to frighten us. Next day was Sunday; the people came from several surrounding villages to service and instruction. There were interesting classes held in the chapel, and I feel sure the day will be long remembered by the numbers who were there. Miss G. had a pleasant hour with the women, and then after a short interval Mr. C. held one of his popular Bible classes for whoever felt inclined to attend.

On Monday morning we crossed country, and about mid-day reached the very prettily wooded village of Andramasina, where is a

river running at the base of the hill on which the old village stands. Torrents of rain fell that night, so that we were disappointed of our rambles in the wood next day, and fern-hunting was out of the question. Those good-natured creatures our palanquin-bearers were, however unfavourable the weather, unwearied in their exertions to collect ferns for us, and were tolerably successful. Rain again on Christmas Eve, and serious doubts about the possibility of crossing the river next. After admiring our simple decorations of fern and wild wood flowers in the plain little church, and turning many thoughts to far-off friends, we prepared to pass the last night of our travels, hoping that the waters would be found to have abated by next morning.

By deviating from the usual road, we crossed the river on Christmas morning, and six hours later reached Antananarivo. The morning's ride having been uneventful, and this paper being sufficiently long, I here say farewell.

[We must inform our fair and far-off correspondent in Madagascar that "this paper" is anything but "sufficiently long." Sketches at once so graceful and graphic of a land so strange and beautiful cannot be too long; and we trust that our contributor will bear this in mind during her future rambles from Antananarivo.—Ed. *C. M. M.*]

Military Defence in Switzerland.

ABOUT a year before the Franco-German war, Count von Moltke told a statesman at the War Office at Berlin that his military arrangements were so complete that he could place the whole Prussian army in complete fighting order upon any part of the frontier, north, east, south, or west, within thirteen days. With due allowance of some time for adjustments with the South German States, he did this in very nearly that time at the commencement of that war, to the immense surprise of the French.

But at the commencement and the end of that war, within *two* days little *Switzerland* had 30,000 men under arms, and within one week after the declaration of war she had on her frontier 40,000 men—infantry (practised riflemen), cavalry, and mountain artillery—ready to protect her neutrality; and if there had been need of it, she would have had in the field within a fortnight an army of 200,000 men of an educated and trained rank and file as good as the *militaire* of Prussia. Think of Switzerland, which has only two millions and a half of population, or half a million less than Scotland, and which is poorer than Scotland, doing this—and what we might do with a like administration.

The Prussian organization is excessively oppressive as compared with the *Swiss* organization. Every capable Prussian subject is enrolled as a soldier as soon as he has completed his twentieth year. Seven years of service are required of him, of which three must be spent with the regular army, and the remainder with the *reserve*. Then he is enrolled to the *Landwehr* or *Militia* for nine years, with liability to be called upon for annual practice and to be incorporated again in the regular army in time of war. But the State does not lose him even then ; for after this he is enrolled in the *Landsturm*, and must hold himself ready for the service of his country, within its territory, in case of invasion. There are some exceptions from this long term of service to students and educated men in general, who may get off with one year of the positive three years' service after having passed the first officer's examination. Emigration to America and other States is stimulated by a desire to escape from the exaction of the long military service. It has recently been alleged, however, that those students or one-year trained men have done as good work as the long-service men, and it is now the great object of Prussian Liberals to obtain for the many the privilege of the shorter service now enjoyed only by a few.

Equivalent results are, it is proved, obtained by Switzerland at a vastly lower expenditure of money and time than in Prussia, and that mainly by the transference of a great part of military training from the economically productive adult stages of life to the non-productive or school stages. In *Switzerland*, boys are drilled in the *national schools from eight years of age*, and participate in annual exercises and reviews ; and in the secondary or higher schools they are exercised in the use of light arms as soon as they can wield them. With such preparation, the *young Swiss* is entered on the lists of the army before his twentieth year. Before he is enrolled he is trained for twenty-eight or thirty-five days, according as he enters the infantry, the cavalry, or the artillery. *All* are called together annually in their respective cantons (or districts), one week for the infantry, and two weeks for the cavalry and the artillery ; while periodically the troops of all arms of a number of cantons are mustered and exercised together (manœuvre).

The whole cost in money of the Swiss army does not appear on the general budget, but is known to be about as much less in money as it is in compulsory service when compared with the *Prussian*, and still less again when compared with the English army.

As to the introduction of the military drill in the school stages, at home, even, there is a general agreement among military men, with the leading civil and Government men, that it ought to be introduced into all State or Government aided schools. Why not at the *Cape of Good Hope* ?

U. S. S. A.

The Sisters.

I.

“ Sister, look up ! Why sitt’st thou there
 With such unseeing, heavy eyes ?
 Bind up thy tangled yellow hair,
 Come out beneath the summer skies.

“ I, too, have drank the cup of woe,
 My love was drowned away at sea ;
 But still I wait, for well I know
 Somewhere he lives and loveth me.

“ Though we are sad, the world is fair,
 And God above rules over all.
 Trust thou in Him and bravely bear
 Whatever grief upon thee fall.”

II.

“ Let me alone ; who cares to see
 My yellow hair or heavy eyes ?
 What is my beauty’s worth to me ?
 It could not keep the love I prize.

“ Thou doest well to cheer thy heart,
 Thou *hast* thy love, tho’ he be dead ;
 For me, what hope I had or part
 In this world or the next is fled.

“ Go ; leave me ! I would rather be
 Left all alone with my despair.
 My dearest friend is misery ;
 And thinkest thou that God doth care ?”

III.

“ Sister, I love thee ; night and day
 I think of thee—I pray for thee ;
 Oh ! do not turn from me away ;
 Remember thou art all to me.

“ Love me for those who silent sleep,
 Whose life did surely Heaven win,
 And that thy aching heart may keep
 Some place for hope to enter in.”

IV.

“ Forgive me ! Sorrow makes me blind ;
 I know that thou art good and true.
 See, I my trailing hair will bind ;
 That is not much for thee to do.

“ I cannot speak about my pain ;
 Have patience for a time, and I
 Shall wake to love thee, dear, again—
 Shall wake to love thee well—or die !”

W. G.

Graham's Town.

 On Friendship.

LISTENERS, they say, never hear any good of themselves. Well, perhaps not. The last time I listened, it was attended by the ineffable satisfaction of hearing applied to myself the epithet of a “disagreeable old hunks.” May be I am ; that is, if a “hunks” signifies an individual who refuses to see everything in the rose-coloured light that others pretend they do, and who, moreover, occasionally throws a dash of cold water in the face of some of those popular sentiments which are in a great measure but thin-skinned, and come to grief if probed with any degree of severity. One of the many things I don’t believe in is friendship ; or rather, I should say, real friendship is such a rare and uncommon article as almost to warrant one in ignoring its existence. If you pick out one hundred individuals in Cape Town, or any other town, I will answer for it that you will have to throw out ninety and nine, and perhaps not then light upon an individual answering to the true and original definition which the word “friend” when it took its place in the vocabulary of the English tongue was intended to convey. But somehow or another our language is getting terribly corrupted, and we are daily drifting farther and farther away from the signification which words bore in days gone by, so much so that ere long our dictionaries and spelling-books will require not only considerable additions, but material revision and alteration, in order to meet the times in which we live. “All very well as individuals to make use of,” has philosophy in it as well as satire ; and this expresses pretty accurately the modern idea of friendship—if a man can’t push you forward in the world, lend you money, or otherwise do something for you which you are unable to do for yourself, or *vice versa*, he is but of little use as a friend to you or you to him. Disinterested friendship is a myth and exists only in the imagination of those short-sighted beings who cannot see any farther than their nose, and delight in sunning themselves in Utopian ideas. When poverty comes in at the door, friends, as well as love, take good care to get

out of the window with all possible speed, as they are far too uncongenial companions to exist long together in each other's company. To my mind, two of the finest lines which occur in the works of the immortal bard, to whom one can always fly for a quotation, are these:—

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.

They must have been tolerably rare in Shakspeare's time, or he would not have recommended such strong measures for their retention. Selfishness seems to be an ineradicable instinct of human nature, and no amount of contact with our fellow-creatures serves to smooth down its asperities or efface that natural predilection for Number One which everybody entertains more or less. To be friendly in the true sense of the term, self must be forgotten—the slightest tinge of mercenary feeling immediately breaks the charm. Real friends should have the same desires and the same aversions, and be led to the same diversions by similitude of taste;—those who know anything of the world can readily testify to the infrequency of such a combination. A man may pass current as a friend for a long time; he may manifest all the characteristics of devotion and attachment necessary thereto, but the base metal will be discovered sooner or later, the silver-plating will wear off, and leave the residuum in all its pristine uncomeliness. I will proceed to give a few pen-and-ink sketches, in one or other of which I doubt not the reader will probably recognize some one with whom he is acquainted.

Jacob Masters is a well-born, thorough-bred, high-toned Englishman—one of the finest creatures in the world, except a thorough-bred Englishwoman. He is a wealthy merchant, and enjoys all that wealth can bestow; but neither his modesty nor prudence are overwhelmed by affluence. He is about leaving England to reside on the Continent, and is giving a farewell dinner to his acquaintances and associates. Among the guests is Harry Danvers, who for years past has been an *habitué* of the house, made it his home in fact, well knowing and appreciating the position in which his friend is so happily placed, and feathering his own nest accordingly. "Well, here's to friendship, old fellow," says Masters, filling his own and his friend's glass; "we have known each other for years, and may we never meet under worse circumstances than the present." Twelve months later, at a Continental *table d'hôte*, is seated Danvers, a "howling swell," cursing the *garçons* of the hotel in execrable French, with a glass in one eye, turning up his nose at everything he sees, and affecting the *nil admirari* in the midst of wonders and beauties he cannot appreciate. Everything is "beastly," from the weather to the waiter. "I say, Harry, who's that seedy-looking party who just went out!" "That impoverished individual," replied Danvers, "is Masters. He failed a few months ago, and isn't worth a brass farthing now. The poor devil's as lean as a bradawl." Fortune had changed since these individuals last met, and with it the senti-

ments of two persons who but a year before were bosom friends. But then how can you reasonably expect a fashionable fellow, surrounded by gay and wealthy companions, to notice an old chum who has fallen in the monetary scale? No, no; that's drawing on friendship a little too much!

In yonder room lies a dying man. His earthly career is run, and very few more sands remain to filter through the glass, but he seems tolerably easy in his mind except upon one point, and that is touching his only daughter, who is too far distant to reach her father's death-bed before he has taken his departure for another world. "Tom, we've been good friends all our lives. I have only got one request to make of you: do a good part by the girl; there's ample left for her." Scarcely is the breath out of the poor fellow's body, when Thomas Marchmont eagerly peruses his dead brother's will. He finds a flaw in it; the lawyer whom he consults finds several; the ultimate result of which is that the "old friend" sticks to the handsome fortune, and the daughter who has been nursed in the lap of luxury is forced to turn out and buffet the rough world for a living as best she may. Yes, but friendship had existed between the two brothers while they were both alive; surely that was sufficient; and the fond uncle, it may be presumed, had something else to do without troubling himself about his brother's daughter, or studying to give life and reality to that which to him was a name and nothing more,—in other words, friendship.

Mrs. Tongue and Mrs. Waggitt are on terms of the closest intimacy; they are both members of the independent order of New Jerusalem Saints, repairing in each other's company every Sabbath to hear "that dear good man," the Rev. Mr. Drowsy, who on Saturday nights pumps out of his ink-bottle a thin stream of doctrinal platitudes, with a text at the beginning, a tail-piece at the end, and a good infusion of "passages" stirred up between. The good ladies in question shake hands with one another with a degree of cordiality which is quite overpowering, and if any one ventured to gainsay their sworn friendship, the very tea-cups and saucers so frequently called into requisition at the respective residences of the two parties would cry out with mingled sentiments of horror and amazement. But at times when Mrs. Tongue and Mrs. Waggitt are not in each other's company, they indulge in unlimited gossip at each other's expense; and how they clack! Biting sarcasm, cutting remarks, and cruel insinuations fly fast and thick to suit the occasion and minister to that insatiable desire, apparently indigenous to some female minds, to be everything to everybody. Occasionally the neighbours are set together by "the ears," as it is called, and a universal row ensues, but the chief actors in the social squabble manage somehow or another to wriggle out of the difficulty by passing the slanderous aspersion on to somebody else, and soothe each other with a quiet cup of tea. "My dear Mrs. Tongue." "My dear Mrs. Waggitt." Oh, you atrocious old hypocrites!

"Halloa, friend, can you do us a little favour this morning? Old Abinadab's down on me for his coin—says he'll take a bill though; plenty of cash next month, you know,—only a temporary stringency of the money market!" It is astonishing what endearing and familiar terms one can employ when they want a favour done—it smooths the way so nicely, and renders unnecessary a wonderful amount of introductory superfluities. If you want a friend to do something for you, take my advice and always address him boldly and fearlessly by his Christian name, or use some other little term of familiarity; the effect is really surprising. The person who lifted up his voice and spake in the present instance was no less a personage than Mr. Cocks Augustus, chief superintendent of the "Undelivered letter department." On the strength of holding such an important post in the civil service of his country, he fell an easy prey to the Israelitish fraternity, who found but little difficulty in binding him hand and foot with the cords of usury. On the strength of friendship the "little bill" was duly backed, but a couple of months afterwards "Cockey" surrenders his estate, and retires from the service, leaving his friend to the tender mercies of old Abinadab. Mr. Cocks Augustus still adheres to his oft-expressed opinion that it is no use having friends unless you make use of them.

"You scratch my back and I'll scratch your's. That's the motto now-a-days." Squire Splitter said as much to Gunpowder, the grocer, when he wanted him to plump for him at the general election. Then is the time for friendship to develop itself, for social differences and inequalities to be sunk, and for one man to be on amicable terms with his fellow. I myself am on terms of the most intimate friendship with a certain party. You would think nothing could separate us. Do you know why? Merely because he has a pretty sister, and the pretty sister has a wealthy father, the favourable regard of which said parties it is to my mind essentially necessary I should secure. Therefore it is that I adopt the most philosophical and the most rational method of attaining my object, nor do I suspect that I am by any means singular in my efforts. The fact is, so many qualities are requisite to the possibility of friendship, and so many accidents concur to its rise and continuance, that the greatest part of mankind content themselves without it, supplying its place as they can, with interest and dependence. Socrates, the great master of human life, when building a house for himself, was asked why he did not construct it larger. His reply was that he should think himself sufficiently accommodated if he could see that narrow habitation filled with real friends, who should regard him with sincere kindness, and adhere to him with steady fidelity. There is something so pure, sterling, noble, and uncommon about disinterested friendship, that the process of discovering it is something like crushing a ton of quartz to find a grain or two of gold. At least so thinks

CYNIC.

Mr. Boyle's Book on the Cape.*

THOUGH evidently dashed off in a hurry, this is one of the few works that seek to do justice to our colonial surroundings; and we hail with genuine delight so graphic a series of "comments and criticisms, political, social, and miscellaneous," because they deal boldly with subjects that cannot be too freely ventilated at the Cape. In the earlier chapters there is much superfine and supercilious writing in kid gloves, very suggestive of a special correspondent to a penny newspaper; with an air of Bond-street dandyism that is rather apt to annoy the general reader when glancing at a record of travels: but as Mr. Boyle gets more and more accustomed to us and our rough, free ways—he adopts gradually a more manly tone, and affords a diverting instance of the rapidity with which energetic natures can be unconsciously brought to dispense with the refinements of civilized life, after a few months' exposure to an African sun. A comparison between his thoughts while bumping up to the Fields, and his philosophic slumbers on the return journey to Cape Town after six months' experience of diggers and diggers' hospitality, will pleasantly prove that travellers are not ashamed to learn something and be the better for their trip out here. Within that short time Mr. Boyle has had a good deal of nonsense knocked out of him, and has come to see the Colony and colonists in a clearer light than is generally vouchsafed to literary birds of passage, who are ready to evolve surprising incidents by field and flood out of their inner consciousness. Evidently a keen and intelligent observer, he has had the good sense and grace not to exaggerate any matter, however opposed to his prejudices, but has tried fairly to sift evidence *pro* and *con*. and record his judgment in strict accordance with admitted facts. Here his previous mental training as a barrister has fitted him for the discussion of the much-vexed question of Waterboer's rights, and of David Arnot's claims to be considered the truest friend of the Griquas and the colonists. He evidently thinks very highly of that gentleman's intellectual powers, and presents him in the most favourable aspect in the following passage—hardly, however, to be endorsed by the Free State Government:—

Mr. David Arnot is one of those gentlemen who, in a larger or smaller sphere, make history. To understand in any sense at all the questions disputed between our Colonial Office and the Free State, it is necessary to understand the history, position, and the doings of Mr. David Arnot. He is "the man behind the curtain" who pulls the strings; the confidential agent, the very brain and hand of Waterboer is he. For seventeen years he has conducted the business of the Griqua Chief; and he might boast—only he never does—that in all those seventeen years of dangerous and difficult negotiating he has not made one mistake. A diplomatist born,

* To the Cape for Diamonds; by Fred. Boyle, Chapman & Hall, London, 1872.

thoughtful, tenacious, of unfailing memory, expedient inexhaustible, courage undaunted, he has ever kept before his eyes one final object—to persuade the English Government to accept these territories. In pursuit of his desire, he has struggled seventeen years against the brute power and insolence of the Boers. Much and violent as is the hatred borne by the independent republics towards their leading antagonists, it is not, altogether, equal to their savage enmity against Arnot. On every point he has outwitted them, and their every act he has turned to his client's profit. Whether in the pen-and-ink warfare of despatches, or in mouth to mouth conference, or in overhanded violence, he has stung and triumphed. Waterboer of the Griquas is an easy, helpless fellow, very good-hearted, very polite, and very childish. Monkoran, of the Corannas, is little better, understand, than a stupid savage. Without their counsellor, these two chieftains must have been swallowed up without resistance, one by the Free State, the other by the Transvaal. But Mr. Arnot, who has not a man behind him, nor a weapon in his possession, has kept back the greedy and unscrupulous plunderers by the mere power of intellect. Nowhere could be found a stronger instance of the force that dwells in brain to daunt and conquer simple violence.

Mr. Boyle has evidently fallen in love with this native diplomatist, and describes him in a few brief touches of personality that are highly interesting. He reminds him of the great London comedian J. L. Toole, and is very short in stature, very thick, with a large face clean shaven, and a dark skin, burnt darker by South African suns, joined to a humorous twinkle of the eye and quaint mobility of the lips, very suggestive of broad farce.

Mr. Arnot's accomplishments, however, are not bounded by his profession. He is a skilful musician, and indefatigable student of several sciences. For many years he has been an active correspondent of Dr. Hooker, and the Gardens at Kew owe to him some of their most curious specimens. In return he has been furnished with various seeds and plants which he is trying to acclimatize at Eskdale. His house, nevertheless, is situated on the most desolate and hopeless spot even of the desolations I have seen in Griqualand. The principle on which a locality is selected for building in this extraordinary country is still to me the most mysterious of problems. Just where you would *not* expect the house to stand there in most instances it is. Mr. Arnot has erected his comfortable dwelling in a spot where the Mosque of Omar itself would look like a cotton factory. There are hills all around it, lapping over one another, and so furrowed with dells and valleys, that the name of Eskdale seems at a distance quite appropriate. But, drawing nearer, over oh! such a road, one perceives that the force of bitter sarcasm could go no further than to gibbet such a scene with such a name. The hills have not one leaf or blade of green upon them; the valleys not a drop of water. Red volcanic pebbles cover all the surface of the land everywhere, on slope, and terrace, and in river dell. The pale, burnt soil is not to be seen for stones. Here and there a hardy aloe thrusts its brown flower-spike from out the heap. A little bush, bearing a twisted crop of thorns and half-score of pallid leaves, struggles for life upon the lower ground. By dry ravines, the which, all arid now, may be in some few moments flush

abrim with raging water, spring small clumps of feathery Cape cotton. But these bits and fragments of pale verdure are washed out by the prevailing reds and browns and greys. The sun beats up and down and all across, reflected from hill to hill, and stone to stone. In the centre of this oven, on a long slope gravelled with pebbles, stands the bare bleak house. Four small peach-trees shiver, not with cold but dreariness, before it. There is no fence, no drive, nor plant, nor grass, nor ornament. All alone and naked does it stand, *like a toy-house on a cinder heap.*

How true a picture is this not of a Colonial home? and how strange and bleak must it not appear to strangers, who do not know that one advantage of such a position is to be found in its overlooking the whole farm, in its being fanned by any passing breeze, and above all in its not being liable to be swept away by the sudden rising of a river after a heavy thunderstorm.

Incidentally, Mr. Boyle often calls attention to the great scarcity of trees in the Colony. Like everybody else he cannot understand why no systematic attempt is made to plant forests, or even detached clumps, in promising and sheltered spots, and again and again sighs in vain for the welcome green and fragrant shade of some spreading beech, or oak, or fir tree, when camped out in the plain. He little knows how hard it would be in an unfenced country to keep the cattle and game from pounding or grubbing them to pieces; and the price of building protecting walls would simply be enormous, and too Utopian an idea for our rural millionaires. But he thoroughly recognizes the fact how one may actually come to prefer the country as it is, and get tired of the monotony of English landscape. We commend the following passage for careful perusal to our future pastoral poets, and lovers of Colonial scenery:—

After a certain experience of South Africa, and much travel about the *veld*, one begins to comprehend how a man *might* come to admire these endless plains, this dry and colourless survey. I never heard any one yet describe the beauty of such scenery. Perhaps none ever felt it. English-born proclaim the *veld* an abomination of ugliness beyond characterization, and colonials accept it as the natural appearance of the earth's surface, about which no useful remarks can be offered. But I faintly begin to see that the *veld* is not without its strange and unusual charm under certain circumstances of light and season. Perhaps we Englishmen are too apt to think our green "the only wear" for all the earth around. Brought up amidst an eternal verdure, and loving to mark its ever-varying tint, we do not see how little is our prettiest landscape, and how monotonous is evergreen. Our grass is emerald, the leafy shadows come and go across it; the tall trees rustle, linnets sing and flutter. A weedy brook purls through the meadow. Wooded hills rise softly. Overhead is a changing sky, blue, but filled with rain-clouds, long and fleecy. Such a scenery in which our childhood passed is the ideal of maturer life. How does the traveller rejoice when, in some nook or valley, he perceives a fleeting likeness of the prospect inly cherished! How, returning, does he hail it with the joy of youth renewed! But our English landscape, though, indeed it has a charm for all, is not the ideal of any but the Englishman.

A mountaineer feels cramped, a dweller on the breezy plain decries our tiny fields, a Southron shivers at the sight of our high mantling clouds and oozy meadows. To every man, that which is furthest from his early memories will be furthest from his admiration. A sudden contrast, as of mountains or of ocean, may compel delight for one brief period, but only on condition that the loved home scenery be his to enjoy for tranquil years to come.

It may be given him, however, sometimes to see with alien eyes ; dimly to comprehend what charms a class of landscape widely differing from his own ideal might bear to those whose earliest recollection is of such. When first surveying the dry dun *veld*, I never thought the time would come when, even for a moment, I should see a beauty, though a strange one, in its aspect. But familiar use may reconcile even this novelty to an old traveller. Few of those born in the South African desert have concerned themselves in the matter of scenery. The *veld* is to them a sheep-walk, capable of bearing a fleece per *morgen*, more or less. But I apprehend that if these farmers were transported to our English scene, they would vaguely pine for their familiar prospect. In some such words as these would such an one describe the fond ideal of his eye.

A long, low, rolling plain, without a landmark ; grey-green under foot ; stretching in bands and zones of sun and shade to the faint purple hills which gird its distant sky-line. Acres of golden blossom breaking the long perspective. Shadows of mighty clouds darkening the sunlit grass, and passing by. A globe of fire above. A chain of lakes, the fell mirage, along the far horizon, bearing the image of the hills on their deceitful bosom. Miles and miles of scanty grass bending beneath a sultry breeze. A whirlwind dancing, curtsying, and bounding, far ahead. The herds of God scattered all around, their dappled sides glancing as they start away. No trees, no water, no green thing. Time-hoary above all mountains are those purple boundaries of the scene, but their grim fissures have no verdure save the clustering stonecrop. This is the eldest born of Continents, and its hills are wrecks of the primeval world. Worn down, grinded, and scarred are they, with the winter's storm and summer heat of a countless period. All are levelled to one uniform height ; their tops are flat as lines of Titanic masonry. No peaks nor summits there ! On a lofty level they skirt the sky. A *lost kop* here and there stands out alone, its crown shaved off to match the line. At foot thereof the grass grows rank, and a gnarled copse of camel-thorn takes root. Down its parched sides the rain-flow pours in cataracts, wearing deep sloods among the crop of pebbles. Everywhere is the trace of water, hurrying madly to the sea, but nowhere does it lie. What in this sterile scenery shall one admire ? The breadth of it, I think, the freedom, the airiness, the purple passing shadows, the zones of colour, the perspective of its sky and fading distance. For them the Boer would pine in verdant England.

It is in thoughtful passages like these that Mr. Boyle's book excels. There are many deep things in it, born and bred of lonely watchings by camp fires or while waiting for rivers to subside, and we can sympathize with thoughts that owe their purity and strength to the magic influence of starry nights and much gazing at brilliant planets

while out in the *veld*, wrapped up in a kaross. It is then that we feel the force of Wordsworth's lines, though under a different sky :—

The lights are vanished from the watery plains;
No wreck of all the pageantry remains ;
Unheeded, Night has overcome the vales ;
On the dark earth the baffled vision fails ;
The latest lingerer of the forest train,
The lone black fir forsakes the faded plain ;
And, towering from the sullen dark-brown mere,
Like a black wall the mountain steep appears.
Now o'er the soothed accordant heart we feel
A sympathetic twilight slowly steal,
And ever, as we fondly muse, we find
The soft gloom deepening on the tranquil mind.

To descend, however, from poetry to prose. Mr. Boyle has something to say about utilising our rivers—that may perhaps be worth looking into. Speaking of the Orange River having swollen thirty feet, he thinks that in any other country such a river as this would be a highway of traffic ; and to every eastern race, in peace or war, the stream would be a crowded highway, and resound with the clank of paddle and the boatman's song. Were such a stream in India, steps high and broad, such as one climbs in dream-land, would descend to the rivers edge, and upon them, up and down, a gaudy crowd would pass, beneath a pale green sky, ablaze with fire in the west, reflected on the tawny wavelets. High pitched villages would stand by it in groves of palm, and orchard-gardens would be irrigated by its overflow ; and the rapid current would lave fertile meadows, and furnish food and clothing to millions. And yet—

What to the African is this noble river ? An evil, a dangerous nuisance, nothing more ! Not a boat is found upon it, save those that hasten to convey the traveller across. It moistens no field, bears never a load of goods. No man has traced its course. The great fish dwell therein unharmed. Kafir and white man shun its neighbourhood.

I believe that great railway schemes will be forced upon the Cape Government ere long, of which the upshot must needs be an incredible burden on the Exchequer. Transport rises every day. I have seen it mount, in two months, from 25s. to 35s. the 100 lb. Even at such a monstrous rate, the resources of the Colony are not equal to the sudden press of business. * * * * It appears, however, to have entered no man's head to use the Orange. Perhaps there may be such difficulties in the way as effectually negative the idea ; but I will undertake to say that, if such there be, it is not owing to them it has not hitherto been entertained. What is the fact ? From all I could learn, there is no impediment whatever between Hope Town and the mouth, which should prevent sea-going vessels of some considerable size ascending in average seasons. A line-of-battle ship might sail up at this moment of flood ; but, to take the usual depth, it will be safe to calculate that a

craft of three hundred tons could get up. The prevalent breeze is favourable, and though the current be extraordinarily swift, it is strong enough to carry a vessel forward. Even though steam were necessary, there would still be a clear profit of fifty to seventy-five per cent. over the goods land-carried. Snags are little to be feared. On arrival at the Hoek, from which I write, the vessel might be unloaded, and its cargo sent in lighters up the Vaal to Pniel direct, and thus seven hundred and fifty miles, or four hundred and fifty miles, of land carriage might be reduced to twenty-five, without one river to cross.

The writer seems very sanguine about the feasibility of water communication with the Fields; but unless our memory deceives us, some attempt was made to navigate the Orange River during the height of the copper mining mania, and signally failed, owing to obstructions of all kinds within a short distance of its mouth, as well as the many rapids higher up. Be this as it may, Lieutenant Wood if he were still in the Colony might be made to do good service now to the country by undertaking a canoe voyage, and so giving practical effect to the visionary ideas of Mr. Boyle, as to the great value of the Orange River to the denizens of Griqualand.

Turning now to railways, Mr. Boyle gives his reasons for thinking that if ever improvement was predestined to ruin a country, the Diamond-fields railway is "that identical."

It is an axiom, proved by experience, that a line will never pay by through traffic alone. It must be fed by local trade and transport. Of such there is none here, nor will be for many years. Except the wool—which would give but a small and uncertain revenue—and the skins, there is no heavy product of the country worth exporting. The population need not be mentioned. It does not average one to the square mile along the route past Victoria, and, such as it is, holds motion in abhorrence. It would take many diamonds indeed to make a freight, and many ostrich feathers and much ivory. No other thing comes from the north beside the wool and skins referred to already. A railway, therefore, though it could be cheaply made upon the whole, must be abandoned as a commercial scheme. If it be made, Cape Colony will bear its cost upon the back for as long as the land endures, as it bears already that of the payment of fifty miles to Wellington. An inexpensive tramway is more promising. There is a projector now upon the Fields who undertakes to lay his line from Port Elizabeth at an average rate of £600 per mile, and perhaps ere long he may be asked to show his skill in a small space. But meantime the public is expecting great results from certain traction engines now on their way out. I trust they may prove equal to the most enthusiastic anticipations—a great saving; but I fear these colonial roads, which are, indeed, nothing more than beaten tracks across the *veld*, will utterly break up and crumble away under the pressure of an iron engine and its train of wagons. Every here and there the path is intersected by a dry watercourse, from two to twenty feet deep, with banks like precipices; how shall the engine cross these? Or, again, there are shallow rivers in the way, running between high cliffs of mud, and like quagmires at the bottom. Would our ponts bear a

twenty-five ton engine? I have not yet heard how such difficulties shall be surmounted!

It may interest our readers to know that Mr. Boyle thinks very kindly of us in connection with the Inland Transport Company; and gives us credit that in the matter of quick communication with the Fields, the slow and unenterprising citizens of the capital triumphed over their Eastern rivals. He probably, however, was not aware how much of this success was due to the energy and decision of John Stigant, Esq., who undertook the drudgery of establishing this company, and travelled to the Fields and back within a fortnight. This unparalleled feat of running fifteen hundred miles in fourteen days literally took the breath out of the Algoa Bay merchants. Mr. Boyle enters into all the particulars bearing on the battle of the routes, and praises us for the moderation of the fare charged from Cape Town to Du Toit's Pan. He gives full details of our different modes of travelling, and finds fault only with the monotonous route to which each and all are condemned who are in search of diamonds. But little space does he give to descriptions of scenery, but the following sketch of a morning's start seems to be very graphic:—

The transport wagon is a gigantic van, with thin wooden sides and a flat roof of canvas supported on iron stanchions. It is thus all awning and body. Curtains of canvas, however, hang from stanchion to stanchion, capable of buttoning down in case of rain or overheat. Under these, now rolled up, big pouches are suspended by the four corners, full of bottles, flasks, meat tins, and other objects. They oscillate and bang your miserable head to bits should you crouch up too snugly in the angle. Across the body of the wagon are fixed three seats, each calculated to bear three persons. In front sit the driver and the "leader," up to their knees in ropes and thongs and broken harness. They commonly violate the company's rule by admitting an extra passenger between them. At back is a *coupe*, occupied by the guard and two travellers. Thus the full complement is eleven; but twelve can be carried, and very frequently are. Add to them the driver, leader, and guard, making fourteen or fifteen. As much luggage as can be crammed therein is put into the boot, and the remainder is corded on each side the vehicle in a miscellaneous heap.

To our allotted seats we climbed when the bugle first rang out the devoted twelve. Eight fine horses, mighty light in the matter of harness, stood ready to go at a touch. The word was given, and with a furious bound and jolt, the lumbering wagon started at a gallop. Down the street, round the corner, with clang of hoof and crack of whip, shout of child and clamour of bugle,—off to the Fields. Our leaders are all over the road, galloping at every angle from each other. The traces lie across their necks, and swingle bars are tossing all about. "Keep them going!" is the cry. A jerking of the rein would be—smash! And our drivers *do* keep them going! The thirty-foot whip cracks on their hides like a rifle shot; now here, now there, now curled up to catch the wheel-horse, now let out to touch the fiery leaders, light and straight as a fly-line. The stalwart Hottentot who holds the reins is bent like a bow with the

strain and struggle. The rush of wind through that burning air is almost cold about our ears. Rocking and reeling, the great machine rolls on, plunging round corners, seeming to double up. In five minutes we are clear of apricot hedges, white houses, green palings, and the rest. And then, with the united efforts of driver and leader, we pull up to mend our broken harness. Such a mean and shameful ending has ever a "burst" in this country. Eight horses dragging at full gallop a weight of three tons would try the best leather that ever was tanned, and that is not the quality of which they make Cape fixings.

Surely nothing can be truer than this, and must give Englishmen a fine idea of our happy-go-lucky style of doing business; or our equally clever way of making roads:—

The road from Pniel to Du Toit's Pan is the most stupendous and awful of Nature's works. Stunned, bewildered, parched, the traveller arrives at his destination, but by no gross and brutal means is he thus reduced. The agent our great mother employs is—pebbles! Just that and no more. Oh, ye who have despised the lowly pebble, go ye to the Du Toit's Pan road and see, and feel, and tremble, and believe. What might of pain and terror lies in the smooth, round product of the brook! I do protest those stones seem gifted with prehensile power. It is not only that one runneth over them, and grindeth past them, and plungeth madly in the holes they have left. They do indeed appear to grasp the quivering wheel with granite hands, and shake and toss it. Actually, in all the seriousness that memory of bruise can give, I do allege these *kliips* to be a thing for downright dread. We have no notion of such travelling in England nor in America. I have used a "corduroy road," and that is bad enough; but it lacks the peculiar *agony of unseen hands* which struggle to rend you piecemeal. Easily enough can one account for "things," and there are those to whom a mere explanation of this sort is equivalent to half a remedy. Of course, the wheel gets in between two pebbles bedded in the earth, lying at an angle towards each other, the mules drag it out, and in dragging wrench it this way and that. Such an accident ought to occur, in a less degree, on very very rough roads in England. It never does, because no English vehicle would stand the strain, and no English driver would be mad enough to test it. At the Cape men know the quality of their metal and count to a feather weight what it will bear. The one extravagance of your Boer is his cart,—the one honest article of Cape trade is this; other imports may be cheap, nasty, and unsound to any extent, the cart *must* be perfection. If it be not, the swindle is discovered of necessity within very few hours, and is never forgiven. The Boer will risk his health with poisonous groceries, stores, and liquors, he will wear with equanimity shirts that rip and come to pieces; but he will not risk his neck. On that line he puts his foot, and so the pebbles of Du Toit's Pan road are possible, because Cape carts (like Cape saddles) are marvels of honest work, and will bear to plunge amongst them.

The author's description of the approach to the diggings, the din of shouts and laughter, the thick clouds of dust, the gangs of merry natives, the crush of dwellings, and the pre-occupied air of "sorters" and claim-holders, is too long for quotation; but it gives us a very

vivid picture of everyday life that is exceedingly graphic and natural. By this time, however, even the English public is pretty well familiarized with these scenes of travel, and therefore we shall not bore our readers by dwelling further on the subject. What we are concerned, however, to know is the degraded condition of the dopper Boers, and the very low type of civilization that pervades the villages and dorps of these outlying districts of the Colony, as compared with the condition, social and physical, of the Basutos, and the cleanly state of their dwellings. Contrast these pictures :—

Of all the filthy folks to whom wide travel has introduced me, the Boer family on Roy Kop is actually the filthiest. Words would not describe the dirt upon their persons and their furniture. Here dwelt an unwashed Boer of seventy years, who had just scandalized the simple morals of the land by marrying with a buxom lass of twenty. Three other women seemed to live in the *menage*, shy, dingy creatures, who in their forms, to the artistic eye, committed unpardonable sins both of omission and commission. Among the Boer population such ugly women never were seen under a white skin ; and as for figures, preserve me from the recollection in a fever fit ! Straight up and down they are as any tree trunk, tall almost as it, or else they overhang, in all directions, one pendulous jelly of unwholesome flesh. Upon their heads is tossed the *kapje*, a hideous calico funnel, of which the coal-scuttle bonnet of our grandmothers was the refined and graceful model. Around their waists is hung a crinoline, home-made, of monstrous girth in general. Ye gods, what hateful secrets of the nether limb have been disclosed to us in a whisk of that extravagant balloon ! Pitch over it, anyhow, a dirty cotton dress, patched, torn, buttonless, and unsewn, stick *kapje* on top, and shove canoe-like shoes of untanned hide beneath the ragged edge—you have the costume of a wealthy Boer's wife or daughter in West Griqualand or Free State. Enough of that awful recollection. Shall I sketch the man ? Measure off the superb growth of masculine flesh, give it six feet at least in height, the shoulders of an Atlas, and the limbs of an Ares ; a face with big but not unhandsome features, burned to a berry, stained and mottled with dirt ; sun-dried hair, ignorant of comb, hanging like a mane, and mingling with a flaxen growth of beard. His corduroy clothes are rotting gradually from his great limbs ; there is a patch of strongly contrasted stuff where the saddle has prematurely worn it through. In that suit he lives and sleeps ; taking it off only when crossing a river, or when repairs may be no more delayed. Ugh ! there is an odour of unwashedness about the man, about his house, that follows him a yard behind.

So much for the “dopper” and his surroundings ; soon to be improved, doubtless, by mixing more with strangers. And now for a glance at the Basuto tribes :—

Over a rolling land, white, and scantily covered with grey grass, we come upon the first native village. It straggles along the side of a slope, each hut in its own neat fence, which rises two yards high at least, and makes the yard as private as a little palace. Only the tall thatched roof can be seen above its top. The hut is always round, supported on a

strong centre post. It has no windows, and is yet most fresh and wholesome. The only partitions in it are made by hanging beautiful karosses upon the radii beams which connect the centre post with the walls. The average diameter may be twenty feet ; the walls inside rise perhaps eight feet ; and the roof, sloping steeply upward, may be twenty feet above one's head in the middle. The Kafir architecture has thus a quaint and barbarous appearance ; but to enter the neat, dark, roomy hut is to be at once convinced that here is the true style of building for this climate. In the summer one steps from the hottest sunshine and most dazzling air I ever felt into the cool and healthful atmosphere of spring. The flies tormenting you outside buzz off disappointed to the nearest farm, there to fatten on congenial foulness. The icy winds and cruel frosts of winter cannot penetrate a thatch of two feet thick. I never saw English cottages half so cleanly as these huts. The floors are of ants' nests puddled, but there is not a speck of dirt or discolouration upon them. I should think the women must soak and sweep them out punctually each hour of the day, working the wet soil into neat patterns with the besom. Smells are simply non-existent ; no cooking, nor washing, nor dirty work of any kind is allowed to be done beneath the roof. Such operations are carried on in perfect privacy outside, under shelter of the lofty hedge. The Kafir hosts meets you at the narrow gap, his clean black face all smiles and welcome. The fat and sturdy babies whose development of adipose tissue would drive an English matron wild with envy, suck a well-washed thumb as they watch the stranger with beadlike eyes. There is not a speck of dirt upon their round brown bodies, still unconscious of sun-burning as of clothes. The women and grown girls hastily throw a spotless handkerchief across their shoulders, and all display their snow-white teeth in unaffected joy to see an Englishman. How different is the welcome of a boer ! welcome I call it ; but, indeed, of that there is none. These Basutos have arrived at the dignity of clothing. The men all wear trowsers, and the female children at an early age are rigged out with an old petticoat.

We will extend our lengthy notice of this amusing book by one more extract, giving a perfect picture of a colonial incident, and one to which the bridgeless state of our rivers renders us peculiarly liable. The author having reached Jacobsdal "with its stark naked, German-Jewish vulgar square pretentiousness, which stares modesty and taste to agonized confusion, and whose houses look like a lot of square packing cases, poised upright upon the veldt between sun and sand," is preparing to cross the Mud River, but is stopped on its banks by the swollen stream.

There were still sixteen tilted vehicles on our side, with light carts innumerable, and the plain was amove with oxen, mules, and horses. Men, black and white, clothed only in their innocence and the deep river slime, were tearing about, brandishing great whips, and making the very atmosphere re-echo with their crack. Patient oxen were grumbling thunderously beneath the yoke. Women cooked at fires piled with a fortnight's ashes. Children raced about and assisted with the cattle, in that precocious skill which marks the youngster here. Some of the people had been sixteen days waiting, one had actually trekked along the banks six weeks,

looking for a break. It was found at length, and all were deadly anxious to get first. No one could tell how long the river would be falling. But the banks, here as elsewhere, were precipices of mud, most scantily bound with thorns. Perhaps the sheer descent might be fifty feet, and what small effort at a road had once existed was now washed as smooth as any part. The day before a hundred men on either side had set to work cutting a track. Mighty poor engineers were they ; but time pressed, and a bullock's life is cheap. At the deadly risk of turning an actual somersault, a wagon could pass along the excavated path ; whether any did tip head first over I cannot tell, we only heard of a broken break, and the hind oxen crushed to death. But one could get through at a time, nor were two wagons allowed in the water at once. There was no authority of course, but the habit of such dangers has laid down rules which every Boer and Colonist imbibes with mother's milk. It was the liveliest of wild scenes below. The wagon which had been standing on the brink set off with a monstrous creak and crack at the moment that the hind-wheel of its predecessor emerged from the rapid stream. With breaks screwed up to the last turn, wheels chained down, and men hanging on behind, the massive vehicle pitched downwards. There was a mud-hole two feet deep on one side of the incline, and to drop into this was equivalent to a "stick." Few of the wagons had less than twenty-four oxen ; most had thirty to draw them through. The neighbouring farmers reaped a little fortune by hiring out their cattle to assist the crossing. Sometimes the mud-hole was "shaved" by an inch or two, and the huge machine went toppling and screaming in its downward course. On the rocks below stood naked Kafirs ready to guide it through. The proprietor, the driver, and all his friends, stripped, shouldered a mighty whip, and entered the stream. Then began the row. Our banks were noisy with shouting, with the pistol cracking of stock-whips, with cries of children to each other, and shrill laughter of the blacks, but when a wagon reached midstream these feeble sounds were drowned. Generally the oxen "stuck." The water rose to their necks, and then they bellowed with excitement. Like thunder their united voices swelled upwards. Above this deeper din arose the acuter cries, the yells and shouts of drivers, and the ceaseless file-firing of whips. There was a crowd of expectant watchers on each bank ; and when, as sometimes happened, an anxious wagoner pitched head foremost down a hole, the chorus of laughter arose above all other sounds. But the most serious difficulty lay in the mud upon the other bank. This was indeed frightful. Worked into puddled clay by the ceaseless trampling of hoofs and wheels, it clung to the very axle-tree. Through such stuff as this, to draw five thousand pounds of merchandise tested the strength even of thirty oxen. But the work went on with surprising regularity, and before we had finished our camp breakfast on the other side, every wagon was through and the fair broken up. Next day the treacherous stream came down again.

As to the prospects of the Diamond-fielders, Mr. Boyle thinks unless new fields are found, the crowds arriving cannot live ; and with them found, the profits of digging will dwindle away to nothing. He thinks business in general is overdone, and that although living is cheap at the Fields, still the majority of new comers cannot afford

even this moderate expense. What is before them but starvation, and before the craft of diamond digging but ruin ?

Were the crowd of workers immigrants there could be no alternative. But it is not so. Most of them, even yet, are colonial-born, and one-third, at least, are Boers. Diamond-digging with great part of them is an episode ; their occupation is farming. Whilst one of the family—father, or son, or younger brother, as the case may be—treks off to the Fields, the other members look after things at home. At seed time and harvest and shearing, when hands are in request, the wanderer trots back to the farm, and does his work, and starts away again. From time to time they send him up a bag of meal, or of dried flesh (*biltong*), or other produce. He has no need to spend a farthing. If he were not digging diamonds, he would be drowsing and loafing at home. Whether prices rule high or low is not a real loss to him ; a £10 note in a month is at least all profit. I will give an instance of the way Boer's work. I was walking with the manager of the South African Exploration Company. We met a dingy old farmer going to his work on Bultfontein.

"Good morning, uncle," said Mr. Fry.

"Good morning, brother," returned the Boer.

"How are you finding, uncle ?" asked Mr. Fry.

"Oh, brother, I am very unlucky," he replied.

"That's because you don't send your children to school, but let them grow up like Kafirs," said Mr. Fry severely.

"So the pastor says," returned the Dutchman, much impressed ; "I'll finish their shoes to-night, and send them all to the new school to-morrow."

"Ah ! that's right ; now what have you found ?"

"Brother," he said solemnly, "I have been at work ever since November, and it is now March, and I have found but a two-carat in Christmas week ; I sold it for £7."

"Then surely he will be thinking of going home ?" I observed to Mr. Fry.

"Oh ! no," my companion replied. "Tell me, uncle, do you mean to give it up ?"

"Why should I give it up, brother ? They have just sent me a bag of mealies, and I have £6 in my pocket. My wife and children are here. Why should I give it up ?"

Why, indeed ? The old fellow doubtless had his wagon to live in ; he had brought a roll of leather for the children's shoes, a roll of calico for the dress of either sex. His oxen were growing fat with nothing to do. Why should he not stop another six months, or six years if it comes to that ?

Why not, indeed ? This is a question that must soon receive a practical answer from London and Amsterdam. For if men will neither buy nor polish diamonds, it seems hard to see what is the good of finding them, unless a large company be formed to buy up all the existing claims, and work out the Fields systematically. Anyhow, readers of Mr. Boyle's book will find much valuable information on these points, and be placed in a position to judge for themselves

whether it is worth while going so far for the purpose of earning so little. We think his statement of facts can be thoroughly relied upon, and a glance at our extracts will abundantly prove that he is a cool, calm, unimpassioned observer of passing events, and therefore a cautious guide to friends at a distance, who would do well to think twice before they rush off to the Diamond-fields of the Cape.

R.

Love and Life.

First kiss of Love, the first sweet kiss,
When trembling lips to lips are prest,
And hearts stand still to think that this
Shall bless their lives with perfect rest.

The first dear look from upraised eyes,
That timidly are turned to thine,
The long sweet tremble of surprise,
The love that there doth softly shine.

To find them met by answer meet
For such a glance, until down-cast,
How dare I dream of aught so sweet,
Or think that such a thing can last.

Few, but ah me, how sadly few
In this sad, wearisome, long life,
The hearts that can be leal and true
In midst of endless woe and strife !

Few are the cheeks that still can flush,
For happy constant love's own sake,
Rare is the voice that through the hush
Of misery shall sweet music make.

Love is not love that has no kiss
For the sad lips of sorrow,
Love is not love that has no bliss
From morrow on to morrow.

M. E.

Horns.

HOBBIES exhibit themselves in numberless different forms. In some the particular weakness lies in the direction of pictures; another gloats over a few articles of old cracked china; while a third devotes every spare moment to the collection and preservation of flint chips supposed to have been used by men who lived in bygone ages, and to account for the particular shapes and uses of which ingenious brains have been mercilessly racked. The hobby of which this article will treat is none of the above, but one that is more likely to develop itself in South Africa than elsewhere, from the rich choice of material to work upon, viz., Horns.

In a country possessing such a variety of magnificent game, especially of the antelope species, a great diversity of form and size might be expected to occur in those graceful adornments peculiar to the Ruminantia. Such is the case; and each possesses its own particular beauty, whether it be the noble and graceful koodoo horn, which, measured along the spiral, frequently exceeds five feet in length, or the tiny bluebuck horn, not more than two inches long.

It is surprising that in this Colony, where many have the means, and should possess the taste, the handsome appearance and fitness of these antelope horns for the adornment of halls or dining-rooms is overlooked. How much such supplies of the chase would be prized in England; and yet at the Cape they are seldom seen, or only grace the lumber-room! Strangers are very much struck with the rich variety occurring here, and show their appreciation by purchasing at fancy prices such specimens as may fall in their way. In consequence of the great influx of visitors during the last two years, most of the old specimens have been swept off; and since the game is so rapidly becoming extinct, they are not so readily obtainable as formerly. It seems imminent that at no distant date the grand indigenous game of South Africa will have become a thing of the past. Would it not be desirable to keep some memento of the departing bucks? For this purpose the horns are well adapted. They are ornamental in appearance, not of a very perishable nature, easily preserved, and, once properly cured, will last for centuries. The two great points to be observed in selecting specimens are symmetry and size. If the horns alone are preserved, they are mere trophies; when the perfect head with lower jaw (deprived of skin, &c.) is preserved, it becomes of scientific value. It is, therefore, desirable to preserve the whole head, when procurable. Hunters, if they found any demand for such objects, would preserve at least this much of the noble creatures so rapidly vanishing.

In preparing specimens, the skull should have all flesh and skin removed; the horns removed, if possible, from the cores,—the latter cut off all but a few inches at the bases, to support the horns at their proper angle. As a preservative, nothing excels a dressing of corro-

sive sublimate dissolved in spirits of wine, to which is added a very small quantity of shellac to act as a size. This preparation is a deadly poison, and must be handled with care. Before it is applied, the horns should be well scrubbed with brush and soap (any scraping or polishing completely destroys the value of the specimen), rinsed in clean water, and dried. The solution must be applied to the inside of the horn also, where insects are most likely to begin their attacks. When the outside is dry, a very thin coat of shellac varnish may be applied, but not so as to destroy the effect of the fine ridges and grooves. It is advisable to apply the varnish to all the parts covered by corrosive sublimate, to prevent its detachment on handling the specimens. When varnished, they are readily dusted at any future period. Each should be properly mounted on a shield of wood, so as, when hung, proper angle will be observed.

For the benefit of those afflicted with a weakness for horns, a descriptive list is appended of all those of which any record could be found. They are derived from many sources, as there appears to be no complete catalogue of this class of animals extant. It may prove of some little assistance to any one desirous of distinguishing himself in the way above referred to.

Ox (*Bos*).—Indigenous to Africa. The horns sometimes attain extraordinary dimensions, especially those coming from Magaliesberg. Transvaal specimens are not uncommon, measuring 8 feet from tip to tip. The largest that has been noticed measured 14 feet from tip to tip. In such cases the horns usually stand out nearly at right angles to the body. Good specimens should be tipped with black. Circumference round the base, 20 to 25 inches.

Koodoo (*Strepsiceros Capensis*).—Spiral horn. Full grown, there are two complete revolutions. Tips white; measuring along the ridge from 50 to 60 inches. Common to Transvaal; few distributed through the less thickly inhabited portions of Cape Colony.

Gemsbok (*Oryx Capensis*).—Horns stand upward, slightly outward and backwards; half the length annulated; 38 to 40 inches long; western portion of Cape Colony, and from west boundary of Transvaal to the Atlantic.

Sable Antelope (*Aligoceros niger*).—Horns sweep round in graceful curve until the points nearly touch the back. Annulated to within 6 inches of the points. Length, 36 to 40 inches. Between Transvaal and Zambezi River.

Roan Antelope (*Aligoceros equina*).—Horns curved upward, slightly outward and backward; two-thirds of the length annulated. Length, 36 to 38 inches. Same habitat as sable antelope.

Eland (*Boselapus oreas*).—Thick spiral horn, upward, slightly outward. Length, 28 to 33 inches. North of Orange River; most common in Kalahari Desert.

Waterbuck (*Argocercus elipsyprimius*).—Horns sweep upward and outward; points turn inward. Length, 28 to 34 inches. Kaffraria, Natal, Transvaal.

Waterbuck (smaller species).—Horns stand upward and outward ; points forward. Length, 24 to 28 inches. Same locality as above waterbuck. There is a third species which the writer has not seen the horns of—Lèchi ; spiral horns like miniature koodoo horns ; length along the spiral, 26 to 30 inches. Natal.

Hartebeeste (*Acronatus caama*).—Horns grow upward, slightly outward for two-thirds the length. Points bend at right angles backward. Length, 22 to 25 inches. Same range as gemsbok ; also Free State, Transvaal, &c.

Bastard Hartebeeste (*Acronatus lunata*).—Horns curve upward and outward in lunate form. Length, 12 to 14 inches. Annulated to within two or three inches of the points. North of Transvaal.

Pallah (*Antilope melampus*).—Horns bend first upward and outward, then backward ; points upward and slightly inward ; three-fourths the length annulated. Length, 22 to 26 inches. North of Transvaal.

Bontebok (*Gazella pygarga*).—Horns sweep upward and outward ; points upward. Length, 16 to 18 inches. Annulated to within four or five inches of the points. Bredasdorp, Free State, &c.

Blesbok (*Gazella altifrons*).—Same as bontebok. Length, 15 to 16 inches. Free State, Transvaal, &c.

Springbok (*Gazella euchoræ*).—Horns shaped like a Jew's harp. Annulated to within three or four inches of tips. Length, 12 to 15 inches. Northern half of Cape Colony, Free State, Transvaal, &c.

Bushbok (*Tragelaphus sylvaticus*).—Spiral horns, grow upward and slightly outward. Length, 10 to 12 inches. Points straight and very sharp. Northward from Mossel Bay, along the East coast. There are said to be two varieties by old sportsmen : one is a thick-set animal ; the other stands higher, and is of slighter build. The points of one variety of horns stand outward, while the points of the other incline towards each other. A third variety is said to occur in Natal and towards the Zambezi, of much smaller size.

Rheebok (*Redunca capensis*).—Horns straight, pointing upward ; annulated for half their length. Length, 9 to 10 inches. All over Cape Colony.

Rietbok (*Redunca eleotragus*).—Horns bend upward and outward ; points inclined forward ; annulated for two-thirds of the length. Length, 10 to 12 inches. North-east portion of Cape Colony, Kaffraria, Natal, &c.

Small Rietbok (*Redunca isabellina*).—Horns stand upright ; tips bent over forward ; three-fourths the length annulated. Length, 8 to 9 inches. Same range as the other rietbok.

Rooi Rheebok.—Horns bend upward and forward ; half the length annulated. Length, 7 inches. Along east coast of Cape Colony, from Mossel Bay northward.

Oribe (*Antilope scoparia*).—Horns stand upright, slightly inclined backward at the tips ; annulated at the base. Length, 4 to 5 inches. north-east portion of Cape Colony.

Duiker (*Cephalopus mergens*).—Horns grow upward and outward; annulated at base. Length, 4 inches. All over Cape Colony.

Steinbok (*Tragulus rupestris*).—Horns stand upward and slightly outward; smooth. Length, 4 to 5 inches. Same range as Duiker.

Klipspringer (*Oreotragus saltatrix*).—Horns wide apart at base; stand straight up; smooth. Length, 3 to 4 inches. Whole of South Africa.

Grysbok (*Tragulus melanotis*).—Smooth horns, standing upward, outward, and slightly inclined backward. Length, 3 to 4 inches. Along the coast of Cape Colony.

Bluebok (*Cephalopis caerulea*).—Horns grow upward and slightly outward; two-thirds the length annulated. Length, 2 inches. Along the East coast of the Colony, north from Mossel Bay.

Rooiche.—Horns same as bluebuck. Found in Transvaal.

Buffalo (*Bubulus Caffee*).—Very massive horns, bending downward and outward; points sweep upward and inward. Length, 34 inches; span from bend to bend (outside), 37 inches. Along east coast of Cape Colony, from Knysna northward, Transvaal, &c.

Gnu (*Catoblepas gnu*).—Horns bend forward and downward; points bend at an acute angle upward. Length, 26 inches. Free State, Transvaal, &c.

Brindled Gnu (*Catoblepas gorgon*).—Horns bent outward; points bend over at acute angle towards each other. Length, 18 to 20 inches. Transvaal, Free State, Natal, &c.

White Rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros Africanus*).—Horns curved upward. Length, 28 to 36 inches. Transvaal, &c.

Black Rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros niger*).—Horns more slender than the white variety; about the same length. Transvaal and towards the Zambezi.

Keitloa.—Horns much smaller than either of the above. Transvaal. There are said to be two or more varieties of rhinoceros in addition, whose habitats are between the Transvaal and Zambezi River.

Camelopard.—Has two pseudo horns on the crest of the head. North of Orange River.

Cape Sheep.—Horns similar to those of the Merino sheep. Indigenous to South Africa.

The above list includes all the varieties of horns known to the writer as occurring south of the Zambezi River.

E. J. D

Morning Market at Du Toit's Pan.

A SKETCH.

It is eight o'clock. The bell has ceased its peregrinating tinklings; forthwith business commences. Happy diamond-diggers have hastened at the summons from all quarters of the camp to at least feast their eyes on the good things offered for sale. The Market-square is a scene of busy animation. Near the centre stands wagon after wagon, the owner of each displaying at its side the various tempting wares contained therein. Placed on the ground in rows are very tiny groups of onions, potatoes, lettuces, cabbages, &c. Piled in heaps further on are great pumpkins. In another quarter are victims of the chase. Scores of beautiful springboks lie side by side with the shaggy gnu, the blesbok, and an occasional paww. Buck-wagons, carts, and nondescript vehicles, piled up with dead trees and branches, occupy another space. Presently the market-master steps forth, and, cautiously threading his way between small groups of sausages, butter, vegetables, &c., laid out on the ground, begins at one end of the series. There are but a few small lots of onions this morning, and with what keenness they are competed for! The lucky bidder who succeeds in securing a few at 6d. each holds them up boastfully to tantalize his unsuccessful friends. All the vegetables excite keen competition and realize exorbitant prices. Rapidly each lot disappears; potatoes and onions are stowed in pockets, pumpkins under arms, while sausages, pats of butter, &c., occupy spare hands. Poor headless, unresisting springboks are "knocked down" at prices varying from 2s. 6d. to 6s. each, and supply many a toil-worn, hungry digger with a dainty, savoury joint.

Then comes the firewood. With what careful scrutiny intending purchasers examine each load, and estimate the exact amount of fuel in each small heap laid out on the ground. Though the nights are piercingly cold, this precious fuel is not meant for warmth, but for necessary cooking operations. Quickly the lots are disposed of. As much as can be carried in one's arms brings 4s. to 5s.; a wagon-load as many pounds. Each one as he purchases takes up his load and walks. Sometimes an unsuccessful one begs as the greatest favour for but two or three sticks to "boil his billy" or cook his chop.

The purchasers form a strange group. Most prominently represented is the Dutch Boer, generally clad in duffel of various shades. Tall men and strong are they, hardy and accustomed to "roughing it." From all parts of South Africa have they come to search for diamonds, but should they not succeed, their contact with other men, the novel views and ideas they will acquire and take back with them to their distant homes, will prove quite as valuable. Natalians,

Eastern Province men, and Cape men are there, and easily recognizable from new arrivals. There is a sprinkling from England—Cockneys, Cousin Jackies, and other old familiar faces; a few from Australia and from Yankeeland. Jokes are cracked and good humour generally prevails. The sale lasts for an hour or so, and as each purchases what is required he wends his way homewards or to his claim. No money passes at the sale, but each purchaser gives in his name, and calls at ten o'clock at the market-master's office with the money,—a trait of confidence and honesty rarely to be met with in such incongruous ephemeral assemblages of men.

E. J. D.

Verses.

Return, return, or else I die ;
Grant me a word from thy dear voice,
Once more to make my heart rejoice,
And I will go without a sigh.

Has she thou lov'st such golden hair
As this thou used'st to praise so much,
And twine with such a gentle touch,—
Is she but half as fair ?

Has she eyes of as deep a blue,
Fringed with such lashes black and long,
Or is her voice as sweet in song,
Her face as clear in hue ?

'Twas thy voice praised my golden hair,
I cared not for its hue before ;
But now thou lov'st another's more ;
I must remind thee I am fair.

My tears are falling, falling fast.
They say that spirits cannot weep
But when a mortal's heart they keep ;—
Then have I thine—or is that past ?

Via Tradouw.

As the road by which we lately travelled from Beaufort West to the up-country is as yet an unfrequented one, and probably unknown to the readers of this Magazine, an account of the journey may be of interest to some. Our turn-out consisted of a light spring cart, two horses, and a nondescript Africander Hottentot whose proper name was Jack; but as one of his lords and masters also amongst his familiars laid claim to the same abbreviated address, it was found necessary to re-christen our "nigger." He informed us that in the happy days of his childhood his fond mother had called him Bully: so it was mutually agreed that for the future he should answer to that name alone, though what claim he could ever have had to such a title I am at a loss to imagine. He was about the worst specimen of a factotum I ever saw. We had engaged his services under the fond delusion that he could drive, but, very soon proving himself unacquainted with the rudiments of this art, it was decided, in order to secure the safety of the company, to banish him to the back of the cart, where he sat in a state of blissful somnolence for the remainder of the journey. Not coming up to the required mark as a Jehu, he was, at all events, expected to attend to the bodily wants of our steeds; but many a night must those poor brutes have gone hungry and thirsty to bed—judging, at least, from the eagerness with which they consumed forage and water the next morning; and as to cleaning them, although we had before starting invested in the necessary implements, these were always to be found deep buried in the recesses of the cart-box. Our friend used always to affirm—no matter what the state of the horses' coats might be—that he had been at them with curry-comb and brush since early dawn. It was aggravating to see him leave each village in a state of maudlin insobriety. It was aggravating to find the bits dangling under the chins of the horses, as if intended for ornament only. Such eccentricities might, however, be ascribed to overwrought emotions at having to forsake his country cousins; but there was no excuse for the cold-blooded, barefaced, and incredible lies which he was ready to perpetrate at a moment's warning. However, let me here dismiss him, for I have exposed his shortcomings neither from malice nor hatred (though there is some satisfaction in abusing the rascal), but for the purpose of warning intending travellers to beware of a driver who can't drive, and is, moreover, a thief, a drunkard, and a liar. In fairness I should add that our boy never swore, owing probably to a want of energy.

It is much more satisfactory to refer to "Dandy" and "Orphan." They were a pair of thoroughly good, plucky roadsters, that would take you to the sources of the Nile at the rate of eight hours a day, so long as they had food and water.

We left Beaufort West on the 1st of April of the present year of

grace. On the road between Steynkraal and Uitkyk you occasionally hear a rumbling, hollow sound as the cart rolls over one of the water-veins which here cross the road in the direction of the watershed. These veins are traceable for miles by a fringe of stunted trees taller than the surrounding bushes, the reason of their more luxuriant growth being due to the fact that their roots have penetrated to the water beneath, and have thus a constant supply of moisture, whilst their less fortunate neighbours are enduring the parching effect of drought. By tapping these veins a plentiful supply of water is always obtainable.

That birds and animals assume the colour of the soil in which they are found is well exemplified in the Karoo, where the *bont* or parti-coloured korhaan becomes the *vaal* or coloured one, and the kieviet, the dik-kop, and the pauw (or buzzard) all differ in the same manner from those found near the sea-board.

At Koôdoo's Kop, Mrs. Vivier informed us that a few evenings before, as two of her boys—the eldest aged six—were running round the house, they were both struck by lightning, the eldest being stunned for some minutes, whilst the youngest was unhurt. It is strange what pranks the electric fluid will sometimes play, and stranger still that in this country, where thunderstorms are so frequent, such simple contrivances as lightning conductors are never to be met with.

On our arrival at Bitterwater, we found the owner, Mr. Combrink, not at home, his wife informing us that on the previous evening his son, a lad of nineteen, had shot a Bushboy, and that his father had at once taken him to the magistrate of Prince Albert to report the matter. It seems that, the night being dark, the sheep which were standing near the house had several times scattered. The boy, thinking that this was caused by a jackal, was advised to fire a shot in that direction. When he left the house with the gun the Bushboy was still playing before the door, but must have started off at the same time, unknown to young Combrink, in the direction of the sheep. The consequence was that, when the shot was fired, the whole charge lodged in the abdomen of the poor little fellow, who died half an hour afterwards, saying that his young master was not to blame. On reaching Prince Albert we were glad to learn that the magistrate had discharged young Combrink, very properly deeming the whole affair a sheer accident.

At Uitkyk we found a wagon of the Inland Transport Company which had just arrived from the Fields. Most of the passengers, wearied by their long journey, were already stretched out around the wagon, seeming to prefer the open air to Mr. Luttig's snug and comfortable beds. A few of the livelier ones were, however, still keeping it up inside the shop. One of them was relating how a fellow passenger who, under the influence of alcoholic stimulants, had made an excursion into the veld, had just been recaptured by himself,—but that he was now perfectly under control and fast

asleep. Just then the individual in question walked in and at once proposed to "stand drinks all round." To this his self-constituted medical man firmly and fiercely objected, but upon the meek but thirsty patient suggesting that perhaps the doctor would not refuse to join him in a friendly glass—the volunteer-keeper at once closed with the offer, saying—"Yes, you may take a glass with me, but with not a soul else," and having gone through the ceremony of the stirrup cup and made the patient pay for it, he ordered him to clear out and return to his veldkombars, which he did with the utmost humility.

And now whilst we are at Uitkyk, in the neighbourhood of which the nugget was found about a year ago, I wish to say a word on the subject. Dr. Atherstone and Mr. Bain have decided that this gold was no native of the soil, and I have no desire to contest the point, but perhaps these gentlemen may not be aware that Sir George Grey has at present in his possession a small nugget discovered in the Karoo some eight or nine years ago, though not in the same locality. Would it not be worth while to compare the two specimens for the purpose of ascertaining whether they are of the same description?

When we left Uitkyk next morning the Transport wagon was already gone, several of those who had chosen to make their beds under the canopy of heaven having lost their hats; for a south-east wind which had unexpectedly arisen during the night had wafted their "Alpines" and "Glengarries" into the Gamka.

At De Vries', two hours distant from Luttig's, we turned our backs upon the high-road, and this we did without any regret, for the main track has been rendered almost impassable by the constant traffic to the Fields.

A three hours' stage brought us to Theron's, whose farm, Kruidfontein, lies on the summit of a hill that overlooks the bed of the Gamka, and takes its name from the strong mineral flavour of the fountain on it. The eye of this spring issues from a deep ditch tapping a water-vein that intersects the plain to the north-east of the river. No less than four of these veins converge at this spot, and though but one of them has as yet been opened it yields as much water as to have formed a little lake in front of the homestead. The water, strongly impregnated as it is with sulphur and other minerals, after half an hour's exposure to the air, loses all its unpleasant flavour. We drank some of it as it issued from the fountain head and found the effects most refreshing and invigorating. Upon the lake there floated eight wild geese that seemed to have less fear of man than even the domestic bird. Mr. Theron told us that seven of them had been hatched under a hen, but the eighth was a wild one who had joined the others, and had now become so tame that it was impossible to distinguish him from the rest. I observed it in the case of ostriches and antelopes also, that when domesticated they have more confidence in their human arch-enemy than ordinary poultry or sheep. This may be owing to the want of that experience which has taught their

tamer brethren that men are carnivorous, and that there are such things as kettles, pots, and frying-pans. Two years ago a Bushwoman used to prowl about the neighbourhood of Kruidfontein, shunning the society of all other human beings, and only coming down to the lake at night for a supply of water. During her husband's lifetime they had been in the service of a neighbouring farmer; but after the death of her mate she had retired into the wilderness, preferring a diet of ants and roots with liberty to the flesh-pots of the Boer and work.

After another four hours' drive we reached Prince Albert, a pretty and thriving village, situated, like Beaufort West, in the centre of a wool-growing country; but though it has the advantage of possessing a large number of well-watered and most fertile wine-farms, it lies too much off the main road to be one of the foci of inland trade. The Government is, however, about to declare a postal road through this town *viâ* Seven Weeks Poort, and were it not for Boschluiskloof, a finer road could not be desired. That pass, however, richly deserves the ignominious name it bears. Our party arrived at its foot at sundown on the 3rd of April. Gladly would we have deferred scaling that hill till next morning; but the apology for a homestead that stands below looked an unlikely place at which to enjoy "sleep, that blessed thing, beloved from pole to pole," and "Reade Brothers' Bug Destroyer," which usually forms one of the most prominent ornaments of Karoo mantelpieces, was here conspicuously absent. Moreover, there was no stable on the *werf*, which, at a time when horse-sickness is said to be on the move southward, was in itself sufficient reason for pushing on.

I am not prepared to say what the gradient is, but the climb lasted for just one hour,—and I know there is none steeper in the Western Province. To the everlasting honour of Dandy and Orphan be it recorded that slowly, but surely, they toiled up that pitiless ascent, never showing any sign of giving in; and when, at last, the poor animals landed us on the summit we gave them three hearty and well-merited cheers. A twenty minutes' smart trot brought us to Bosman's Hotel, at the entrance to Seven Weeks Poort, tired, cold, and hungry, but thankful at having this execrable kloof well behind us.

Seven Weeks Poort is the counterpart of Meiring's Poort, higher up in the Zwartberg range; the road following the windings of the river till, after a drive of an hour and a half, you reach Amalienstein, a mission station of the Berlin Society. Coming upon this beautiful spot, after three days' journey across the Karoo, is one of the most agreeable surprises. Here we spent a couple of hours with the Rev. Mr. Smit, who entertained us with Christian hospitality. In the course of an hour's conversation he told us that by the rules of the mission, every child who had attained the age of ten was obliged to come to school, or else his parents received notice to quit,—and this system was working so well that the Hottentots had become a good

deal better educated than their masters. Mr. Smit admitted that the missionary institutions had done their work, and that the time has now come when it will be better for all concerned to give the natives residing on mission stations a right of property in their erven.

About a mile from Amalienstein lies another city of the plain, named Zoar,—and like its prototype in which Lot took refuge, it is also “a little one;” but, small though it be, it has the misfortune to possess two rival parsons, the one representing the Berlin Society, and the other claiming to represent the Dutch Reformed Church. Originally the use of Zoar had been granted to the S. A. Missionary Society, who, being unable to furnish it with a missionary, had transferred their right to the Dutch Reformed Church. This body, for the same reasons, made it over to the Berlin Society, who built a church and a manse upon it, but omitted to obtain the consent of the Government to the transfer. Taking advantage of this oversight, Mr. Witstein, who, having been formerly of the Hebrew persuasion, is now a convert to the doctrines of Calvin, has not only established himself there as shepherd of the sheep, in opposition to Mr. Pauw of the Berlin Society, but, having induced some of the inhabitants to join his standard, has asserted his authority *vi et armis*, by erecting a wall round the manse, with the object of “shutting up” Mr. Pauw. As often as the Pauwites break down the obstruction, the Witsteins re-erect it; and thus the *odium theologicum* at Zoar has given rise to a new brotherhood of freemasons. Mr. Witstein has also publicly and solemnly nailed up the door of Mr. Pauw’s church; but the Berlin Mission, anxious to avoid strife, and finding that the members of their congregation resident at Zoar could without much inconvenience attend service at Amalienstein, have not taken the necessary legal steps to “nail” Mr. Witstein.

Ladysmith, two hours from Zoar, like most of our inland villages, possesses all the advantages that can be desired excepting one, for this fruitful district was born to blush unseen until such time as better roads, or the railway that is to be, shall give its produce access to a better market.

One day’s journey from Ladysmith lies the “Bath,” a farm belonging to Mr. John Lotz, and situated at the foot of the Tlouwsberg. From the side of this mountain issues a strong stream of water, so hot that it is barely possible to bathe in it. The delightful sensation of a dip in this water, and thus getting rid of the Karroo dust of four days, can only be adequately described as *awfully* jolly. The farm itself is one of the finest in the Colony; and, judging from the luxuriance with which the castor oil and cotton trees flourish, it seems capable of producing these valuable plants to an unlimited extent. Lying, as it does, just half-way between Tradouw and Seven Weeks Poort, it bids fair some day to become the site of one of the principal towns on that route.

On Sunday afternoon, at three o’clock, we reached Van Colver’s, under Tradouw. It had been our intention to remain there till

Monday; but finding that it would be best to cross at once, as the convicts would not be in the way, we induced five of Mr. van Colver's men to help us in carrying the cart over that portion of the road which is yet in an unfinished state; and fairly did they earn the sovereign we gave them—for a more “ticklish” operation I have never witnessed than that of crossing these four or five hundred yards. One wheel had to be unshipped, and then, whilst two men supported that side, the other wheel had to be rolled along the very brink of a sheer precipice three hundred feet deep, the track at some parts not being more than four feet wide. Had any of the men lost their footing our trap must have toppled over and been smashed to atoms.

As it was, it took just one hour to effect this passage, and the moon had risen when we took leave of Mr. Dolf van Colver, who had not only lent us his horses up the pass, but accompanied and remained assisting us until he saw us safely transported with bag and baggage. Nor, though we were comparative strangers to him, would he accept of any compensation for his trouble. This was another of the many proofs we had along this road that the hospitality which Barrow and other early travellers so often met with among the Cape Boers has not quite become a thing of the past.

Tradouw Pass or Boschkloof, which is to be opened for traffic in June next, may safely claim to be Bain's masterpiece. The gradients are easy, the parapet walls high, solid, and continuous, and the road itself is perfect.

At nine o'clock p.m. we arrived at the main station, and thence, after partaking of the good things pressed upon us by Mr. Solms and his kind spouse, we reached the Buffeljagts River Bridge at midnight.

And now, having brought the reader back into the main road, he will be able to reach Cape Town by post, and thus escape from what, I fear, has been rather slow.

F. R.

Reminiscences of the Army.

BY ONE OF THE RANK-AND-FILE.

VI.

LANDSMEN, as a rule, are not very fond of life on board of ship, even when it is made as pleasant as possible under the circumstances by good society and luxurious accommodation. The life of the rank-and-file when afloat is seldom barely comfortable, and more frequently it is, or, perhaps, I should rather say it was, wretched. During the time I was in the ranks I made eight ocean voyages, in every variety of vessel used for carrying troops. There were the

old East Indiamen, the most comfortable troop-ships of my time. They were well ventilated, and could be kept clean, and one might remain below without danger of being poisoned by the foul air between decks. The next best class of vessels were men-of-war, but the inconveniences arising from the martinet discipline counterbalanced, to some extent, whatever advantages they possessed. The next class of vessels were chartered sailing ships, built for carrying goods, and having no proper means of ventilating the decks occupied by the troops. The worst vessels, strange as it may sound to the ears of the civil population, were mail-steamers. A voyage for the rank-and-file on one of these boats was misery from port to port.

But by whatever description of vessel Her Majesty's troops travelled in those days, scenes took place on board of them equal to that recorded by Dickens in *Martin Chuzzlewit* where Mark Tapley so distinguished himself by his "jollity." I have often thought how "jolly" Mark would have been had he enlisted in a regiment of foot and gone abroad in a transport to one of the dependencies of the Empire, instead of making the acquaintance of some of "the most remarkable men" in the United States. Such visions of bliss would haunt him in his after-life as his mind recalled the holes into which he and his comrades had been penned like so many sheep with an infinitesimal quantity of air for his own particular consumption; of the dainty food set before him when the biscuits by the life that was within them could move unassisted from end to end of a mess table; when the delicious cocoa served out for breakfast was covered to the depth of an inch with liquid fat; when the evening tea was so commingled with pea-soup that to call it tea was a fiction, pleasant, no doubt, to the imagination, but of no avail to the delicate stomach; when the fat pork of one day was changed to the "salt horse" of the next; when, in fact, the dietary was so good that most of us could not bear to look upon the luxuries prepared for our appetite, and preferred the more ascetic food of biscuit and water, taking first of all the precaution of removing from the former all that made it a thing of life, though, except to a naturalist perhaps, the *all* did not assist to make it a joy for ever. But there was the grog! To a man of a philosophic turn of mind there could hardly be a more interesting sight than the scene at the grog-tub. In my experience, that nectar of the gods was usually distributed on the quarter-deck under the superintendence of the officers on duty. In some respects it was like tea, for though a gallon were swilled it would not inebriate, but, unlike tea, it did not "cheer" the drinker. The process of filling the flowing bowl was performed in this wise. Two of the pioneers placed in a suitable position on the quarter-deck the half of a hog's-head. Into that vessel was poured the quantity of rum allowed to the number of men to be supplied, and to this was added double of that quantity of water. One in three was the proportion which the gallant British soldier was taught by example to mix his liquor.

Half-and-half might have injured his delicate constitution, but as one in three he could imbibe the regulation quantity of spirits with safety to his health and without danger to discipline. When the "punch-bowl" had been filled "grog" would be called, and hundreds of men, made thirsty by the pork or "junk" taken at dinner, would gather round with their pannikins in their hands. The Quartermaster-Sergeant, approaching the senior officer on duty, would report all ready. It was one of the richest jokes in the world to watch an officer who, just risen from luncheon, had washed down his food with excellent sherry, approach the grog-tub, and with a serious face ask for a taste of that delectable liquor. Having lifted it to his lips he would put on the look of a connoisseur and express his opinion that it was excellent liquor. This little bit of hypocrisy I have seen played frequently. When the officers had regained the poop the roll was called by companies, and each man as he answered stepped towards the fountain of delight and received in his pannikin his share of the "grog." Woe be to him if he did not drink it then and there, and drink it to the dregs. Sometimes a man might wish to give the whole or part of his bumper to a comrade, and he would endeavour to smuggle the precious stuff from the quarter-deck, but it was seldom the venture was successful. "Drink your grog, sir," would be roared at him by officer or non-commissioned officer, and elevating the pannikin to his lips he was compelled to swallow the draught to the bitter end. As a reward to those who could practice the great self-denial of abstaining from the festive tub, the Horse Guards granted them one penny per diem extra, like good boys as they were, but no provision, unfortunately, was made to enable them to spend that penny in *lekkers*. Owing to this, especially on long voyages in steamers, where the only other drink to be got by the rank-and-file was condensed water, lukewarm, the disciples of Father Mathew were not seldom unfaithful to their pledges, and forfeiting the daily penny, attended at the grog-tub.

Before I left the service the spirit of philanthropy had reached high places, and the War Office entered so far into the spirit of the age as to treat the British soldier when he was roaming o'er the deep to good old English beef done up in tins. Never shall I forget the first experiment I witnessed at sea with that food. It was on board a man-of-war. The mess I belonged to was on the gun-deck, the ports were open, the day was beautiful, and nature seemed determined to do honour to the feast prepared for us. Men who on other days hurried to the upper deck from the sight of the ordinary dinner, retained their seats attracted by such an unusual meal. All were in good spirits and with high hopes when the orderlies of messes were seen hurrying down the ladders with the tins. Before many seconds these were opened, and the air was scented with a whiff that did not come from Araby the Blest. "What's that?" was the universal cry, for we were loath to believe that it came from our dainty food. But such, alas! was the case. Every tin was bad and had to be

pitched overboard. They had either been badly sealed up, or the contractor had foisted on the ship goods unsaleable elsewhere.

People who do a sea voyage in pleasant company, and with all the luxuries that money can command, have little idea of what is endured by their less fortunate fellow-creatures when called to cross the ocean. What I am about to relate was, I admit, an exceptional case; but it may illustrate what our own "flesh and blood," to use a Gladstonian illustration, may be called upon to undergo.

When the Indian mutiny broke out the regiment I belonged to at the time was stationed in a certain Colony, and immediately on receipt of the news we were ordered to embark at once for the East. A mail steamer was chartered for our conveyance, and within twenty-four hours we were on board, and had made a commencement of the voyage. The goods with which the vessel was loaded when the intelligence reached that place had been hastily removed, and we were crowded down into the hold from which they were taken. Under the circumstances, no proper racks had or could be made for our arms and accoutrements, and we attached them as best we could to the iron sides of the steamer with pieces of yarn. It is a literal fact that, had the men lain down below side by side, there was no more room for each person than was occupied by the breadth of his rifle, if so much. No slave ship could have been more closely packed. There were no mess tables, and no hammocks or bunks. Excepting a few huge boilers for a cook-house, which had to be erected when we were at sea, there were no cooking utensils, and, though several bundles of camp blankets had been thrown on board, there was barely sufficient to give two of these articles to every three men. We slept on the deck, and most of us on the upper deck, and we had our meals out of the "canteens," or tin vessels worn on the knapsacks. I say most of us slept on the upper deck, because it was utterly impossible for more than one in five or six to find space below. On cold and stormy nights, and there were many such on the voyage, we lay down near the engine-room, or lay close together in the long boat. On fine nights we threw ourselves down on the spare spars, or indeed anywhere else that forty winks could be got. I myself never even attempted to sleep below but once. It was a dreadful night, one of the worst I ever experienced on land or sea. A terrific gale was blowing, and the night was dark as pitch; but every few moments a flash of lightning revealed waves high as mountains, seemingly falling on the ship. The water was continually breaking over the forecastle, which was deserted, and occasionally the top of a wave would wash over amidships. Once, about forty of our men who were huddled together, sleeping or trying to sleep, near the funnel were washed down to the bulwarks on the lee side. Raising themselves, dripping to the skin, they ran to what they considered safer quarters. Fortunately for them they did so, because a few minutes after the sea broke over us with such force as to carry away that particular portion of the bulwarks, as well as a boat hang-

ing on the same side, but more towards the stern. It was on that night that I ventured to stay below. But I did not remain there long. As I lay on the deck, some distance from the hatchway leading to the hold, one man soon made a pillow of my body, and another elevated his legs by putting them over mine. In a short time I found that a place in a sardine box would have been a decided improvement. I felt signs of fever approaching, and I came to the conclusion that it was much better to run the risks above than to bear those below. Unfortunately, we were so closely packed that my forage-cap had been knocked off my head, and though I felt in every direction for it—(there were no lights in the hold)—I could not find it; nevertheless, I determined to meet the storm bareheaded, and raising myself as best I could I made a rush towards the ladder. At every step I trampled on a man, sometimes I fear on a man's face; but I never paused till I was at the top of the ladder. The curses that were heaped upon me that night I hope have done me no harm; but they were sufficiently numerous and vigorous to cause some alarm, if they could be efficacious at all. The remainder of that night I stood bareheaded at the entrance to the saloon, where I was to some extent protected by the overhanging part of the poop.

For three days at that time we could get nothing to eat but biscuit. The cook-house erected by our men had got adrift, and during the storm that continued to rage it was impossible to do anything more than to keep it from going overboard. Wet to the skin as most of us were, shivering from cold, and exposed to the weather, no better alleviation of our situation could be devised by the officers, who were comfortably settled in the saloon, than one glass of grog a day—delivered with the usual formalities, so far as they could be observed on a wet and slippery deck, and with the vessel pitching and tossing in such a way that the ingredients in the grog-tub must have been very well mixed. In the afternoons the hundreds of hungry men on deck watched with ravenous eyes the smoking dishes, as they were carried into the saloon from the ship's cook-house. More than once it was suggested that a rush should be made for the food, as it was carried along the deck. No one ventured to do that; but several of the men waylaid the servants as they were coming out with the dishes, and snatched what was on them away. I hope that in these papers I have done full justice to good officers when I have referred to them, and in that regiment there were some good officers; but I am compelled to say that on that voyage the good as well as the bad displayed culpable thoughtlessness about the condition of the rank and file. They never showed, from the day we embarked till the day we went ashore in India, the slightest sympathy with the sufferings of their men. The immense bulk of my comrades cared little indeed for bad weather or short commons, as in the Crimea we had been schooled to take such things easy; but it was too much for the men to bear to see the officers living luxuriously before their eyes, while they at the same time appeared utterly indifferent to the priva-

tions of the rank-and-file. I will not say that the regiment was mutinous, or near it, but there was a thoroughly bad spirit abroad among the men. At that time I kept a diary, which circumstances induced me to destroy afterwards, and I remember noting some rather strange language even on the part of high-classed non-commissioned officers. The men were always respectful towards their own officers, but they very nearly gave vent to their feelings one day by pitching the captain of the ship overboard. He had interfered with one of the soldiers, and followed him from the quarter-deck to the fore-castle, looking for a sergeant or corporal to place him in confinement. The non-commissioned officers about hid themselves, or their chevrons, and as he got to the fore-hatch the cry was raised, "Throw him overboard." Though a great bully, the captain made a strategic movement to the rear in double-quick time. I am not so sure but what the less prudent spirits might have done something to show their feelings, had it not been for an officer of the old Indian Navy who was on board. The difference between the average Indian officer and the average British army officer has often been described, and in my experience the Indians were as much superior to our officers as men are to children. This gentleman showed his mettle on that voyage with the men of our regiment, though strictly speaking he had nothing to do with us, and probably his interference would have been resented had it been known by our commanders. He was hurrying to India to give his services to the Government, and took passage in the same steamer with us. He had not been long on board when he saw the miserable state we were in, and occasionally he would go among the men, telling them of the dreadful things that were occurring in India, of the immediate necessity of help for our countrymen and countrywomen there, and that the discomforts the men then endured would soon be at an end. I believe our men would have gone anywhere with that officer, simply because he took an interest in them. Our own officers took no interest in us whatever, unless in fine weather, when we were annoyed by the observance of all the petty little regulations made for a different order of things. As an example, I may state that though there was hardly room for the men to move their hands about them below in the mornings, we were compelled to shave as if we were in barracks or even in an ordinary troop-ship. Think of shaving in such a crowd with an indifferent razor, and the vessel rolling. But mentioning shaving reminds me of a thing that happened when we were on our way from the Crimea. It is pretty well known that the soldiers there did not shave, and that many of the English rank-and-file possessed beards so large as to excite the envy of drum-majors in the army of France. As to razors, some of us threw them away as useless articles, and hoped never to see their like again. Others utilized those articles by cutting their tobacco with them. When we embarked at Balaclava to go to a station in the Mediterranean, I am pretty sure that out of the nine hundred rank-and-file in the regiment

not a dozen had razors. We had hardly passed Constantinople when an order was issued that at parade on the following morning every man should have his hair cut and his face shaved according to the rules laid down for each in the regulations of the service. Had the Colonel been a wag we might have put it down as a huge but rather cruel practical joke, but the then Commanding Officer was no more capable of perpetrating a joke than he was of performing the duties of Astronomer-Royal. The scene that afternoon and the following morning on the decks of that ship I painfully remember. The few razors to be had were put into the hands of improvised barbers, and these worthies in a short space of time, and with little delicacy of touch, scraped from our chins the growth of a couple of years. The agony of that operation will never be forgotten by those who had to endure it. One of the men, a devil-may-care kind of a fellow, as his comrades called him, thought that if he had to be shaved at all he might as well go in for the thing as much as it could be done, and with a spirit of self-sacrifice that did not find an imitator, he not only had the hair removed from his face but also had his head made as bare as a billiard ball. When the Colonel gazed on the scalp of his victim he ordered his grog to be stopped till his hair grew again. The result of the shaving at sea was that many men were placed on the sick list from throat affections, &c. It was on the voyage I referred to above that an incident occurred which may be related here. Though we were put on board in such a hurry, sufficient time was found to supply us with "sea-kits," and the principal part of that equipment consisted of two white smock-frocks, and the same number of white trowsers. Crowded as we were, more than ordinary difficulty was experienced in keeping these articles clean,—and like the old woman who, when she required clean linen, turned a certain garment inside out, our men, when the exterior of their smocks presented a rather black appearance, made the inside do duty for the outside, with no other apparent inconvenience than a certain awkwardness about the buttons and button-holes. Everybody, I suppose, knows that when there is no chaplain the senior officer reads the prayers at what is called church parade on Sundays. On a certain Sabbath, on board this steamer, the commanding officer read the service, and with the assistance of the adjutant he got through it pretty well. As he finished the last prayer, and was pronouncing the "Amen," his eyes fell on a man in the ranks whose smock the greatest flatterer could not call white. Hastily shutting the Book of Common Prayer, and going towards the delinquent, the colonel, in a voice that could be heard all over the ship, roared "What the devil do you mean, sir, by coming to parade with such a dirty smock?" The man dare not answer, and the commanding officer yelled, "Stop his grog for three days, and be d——d to him."

On another voyage a thing happened that was very nearly causing a serious disturbance. Soldiers are remarkably fond of pets, and I have known each individual in a company, composed of eighty or

ninety men, look upon a dog as if it was his own personal attendant and friend. At a certain time our Light Company had a Newfoundland dog that had saved a child's life, and the men in the company were particularly fond of it. Early every morning the poor brute would go round all the barrack-rooms occupied by the Light Bobs, and give its greeting to each of its many masters, and at night it went round regularly with the orderly sergeant. The dog had been taught any number of tricks, could howl or sing, or what passed as such, and read the newspapers with its eyes protected by goggles. When a man was being brought to the guard-house for drunkenness, this dog sympathized with his position, and barked vociferously at the escort. When we got the route and had to embark, an order was issued that no dogs should be brought on board ship. For the first few days no member of the canine race was seen on deck; but before a week the Light Company's pet, as the dog was called, was observed one evening late by the colonel on the top of the long-boat. The colour-sergeant of the company was sent for, and censured because he could not tell who it was brought the dog on board, and the whole company's grog was ordered to be stopped for the voyage. When this was told to the men they were greatly annoyed, and it was agreed that the next morning they should in a body ask to see their captain. They carried out their intention, and the captain, a spirited little gentleman, took their part. His argument was that the whole company ought not to be punished for the act of one or of a few, and the colonel altered his order, allowing the grog, but directing that the animal was to be put ashore at a port where we had to call. On our arrival at that port the poor dog was put into a boat and conveyed ashore, the whole regiment crowding the bulwarks and cheering farewell to the Light Company's pet. Singular to say, we were only a few days at sea again when the animal again made his appearance on deck. How he had returned I never could find out, though I often inquired about the matter; but the Colonel affected to believe it was done by the connivance of the colour-sergeant of the company, and degraded that excellent non-commissioned officer by lowering him to the rank of an ordinary sergeant, taking the payment of the Light Company from him, and transferring him to another part of the regiment, with strict injunctions that if he were seen in that part of the ship occupied by the Light Company he was to be placed in arrest. I am as certain as I can be of anything that the sergeant so punished was as innocent of any knowledge of that dog coming on board as any reader of these lines. It may not be out of place to mention that the non-commissioned here referred to had been promoted for bravery in the field.

THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

“Home” after Nine Years’ Absence.

THE last of the long rollers that “roughly edging eastward” sent us almost on our beam-ends in the Bay of Biscay has been left far astern; the fiddles have been removed from the tables, and the soup, to the satisfaction of everybody, keeps its equilibrium, instead of dashing against mimic shores of platter and mahogany. The waves break with a home sound upon the vessel’s side, and the light of a hazy autumn day gives a welcome and familiar appearance even to the waste of waters. The deck is crowded with passengers, all eager for a first glance of the Lizard, from which, the captain reports, we are distant just forty miles. Say what we will of the pleasures of a sea voyage, everybody looks supremely happy when dry land appears in sight. Tell the morose gentleman who refuses to pass the salt at dinner, and keeps to his cabin when the sailors have got up a little spree for the amusement of the passengers, that there is a scent of land on deck, and he is up the “companion” like a shot. Even the youth who is so delighted with the holiday life on board a mail-steamer, and the bright buttons of the officers, that he inwardly resolves to “go to sea,” looks delighted at the islands of seaweed that sweep by the ship; while the quiet, motherly Englishwoman, who has been harnessed to a team of incorrigibles for four long weeks, is as radiant with joy as on her bridal day, when the captain orders his best telescope on to the bridge. At all events, I know that every man, woman, and child homeward bound at the time of which I write strained every eye to catch the first glimpse of land. The Scotchman whose boots had been filled with salt water the night before by an amicable companion looked as happy as if he already trod his “native heath;” and the lady whose pale cheeks told too plainly of sad experiences across the “terrible bay” flushed up with hope and pleasure, as if all unpleasant memories had vanished.

Yonder, right ahead, but still in the dim distance, was a long, white, hazy cloud, under the deep autumn blue: that was England, that was Home. Imagine, good reader, that behind that veil of mist were relatives, friends, and companions from whom I had been separated for nine long years, and say whether I could be reasonably expected to be the least excited of the group. I had watched every

home token on the passage; the north star and the "big bear" gleaming above the horizon gave me the sort of choky sensation I remember to have experienced when I went home from school for the first time; and now when the headland was slowly coming into form behind the mist, I was not likely to feel particularly stoical. Why, the gentleman who used to scream for bottled beer at five o'clock in the morning to relieve his headaches had actually put on a new hat and a blue tie to relieve his feelings! How could I altogether stifle mine?

On went the good ship, throbbing through the quiet water, until the mist rolled away, and the whole reach of coast lay in the light of a beautiful autumn morning. By noon I could see distinctly the corn-fields, still yellow with the stubble, and the English homesteads, with the signs of plenty in the rounded ricks and the long and no doubt well-stored barns. By sundown we were off Plymouth, with the red harbour lights and the mist of smoke and fog hanging over the town behind the breakwater. "Anybody for the shore?" inquired the captain, as he hailed a pilot-boat cruising in the offing, and ordered the mail-bags on deck. The temptation was strong to put oneself in charge of the rough, weather-beaten Englishman who came on deck, and whirl away to London by the night express; but the desire to see the Channel, and sail up the Thames, and the prospective comfort of landing one's luggage on the quay, induced everybody to stick to the ship. So, with a farewell to the pilot and the blinking lights upon the shore, away we went into the narrowing channel, from light to light by night, and through crowds of ships by day. Nothing I saw during my short absence from the Cape filled me with more wonder than the fleets of steamers and merchant ships which literally swarmed upon the water. The prevailing westerly wind had held a number of vessels weatherbound in the Downs, so that we were favoured with a somewhat unusual spectacle. There were big East Indiamen with every stitch of canvas set to the favouring gale, barques, brigs, and schooners by the dozen, ugly little colliers, black with smoke and paint, fussing at high pressure through the water; little fishing smacks coming from the east coast with their cargoes of herrings; Frenchmen and Dutchmen stealing across to barter with their English neighbours; and, ever and anon, big P. & O. boats and North German Lloyds looming large and grand through the autumn fog. Such an odd admixture of power and apparent weakness, strength and frailty, I never saw. It seemed as if a heavy storm, breaking suddenly upon that strange and picturesque variety of craft, must have scattered half of them upon a lee shore. Off the Isle of Wight, which we neared to telegraph our number (and where we spied, not the "last rose of summer," but the last bather of the season in the inevitable machine), I counted sixty sail within a short distance of the ship!

The night after passing the island a heavy thunderstorm broke over the sea. It was intensely dark, and, as the vessels all gathered

in to keep well within the range of the headland lights, the navigation was perilous. More than once flashes of lightning showed us up in the midst of a nest of small craft, which bumped against the ship's side, and poked their dim lights almost into our faces as we looked over the bulwarks. Bells rang in the engine-room, the screw stopped, went on slowly, or astern, at intervals all through the night. The captain came within range of one of the lights, and the sweat was on his brow, though the east wind was bending the stays overhead. "Who would be a sailor, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "with work like this?" "Who, indeed," I replied; "better almost to be the driver of a London omnibus."

But the weather cleared at last. We heard the echo of the last thunder-clap breaking over the heads of other ships away to the westward, when we sighted the Dungenness light. We steamed right in, and signalled for a pilot. Other ships were apparently bent on the same errand, for the powerful electric light on the headland fell like a pale moonbeam on the decks of two or three steamers blowing their steam off in quiet water. A bright flash-light in a little boat, the measured plash of oars in the distance, a scuffling up the vessel's side, greetings, hand shakings, and inquiries, and a pilot, in the shape of a big, burly Englishman, with a rough coat and a rougher voice, takes command of the ship.

We rounded the Foreland and entered the narrowing water between the two counties on a splendid Sunday morning in autumn. "It will be pleasant sailing up the Thames on a Sunday morning," said one of the passengers; "the river will be quiet and comparatively clear." The river quiet! The broad water from the Nore light to Gravesend was literally churned with screws and paddles; steamers, barges, Thames wherries, luggers, large sailing ships, little fussy tugs shot past each other or lumbered in each other's way from dawn till sundown. It seemed as if England were doing the business of half Europe, and had not an hour to rest. There is no Sabbath on the Thames, whatever there may be ashore.

As to the banks of the river, they were what they always have been—the oddest compound of beauty and ugliness that ever fringed a broad stream. Long reaches of mud, dirty, dismal swamps, with still more dismal shanties, were interspersed with beautiful homesteads which looked on to the peaceful river from behind broad sweeping lawns, soft as velvet, and between huge elms, feathering off from their stately trunks and branches until they touched the earth. There is nothing out of England just like that. I have seen the great rivers of the Western world, fringed with forests that cast the shadows of their giant trees upon streams of crystal clearness; but I never saw the soft, tender beauty of these English homesteads beside the quiet English streams, matched. At last we are past Gravesend, and the *Edinburgh*, like every ship of her size, struggles through the miscellaneous host of craft that crowd the river from Gravesend to the "pool." We arrived off the Victoria Docks about

an hour after noon. There was the Blackwall pier and the Blackwall railway station as of yore, and before an hour had passed, with feelings which I cannot describe I set foot on English soil after nine years' absence. I took train for Kentish Town, *en route* for the house of an old friend hailing from north of the Tweed. I could not have taken a road more calculated to stir up old recollections. As a lad I had been perfectly familiar with the various places at which the train stopped. I positively resented the sight of the station boards with the old familiar names of Bow, Old Ford, Hackney, Wick, &c., glaring from showy stations. Nothing could more fully show the marvellous growth of London. Building, building everywhere. In the open fields where I had played cricket and foot-ball thirty years ago, miniature towns had sprung up, with streets and shops and bustling life. There was nothing I could recognize except old Bow Church, with its ivy-covered tower, and the river Lea, from whose waters I had taken "many a trout and many a greyling," wandering with its old familiar bends. It is impossible to say when this wonderful growth of bricks and mortar round London will stop. I only know that friends of mine who have built houses just eighteen miles from St. Paul's, to get pure country air on the chalk hills, find the chimney-stacks appearing at intervals over the intervening country with alarming rapidity.

It was a fine Sunday afternoon, as I have already reported, and the Cockneys were all abroad in their best Sunday feathers, and in the highest spirits under the exhilarating effects of that rarest of all blessings—a little London sunshine. I was much struck with the simplicity of the men's attire, and what seemed to me the improvement in toilet taste. The "swell," with his mosaic vest of many colours and plastering of tawdry jewellery, seemed to be a much rarer article than formerly, though I observed that the little men continued to wear tall hats, and the tyranny of the black chimney-pot was as oppressive as ever. Nay, it seemed extending down the social scale, for the most curious and amusing spectacle I saw in England was the number of diminutive lads buried in "bell-toppers" big enough to smother them. The sharp, knowing, Cockney twang coming from under the brim, and the cigar in the mouth, did not by any means lessen the comic effect. The rising generation reaches maturity at about twelve!

But I could by no means compliment the ladies on improved taste and simplicity in dress. May I be forgiven for saying that I never saw such a mass of excessive and absurd ornamentation, principally in the shape of head-gear, in one short hour since I was born. If it had not been Sunday afternoon, I should have come to the conclusion that two or three ladies with whom I had the honour of travelling were dressed for a pantomime. Masses of hair and finery were piled on the head something after the manner of a Chinese pagoda, and then found their way down to the waist in a conglomeration I am utterly unable to describe. I know nothing in air, earth, or sea

resembling it. Of course, I was looking at samples of the most vulgar taste, but I am bound to say that in circles where far more taste and elegance were displayed in dressing I still retained the impression that the gentlemen were more simple in their tastes than formerly, and the ladies more extravagant and showy. I hope to be pardoned the opinion. But I soon forgot the fashions, and even the stir of Cockney life, in the first joyful greetings of friends. Half an hour's ride and a few minutes on the Kentish Town pavement brought me to the house and the friends I sought. There they were, all trooping into the passage, as if the knock had a Cape sound in it; the old folks a little greyer and more sage-looking, but with all the old love and sympathy, strengthened by years of absence, gleaming through the look of welcome. And the young folk: why, who can they be? Can these tall youths and bonny lasses be the wee chits I nursed and fondled ten years ago? They were. I think I never felt as much as at that moment how the years are gliding by. But the door closed, and I, too, must close the door on the meetings and greetings and delightful *réunions* of four months of incessant visiting in almost every county in England. There are some things which *cannot* be written about.

I think I shall be understood by visitors to England in a similar position to myself if I divide my touring impressions into two classes—those made by objects entirely new, and those arising from the sight of perfectly familiar scenes and places after the absence of several years, and after one's tastes, appetites, and sensations have become habituated to different scenes. On the way home, I found myself asking,—How will the green lanes of old England look, and the Gloucestershire valleys, and the Welsh mountains, and the inland rivers, after becoming familiar with mountain ranges and open plains? How will the beef and beer taste, after the sweet wine and sinewy flesh fibre of South Africa? May I be pardoned for satisfying myself on the latter point first. One of my first acts on reaching the city was to quaff a glass of Bass's best, and—to ask for another! "If John Bull," said an English workman to a famous French author, "forgot his beer, he would forget his country; but before he came to that, his tongue would cleave to the roof of his mouth." Well, as a true son of the ancient "John," I did not forget my beer. As I tasted once more the clear, sparkling fluid, I could understand its association with all the national virtues. "Beer and Wine," once exclaimed an orator, "met at Waterloo; Wine, red with fury, boiling over with enthusiasm, mad with audacity, rose thrice against that hill on which stood a wall of immovable men, the sons of Beer. You have read history: Beer gained the day." After dining a few times on substantial joints of beef, deliciously veined with "adipose tissue," and plump legs of mutton, that carried one back to the flocks that roam over the Sussex downs, I thought the roast beef must have contributed something to the muscle and pluck of the "immovable wall." Let me dismiss the question of viands

by saying that the meadow grass and wayside forage of old England, the sweet clover, hay, and the corn and parsnips,—aye, and even the field stubble, are, as of old, transformed into the richest flesh that can be cooked and dressed for man. The meat is finer, the game is richer, the bacon infinitely more palatable than anything that South Africa produces. I must say the same generally of vegetables and fruits, though in grapes and oranges and juicy fruits, South Africa bears the palm. The hot-house grapes, thin-skinned and blooming as they were, tasted to me poor and insipid after the fruit of the South African vineyards.

If a stranger were to stand blindfolded at the old centre of city traffic, opposite the Bank, he would wonder what had become of the city of his remembrance. The deafening din and roar that filled the air all day long are exchanged for a soft, continuous murmur, in which the sound of human voices and the tramp of feet are uppermost. Let the bandage fall, and the reason is apparent. The old stone paving, that jerked and rattled the wheels of carriages, is exchanged for a smooth paving of asphalt, along which cabs, omnibuses, and carriages glide with perfect smoothness. In fine weather, or in very wet weather, nothing can be better for the horses: the wheel friction is immensely reduced, and the labour of drawing proportionately lessened; but when the mud is sticky, a few hours after rain, the road is dangerously slippery, and the horses having once lost their footing find it extremely difficult to regain it. Nevertheless, the experiment is considered so successful that the asphalt is fast supplanting the old stone pavement. With the change in the externals of the streets has come a passion for cleanliness new to the city. Even through the continuous wet weather London was as "clean as a pink." I felt positively afraid to throw away the parings of an apple, on a fine day, at the end of Moorgate-street; and when I did make bold, it was instantly brushed up by a young urchin who stood waiting for all waifs and strays from man and beast, which are deposited in iron pillars resembling the street letter-boxes. Indeed, I was not surprised to hear the other day of a number of letters having been put in one of these mud receptacles, as well as in one of the new city pumps!

With all the city improvements, the heart of London will remain pretty much what it is for many, many years. The same grim old churches and buildings will look down upon the old thoroughfares. The Board of Works has done wonders, but I never expect to see in my time an open space round St. Paul's, or the Poultry without hoarding, or Temple Bar failing to block up Fleet-street. I found, indeed, a wonderful piece of cleavage at the back of Cheapside, where the old narrow streets, along which Mr. Braidwood's fire-engines used to rattle like thunder, have been cut through, and knocked down by a splendid road leading to the Thames Embankment. I almost ran to see this grandest of the modern London works. Old Father Thames without his dirty mud banks, and the barges sprawling at

low tide on the filthy compound of mud and drain dirt, seemed altogether too good to believe in. But there he was, flanked by the most magnificent breastwork and one of the finest promenades in Europe. The river is running swiftly against a noble wall of granite, instead of ebbing and flowing on dirty mud-heaps; and the barges are moored in deep water to huge rings fastened to the stones. A greater improvement to London it would be difficult to conceive. The valley of the Thames is made into a delicious retreat for weary citizens; and the Temple Gardens, formerly only seen at a distance by passengers on the river boats, are now enjoyed by the pedestrian as a sort of oasis in the desert of stone. From one point of view, and only one, the embankment is a failure. It furnishes little relief to the city traffic, which flows fast and thick as ever by the old routes. A few cabs and broughams, out for an airing, patronize the river; but the omnibuses and heavy wagons continue to block up the narrow city lanes. Holborn Viaduct was another "city improvement" I hastened to see. In the days of the old Smithfield nuisance, when cows and sheep and pigs used to be driven through Newgate-street and the narrow lanes of St. Martin's-le-Grand, I have seen, on a rainy morning, the cattle sliding helplessly down Snow Hill from the city side, and the omnibus horses sliding down Holborn Hill from the other, and both meeting in inextricable and picturesque confusion in the valley between. At all times Holborn Hill was the greatest thoroughfare nuisance in London: it is so no longer. A splendid iron bridge—for it is nothing more—spans Farringdon-street, and leaves it in peaceful possession of passengers bound for Blackfriars or the Metropolitan Railway Station, while the great stream of traffic passing westward is carried over the viaduct from the dip of the hill just below the Old Bailey to the foot of Hatton Garden.

Having exhausted street improvements, I sought out the numerous new buildings, public and private, which have been built for the adornment of city and suburb during the last decade. There are new bridges, new churches, new monuments, new stores, new banks, new hotels, and last, but not least, new railway stations—literal architectural palaces in the midst of the plain city buildings. I cannot say the survey gave me much pleasure. I believe the architectural fashions of the last few years would be bad, if not base, at any time and in any place; in a smoky city like London they are simply hideous. All simplicity of construction is sacrificed to the most vicious and frivolous variations of Gothic art, or affected, hybrid imitations of Byzantine and Venetian work. Everywhere I was struck with that *impatience of a plain surface* which Lord Jeffrey declared to be one of the great marks of false work. Every square yard between the apertures is loaded with ornamentation, and there is a *constant straining after effect* most painful to the eye. One looked almost in vain for a simple cornice or a simple cusp. In their place, we have mosaics of coloured tiles and "string courses" in all the colours of the rainbow, looking infinitely ridiculous,

begrimed with London smoke and dust. I must, however, except the work of Sir Gilbert Scott, which, though Gothic, has in it a great deal of classic simplicity and purity. Sir Gilbert resolutely eschews all florid excess, and keeps to the simple Venetian cusp in all apertures, and to the floral variations of the capital in vogue six hundred years ago in the "City of the Sea." The Midland Railway Station, designed by this architect, is by far the most beautiful building of its kind in London; at once elaborate and simple, rich, yet unambitious, it is a feast to the eye after the dreary monotony of ugliness in the neighbouring streets; yet even here the English passion for making beauty pay is doing its best to ruin the effect of beautiful work. An elaboration that might be suitable for a chapter-house or a cathedral choir is used as an "advertising medium" for Bagmen's bedrooms and the latest patent for knife-grinding. Even Sir Gilbert Scott seems to me too impatient of a plain surface. A noble work of his, the new church at Doncaster, in Yorkshire, appears sadly marred by the excessive decoration of the tower, and the want of bold, clear, restful lines where the eye most needs them. With the *chef d'œuvre* of this best of modern architects, the national memorial to the late Prince Consort, I was charmed. The effect of the whole structure is most impressive. Besides being a monument of Sir Gilbert's genius, it is the first great effort of the English sculptors at elaborate out-door work, and it is a complete and gratifying success. The whole magnificent structure rises to a height of one hundred and eighty feet above the ground to the top of the terminal cross, and is surrounded by four colossal groups of sculpture representing "Europe," "Asia," "Africa," and "America," which are placed, one at each angle, at the base of the vast pyramid of steps upon which the exquisitely beautiful shrine or tabernacle is erected. The chief artistic features of this superb edifice are the podium or basement, surrounded by a frieze of Sicilian marble on its four sides, sculptured in relief with nearly one hundred and seventy life-size figures of famous poets and musicians, painters, sculptors, and architects; the four groups of marble statuary upon the angles of the podium representing Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures, and Engineering; the four bronze statues of Astronomy, Chemistry, Geology, and Geometry immediately above those groups, in front of the great clusters of red and grey granite pillars supporting the canopy; the other four bronze statues, of Rhetoric, Medicine, Philosophy, and Physiology, in the corner niches above; the four mosaic pictures in the pediments of the gables showing personifications of the Fine Arts—namely, Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, with other mosaics of the same subjects, in the spandrils of the arches below; the spire, of highly-decorated metal, with its double series of gilt bronze statues,—those of the four Christian Virtues, Faith, Hope, Charity, and Humility, in the niches, and those of the four Moral Virtues, Fortitude, Prudence, Justice, and Temperance, at the angles of the same story; lastly,

the columnar shaft, encompassed by two series of gilded figures, which are intended for angels; the lower group, suggesting the resignation of worldly honours,—the higher group, around the base of the cross, suggesting the aspiration to heavenly glory.

The modern church architecture seemed to me, with a few noble exceptions, to exhibit the same miserable *finessing* with bricks, cement, and colour as I have described as the general characteristic of modern buildings. If any visitor to England wants to satisfy himself of the quality of modern church architecture, let him do as I did: just run down to Romsey Abbey, to see a magnificent specimen of pure Norman work; call in at Winchester on his way back; next extend his trip to the West, have one more look at St. Mary's, Redcliffe, and then wind up with a glance at the old parish churches of the midland counties, particularly Northamptonshire. If he will do this, and then walk into the crack High Church edifices, he will be conscious of a descent for which he was hardly prepared. He will pass from pure and ennobling forms of art, grand and moving in their simplicity, to *laboured prettiness*, which may please the eye for a moment and feed a mawkish sentiment, but which in the long run degrades the taste and debases religious feeling. With almost all the new churches it seems as if each architect thought he would have no other opportunity, and must seize the present chance to make his mark. There is a want of dignity and repose about the buildings, a consciousness that they will be looked at, and a vain hope that they will be admired, leading to a sort of architectural posture-making and display most opposed to the spirit of true art. With these impressions strong upon me, the reader may imagine the delight and sympathy with which I read the following passage from an article in a current number of the *Quarterly*, by one of the keenest and most accomplished art-writers of the day:—"The interiors of most of the high ritual churches are marked by the latter peculiarity, and some clear evidences of this kind of mental debasement are seldom wanting. The font at St. Alban's, Holborn, for instance, which has been 'designed' with much care, would be beneath the genius of a manufacturer of Tonbridge ware; and the speckled and spotted coloured brick patterns on the walls, here and at All-Saints', Margaret-street, are precise reminiscences of a favourite nursery toy. These several characteristics are, however, generally more strikingly manifested in what is called the 'reredos,' not the old eastern choir-screens, which are sometimes so called, but a comparatively recent importation from abroad, an un-English innovation, favoured as giving an opportunity for a much-desired patch of prettiness, or the exhibition of such superfluous folly as is not entirely used up in other details of the church, and which gives the communion table the appearance of a quasi-mediæval sideboard."

What is going on within the churches, Established and Non-conforming, of England, is such delicate ground that I had, perhaps, better not touch it. Moreover, a tourist's impressions of

preachers and preaching must be cautiously received. What can he ascertain in a dozen or so of Sundays and services? Such opportunities as I had of judging certainly did not impress me with any advance in the pulpit eloquence of the clergy of any denomination. There is a good deal of fervid oratory in the ritualist preachers, some of it superior, most of it reminding one of the Methodist exertions of former days. The Nonconformist preachers seemed to me decidedly below their former standard, not so much in attainment as in power; while the *worship* in their churches greatly disappointed me. Ten years ago there was a movement in favour of a richer and more varied *cultus*, which promised much for what had been the weak point in Nonconformist services. There has been no advance during the last ten years. I attended morning service at the Rev. Alexander Raleigh's, and was pleased with the manly eloquence of the preacher; but the singing was dreadful, and the *worship* unimpressive and unsympathetic. In a neighbouring chapel, the Rev. Henry Allon's, and in some others, it was altogether different, and the devotional parts of the service were conducted with great taste and feeling; but, so far as I could ascertain, the Nonconformist congregations are still far behind in this most vital part of a religious service.

But I am lingering in the city, with "interiors" unvisited, and town and country life undescribed; so I must perforce ask the indulgence of the readers of the *Cape Monthly* for a page or two in a future number.

T. E. F.

On the early Inhabitants of Madagascar.*

It has long been supposed that the native inhabitants of Madagascar are a mixed people, combining races which in remote times had their origin in various other countries, near or more distant. Some are supposed to have emigrated from the eastern coast of Africa; some from Arabia and the shores of the Persian Gulf; and some are supposed to have come by some means or other from Borneo and the adjacent regions, places considered as centres whence radiated the families which peopled many of the islands in the great South Sea and in the Indian Ocean. Those who have compared the language of Madagascar with the languages of those countries, and who have considered the facility with which voyages in ancient times could be made in the

* This interesting paper has been received by Dr. Bleek by the last mail from Madagascar. It is written by Mr. James Cameron, the venerable lay representative of the London Missionary Society in that island; and is kindly placed at our disposal by Dr. Bleek for publication in the *Magazine*.—ED.

ships of those days *from* those places to Madagascar, have done much to show that such suppositions are at least probable. Both history and tradition, however, are all but silent on the remote ancestry of the Malagasy. The variety of complexion and the striking differences in the form and curl of the hair found among the present inhabitants, the different dialects of the same language in use among them, as well as certain varieties in some of their clannish customs; may all have arisen from different tribes of foreign origin settling on different parts of the island, and through occasional peaceful intercourse, followed by predatory wars and reciprocal captivities, coming in a long course of time to adopt substantially a common language, while retaining among themselves certain peculiarities of their remote ancestors.

The connection between a people and their remote ancestors or teachers may be sometimes dimly shown by the religious rites practised or in some way preserved among them. Thus, in some places among the Celtic inhabitants of Scotland there may still be observed annually a festival called Beltain, where the chief performers are young men in charge of cattle and young people the chief attendants; their amusements are chiefly with fire, and the materials for making cakes or something similar for the feast are previously begged from the surrounding villagers. These and other fire amusements, formerly observed yearly, and still preserved from time immemorial among British and Irish Celts, are supposed by the best authorities to be the lingering remains of the ancient worship of Baal (the sun) and Ashtoreth (the moon, or Queen of Heaven).

It has been thought that the Arabs may have been the progenitors of the Hovas, as small Arab mercantile settlements have been found within historical times to have existed on the eastern coast; but the absence of all traces of Islamism among the Hovas (excepting, indeed, the practice of circumcision, the estimating of time by the moon, and the observance of a week of seven days, all of which are common to the Jews and many other nations) renders it improbable that the Hovas have descended from the Arabs, at least since the rise of Mohammedanism; while traces, as we think, of Judaism, not of the purest form however, have been common enough among the Hovas from time immemorial. Also, the long-continued worship of "gods many" by the Hovas, in direct opposition to the cardinal tenet of the Moslems, almost forbids the supposition that the Hovas are descended from the Arabs.

It would appear from traditionary notions floating about in Imerina, even at the present time, that the ancestors of the Hovas came from some other place than what is at present called Imerina; that an ancient race of people, called Vazimba, then, or soon after, occupied part of the country; that in course of time hostilities arose between them, which continued for a long time; that the Hovas at length discovered the use of iron, of which they made assegais, while the Vazimba only used the old instruments, or spears made of burnt

clay; that the latter were then defeated in battle, and soon after fled from the country, going westward.

The writer of this paper has often observed with deep interest strong points of resemblance between the old heathen rites and ceremonies of the Malagasy and the rites and ceremonies of the Jews previous to the time of Solomon, combined with the grosser forms of worship common among the Phenicians and other nations, and which, from the reign of Solomon to that of Josiah, and even till the Captivity, too frequently mingled with and corrupted the pure worship of Jehovah, as given by Moses. One phase of Phenician worship which mingled with the worship of Jehovah was burning incense to the moon, called the Queen of Heaven; it was at times all but universal in Judea; it was carried on in the streets of Jerusalem, on the flat roofs of their houses, in the places round about Jerusalem, in the cities of Judah.

There is an old custom preserved in this part of Madagascar, and practised by the Hovas, which, had it been observed in Judea, would probably have resembled the offering of incense to the Queen of Heaven. The new year in Madagascar commences with a new moon; and this new moon is anxiously looked out for, and waited for; and it is ushered in by what may be called the burning of incense on two successive evenings, the first being on behalf of the sovereign, and the second on behalf of the people. Bunches of dry grass or hay are fixed on long slender poles, kindled, and then carried about, chiefly by young people, with waving and shouting and rejoicing; and this is so common, even in the present day, that the flames, with their ascending smoke, might be counted by hundreds or thousands.

Many of the Jews, from the time of Solomon onwards, appear to have combined the worship of God with the worship of the sun, moon, and stars. The untaught Malagasy in Imerina do precisely the same thing; in seeking blessings for themselves or for others, they ask them from God the Creator, and from the sun, moon, and stars, indiscriminately.

Notwithstanding the strict prohibitions of the Mosaic law, the Jews seem to have been greatly addicted to divination in regard to the ordinary affairs of life; to observing times, or the discovery of lucky and unlucky days, and to infanticide in connection with such observances. The Hovas seem to have preserved and practised such abominations down till very recent times, for most of their enterprises and engagements were more or less regulated by their system of divination, the "sikidy;" and a newly-born infant, if born on what they called an unlucky day, was not passed through the fire to Moloch, but was gently turned over, and laid, face downwards, on a shallow basin with a little water in it, and in a minute or two the deed was done. It was a strict law among the ancient Hebrews not to marry out of the tribe to which the individual belonged. In like manner, from time immemorial, the Malagasy of this district of

Imerina seldom marry out of their own tribe or clan; indeed, it is by many considered not quite proper for any one to do so.

Among the ancient Hebrews, provision was made for the miraculous discovery and punishment of a particular offence by the administration of what was called the "bitter water of jealousy," when certain imprecations or curses were threatened if the suspected party were really guilty. The Hovas seem to have preserved something of the spirit of this ordeal until recent times; only they have applied it to nearly all suspected cases, and they infused into the really harmless water more or less of a virulent and deadly poison, the kernel of the fruit of the tangena tree. The following is part of the curse or imprecation pronounced by the Malagasy priest over the head of the suspected person, which can be compared with the Hebrew curse in Numbers v—21, 22:—The person accused of sorcery was taken out of doors, when his head was covered with a mat; then he was taken into the house where the ordeal was to be performed. There was, in the first place, an address by the officiating priest, to the deity supposed to reside in the egg-shaped fruit of the tangena tree, and called Raimanamango, as follows: "Hear, hear, hear, and hearken well, O thou Raimanamango! searcher, trier, or test; thou art a round egg made by God. Though thou hast no eyes, yet thou seest; though thou hast no ears, yet thou hearest; though thou hast no mouth, yet thou answerest; therefore, hear and hearken well, O Raimanamango!" Then followed the first imprecation pronounced over the head of the accused, viz.:—"If thou findest that he has the root of sorcery, or the trunk of sorcery, or the leaves of sorcery, &c., &c., then kill him immediately, kill him instantly, let him die forthwith, tear his flesh, wring or twist his bowels, tear them into pieces," &c., &c. Then there was an imprecation pronounced over his head, if perchance he may think he has a secret charm or medicine which may counteract the poison, as follows:—"Now, though he flatters himself secure while confiding in these, suffer not thyself, O Tangena, to be conquered by them, for thou art God; therefore, if he is a sorcerer, kill him quickly, kill him immediately. Oh, let him die forthwith; kill him without delay, burst him and tear his flesh, and tear his arms into pieces; break his heart, burst his bowels. Oh, kill him instantly, kill him in a moment," &c., &c. And if the god should find the accused to be innocent, he was addressed by the priest as follows:—"Therefore, if he be innocent, let him live quickly, preserve his heart without delay; let him rejoice greatly, let him dance and run about merrily, like one who has drunk cold water," &c., &c.

The worship of bulls and calves was common among the Hebrews. Among the Hovas, images of the bull in silver were made, and sold in the markets, and worshipped extensively all over the country; and if the Jews worshipped or paid superstitious regard to nearly every form of natural objects (Ezekiel viii—7, 13), so the Hovas wor-

shipped or paid superstitious regard to the rivers and the mountains of their country, to the crocodile and to the serpent, and to sacred stones ; and they offered special veneration to their deceased ancestors ; and in the administration of the ordeal of Tangena, the poisonous fruit was evidently addressed as a god, under the name of Raimanamango, or Tangena.

Among the Jews the new year was ushered in by the feast of the Passover. Among the Hovas their new year began by a general feast, which was observed all over the country, and in the observance of which there were certain points of resemblance to parts of the Passover and to some other feasts of the Jews. Each family, or any number of families united, were to select a bullock, to be killed on the morning of the appointed day. The sovereign also selected a kind of representative bullock for himself and the people. The country was searched over for his bullock, for it must be without blemish, and of a perfect symmetrical appearance. A young man, also without any blemish or defect, and both of whose parents were alive, was appointed to slay the bullock at the proper time. On the evening before the feast day, and while the burning of the dry grass was being carried on, the sovereign and his court, and many of the principal men, assembled in the palace, where for the occasion a bath had been prepared, and a specially-appointed person led the sovereign to the bath. After bathing, the sovereign came out, and, walking about among the people, both within the palace and out of doors, blessed them and sprinkled them with water out of a bullock's horn ; after which the sovereign and his subjects feasted together on boiled rice mixed with honey. Early next morning the bullocks were killed, the king's first, then the people's, and a portion of the blood, on a rush, was fixed on the wall or roof above the door of each dwelling.

The Jews often sacrificed on high places in various parts of the country, and they had among them images called groves, which could be carried from one place to another, and which could be burned with fire. It would appear, from an article in Kitto's "*Cyclopædia on High Places and Groves*," that the groves may have been something of a shrine enclosing the supposed divinity, and sometimes resembling a plant or tree. The Hova Malagasy have places for sacrifice, or altars, all over the country, where they sacrifice to sundry divinities, living things or parts of them, to obtain long life, health, prosperity, children, and even forgiveness of sins ; and at those altars they vow vows, and make thank-offerings of fat, oil, and even of a little money ; and they had many idols of different names, most of the principal ones of which were fixed on slender poles the height of a man or more, and stuck in the ground like a spear or surveying staff, and carried from place to place as occasion required, and which in their general outward appearance somewhat resembled an umbrella half shut, the sections being of strips of scarlet cloth, but more numerous than in an umbrella, with a long handle, and not far in

appearance from a rudely drawn picture of a young larch tree with a long stem. The cloth, &c., however, was only the shrine, the supposed god being carefully concealed in the upper part of the folds. At the coronation of Radama II. it is said he had the whole of them, —amounting, as some say, to one hundred, more or less, of every kind,—brought to take their place in the large assembly. Such a collection of them, if arranged in one place, might be called a grove by their devotees; and it is now well known that these idols were all afterwards *burned with fire*.

The Jews were early taught the idea of substitution by which one being suffered in the place of another; and the idea of the transfer of liability to suffer from man to beast was not unknown among them. Such ideas are not very common among the Hovas, but they are not altogether unknown. Towards the latter end of the reign of Andriamasinavalona (between whose death and the present time there have reigned nine sovereigns here, six of whom reigned in the present century), when he became very old and feeble, his attendants exhausted all the usual means of strengthening his feeble body. Application was then made to what may be called the priesthood to ascertain what else could be done to preserve his life. The priesthood replied by saying that if a man could be found willing to die for the king, it might prolong his life. A proclamation was made to the people inviting willing offers, but most of the people ran away: however, one man came forward and offered to die for the king. After due preparation, he was bound by the priests and brought before the people as a willing victim. But having secretly concealed round his neck the gullet of an ox, filled with blood, the priests pretended to kill him, but only cut the gullet, so that blood appeared to be shed, to the amazement of the people. The king afterwards sent for the man and thanked him, and then made a law that the man's descendants to the latest generation should not suffer death for crimes committed by them, though usually punishable by death. His descendants still exist here, and occasionally plead the merit of their ancestor and the law made in their favour.

The young officer who was the principal agent in placing Ranavalona I. on the throne, and who was the reputed father of her son and heir, remained in favour with her as Prime Minister for about two years; then another powerful and rich family obtained possession of the Queen, and the principal management of the affairs of Imerina. The young officer, dreading the fate which awaited him, applied to the old priesthood to know of what death he should die. Their reply was that he should die a bloody death. He then inquired whether anything could be done to avert such a calamity. The priests said that the indications were very strong against him, but they recommended as follows. He was to ride on the back of a bullock and to take in his hands a small calabash filled with blood. He was then to pour out the blood upon the head of the bullock, then to dismount and send the bullock far away into a desert, where

it should never more be seen or heard of. All this he went through ; but in the course of a few weeks he underwent a mock trial for sorcery, and was soon afterwards assassinated in his own house.

There were laws among the Jews respecting the offering of first fruits to the Lord, and bringing them to the priest. The Hova Malagasy from year to year present the first sheaves of their newly ripened grain to the sovereign. The sheaves are carried to the palace in a kind of procession from time to time as the grain ripens.

The above-mentioned customs and modes of worship have been practised among the Hovas from time immemorial ; many of them have a curious reference to the ceremonies and modes of worship common among the ancient Jews, whether revealed to them through their great Lawgiver at Sinai, or adopted by them from the heathen nations surrounding Palestine. Are such coincidences to be considered as accidental and such as are to be found among many barbarous nations ? Or are they to be considered as of a more special character, such as may be attributed to a more intimate connection, we shall say, between the remote ancestors of the present Hovas and the Jews and Phenicians of the times of Hiram and Solomon ? The present writer considers such coincidences as much more in favour of the latter hypothesis than of the former, and the following considerations may have some weight in strengthening his view of the matter.

1. The Phenician navigators were particularly noted for successfully planting colonies on the shores of the seas navigated by their ships. Thus on the Mediterranean their colonies were numerous, planted for the protection of their commerce and the periodical supply of what was necessary for their slow-moving ships.

2. The Phenicians, having neither strongly built ships nor mariner's compass, are said to have seldom sailed far from the sight of land. And if they ever lost sight of land, it was deemed imperative to turn towards land as soon as possible. And in this way they are said to have certainly explored the north-east coast of Africa, from the Red Sea southwards, if not to have sailed round the entire continent from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean.

3. If they explored the north-east and east coast of Africa, they would probably visit the Comoro islands in the Mozambique Channel, and, at least, the west coast of Madagascar, for their craft would be quite as suitable for such waters as the Arab dhows of the present day. And again, if, as some suppose, the gold-producing regions west of Sofala, though now long denuded of most of its surface gold, rock gold only still remaining, should turn out to be the real Ophir of the ancients, the Phenicians were, without doubt, well acquainted with the Bay of Sofala on the east coast of Africa.

4. That the Ophir of the Jews and Phenicians lay in that direction appears now more than ever probable by the recent information respecting the discovery of extensive ruins of a large city in south-east Africa. This important intelligence is conveyed in a

letter addressed to Dr. Petermann, the celebrated German geographer, by Carl Mauch, a famous German explorer in South-east Africa, and dated September 13, 1871, written at Zimbabwe, in $20^{\circ} 14' 5''$ latitude, and $31^{\circ} 48'$ east longitude, under 200 miles due west of the port of Sofala and little more than 100 miles north of the Limpopo River. Here Herr Mauch has found the ruins of buildings with walls 30 feet high, 15 feet thick, and 450 feet across; a tower and other erections formed exclusively of hewn granite without mortar, and with ornaments which seem to show that they are neither Portuguese nor Arabian, but are of much greater antiquity,—not improbably of the age of the Phenicians or Tyrians and King Solomon. Dr. Petermann is inclined to the opinion very prevalent among scholars, that herein South-east Africa is the land of Ophir of the Bible," &c., &c.—(From *The Colonies*, Feb. 14, 1872.)

5. The joint fleet of Hiram and Solomon undoubtedly passed the island of Socotra at the entrance of the Red Sea from the Indian Ocean. The voyage from thence to the east coast of Africa, to the Comoro Islands, or even to the west coast of Madagascar, would be just such a voyage as the Phenicians in their ships could manage, perhaps quite as well as the Arabs of the present day. Indeed, after accomplishing, as we know they did, the voyage from Eziongeber to near Socotra, another voyage of about the same length, but much less dangerous, would bring the ships of Hiram and Solomon to Bambetoka Bay, and the principal port, and which receives the Betsiboka, the principal river on the west coast of Madagascar, while much shorter and not more dangerous would be the voyage from Bambetoka Bay to the Bay of Sofala.

But it may be said, Have no remains of Phenician settlements ever been found on those shores, as in any other places where they formed settlements or founded colonies? It may be said in reply 'that foreigners from temperate climes, owing to the unhealthiness of those coasts, have never been able successfully to plant colonies, either on the east or west side of the Mozambique Channel. On the western side neither the Portuguese colonies of 200 years' standing, though constantly strengthened by men from Portugal, and whose object was not to live by hard labour, but to enrich themselves by supplying the world with slaves, have ever been able to take a permanent root in the soil; nor has the well appointed mission under Bishop Mackenzie, and led by all the experience of Livingstone, and whose object was to extirpate slavery, and to plant the glorious Gospel of Christ in its stead, been able to conquer the malaria of that coast, nor to find a position inland where European families could live in the enjoyment of ordinary health. But supposing the servants of Hiram and Solomon attempted a settlement or colony, or half-way house, at the mouth of the Betsiboka River, on the west coast of Madagascar, their circumstances, in one respect, would have been much more favourable than it would have been at any place on the western side of the

channel ; for there they were at the mouth of a large river which led up to an elevated table land, the present dwelling place of the Hovas, which they could reach by sailing up the river a few days in their boats, and then after a few days' travel by land, reach the healthy plains of Vonizongo and Imerina. Let us then suppose that from time to time, parties of the servants sent by the Kings of Israel and Syria made their escape from the fever-stricken coast to Imerina, a land resembling the upper lands of their own Judea and Syria, and we may to some extent account for the introduction of many of the customs and modes of worship referred to above. All attempts to colonize, or by missions to christianize, Madagascar, from that day to 1820, have either been abandoned in despair or have led to the imitation of what the Phenicians are here supposed to have done, *i.e.*, forced their way to obtain a footing in the interior.

And further, if the peacock referred to in Scripture be in reality the ostrich (see Kitto, 3rd ed., Ostrich), and if the ape included varieties of the Madagascar lemur, quite as likely to be an interesting favourite with the royal naturalist as the common baboon, then the whole of Solomon's imports could easily be found in the course of a three years' voyage from Eziongeber on the Red Sea to the Bay of Sofala on the east coast of Africa, and back again, and the fact that gold has been again discovered west of Sofala in rocks in sufficient quantity to induce Europeans at the present time to send up machinery for the purpose of crushing the rocks to obtain the gold, and that precious stones in great abundance have been discovered in South-east Africa, seems to add rather than otherwise to the probability of what is only conjectured in this paper.

The discovery of the Moabite Stone was hailed by many as a verification of a single point in ancient Jewish sacred history. In like manner the abovementioned customs and modes long known to prevail among the Malagasy may at least point to an original people, where in ancient times, they were known and practised, for good or evil, in a more perfect manner.

J. C.

A Scramble in the Uitenhage Alps.

THE reader who has followed Mr. Whympers in his "Scramble among the Alps," and been fascinated as well as excited by his tales of hairbreadth 'scapes from the yawning crevasse or mountain ledge, will smile at the ambition which suggests my title to the following story, yet it was partly reading the book which gave an impulse to go and do likewise, on however small a scale. Having been in harness for some months without a break, I began to feel mentally and physically "used up," more the former than the latter, due to the nature of one's work. To be daily in contact with most of the ills that flesh is heir to, and have to stand between the dead and the living, causes a strain on the nerves which sooner or later tells. When this feeling comes on it is time to hold a truce with the enemy, and, in the old-fashion style of warfare, go into winter quarters and recruit for future campaigns. With this feeling I made preparations for my Easter holidays.

The traveller on the Bay road to the Interior, especially if a recent arrival, although he may exclaim against the very dull, uninteresting scene over which he is passing, yet if he is a lover of the beautiful in nature cannot but be struck with the varied outline of the mountain range which limits the horizon to his front and left. The graceful curve, the bold buttress, the pointed spire, stand out on a clear day against the sky, and form the frame to a picture which, as the traveller enters Uitenhage, I imagine is rarely equalled. This mountain range is called the "Winterhoek," and which I have christened with the more lofty title of the "Uitenhage Alps." It is a country little known but to the Kafir herd or young farmer in search of lost stock. After a long residence in this harsh, unlovely, dusty Port Elizabeth, the morning one wakes up in Uitenhage seems delightful by contrast; Uitenhage is improving every year in arborescent beauty, and with its manifold advantages ought to support a large population. Doubtless it will be some day the capital of a province when J. P——'s dream of a South African Dominion comes true.

As companions in my scramble I invited the son of the Rev. Mr. Pickering, a fine lad of some eighteen summers, whom I thought capable of bearing the fatigue, and who himself desired to enter as an apprentice into the mysteries of the mountain temple, and Johnny S——, a good lad formerly in my employ. I also hired two Bastard Hottentots, one of whom, Jan, had before accompanied me on an Easter holiday, and another, Daniel, a noted hunter in the Uitenhage wilds; our impedimenta, consisting of provisions, kettle, *water-vatje*, and blankets, were put into sacks and firmly lashed on the backs of two stout ponies.

The Winterhoek range dips into the plain about an hour and a half from Uitenhage, and it was from this point I determined to

begin the ascent. We arrived at our starting place after a pleasant march of some three hours, our course leading us through a thickly bushed country, looking bright and green under the influence of recent rains, each little dell sprinkled with flowers and the pure white jessamine starring here and there the crisp foliage. After a few hours' rest in the mingled light of departing-day and a rising moon, we breasted the mountain slope, and after a steady march of some two hours, determined to halt for the night. Town life is no good preparation for alpine exploits, and the perspiration pouring down one's face showed how one's system was surcharged with too much food, too much liquid; our hurried respiration and beating hearts showed the supply of fuel was in excess; besides, at forty one begins to have a foretaste of what is in store for the future, and one's idiosyncrasy expresses itself in a larger expanse of waistcoat and a less graceful outline, and ah! that twinge in the great toe, it may have been the champagne and lobster salad at Mrs. H——'s ball, or perhaps that extra glass of hot punch our venerable sire could not resist on that night when the news of the battle of Waterloo was brought down into the little town in the "west counterie" by his Majesty's "courier" or "red rover." At any rate, whether that tell-tale twinge was owing to the champagne or the "sins of the fathers," it was very pleasant to halt and arrange for our bivouac. In an atmosphere untainted by the three hundred and sixty-five stench of undrained Port Elizabeth, we drank in huge draughts of the rectified mountain ether and courted sleep, while

The planet of Love was on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky.

And the moon, letting fall as it were her light drapery of misty cloud, glided on her path like a "Queen Godiva," unconscious of us peeping intruders on the mountain side. We awoke, under the warm rays of a sun

Not as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light,

and were detained some little time by our horses having strayed. The boys having found them, we continued the ascent, and gaining the ridge built a pillar of stones, and enclosed a paper in a bottle, with names of the party, and pointing out where water was to be found, &c., for guidance of future explorers. About two hours' marching brought us to a bold buttress, where on a former trip I had slept with my two companions, Captain D. De Fenzi and Mr. C. Housley, the former since "gone to the majority," a fine fellow fallen too early in the strife. At the midday repast I drank a silent peace to his manes, but could not shake off the sadness the place naturally induced. A short but stiff climb gained us a higher elevation, where the character of the veld changes, the grass becoming harsh and sour and scarcely a bush to be seen.

As the sun went down we toiled slowly over a neck or ridge, and determined to halt for the night. Our approach was challenged by the hoarse voice of a baboon, who, stationed on a krantz, seemed to be the sentinel at the mouth of a large ravine; two pointed hills sloping towards each other, formed the border of a dark space which Gustav Doré might have delineated as the "entrance to Hades." The ground at the top of the ravine was damp, which compelled us to encamp for the night amidst some large ruin-like boulders just opposite. After a hearty supper of the usual carbonatjes and hot coffee, we courted the drowsy god, to no purpose; the ground was ill chosen, too rough and sloping, and the wind springing up seemed to blow as if from the devil's bellows, out of the dark ravine in front. Sleep was restless and fitful; about three in the morning I started up, and right in front, hovering as it were over the abyss, were, as it seemed to my excited imagination, four stars in the shape of a cross, and on the cross was a dim outline of a pale form. I was quite awake and stared *intentis oculis*, say, for some seconds, when the appearance vanished. It was very vivid; of course I knew it to be an "airy nothing," yet seeing it on waking suddenly, it made one's heart beat rapidly. As I in vain tried to sleep again, I recollected how the festival of the Church must have got impressed by memory on the brain, and a state of "unconscious cerebration," as I think the psychologists term it, must have made the vision a reality. Under the influence of the mountain solitude, given souls burning with love and faith, how real must have been the "Transfiguration."

A cup of steaming coffee was fully appreciated in the cold and nipping air of the early morn, and by seven a.m. we were again on the march. The line of the mountain ridge took us over a very rugged path, and just after starting three rheeboks jumped up ahead, and I had a snap shot with a ball as they dashed over the broken ground to the left. Now and then a mountain hare would scurry away from under our feet, looking as soft and cosy as a lady's muff; they are quite a different species from those met with in the bush veld. A few partridges were seen, but we did not care to follow them up. More than once we met traces of the zebras which still linger in these high solitudes; we were evidently on their midsummer feeding grounds, but the cold nights must have driven them to the warmer shelter of the lower spurs of the range. The sun was rather hot, and the ground so exceedingly broken and heavy, that we halted again for the night at about four p.m. The sky which hitherto had been without a cloud, began to be chequered by fleecy masses, but no signs as yet of a decided rain-storm; the heavy exertion of the day's march began to tell, and I could not sleep from a sense of oppression at the chest and thumping of the heart. I awoke out of a short nap to find myself bleeding freely from the nose; this gave relief, but no sleep; so lying on my back I passed a good part of the night in watching the fantastic cloud shapes which sailed across the sky, and now and then let fall a few big rain-drops.

I began to be anxious about our position in case of a sudden storm. Much to our disgust, the horses, which had been knee-haltered, were nowhere to be seen, and it was quite midday before the runaways were brought back. Our supplies were now getting low, and as we were in a country quite unknown to us, it was prudent to economise in our meals.

The morning march was a very short and slow one over an abominable route, where every footstep was an effort ; it brought us to a very narrow ridge, quite precipitous to the seaside, sloping gradually towards the Karroo. It was the highest point we had reached, and the view from it was sublime. Right in front was the celebrated "Cockscomb," with nothing to intercept the view of his awful face of sheer precipice, riven and worn by lightning stroke and tempest. The ascent of this mountain is evidently an impossibility from the approach where we were now standing, and I believe it is only from the Karroo side that the summit has been gained. To the right we had a view of the whole range of the Zuurberg, with the Sunday's River emerging from a dark gorge, the long line of mist tracing out the course of the river as it hastened on its way to the sea. To the left the coast line could be traced past St. Francis' Bay, past Cape Recif and Point Padrone ; Uitenhage, with its white houses dotted here and there amidst its gardens, looking comparatively near, from the clearness of the atmosphere ; the Eland's River mountains spread out as it were below us, showed a panorama of mountain scenery of every conceivable form, the long spurs of the range looking like huge waves of a stormy sea turned to stone ; the lower parts of the slopes are clothed with dense bush, where the buffalo still roams, scarcely ever molested.

Standing with such a scene around, the mind tries in vain to grasp the idea of the time which must have elapsed since the yeasty margin of a primeval sea broke against the battlements and crags at our feet, now "with verdure clad, in strength arrayed," and destined still to lift up their heads and bathe themselves in the morning light,

When time is old, and hath forgot itself,
And blind oblivion swallowed cities up,
And mighty States, characterless,
Are grated to dusty nothing.

A short distance from our stand-point brought us to a wide grassy valley, and at some 350 yards off up jumped a fine rhebok ram. Three balls well placed were in a second after him, but he got "off and away." A little fountain was here discovered, which was a perfect godsend, as we were parched with thirst, and the *water-vatje* was dry. About this point I had determined to turn and come down one of the long ranges which dip into the Zwartkop's River, but I found it was impossible, from the nature of the country, to do so. We were certainly in a fix, and I felt anxious ; the sun was getting low, the air chilly, masses of cloud were piling up on the horizon, the highest points were already being clothed with slight

mist. After holding a council, we determined to make a forced march, and try and get to some farm on the Karroo side. To return by the route we had come would have been a fatal mistake; an almost exhausted commissariat, only a little coffee and dry bread left, would not have been sufficient fuel to keep the vital spark alive under the depressing influence of cold, hunger, and wet. After relieving horses of baggage for a short time, we made a move, and struggled on, now round a krantz, now up a mountain slope, then across a valley; it was the hardest work I ever experienced,—in some places boys and horses stumbling and falling with imminent danger to life and limb. The clouds came on apace, and we arrived in a little ravine, which made as it were a wrinkle on the face of the mountain we were turning. Here it became too dark to proceed, so perforce we off-saddled for the night. A piece of bread and a tin of hot coffee were all our inner fortifications against the coming night and rain-storm. The wind began to rush down the ravine in angry gusts, and we had just time to rig up a sort of shelter by means of my large skin *combaars*, when the rain and hail poured down and beat on our devoted heads; the large fire was quite extinguished, the poor horses seemed to ask for sympathy by coming close to us, and our lean and hungry dogs forced themselves amongst us for shelter. Never was morning more welcomed by cast-away sailors than by us. The rain, however, still kept on, but the horrid compact of Erebus and Terror was broken. After a still more diluted cup of coffee, we packed up our drenched things, and, after another steep climb and some two hours' further downward march, we caught sight of a farmhouse; it proved to be that of Mr. H. van der Riet, who, on our first emerging from the bush, took us for a party of police after cattle-stealers; his surprise was natural. When we told him where we had come from, I think he had some doubt of my sanity. However, he immediately attended to the wants of ourselves and horses, and, in fact, placed his house at our disposal. Happy Fortune had brought us a true Highland welcome. The Hottentots looked a blackish green, and almost on the verge of D.T. from exposure and absence of their accustomed stimulus. The two lads were worn and thin, but still game, and I felt only too glad we were not food for the crows on the bleak mountain side.

The rain seemed "never weary;" but on the following day I sent to Uitenhage for a cart and horses, and meanwhile had to amuse myself as best I could. Our kind host, who is himself a first-rate sportsman, and one of the coolest shots I ever saw, entertained us with many a tale of "white days" in his sporting experience. Whilst chatting, he casually mentioned that some time ago he had picked up at a sale a lot of old books, which were at my service; they proved to be the oddest mixture I ever met, especially on a farm in South Africa, where the usual food for the mind consists generally of a spelling-book or an old almanac. Among some musty tomes of some 150 or 200 years old, on Theology, I found a

Hebrew Grammar and a Greek Testament in strange companionship with an essay on "Duelling." I tried the "Theology," but got into mistier regions than I had lately come through; the Hebrew remained Hebrew, the Greek seemed "foolishness," when my eye lighted on a copy of "Burns." I pounced on it with avidity, and, opening the volume, my eye caught the following:—

The very deil he could na scaith
 Whatever would belang thee,
 He'd look into thy bonny face
 And say, "I canna wrang thee."

This seemed the very antithesis of the fire and brimstone dogmas I had just been perusing, but I think one of the happiest expressions of the power of goodness and beauty over the "very deil himself." But, "we are digressing."

In the meantime the cart has arrived. I have shaken my kind host and hostess by the hand, and a pleasant drive of some six hours brought us to our starting-place, the dreamy, treey, easy-going old Uitenhage. The reader who has cared to "scramble" after me thus far will here naturally remark, "Was the game worth the candle?" If he be one who goes in for pot-hunting, and whose beau-ideal of shooting is to knock over harmless-looking hares performing their moonlight toilet on the roadside, or firing into a lot of pheasants as they scratch in the dusty road of a summer afternoon,—I say, decidedly not. But to a real sportsman, who is almost always a lover of Nature in her various moods, and is satisfied with his two or three brace of birds and the chance of a neat rifle-shot at some fine buck as he races up the side of a steep ravine,—decidedly yes! Besides, there is the reserve force of *vis vitæ* one bottles up in the pure atmosphere on the mountain, not to be surpassed by the most sparkling Bass or "three star" ever imported.

If the perusal of these lines should stimulate any other party to go in for a similar experience, I would suggest that the base of the Cockscomb should be reached *viâ* the Karroo in a cart, devote one day to my still defiant enemy, and then come down the Eland's River range, and so into Port Elizabeth, or descend into the valley of the Zwartkops, where, no doubt, splendid sport might be got among the buffaloes, besides other minor game, and *en route* there would be almost a certainty of coming across the zebras, whose marks on the higher ranges were numerous. The party should not number less than eight, for in case of a gun accident, or broken limb, with a less number it would be impossible to get out, and the result would be far from a "Euthanasia," so that I will bring my story to a close with the memorable advice of *Punch* to those about to marry—Don't!

F. E.

Port Elizabeth, May, 1873.

A Letter.

I HAVE one last request to make before
 I sink to sleep, to wake again no more
 Until these days of worldliness and strife
 Melt into one of happiness and life.
 My one request is, that you never show
 To other eyes the lines I write below.
 I cannot die till they are sent ; until
 I know that you will read them ; cannot fill
 My heart with thoughts of higher love than this
 That has been all my pain and all my bliss.

It was a clear, hot summer day,
 Too hot to bear seemed every burning ray ;
 The many voices of the busy crowd
 Gathered around me seemed harsh and loud,
 And yet far off, as in some dreadful dream.
 Ah ! how I wished things did but seem ;
 But every passing moment proved anew
 That all was but too surely, sadly true.
 Again, as in a dream, I heard them ring
 Those dreadful, dreadful bells ; and saw them fling
 Wide the great doors, and through these to the floor
 Watched many a ray of yellow sunshine pour.
 From my dark corner, with dimmed eyes,
 I watched it all, till soon I saw arise
 A sudden movement, and as sudden hush,
 And through the open doors beheld a crush
 Of brilliant colours, led by snowy white.
 I turned to you ; your eyes were all alight
 With expectation, and I saw them dance
 With happy love to meet the timid glance

Of hers, while she came slowly to your side,
And stood there in the sight of all—your bride.
I do not know much more. I did not die,
But sat and watched it all without a sigh
Or tear, like a still figure carved in stone,
Silent and cold, and moveless, and alone.
Somehow I knew 'twas over, all was done,
And to the death you two were only one.
Then I arose to take one look, the last
In all my life, of you; and soon you passed
Down the bright aisle, quite close, near touching me;
There was but one face you could ever see:
Your eyes were fixed on that; and I was glad,
With all my aching heart, that nothing sad
Should meet your happy eyes on such a day;
And so, without one smile, you passed away.
My life passed out with you in silent prayer
That you and your young bride, so good and fair—
I owned that in my misery—might never feel
Through all your loving lives one sad thought steal;
I prayed that all might there be peace and rest,
In one another's purest heart-love blest.
So, standing there alone, I prayed for you:
My love was great to do it, for I knew
That on this day I died; because I die,
I write. It cannot pain to know that I,
Who shall be dead when your eyes read my tale,
Once let my joy die out, my face grow pale,
Because I loved you, and so well could see
Nothing within your heart would e'er love me.
I blame you not; I think it was my fate
To love, and, not be loved, die desolate.

Old Times at the Cape.

IN the Sixteenth Chapter of Herr Allemann's Biography there are some few things worthy of note, and we cannot do better than plunge at once *in medias res*, by giving his account of how courtships were carried on in the last century, and how the Governor's table was supplied by pressed followers of Nimrod.

"Just at the time when Governor Van der Stell was recalled to Holland, and Van Asseburg, formerly an Imperial General, had succeeded him as Governor, Herr Allemann arrived at the Cape, and was installed in the Castle as a common soldier. Out of every ship arriving from Holland, the Government here had the power of choosing some of the crew as soldiers. Formerly the Barrack Master and the Adjutant used to go on board and pick out such men as they wanted, as well from amongst the sailors as the marines. But as it always happened that the finest and most useful men were selected, the sea captains complained to the Council of Seventeen in Holland, and since that time the Government of the Cape were only allowed to strike off the ship's books the names of those who were themselves willing to stay behind."

Now mark the ingenuity of these colonial crimps, and how they managed to keep just within the letter of the law while violating its spirit.

"But the captains did not find matters much improved, for, when the Adjutant boarded such ships, he called out one or other of the soldiers to him, and inquired at his hands whether he would rather stay on board or go ashore. In either case, if he wanted his wishes complied with, he must confess or give up the names of the best and most useful soldiers on board. The Adjutant noted down these names, and delivered the list to the Secretary of the Ordnance; and when the Governor had affixed his name to the list the captain was obliged to hand them over. The Barrack Master did the same thing with the sailors. When also the convalescent patients were mustered out of the hospital, the healthiest and strongest men were kept at the Cape, while the remainder were drafted to the different ships. In this way the Cape Government were constantly getting finer and better men in the way of recruits. But those who were no good at all were sent inland to the farms belonging to the Company, and there employed in herding oxen, driving mules, chopping fuel, catching fish, and making hay.

"In some such fashion as this was Herr Allemann chosen out of his ship by the Adjutant, and placed in the barrack on the bastion 'Nassau.' He at once was clothed in an old uniform, and as he had no ready money to pay for it, a certain sum was stopped out of his monthly wages. Now military pay was only forthcoming under certain conditions. Thus, those soldiers who had learned a trade by which they could earn money, were exempt from military service on paying to the Government every month four rix-dollars, or nine

florins and twelve stuivers. But on the other hand they received as monthly salary, kost-geld and bread, or board wages. This was called the pay of those who were exempt from service, and was always paid on the first day of every month.

“As soon as Herr Allemann was settled in the Castle, he was obliged to begin to learn the Dutch military drill, but as he had previously studied the Prussian system, it was comparatively easy for him to master the details. So he was soon released from further study, and put amongst the guard. It is not to be wondered at that a young man who had been three, four, or five months at sea, living upon nothing but salt meat, smoked bacon, pease, beans, and peeled barley, should wish, when he got ashore, to enjoy fresh victuals, and, if he could have it, a grand feast. The appetite of such a man is wonderful, and the Cape mutton and garden greens are so rich and delicious, that many such men, if they can afford it, will get ill from overeating themselves.”

This picture of poor, hungry, half-starved Herr Allemann looking forward to the flesh-pots of the Cape is a fitting pendant to the still more delightful sketch of what the poor wretch had to go through in the way of filling the stomachs of others before he could be said to satisfy his own after escaping from marine bondage.

“So long as our Herr Allemann retained any such portion of his outfit as he did not absolutely need for personal use, and could sell it, he was tolerably well off. But when he had sold even the chest in which this outfit had been packed, then he, along with those who had come out with him, began truly to be in want.

“Now the Governor had three huntsmen in his service, who every week were compelled to supply a certain quantity of game to his kitchens. The quantity fixed is not large, but even that little is sometimes difficult to get, as game worth eating is often scarce. Of these three huntsmen one was missing, so the Governor sent a soldier from the guard round all the barracks to inquire if amongst the soldiers there was one who was a huntsman, and was willing to take the place of the absent one.”

We shall now see how poor Allemann falls into the trap, and in his desire to escape from one galling form of servitude, literally jumps out of the frying-pan into the fire.

“Herr Allemann was a lover of the chase. He thought if he took this place he might better himself. He, therefore, gave himself out to be a hunter, and accepted the Governor’s offer. He sold his old uniform to the sergeant of his company for a small sum of money, and his camp-bed also. With the price of these he purchased a green coat; a gun, powder, and shot were given to him, and now he was fully equipped as a huntsman. As long as he supplied a certain quantity of game to the Governor’s kitchens he was allowed to roam about the country as he liked. But, but, to get venison was no easy task! He had no hunting dogs, and all hares, except the mountain conies with small red tails like a squirrel’s, were now very scarce. Of birds, a hundred crows were to be seen to one edible

feathered creature. But the game *must* be delivered. So he sought out first one and then his other comrade, and bought heads of game from them. Several times he gave them a good drinking bout of wine, hoping in this way to induce them to discover the lurking-places of the game ; but his two friends were old huntsmen and sly foxes. They would confess nothing, nor get themselves into the snare. Therefore, from time to time Allemann was obliged to beg from them what they had shot over and above the required quantity. So far, therefore, Herr Allemann had bettered himself, that he never felt now the bitterness of hunger, for every farmer throughout the whole of the flat lands is bound to give a welcome to any servant of the Company who may be travelling about, and more especially to the Governor's huntsmen, who obtain from them free board and lodging. They entertain their guests as freely and well as their circumstances and means will allow. They are glad to see strangers and hear the news.

“ In this way Herr Allemann by degrees made himself very much liked by the farmers. They often kept him two or three days at their houses, and sometimes went with him out hunting, helping him to shoot the necessary quantity of game, and they often sent their own slaves to deliver it for him at the Governor's kitchens ; and this is the place to relate a circumstance which afterwards exercised a great influence over Allemann's life. As a huntsman he came one day about noon to the homestead of a farmer or boer, named Meyboom ; but these country people are very different from those of Holland. Many possess 200 or 300 oxen, 100 to 150 cows, sometimes more, 2,000 or more sheep, and 40 or 50 horses, and many slaves. Many African Boers think so highly of themselves that they would not exchange with a German or Dutch nobleman. Such a man was this Herr Meyboom. Herr Allemann stepped into the house, greeted those present, and begged a kind reception. He was made welcome ; the table was quickly laid, and a good dinner placed on it. They ate, they drank. After the meal, according to custom, tea was handed round, a pipe of tobacco was smoked, and they talked away till supper time. Herr Allemann spent the night with his kind and courteous host. He was a widower, but had one blind son and three daughters. The son lost his sight when only five years old, through an attack of small-pox, which generally visits the Cape every half century. Everything had been done to restore his sight ; his father had even sent him to Holland to consult a celebrated operator, but all in vain. The father would willingly have spent thousands of guilders to help his poor son, for he was a very rich man. He was a baker by trade, and had formerly baked bread and biscuits in Cape Town for sale. Suddenly he became very rich, and every one guessed that he had picked up some great prize at a shipwreck. Of his three daughters, the eldest was already married to the Magazine or Barrack Master Valck ; the second, called Abbetje, short for Albertine, looked after the kitchen, the household, and the dairy, and in fact was the housekeeper. The

youngest child, Gertrude, was still very young. During the daytime all went very well, but when night came, old Herr Meyboom ordered a separate sleeping-room to be prepared for Herr Allemann. But Miss Abbetje, who carried her head very high, held her nose in the air, refused to see to it, but summoned a little slave-girl to make up a bed in the kitchen for Allemann, as he was only a common soldier and huntsman. Now one knows well that Dutch kitchens are kept much cleaner than German ones, and that they really are rooms with large kitchen ranges in, and in which cooking goes on. But in this country two or three slaves generally bring their mattresses into the kitchen at bed-time, and sleep there, getting up very early in the morning. Therefore Mademoiselle Abbetje might have had enough regard for a servant of the Company to show him, as was usual, to a separate bed-room. But this she would not do, so he had to sleep in the kitchen, and the next morning, when he had had his early coffee and breakfasted, he took leave of the family, thanking them for their kindness, but departed from the farm with no very pleasant thoughts about Miss Abbetje. But we will revert to this subject again, and show how he turned the tables upon her not many years after.

“Not long after this circumstance, Herr Allemann was one day out hunting, and since morning had not had a single shot, nor even seen a head of game; so, being very weary, he threw himself down under the shade of a tree by the road-side to rest. His gun lay close to him. He lighted a pipe of tobacco, and taking a small Bible out of his pocket, began to read. Whilst smoking and reading, a rheebok ran past just in front of him. Hastily seizing his gun, he brought it to the ground. An ensign of the Cape Town garrison, named Rhenius, was just passing the spot, on his return to the town, with a commando of forty men, besides servants and Bastard Hottentots. He had been purchasing elephants’ teeth (tusks), oxen, and sheep, from the Namaqua Hottentots, and was not pleased at the interruption to his sport. He also had fired at the rheebok but had missed it. Seeing Herr Allemann, he came up to him, asking, ‘Who are you?’ Allemann answered that he had been a soldier in the Castle, but now was huntsman to the Governor. Then Ensign Rhenius asked him his name, his birth-place, and many other questions. Finally, looking him over from head to foot, he exclaimed, ‘My dear Allemann, you can do better in the world than to be a huntsman. Leave this employment to another; come back to the Castle, call upon me and I will see that you are done well by.’ Allemann, who found his life very wearisome, promised to do so, kept his word, and was again placed as a soldier on the bastion called ‘Catzenellenbogen.’ According to agreement he immediately presented himself also at the quarters of Ensign Rhenius, who, of course, had forgotten all about him, and sadly neglected his *protégé*.

“During the time that Allemann was a huntsman, new uniforms had been distributed. These were paid for by degrees out of the soldiers’ wages. When a soldier went away the sergeant took over

the uniform for a certain sum, according to its condition, and afterwards sold it again to some new comer, often at a good profit. Allemann was obliged to buy another uniform, and also a camp-bed, so that all his wages for the next month or two were bespoken. Of his old ship's outfit he had nothing more left to sell. By hunting he had earned next to nothing, and saved still less. As formerly on the bastion 'Nassau' he had passed many meal-times without tasting meat, so now on the bastion 'Catzenellenbogen' he had many fast days on which no food passed his lips. His stomach had become accustomed among the farmers daily to partake of a good meal of meat and wine, and after this coffee or tea to drink. Now his best meal consisted of a piece of ration bread and a basin of 'thee-water,' which he could get at the garrison kitchen for a stiver. One can easily imagine that such an insufficiency of food made poor Allemann full of sad thoughts, and besides this he could not imagine why Ensign Rhenius so quickly forgot him, and thought no more of fulfilling his promises. One day when his turn came to go on guard as sentry, and to stand for two hours in the burning midday sun on the bastion 'Leerdam,' he became dizzy and faint from want of food, and weary and tired of his life, and in an evil moment he determined to put an end to himself: he took a cartridge out of his pouch, put some powder in his gun, and drawing out the ramrod the loading was completed. Luckily, two soldiers were passing over from the bastion 'Oranien' to 'Leerdam;' these, whom Herr Allemann had not perceived, were his preservers. They rushed forward and snatched the gun out of his hand. He recollected himself immediately, and begged them to return to him his gun, promising that he would do no harm with it; but it was too late, for, first, they would not trust him, and, secondly, they might be severely punished for disarming a sentry, unless they could show good reason for doing so. The bastions 'Leerdam' and 'Oranien' lay towards the land side, and are built higher than the others, so that in case of an attack by an enemy their guns may be turned so as to flank the three other lower bastions lying towards the sea. 'Leerdam' is the only one which can be seen from the guard-house. The sergeant dispatched the corporal with two men to see what was going on; so they posted one of the two as sentry on the bastion, and brought back Allemann with them in arrest. As soon as the sergeant heard what had passed he sent a soldier over to the Governor's house, where the officer on duty and the Captain were dining, to report the news. In a moment the news flew through the Castle, 'Allemann had tried to shoot himself.' The tidings came to the ears of Ensign Rhenius; he started violently, and in his mind came the words of the cup-bearer to King Pharaoh, '*To-day I think upon my sins.*'"

With which graphic bit of descriptive writing we must here conclude the Sixteenth Chapter.

G. R.

The Dream Journey.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER

Autumn with hurried wing is drawing near
 Bringing for me a load of added pain ;
 In endless suffering, poverty, and fear,
 I see the blossom of my spirit wane.
 O save me from the foul Lutetian stream .
 Would that my birth had seen a fairer sky !
 E'en in my childhood Greece was all my dream :
 That is the land where I would wish to die.

No need to lesson me in Homer's verse.
 I once was Greek—Pythagoras speaks true ;
 'The Periclean Athens was my nurse,
 The prison cell of Socrates I knew ;
 The works of Phidias were my delight,
 Ilissus' flowery borders charmed my eye ;
 I scared the bees upon Hymettus' height :
 That is the land where I would wish to die.

Ye Gods, for one brief day I would entreat
 That dazzling radiance might thrill my veins !
 For Liberty, whose distant form I greet,
 Cries to me—' Hasten, Thrasybulus reigns !'
 Let us be gone—the ship is ready manned ;
 Old Ocean, be to me a true ally ;
 My spirit yearns for the Piræan strand :
 That is the land where I would wish to die.

Old Stories Retold.

No. I.

It matters not when, how, or by what happy accident, on one fine morning not many months ago I met during my rambles in the Botanic Gardens with a venerable gentleman whom I soon found to be a living institution, a veritable Batavier of the olden times, one who had served in the Burgery under good General Jansens in the days when he was Defender of the Faith and of the Cape Colony as well. We soon engaged in social chat, and it was not long before I had drawn from my heroic friend many a good tale of the olden days, with one or two of which I was struck so forcibly that I mentally jotted them down as worthy to be handed down to posterity in your pages. Take the first, as follows:—

St. George's-street, as many of my readers may know, was in those days called Berg-street, and was then the residence and resort of all well-to-do Burgers, Government officials, the clergy, and other celebrities. Social intercourse, although select, was nevertheless cordial within this circle, where a game of ombre invariably preceded the night-cap on all evenings of the week, Sundays only excepted. A select trio, consisting of a member of the Burgerraad, Dominie Van Does van Eeden, and old Allemann, had been at it even before the shades of evening had set in, by candle light, with double blinds carefully excluding all inquisitive eyes from the street (as far as I can remember, this took place in the year A.D., Ante doxies, 1794—I believe he called it). The game had proceeded without any disturbance up to nine o'clock, the hour when all good and orderly fathers of families were expected to be at home to join in the orthodox supper of fried silver-fish and rice; the gun had fired, but no master had made his appearance at this orderly house where rumour, whispered the good housewife kept the rod and rule. What was to be done? The reputation of the house was at stake; and in order to prevent the irregularity in future as well as the scandal that was sure to follow, it was determined to proceed to an extreme measure by setting up an example as a warning to all future delinquencies. Cæsar,* the coachman, was called and ordered to light the lantern and fetch his master home by its light, and at the same time to protect him from the limbs of the law, who had strict injunctions to put all black men in the tronk or gaol who were found after dark in the streets by themselves and without a lighted lantern. The messenger found his master at play and sent his errand in by deputy. "Tell him to blow out his light and sit waiting for me in the voorhuis," or hall, was the reply. A considerable time had passed when Pompey appeared on the same errand with lantern No. 2, followed in his turn by Mentor and a host of others. The male slaves of the establishment, as well as the lanterns it contained, having now been exhausted, it became necessary to draw on the neighbours, who responded cordially, and soon every

man and lantern available was pressed into the service; but no master made his appearance. The homely supper had to be eaten cold, and all the preparations for as cold a reception were then made, when the worthy matron retired to her bed-room, there to think over further strategic plans and to meditate on her position as the "first clergyman's" wife, herself above reproach in the eyes of all the world and maintaining her position in society, while her daughters were being trained by Aaltje Vlok at her establishment for young ladies, where they were educated at ninepence a head a month, with a free run of the kitchen when Aaltje manufactured her *tameletjes* or toffy of world-wide repute.

But night wore on, and yet no master had come home, and sweet revenge had to make room for sweet repose and sleep. The slaves, who had by this time increased in numbers from one to a dozen, tired also of waiting for the master, had fallen asleep too, and were keeping up chorus in the hall. The game went on apace; daylight broke, and the sun was shining in all his glory; but unseen by the card party, who were too much engrossed with their play to heed the time, when the maid came in to sweep the room, which, of course, brought all to their feet. It was now time for the Dominie at least to be off, for he had his sermon still to get ready for the Great Church, where he had the morning service to attend to. Chaffed by his friends, who had no special duties that day, at the reception that awaited him at home, not to mention the gauntlet he had to run through the streets, Dominie Van Does van Eeden, who was of a humorous turn of mind, was struck with the idea that this was the time when he could avail himself of an opportunity to wipe off old scores and of taming the shrew. Presuming on the intimacy that existed between himself and the Governor, with whom he had a secret compact to the effect that when His Excellency attended Divine Worship he would always leave out one of the Ten Commandments when he had to read them from his pulpit, he ordered the slaves to light their lanterns and to file off singly before him on his way home, where he duly arrived as the Dutch Reformed Church bells were ringing out their first peal!

What the result of this episode on the domestic circle of the worthy Dominie was I must leave my readers to conjecture. That the scandal it occasioned was general I concluded from the uneasy look of my friend, who seemed to be speculating on the possibility of a living spirit still hovering near, and reproving him for repeating the story now. It only made me more inquisitive, and I bethought myself how I might draw him out further. The prostrate old fir-tree at the entrance of the Garden avenue opportunely suggested that its fall last year might have had some connection with the fall of the old administration and the inauguration of Responsible Government, all having taken place about the same time. This took, and we were soon on the subject of Government and Government officials, past and present.

"That reminds me of Marthinus Hoenderboer," said our friend, lifting his heavy eyebrows. "You have heard of him, surely?—the old and as all thought, faithful messenger of the Colonial Office, at the corner of Grave-street."

Of course I had not ; but after some further parleying, I succeeded eventually in drawing the following to light :—

Marthinus Hoenderboer was a marvel. On twenty rix-dollars per month he had served the Government for many years, and had made himself indispensable to almost every civil servant on the Cape Town establishment. He was always sure to secure the best fish for the day in Rogge Bay for the heads of departments, and accommodation to the juniors to pay their debts of honour at the close of the month ; and being aided by an *alter ego* who was perfection itself in her pastry, the Colonial Office of the day obtained a notoriety for savoury klip-kous pie and other dainties, such as it never had before or ever after in all probability will get. Marthinus also had his peculiar ideas of dignity and of what was due to him. He soon became confirmed in his preconceived idea that men valued most what cost most, and putting this theory into practice he bethought himself of following up a line of conduct which, while it improved his means, at the same time magnified his office. He accordingly instituted in his office a tariff of charges of his own, to be charged to all those uninitiated. Black-mail was freely levied on all non-officials. There was a tax on seeing the Governor, a tax on seeing the Colonial Secretary, and a tax to purchase gunpowder from Government, who then had the monopoly. On the official steps, lounging in the sun might always be seen a pair of young idle negro scamps of slaves playing pranks on the passers-by, and thereby keeping the clerks of the establishments in roars of laughter all day. These vagabonds knew their duty and understood their master well. They had the choice between pleasing and having their hides tanned with the sjambok, which was always suspended behind the office door on a peg, side by side with a huge swallow-tail, which had to do service on Sundays, and on week days at funerals and at feasts, and not unfrequently on the back of a good customer from the country (for a consideration, of course) when he had to make his appearance before the Commissaries or the Pulpit. Marthinus was carrying on a lucrative trade, and, like all trades, his was capable of considerable extension. Ambition, too, had suggested improvements, and he ultimately decided to pay less attention for the future to the boer business and a little more to Cape Town smousing. This, however, required tact and weight ; the former a good head for business supplied, and the latter a well-lined purse. Himself moving on the lower shelf of the middle class of society, where the news of the day was freely discussed in the absence of newspapers, he soon became a living oracle on all matters political. Extraordinary predictions were made, and all turned true. It was not, therefore, surprising that his fame reached the ears of the Colonial Secretary.

If the *Geheime Raad* had been sitting in the morning, deliberating on the necessity of ridding Cape Society of a dangerous character by sending him across the water to Batavia by the fleet then taking in beef and cabbages, and the warrant for the secret arrest and shipment was out, no *gedetineerde* was to be found when the Fiscal sent his police to make the arrest, and lofts and cellars were searched in vain. The bird which had flown had had his information, but no one could tell how; and while the officials were still speculating over the mystery, queries made their appearance in official despatches from the *Kamer van Zeventien* in Amsterdam as to what became of the bribe a Government official had taken for the information which led to the escape. Things were now getting serious indeed when the members of the *Geheime Raad* could no longer trust each other. With this treason in their midst other unpleasant circumstances had taken place affecting the military department, and particularly the Commissariat. One or two excellent speculations were known to have been made by Cape Town merchants in rice and other articles of consumption addicted to attacks from white ants—insects which, like the dodo in Mauritius, are now supposed to be extinct here. The strictest watch had been set to find out how the information which the members of the *Geheime Raad* were alone supposed to be possessed of could get abroad, but to no purpose. At last the Colonial Secretary, who was a shrewd man, hit on a novel expedient of drawing the secret out,—one, with his high sense of honour, justifiable only in such times and seasons, when the whole of the military as well as the civil departments were not to be depended upon; for had not the case of Geering been tried and disposed of only a week before for stopping a respectable citizen from entering the avenue of the Company's Garden in broad daylight, under cover of his orders not to let any but *fatsoenlyke Christe menschen* pass, because he was humpbacked! And here was another case brought to the notice of the Governor, viz., that on the previous night a bet had been made and won at the military mess by the officers after dinner that the Fiscal himself would be produced there in his night-shirt! Was there security for life and property at the Cape after that? But to proceed, this was the scheme. Canterbury, the barber, was sent for next morning to appear before the Fiscal; and this barber being a celebrity in his way we must digress and say a few words of him. All that was known of him was that he was for the first time seen early one morning on the Green Point Common, near the present race-course, after a dreadful wreck during the night, on the beach hard by, of a vessel under French colours, and supposed to have sailed from the Island of Bourbon, and where all perished. He was a sort of living mummy on stilts, always trotting, and dressed at all seasons of the year in snow white flannel, unshod, and of dark complexion. He had ingratiated himself with the Upper Ten, on whom he attended daily to arrange their pig-tails, paint, powder and shave, from the Governor downwards, preparatory to official appearance;

and in this way he knew more of the private habits and haunts of the officials than the whole of the secret police put together. He was, moreover, like all his kind, an inveterate gossip, so much so that he was continually quoted in society when elegantly expressing the knowledge of a piece of State news. Canterbury was then ordered by the Fiscal in future to call on him at his private residence each morning after his rounds were completed, to report what conversation had passed between himself and his customers, and particularly what the members of the *Geheime Raad* had talked of while under his operation. In this way weeks were spent, but without getting any clue to the private leak in the Government Private Council. The Colonial Secretary was in despair, and the Governor threatened to turn informer upon him and the Fiscal. He had remained in his office later than usual one night, and as darkness was overtaking daylight he left his room in the Colonial Office, to which he had private access, and where he then was, without the knowledge of any breathing soul, and was in the act of walking out in his slippers for a candle, when he found one already alight, by whose aid the messenger, Marthinus Hoenderboer, was poring over the sacred records. There was the solution of the problem. There was the culprit himself, engrossed so much over a piece of information which he was carefully copying from the records, and upon which he had in his own covetous mind already placed a priceless value in his trade, that the presence of the superior was not known. Here was the *corpus delicti* with a vengeance. No *alibi* could save him, as witness what followed. The next morning great was the consternation in Cape Town when it was whispered about that Marthinus Hoenderboer had mysteriously vanished during the previous night. A Government order appeared next day in a *Gazet Extra*, that in future the Clerk of the Council was to burn his notes immediately after they were transcribed into the Records, and an estimate was called for a safe to keep the Records themselves at Government-house and under the eye of the Governor himself. A happy reign now followed. The members of the Executive shook hands all round, and a resolution was passed that day at the Council meeting of the *Geheime Raad*, at which all the members were present, that all Government papers, save and except the Records, were to be burnt in the Public Buildings as the best way of preventing any future malpractice. This resolution was moved by the Treasurer-General, and seconded by the Auditor-General, and carried without a dissentient voice, and this will account for the missing volumes of which our old friend Donald Moodie and others have complained !*

* Our contributor's tales we believe to be substantially veracious, though we fancy that the nomenclature is in parts problematical, not to say apocryphal. We shall be glad to hear from him again.—Ed. "C. M. M."

Balloons, Flying Machines, and Flying.

“Soon shall thine arm, unconquered Steam, afar
Draw the slow wagon or impel the car,
Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air.”

Dr. Darwin.

INVENTION may now be said to be in the height of her glory ; the *go-ahead* principle of the Yankee has even outstripped the speed of his father *John Bull* ; and we can now “go over the water, and under the water, and yet not touch the water,” as children used to say enigmatically. We shall soon see all the castles in the air that the poets and sanguine have built, and, what is more fortunate, have no toll-gates, dock fees, nor harbour rates to pay.

Our friend on the *Lion's Rump* will require new telegraphs and bunting to report to the anxious below that the Flying Eagle, the Carrier Pigeon or the Cape ditto, the Air Gull, and the London Crow are in sight, and the stalls and merchandise on the Parade will all be swept away to make room for their descent. Our friends may leave the *Balloon Office*, from the top of the Monument or St. Paul's, on a Monday morning, and be quite ready for prayers at St. George's on a Saturday night.

“Oh ! what a row, what a rumpus and variety,
You may be sure
They'll all endure
That come with wings.”

Dr. Darwin, in 1840, proposed flying by steam, and to use wings, similar to those of a bird ; and to these motion was to be given by a gigantic power worked by high pressure, though the details were not bodied out ; but a few years afterwards Sir George Carley attempted to show, by mathematical data, that a flying chariot might really be constructed so as to rise in the air. The peculiar features of the Henson invention in 1843 consisted in the use of light frames which might be covered with silk or linen, and placed in such a position as to form with the body of the aerial vehicle an angle similar to that of a bird when in the act of “skimming” the air. The first impulse was intended to be given to the carriage by means of an inclined plane, down which it was to slide ; but save the proposal, like hints at a *perpetual motion*, we heard no more of it afterwards, or the sliding scale. We were scarcely old enough to be personal witnesses of the *balloon* ascents at the close of the 18th century, but were strongly and frequently reminded—as well by the writings of Horace Walpole and others—of Blanchard's celebrated ascent from Paris on March 2, 1784, in his hydrogen balloon, to which he added wings and a rudder, proved on trial to be useless. The *Trip to*

Calais put the bard of Twickenham in mind of Dryden's *Indian Emperor*—

“What divine monsters, O ye gods, are these,
That float in the air, and fly upon the seas?”

And Pope at the same time confesses, “If there is no air-sickness and I were to go to Paris again, I would prefer a balloon to the packet-boat, and had as lief roost in an oak as sleep in a French inn, though I were to caw for my breakfast like the young ravens.”

Infants, like young puppies, mice, and kittens, are some days before they can see daylight, or are conscious of what surrounds them, otherwise we were old enough to have witnessed M. Garnerin and Capt. Snowden rise in a balloon from Ranelagh Gardens, Chelsea, June 28, 1802, who, in three quarters of an hour, performed their aerial voyage of more than fifty miles, alighting near Colchester. This was the most memorable ascent in England from the time of Lunardi.

About 1808 we walked from London to Hackney Church to witness the renowned Sadler take flight in his balloon, and no little buzz was created, arising from rumours afloat that the aëronaut had climbed up to the outside of his car to mend some of the net-work broken, whilst sailing through the air; a feat more terrible than fishing up the weather-cock that had been blown down from Salisbury Cathedral.

It were a long tale, and no easy matter, to relate all the ascents of balloons and parachutes of Graham and others since their up-risings and down-fallings, disasters, and hair-breadth escapes by flood and field. The last notice it will be convenient to mention will be found in Messrs. Lett & Son's *Shippers' Monthly Circular* for April, 1873, that, for a “Price Current,” gives often a very concise and readable summary of literary and scientific matters, wherein it is stated that “an adventurous American aëronaut, Professor Donaldson, intends this summer to cross the Atlantic to Ireland in a large balloon. The machine will weigh about 2,000 lb., will contain 268,000 feet of gas, with two small reservoirs to provide against leakage, and an electrical arrangement for light. The Professor calculates to accomplish his trip in from seventeen hours to two days and a half, and says *if* the experiment proves successful, he will establish a balloon mail and passenger line round the world,” which, *if* realized, may put an end to the *Battle of the Gauges* in South Africa. Now, as a good floating capital, and something above the common and ordinary speculations, it may be presumed when the machine and measures take wind and are in full sail, capitalists may come forward and give their loose cash an airing without further puffing; although there may be a few drawbacks in the minds of the timid as travellers, when speaking of “dropping a passenger” here and there in the transit, that they may drop at a period and place when and where they did not intend, and may be unable to proceed for want of a dry conveyance.

But all these reflections on Flying have been long anticipated by the ancients, for Addison, in a paper in the *Guardian* on Monday, July 20, 1713, says that the philosophers in the reign of King

Charles were busy in finding out the art, and that the famous Bishop Wilkins was so confident of success in it that he did not question but in the next age it would be as usual to hear a man call for his wings when going a journey as it was then to call for his boots. The humour so prevailed, he adds, among the virtuosos of that reign that they were actually making parties to go up to the moon together, and were more put to it in their thoughts how to meet with accommodation by the way than how to get thither.

Mr. Ironside, in the same number, is addressed by one Daedalus, an artist, who was taken up with the invention, and he thus banters and boasts:—"Knowing that you are a great encourager of ingenuity, I think fit to acquaint you that I have made a considerable progress in the art of flying. I flutter about my room two or three hours in a morning, and when my wings are on can go above a hundred yards at a hop, step, and jump. I can fly already as well as a turkey-cock, and improve every day. Upon the next public thanksgiving day it is my design to sit astride the dragon upon Bow Steeple, from whence, after the first discharge of the power-guns, I intend to mount into the air, fly over Fleet-street, and pitch upon the May-pole in the Strand. But before I set out I shall desire to have a patent for making of wings, and that none shall presume to fly, under the pain of death, with wings of any other man's making. I likewise desire that I may have the sole teaching of persons of quality, in which I shall spare neither time nor pains until I have made them as expert as myself. I will fly with the women upon my back for the first fortnight. I shall appear at the next masquerade dressed up in my feathers and plumage like an Indian prince, that the quality may see how pretty they will look in their travelling habits, although silly people think me an owl for my pains."

Another correspondent, on the same page, rebukes "Daedalus" for his impertinence and temerity, and with a fatherly solicitude dashes off the following reflections, in the hope of shooting "folly as it flies" or before it flies or has a wing to mount with:—"I have fully considered the project of these our famous Daedalists, and am resolved so far to discourage it as to prevent any person *flying* in my time. It would fill the world with innumerable immoralities, and give such occasions for intriguing as people cannot meet with who have nothing but legs to carry them. You should have a couple of lovers make a midnight assignation upon the top of the Monument and see the cupola of St. Paul's covered with both sexes like the outside of a pigeon-house. Nothing would be more frequent than to see a beau flying in at a garret window, or a gallant giving chase to his mistress like a hawk after a lark. There would be no walking in a shady wood without springing a covey of toasts. The poor husband could not dream what was doing over his head. If he were jealous, indeed, he might clip his wife's wings, but what would this avail when there are hosts of gallants perpetually hovering over his house? What concern would the father of a family be in all the time his daughter was upon the wing? Every heiress must have an old woman flying

at her heels. I do allow, with my correspondent, that there would be much more business done than there is at present. However, should he apply for such a patent as he speaks of, I question not but there would be more petitions out of the city against it than ever appeared against any other monopoly whatsoever. Every tradesman that cannot keep his wife a coach could keep her a pair of wings, and there is no doubt but she would be every morning and evening taking the air with them."

An aeronaut subjects himself to many reflections, as being lofty, flighty, unstable, unsteady, and uncertain, as having but very little standing reputation, as overbearing, overreaching, grasping, grappling, and acting under cover, giving us the slip, and leaving no address, with a "good-night, all's well, above, below," as often "half seas" and rising above proof, giving himself airs, and struggling through many cloudy prospects; a flying weather-cock, high-bred, requiring no spur to accelerate travelling post haste in a light carriage without a passport.

Yet, on the other hand, candour turns the scale and exhibits him in all the fascinating characters, giving him a bold front, and showing him *up* as something unearthly, aspiring, courageous, elevated, and enterprising, as too high-seasoned for ordinary palates—the centre of attraction between earth and heaven—a sort of comet, without fire and with a tail, at which everybody points, but few dread; and children wonder, and mothers blunder, being surprised he should sail in the dark, forgetting he carries the gas with him, but he does not choose to light up, knowing that it would be no "safety lamp."

But the savings banks will have nothing to do with him, nor any other office (but the "Provident Life office" ought); not that they are afraid of fire, or water, or thieves, but they argue, as before hinted, that a balloon is a floating capital that has been often puffed into notice; and though passing *current* in the air, is the worst of all specie—worse than paper—that such funds are liable to "fall," and cannot long keep up, and that the managing director is in danger of being discarded at a moment's warning,—then away goes capital, principal, and interest; that such bubbles are liable to burst, or, perhaps, they may never meet with any "returns." There can be no doubt that the man who flies or mounts in a balloon chooses but a wild goose mode of travelling, for his hopes are built on worse than a sandy foundation; he has no sure footing, no good grounds for his proceedings, but lays himself open to the mercy of the winds. There is no certainty in his destination; he may "go to Bath" or be "sent to Coventry," or have a windy order for Halifax; and there is no alternative—go he must—except, as the boys say, he feels disposed to "drop it;" then, of course, there is an end of the game. The man with such high notions is not exempted from many troubles, being subject to the "skiey influences" and elemental strife, although exempted from the Turnpike Act. To sum up,—man is not a bird.

On the Sources of Water Supply for Cape Town and Green Point.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

IT will readily be admitted that an ample supply of pure water is of the most vital importance to the inhabitants of every town; and strangers visiting Cape Town during the months of May, June, July, and August naturally conclude that the daily supply here, both to the people and the shipping, must, or ought to, be very abundant throughout the year, seeing, as any one may, that from the watershed of Table Mountain alone there is a fall during these four months sufficient to afford, if properly husbanded, the supply to a town of at least 200,000 inhabitants. In the absence of a reservoir of adequate capacity for the storage of a portion of the water which flows annually to the sea, it may be interesting to some, and possibly useful to others, to note what I have actually seen, in relation to the water supply, during a series of years, and at a considerable amount of fog at various seasons of the year, but more especially at that period of the dry season, February, March, and April, when it is found necessary annually to turn off the supply to the town at night; and if it can be shown at the same time how, even with our present reservoirs, the supply to Cape Town and Green Point might, at little cost, be considerably augmented during the dry summer months, my labour may prove not altogether in vain.

I wish it to be understood at the commencement that I had an object of a private nature (explained in a note to the editor of the *Magazine*), altogether apart from anything which might be construed into officious meddling with other people's business, in ascertaining and tracing to their sources all the permanent springs available both for private and public purposes,—although it might reasonably be asserted that our water supply is partly the business of every one who, from necessity, may be compelled to live in town and use it.

Commencing with Zonnebloem, which is the limit of the municipal boundary on the south side of Table Valley, there is a fine spring at an elevation of about 700 feet above the level of the sea, in the ravine to the left as we ascend, the water from which is conveyed by pipes to a tank sunk in the garden at the back of Zonnebloem House. No water is found in this ravine, either above or below the spring. I allude, of course, in every case to the dry summer months. The water supply of Zonnebloem must be of a very pure and wholesome quality, as it is the mere infiltration or soakage from the sandstone detritus of the mountain above, intercepted at this elevation by the decomposed clay slate, which fortunately for the water supply of Cape Town stretches at a high angle across the whole valley,

undulates over the Lion's Hill, and bristles along the beach sharp and serrated from Sea Point to Cape Town.

In the two ravines to the right water is found, and flows freely in small streams, one of which branches off and runs on both sides of the burial-ground and falls into the deep sluit, where it disappears.

There must be a large supply of water on this estate for irrigation purposes, independently of the quantity required for household use, and it was so used by its former proprietor, when the garden grounds looked cool and orderly, and the vegetation green and pleasant; no dilapidated fencing or lack of industrious habits were at that period visible.

Passing from the Zonnebloem estate northwards, we step within the boundary of the Cape Town municipality. In former times, when there were only three or four houses in the valley, as seen from the back of the vineyards, this secluded spot was pleasant to look upon,—clothed with bush and grass, it had a green and healthy appearance. The cause, as might be naturally expected, arose from a fine spring of water issuing from under the shade of a clump of trees and green bush. Numerous houses have of late years been built and tenanted, and the water still runs, but every bush that could be used as firewood has now disappeared; and even the trees at the spring have been cut and hacked until they look stunted and afford scarcely any shade whatever; in fact, everything that could possibly favour the evaporation of the water has been done effectively.

In tracing this supply up towards its source, we come first to the quarry at the top of the valley, where the water makes its appearance running over the surface of hard blue slate rock, sinks out of sight at the base, and is not again visible until it reaches the spring alluded to in the valley below. The quantity here lost by evaporation also must be great, as it spreads over a very extended surface of highly-heated rock exposed nearly the whole day to the sun's rays. This could easily be saved, and at very little cost, by cutting a small channel on the surface and leading the water towards it, and again favouring the growth of bush in the valley. The quarry hole itself would form an excellent site for a small reservoir and a share of this water might be given to the houses situated on the higher portion of the Zonnebloem road, which only obtain their supply at present from a deep, dangerous, uncovered well sunk at the side of the road, unprovided either with a pump or a windlass, while these slovenly people in the valley are allowed to use the whole of this fine spring in the most reckless manner; the waste water is not even used to irrigate their gardens, but is allowed to run sluggishly down unpaved channels, and just in sufficient quantity to feed several fetid pools, disgusting both to sight and smell. This spring was purchased by the municipality some years since for the supply of this district; but, judging from appearances, the people do not seem to appreciate the value of so priceless a gift; perhaps they would if they were made to contribute their share towards the water rates.

As we round the hill we come to Jurgens' vineyard, on the north side of the deep ravine immediately under the "Devil's Peak," and on seeing the extensive surface drained into this ravine, there is a feeling of disappointment experienced at finding so small a stream of water running, certainly not more than would pass through a three-quarter inch pipe—and this quantity is found only at an elevation of 680 feet, and where it runs concentrated in a natural channel over the hard rock; on coming into loose soil, fifty feet below this level, it entirely disappears. Jurgens irrigates his garden ground from this ravine, but the water is allowed to run for that purpose in an open channel, and so small a stream is absorbed entirely, so that not a drop reaches his garden at the season when it is most needed; but even a stream that will only fill a three-quarter inch pipe has its value, more especially at this elevation, where there is a small patch of land capable of cultivation and might be utilized at the mere cost of two or three hundred feet of piping.

Good water for household purposes is found in the small water-course on the other side of the ridge to the right of the house—the quantity is small, but ample for this purpose.

I have often heard it said that this large ravine would form a fine site for a reservoir, but I am not sure that many have examined it carefully with a view to that object. My own opinion is that it could be done; in fact, to say that anything is impossible in this age would simply subject oneself to derision, but the probable cost of such a structure at that elevation I do not consider necessary to enter into, because I think it possible to point out a more suitable site on the same stream lower down. But with regard to the construction of a reservoir high up in the ravine itself, in the first place, there is excellent hard slate rock, and this hard rock forms the base of the ravine. There is also an abundance of good clay on the ridge above, almost ready for puddling behind the retaining wall, and at an excellent elevation, just as if it had been stored there for that purpose. There is water even in the dry season sufficient for the work, and the only material required to be elevated that height would be cement and lime, pipes and iron work, tools, &c. Half way down one side of the ravine, or about thirty feet from the top ridge of soft clay, a vein of trap rock shows itself in section, and in a similarly decomposed state on the exposed surface to those seen at Clifton. This indicates granite in the neighbourhood, and might be found expensive to quarry, unless it is found to be of the same friable nature as the granite on the Kloof Road. In that case it would be an easy matter to remove it from the upper or reservoir side, leaving the trap to form the retaining wall, if it is still found to be hard and compact. With its present good solid backing, the only portion required to be built would be the wall crossing the ravine, and this could be done with the excavated stone, and puddled with the clay to any thickness, thrown in from above. Everything seems to be in the proper place for such a work; even the strike of

the clay slate and trap vein is at right angles to the ravine, and in the rainy season there is a water-fall sufficient to fill a lake.

Passing down the watercourses from Jurgens' garden and vineyard, there is not a drop of water to be seen until we reach De Villiers' property, and there a very excellent spring of water rises to the surface in the vineyard, the whole of which, however, is required for the use of the tenants on this property.

Besides the spring in De Villiers' vineyard, there is another small constant stream issuing from the embankment of the watercourse a little above the junction of Constitution and Mackenzie-streets. As this stream is on private property, also of Mr. De Villiers, the washerwomen pay a small sum daily for the use of the water, and the privilege of standing up to the knees while at work *inside* a trough built for the purpose, which, strange as it may appear to Europeans, they prefer to standing *outside*; or, what seemed the more civilized method formerly provided for them on Mr. De Villiers' property, close to the vineyard spring and under shady trees; there each woman was provided with a proper washing-tub, with a small but constant stream of water running into each. There could be no question as to the superior cleanliness of the clothes washed in this fashion to the present system, where the linen of a dozen families are washed at the same time in one large trough.

As Mackenzie-street, as well as the adjoining upper districts of the town, are above the level which can be supplied from the existing municipal reservoirs, two wells have been sunk close to the bridge. The water in the lower one is said to be bad, as no doubt it receives the drainage from the stream polluted by the washerwomen above. The upper well water, however, is good, but it is unprovided with a pump or windlass. The water has to be pulled up by the hand with a rope and pail. These wells are unenclosed. They are close to and flush with the public street. One in particular is dangerous in the extreme, for although it is provided with a trap door, it is broken and decayed, and is as often left open as otherwise. Any child or a stranger in the dark might step into it. Possibly the foul taste of the other well may partly arise from its being a decoction of animal remains, such as a defunct wardmaster; and who will say that "*Lady Audley's secret*" may not lie there! The water which flows from these two springs on De Villiers' property is no doubt a portion of the water which disappears in the ravine above, and the soakage also from the extensive gravelly plain above the level of the vineyard. Under this loose, sandy soil clay will be found, and at no great depth. Now, if on trial a good thickness of clay is found anywhere on the field between De Villiers' and Jurgens' properties and below the junction of the two streams or watercourses of the above ravines, "why go further?" The elevation is ample for every purpose. A site can be selected on this slope from 200 to 400 feet above the level of the sea. The land in its present state is valueless, even for grazing purposes,

and there can be no question about the economy and safety of a reservoir sunk in the native clay, over one in which any great portion of the walls are built. There is also a difficulty often experienced in certain localities in getting rid of so large a quantity of excavated material, unless at great cost. On this particular site there would be none. Here there is ample space, and the excavated material would only form a bold embankment, facing Roeland-street, and which, planted with suitable trees, would greatly tend to dispel its present barren aspect. A reservoir of any size necessary to supplement those already constructed might be filled here during the rainy season. Nor would there probably be any necessity for a filtering dam. The ravine being precipitous and rocky, very little remains in it to stagnate; after the first shower the water will be perfectly pure; but there is ample space and material at hand for filtering. Unlike the Platteklip ravine, it does not lead to the top of the mountain, and few consequently ever think of entering it. It is also free from the pollution of picnic parties and others, as the ascent is difficult, and in the ravine itself nearly all view is shut off; and what is perhaps of more consideration than any other, there are no servitudes on it after it passes Jurgens' small garden high up on the hill, and in the rainy season it is not required even by him. The whole of this fine pure stream is at present allowed to run direct to the large Capel Ditch sewer, and thence to the sea. There is no land capable of cultivation on its whole course. The gradual rise of this site also has its advantages in an engineering point of view, which any competent contractor for such work would know how to take advantage of.

The next supply which overflows the surface in the form of a spring is in another vineyard lower down the slope of the mountain, belonging to Jurgens. From this spring pipes are laid to the properties of Roodehek and Mr. Dixon. It is a fine stream, and seems to be jealously watched. The spring is built over and the door double padlocked. A large portion of it is used for irrigation.

On ascending to the left of Platteklip we come to the properties lately occupied by Judge Bell and K. Breda, on both of which permanent supplies of water are found. The water is of excellent quality, as may be expected, but in the dry season there is none to spare, their sources, or the spots where the water issues from the rocks, being high; in one instance, on Breda's property, it is about 900 feet above the level of the sea. But there is another small supply on the same property below the level of the house, sufficient to keep the cattle-pond filled to overflowing.

The higher supply is found up the foot-path which branches to the left from the road leading to the Devil's Peak, and is led by pipes to a rude tank about a hundred feet from where it issues. Looking down from this spot, and along the base of Table Mountain, there is an extensive barren tract, strewn with its own weather-worn material, and scarcely green enough to afford the eye relief. The dry ravines or watercourses, where at the base of some we might

expect to find a little water, all disappears from the surface at this season; but the drainage some feet below must nevertheless be considerable, even in summer, for wherever the decomposed clay appears in sufficient quantity to intercept it, it either overflows in a fine, gushing stream, such as the municipal one on Breda's estate, or is found as usual by sinking through the sandstone detritus to the clay, as shown by the two wells in the valley above Breda's brewery, from which a constant supply is conveyed by pipes for the manufacture of beer.

During the rainy season, and for some considerable time afterwards, until the extensive land above is drained of its superabundant water, there is a fine large stream, which rushes out from under a pile of detached boulders above these wells, flows down the valley, and is joined by the stream from the Devil's Peak ravine, already noted in the Capel Ditch sewer, and is discharged into the sea by the Castle invert. This is another valuable, pure, and abundant water supply lost annually for want of storage, little or none of which can be required for irrigation, as it only flows during that period of the year when the garden grounds are saturated.

It is these two streams chiefly that often in the rainy season fill the Castle invert almost to overflowing. Now the size of this inverted arch is ninety inches across and thirty inches deep. This will give a general idea of the enormous quantity of pure wholesome water which runs to waste, and which might be retained at any necessary elevation for watering the streets and flushing the sewers, as well as for supplementing our present scanty domestic supply and for clothes washing purposes. The streets might then be better watered at a fourth part of the present cost, by means of a hose and proper connections to the mains, at intervals, as is done elsewhere.

The valley to the left of Breda's brewery, and below the outflow of the stream alluded to, might also form a good site for a reservoir. The numerous masses of sandstone scattered over this space seem rather formidable obstacles at first sight, but this rocky, sandy stratum may not be of such depth as to be insurmountable, and clay will be found underneath; then the ground rises favourably for their removal down to where these boulders would form a substantial abutment to the retaining wall of the reservoir. It will be seen that these two sites for reservoirs can both be supplied from sources altogether independent of our present supplies, the first of which is obtained from the Platteklip and Silver streams, which we now come to as next in succession.

Platteklip, or Flat Rock, is a large smooth mass of granite, which seems here to have been thrust entirely through the clay-slate formation. Below this mass and near the junction of the Platte and Silver streams, the granite and clay-slate are seen mixed together, and the clay so discoloured and hardened by the heated granite as to be almost crystalline. A better example of this, however, is to be found on the beach at Sea Point, where the clay-slate in contact with the granite looks more like slag or the clinkers from a furnace.

The Municipality have recently secured certain rights to use these streams for the purpose of increasing the town supply. A filtering dam has been constructed in the garden attached to the old water mill, and the water is conveyed down to it by pipes from a pond formed by a wall built across the ravine at the junction of the two streams. Looking up from this pond, the Platteklip stream shows itself leaping over the hard rock in a fine miniature cascade, as it here issues from under the shady trees and bush. From this point it spreads over a large surface of rock exposed to the sun's rays, and flows on over the solid mass until it reaches the pond, which is built just where the loose sandy soil begins. The leakage is consequently very great ; more water passes through or under the cross-wall than is received into the municipal pipe, and runs down the old open watercourse ; and although a large portion of it is conducted to a pool rudely formed at the end of the branch pipe from which the washerwomen are supplied, and is drawn into the main pipe when the valve is opened at the filtering dam, still a great quantity must be lost by soakage, from the very loose nature of the soil forming the bed of the stream.

There seems to be a difficulty in making a tight job of this pond in its present form, but as the Municipality have already laid their pipes up to this point, it would be a very easy and inexpensive matter to continue them up to the cascade, and there secure the whole of the water in the rock itself, as well as the quantity at present lost by evaporation, and so might a larger portion of the Silver stream be secured by a very short length of pipe.

But to secure still further all the water that may ooze into the valley from the embankments and soakage from the mountain, above, the most natural position to build a good, sound, well-puddled cross-wall would be at the upper angle of the garden wall, and under the spot where the old mill stream branched off from the main stream. On removing the loose sandstone boulders, the clay will as usual be found at no great depth, and all the present lost surface water will there be found, and at a sufficient height for the present filtering dam. The quantity of water which might thus be utilized for town use, by either mode, would be greatly increased, and at very little cost. The latter mode, however, would necessitate the removal of all washing stations out of the valley above the filtering dam entirely, as they ought to be. This would be no hardship to the people, but the contrary, as the water can be more easily brought down to them, and distributed in a more equitable and cleanly manner in the large space below the mill, where there is also an extensive bushy field for drying. The Municipality also have a man in their employ living on the premises ; it might be made a part of his duty to distribute and control the supply, and to prevent waste and check their slovenly habits.

The washerwomen are encouraged, and with good reason, by their employers, who know something of the present barbarous system, to go as high as possible for the sake of getting their clothes washed in clean water. It is sometimes amusing to hear the lady of the house

telling strangers who visit the Cape that it is the custom here to have all the clothes washed in a fine mountain stream, high up on the hill, and pointing in the distance to the numerous white patches spread upon the green bushes, exclaim, "Now, don't they look beautifully white and wholesome?" This is another of the delusions we live under. If any one will visit these washing stations in the summer months, he will find that the fine mountain stream has dwindled down to the size of a three-inch pipe, or to not more than the quantity that such a pipe would pass, and it is only at the first or highest pool, where it overflows from the municipal pipe, that it can be said to be clean and fit for washing clothes; and certainly not more than half-a-dozen women can wash in this pool at one time. The water from this No. 1 pool flows on in a channel to the next, soapy and by no means clean, and so on, filling the numerous washing pools in succession on its way down the valley; in which pools these women prefer also standing up to the knees at their work, and by the time this small stream has reached No. 21, after the clothes of twenty other families, healthy or diseased, have been washed in it, I think it would puzzle any one to find a filthier gutter in any alley in Cape Town.

But there are other good and substantial reasons why the washing stations should be removed from above the filtering dam, or from any point where the town supply is liable to pollution. That it is exposed at present there can be no question, and every one using it has a decided right to watch it with a jealous eye. The upper portion of the valley, or above where they are allowed to wash, is not fenced off, and these women, with their children, are allowed to roam over its whole length and breadth; and that which may be expected is what I have seen, and the first shower of rain will cleanse the embankments and pollute the stream.

To use the term "filth," is, I believe, now-a-days considered unphilosophical, or since the time when Lord Palmerston told the Edinburgh folks that filth was only matter in the wrong place, and advised them to take their brooms and sweep it away, in preference to his proclaiming, as they requested, a "fast day" as a preventive to an attack of cholera with which they were threatened. So every one interested here will admit that filth on an embankment within two or three feet of the water we are about to drink is unquestionably matter in the wrong place. This was not, however, the opinion of another great man, one of our own ex-Town Councillors, who alluding to matter in another form elsewhere, in one of the greatest speeches of the period, said in effect that "he had satisfied his own mind that the quantity apportioned to each was so infinitesimally small as to be perfectly uninjurious and unworthy of notice; in fact, he himself fattened on it," adducing his own corporation as a living proof. But so do other pigs fatten on what the unenlightened call "filth," and although he considered that his declamation had completely extinguished those who had the assurance to bring to light other filthy habits in existence,

still there were people possessed of some innate notions of cleanliness and truthfulness who did nevertheless presume to differ with him ; and in this instance, as there is no municipal broom up there, nor can our sources of water supply be continually under supervision, the only remedy is prevention, and that can only be done by prohibiting all washing or lounging in the valley above the filtering dam.

From the filtering dam a pipe conveys the water direct to the water-house which encloses the grand old spring on Breda's estate. This spring originally, I believe, was the exclusive source of supply when Mr. Chisholm first carried the waterworks of Cape Town into execution. Nothing can be purer than the water as it gushes from under the large block of sandstone. I well remember being first shown this fine spring by old Mr. Breda, grandfather of the present family, who with lighted candle and tumbler preceded me into the dark vault-like enclosure, and dipping the tumbler handed a glass of such pure and sparkling water as is not to be obtained through the municipal pipes. Such water is only to be had at this spot. The other smaller supplies collected on the estates are brought to this house in pipes, and mix unfiltered with the large pure spring; and latterly the Platteklip supply, of questionable purity, is added ; and all together flow on through one large main pipe to the reservoirs in Orange and Hof-streets, into which a further unfiltered supply is received direct from the Waterhof estate.

It must be perfectly well known that there is much water on both of these estates running to waste even when the two reservoirs are empty, and at a period of the year when the town supply is turned off every night. The one, the Lammetjes spring, it is presumed, might be had by purchase ; the other, lost by leakage from the Vineyard springs, reported as a town supply, might be intercepted, and a slight alteration in the level of the water receiving-house on the Waterhof estate would secure a supply that at present flows into a pond in the adjoining field. It would be easy at the same time to convert this water house into a filter. Then the mode of collecting the water on this property may be questioned. The system adopted answers very well for deep drainage on potato or turnip fields, where there are no roots likely to find their way into the openings of the loose rubble stone drain underneath, but not, as in this case, where they are lined on every side with trees and bush. The roots will find their way in, and either choke them up or divert the stream from its intended course, as was the case lately with the roots finding their way into the foundation of the water-house itself.

From the two springs on Breda's estate called the Vineyard springs, as much of the water as is collected at present is conveyed by a pipe to the water-house. The water from these springs is from a pure source, and requires no filtering ; and if the inhabitants were entitled to the whole quantity that could be collected at these springs, the supply of pure water would be considerably augmented. The

large quantity which escapes can be seen streaming through the walls of the ditch that runs parallel with the vineyard, the whole of which is running to waste down the watercourse that passes the old mills now dismantled. Besides this water it is possible that a larger quantity than is now seen on the surface could be intercepted. Mr. Breda would doubtless claim compensation for any damage done to his vineyard in excavating for this purpose, but that need not be great.

The supply known as the Lammetjes spring is found in an open watercourse at the top of the fir plantation, at an elevation of about 700 feet. There are two sources of supply here, and are conveyed by an iron pipe first to a tank, which might also be converted into a small filter, in the lower grounds, and from thence either to a large pond for irrigation purposes, or by another pipe to the municipal water-house. Formerly Mr. Breda gave this fine supply to the town gratuitously, but now the supply is stopped. This would be another large and valuable addition to the town supply in the dry season, and could be considerably increased by connecting the branch pipe properly which leads the water across the ravine from the lower spring up in the plantation. At present it is withdrawn from its socket, and the water is running to waste down the ravine, and disappears about a hundred feet below.

Into the tank alluded to in the lower grounds near the pond there are two streams flowing, which would require the full bore of a three-inch pipe to convey the water away, even now in May, when all the springs are at their lowest. There are other springs on this estate for irrigation purposes, and the watercourses are in general well shaded by the oak and fir plantations,—thanks to the old gentleman who first conceived and carried into execution the planting with firs these wild wastes, beautifying the landscape and rendering the cold precipitous mass more inviting and pleasing to every one, as well as enriching his heirs. If it be admitted that a man is a benefactor of his country who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, then in an especial degree was old Mr. Breda a benefactor of the Cape.

We now come to the water supply collected on Kotze's property, and conveyed to the filtering dam built on the granite rock at an elevation of about 600 feet, principally for the supply of the higher districts north side of the town. This supply is chiefly obtained from two small ravines on the north and south sides of the fir plantation which stands isolated above the granite. The north side yields the largest supply, and the water lost at the upper catch-pit is received in a tank below, and also filtered. Nearly the whole of the water from this ravine must be secured here, as we have granite for a base at this point, but on the upper south side a large quantity is lost by soakage from the nature and depth of the soil, but is again found in the valley beneath the level of the filtering dams, running freely. Here the celebrated Karl Kohl delivered a course of lectures on thought,

and how to observe, showing the value of early training in physical science in preserving active brain matter from being converted into inert adipose matter, his audience being uncovered and on their hind legs. Karl came, and saw, and dug, and earned his fee. No doubt Karl was a shrewd, intelligent man, as most of his countrymen are. But surely it was a reflection on the intelligence of the municipal staff to call in the aid of this man for such a purpose ; any cow-herd on the hill could have said, "Dig, and you will find water there." Kotze, however, showed his superiority in shrewdness at least when he repurchased for £50 from the Municipality the lowest and best spring of all for his own private use. This supply, although too low for the filtering dams on this property, could easily have been conducted to the receiving house on the Waterhof estate, and would have assisted the town supply greatly.

As we approach the Lion's Hill, the next abundantly watered property is that of Mr. Byrne. Here a fine stream is seen in the valley behind the house, shaded by oak trees. The chief source of this supply issues from the ravine leading to the quarry on the left of the old Kloof Road. A further small stream joins it at the base of the Lion's Hill, and before it enters on the property here there is enough for irrigation, and to spare.

In the vineyard of Mr. Siebritz, adjoining, there are several fine springs, the water from which is conducted to the house and grounds in pipes. Above the vineyard there is also a spring at the base of the cliff, from which the upper cottages are supplied. In the ravine up from the new Kloof Road leading towards Lion's Head, on a level with the shepherd's cottage, at an elevation of 700 feet, a pond of water is found supplied by a small stream of excellent water. The source of this supply is a short distance up, in a well-wooded valley, and is conveyed from a cask by a pipe to the pond ; from this source also Mr. Penketh formerly obtained his supply. The water is used by the cattle grazing on the hill, but there is sufficient also for irrigating a small garden. Between two and three hundred feet above this spring there is a small supply of water found under a rock, clay-slate, just sufficient to afford a drink. In the field below Mr. Penketh's and Mr. Siebritz's, there is a supply of water for cattle, conveyed by a pipe from the adjoining springs, running freely.

And now we come to the property formerly of Baron De Lorentz, where they now get a supply of water from the Municipality, but in the Baron's time the supply was found in the valley at the end of the field and base of the Lion's Hill. Here there is a small stream, issuing out of a rock, and is received into a tank under ground, from which it is conducted by a pipe ; but in the same valley, and about two hundred feet lower down, a circular well has been sunk, and water found. The wall seems to have been well built, in cement, is perfectly water-tight, and stands three feet above the ground, quite in an isolated position, and full to overflowing. This is the first and only true artesian well to be met with in the whole valley. Why the

circular wall was continued above the surface I have not ascertained, but to see it standing as it does, brimful on a dry hot day, at the driest season of the year, and at the base of a dry-looking hill, with an open valley on each side, was a rather startling and pleasing phenomenon. The only other spring worthy of note on the town side is found on Mr. Spengler's old property, from which there is a constant supply. Ponds, old clay pits, and quarry holes, in many of which water is found throughout the year, are numerous, and extremely dangerous, especially to children playing about in the fields; most of them are very precipitous and unenclosed, and have in consequence been the cause of many a heartrending scene.

Rain.

MIST on the hills, and rain,
Rain falling fast, then slow
And soft, as winter snow;
And in my heart such pain!

Small, driving rain and mist;
And in my eyes the tears
For a love I had in other years,
And lips that I had kiss'd.

Still rain, and cold, grey sea,
And miles on miles of waves
That cover unknown graves,—
Fit barrier 'twixt thee and me.

Clouds on the sky and hill,
And yet a sun behind;
And in each breath of wind,
A voice to whisper,—“Peace, be still!”

Moral Suggestions.

I.—THE S. A. LIBRARY AND MUSEUM.

THE Pharisees of old had an excessive regard for externals ; the whited sepulchre and the clean outside of the cup and platter covered a multitude of impurities within. We hug ourselves in the belief that we are not as other men are ; and the belief is founded on an unfortunate idiosyncrasy, which gives to our public buildings, our squares, our gardens, and our private dwellings that untidy, unkempt, half-finished look, which makes strangers think that Cape people do not feel it worth their while to do anything as if they meant it to last. Is it that we are ever regarding ourselves in a state of purgatorial preparation for another and a better home ? Is it that we resolve to see imperfection in everything human, and lest perchance some artistic skill should realize a picture, a church, a library to be a thing of beauty, that the eye may feast upon with the highest sense of æsthetic pleasure, we must needs put one into a broken frame, the second into surroundings of disfigurements and nuisances, and make the approach to the third so cold, cheerless, and so inappropriate, that the effect of a visit to the treasures within is marred by the sad, comfortless façade that meets the eye.

It is all very well to say of a man that we estimate his value to society not by his *physique* but by his intellectual and moral calibre ; that beauty of person yields to mind : but old Dame Nature does not use the *vener* in vain. Men do bow down before a noble presence ; men do conjoin vigour and healthiness of mind with an open, manly, frank demeanour : *nimum ne crede colori* is a poetic warning ; but colour goes a long way, for good or for bad effect, whether on the face of a man and a brother, or on the façade of a public building.

I am far from saying that the pile of buildings known as the South African Public Library and Museum is a whited sepulchre : our Pharisæism is the converse of the original type : we have valuable, and I may add, unrivalled collections within ; but we have neglected to encase our jewels in an appropriate setting. Surely that ochreish front, blotched here and there with the dank growth that threatens to ape antiquity, that narrow alley between a wooden railing and a shapeless *stoep*, that postern-gate which speaks so uninvitingly to would-be visitors, do not constitute a fit approach to the noblest institution in South Africa.

It would require the soaring eloquence of a member of the Legislature to do justice to the scenery which the Library vestibule commands.

Let me plead the cause of our treasures, and ask the public to provide an approach. A handsome iron railing (put just a few yards further back), a flight of granite steps, a portico according to the

original plan, and a general furbishing, are all that need be asked for. What will it cost? £500 perhaps, half of which ought to be obtained in twenty-four hours from our townspeople, and the rest ought to come from the public treasury; for this institution is essentially public, accessible to all from morn to dewy eve, and is the most important educational agency in South Africa.

II.—COPYRIGHT.

Now that the Colonial Copyright Bill is sure to become law, it is as well to forecast some of the results to be expected from a measure which protects our authors in their right to enjoy the fruits of their own brain-labour.

What does the land, apart from mercantile interests, require? Plantations, systematic manuring and cropping, the appliances of experience as to climate and soil in regard to agriculture, and also the cultivation of the vine.

We want a series of Georgics from a South African point of view, viz., a treatise on agriculture—*quid faciat laetas segetes*; a treatise on the grape; another on arboriculture, that we may clothe our naked karroos and hill-sides with nature's own rain-producers; another on floriculture, that the growing taste may be directed and chastened; and, above all, a trustworthy and practical work on gardening, *when, how, what* to plant, and *where*.

There is certainly one, competent and, we hope, willing to record the results of his own large experience in the three last-named subjects. Such works as these might be published, as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers could be obtained, to cover the first cost; the author would thus secure the profits of all copies sold after the subscribers had been supplied.

No less necessary is a descriptive and physical geography of South Africa adapted to the use of students; and arranged as a work of reference to be consulted by the ever-increasing number of those who want to learn something of us and our country; a map, corrected to the latest date, is also required.

To those who have to train the young it is very inconvenient to use only reading books, geographies, &c., written in Northern Europe, and therefore full of the scenes and ideas which their seasons naturally give rise to. Our children are sorely puzzled to read of happy hay-making romps in June; of harvest-homes in August; of the yule log and the delights of sliding, skating, snow-balling at Christmas-tide, whilst the Cape school-boy is sweltering under the mid-summer heat. His relative position to the sun is always a sore puzzle, if, as is usual, he learns geography only from a book written in England; and in the case of the mass of the people, it must be remembered that the parents are not sufficiently educated to explain the *why*, the *wherefore*, and the *difference* to perplexed and inquiring minds.

A series of graduated reading-books, based on the view which nature compels us at the Cape of Good Hope to take of her great doings, is therefore, as I think, a pressing want.

A picturesque history of South Africa concludes my present list of works wanted for publication in the Cape of Good Hope.

Δ.

Universities.

Just at the time when the Cape of Good Hope University Bill is passing through Parliament we need offer no apology for reprinting in the *Magazine* the admirable discourse delivered by the Rev. F. W. Bindley at the annual meeting of the Public Library a fortnight ago. It traces and sketches the rise, progress, and development of Universities throughout the world with a succinctness of statement and a picturesqueness of style than which nothing could be more admirable :—

The room in which we are assembled is, I am informed, the finest in this Province, if not in the Colony. It is devoted to literature. Its walls are stored with the thoughts, the discoveries, the speculations, and the yearnings of some of the very flower of mankind. Shelf above shelf, as in an Egyptian cave, “is the precious life-blood of master spirits embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond a life.” Here the noisy world of action is for a time cut off from us, though by a glass screen. Here for a time we may sit and calmly ponder with the mighty dead, or, like Milton’s hero, if we please, ascend a hill from whose top

“The hemisphere of Earth in clearest ken,
Stretched out to amplest reach of prospect lies,”

in all its varied fields of literature, philosophy, science, art, and so forth. You remember that Michael

“Then purged with euphrasie and rue
Adam’s visual nerve, for he had much to see.”

That we may not suffer any intellectual bewilderment from so ample a prospect, and know whither to direct our glances this morning, let us at once adopt a similar corrective process, and wave thrice before our eyes the Cape University Bill. Anointed as it were with this, we view the world in general from a distinct point of view. We feel with elation of mind that we are at last proposing to emerge with some *eclât* into the intellectual world, and add ourselves to the number of august communities who dignify the human name by the addition

thereto of mysterious letters, who confer degrees. We are rightly somewhat proudly conscious to ourselves that we have earned a claim to do this by an amount of unobtrusive, useful, determined preliminary work, which will compare more than favourably with that of other colonies. We did not first resolve upon all the pompousness of conferring degrees, and afterwards go hunting about for candidates worthy of them and means of making them so. Plenty of lads and young men have shown themselves anxious to attain the desirable intellectual standards, and have attained them in spite of all the disadvantages of our climate, our poverty, and means of locomotion. They have been modestly content with a certificate, valuable to themselves and friends, but making no claim upon the attention of the outside world by adding anything to their names. They have achieved the reality without the title. We feel, then, that we have earned our claim to this step in advance, and with quiet complacency may turn our eyes to the rest of the world, and regard with interest what has been done, or is doing, of like kind elsewhere. We feel adopted into the supernal and empyrean society of universities, and, like a freshman at Oxford or Cambridge adorned with his new gown, proceed to take our walks abroad to inspect all the old halls and colleges that were there before we came, but in which we now feel that we have a property and an interest. Perhaps our first emotion in emerging into this new world is one of utter astonishment, not so much at the age of some of our sister universities as their vast number, and spread all over Europe, North America, Australia, and New Zealand. England has four,—Oxford, Cambridge, London, and Durham; Scotland four,—St. Andrew's, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Edinburgh; Ireland two,—Trinity College, Dublin, and the Queen's University. France, until the Revolution, had twenty-three, the most celebrated of which was the once world-renowned University of Paris, now all rolled into the University of France. Spain possesses eight, amongst which Salamanca, founded in 1240, still holds its own. Fifteen universities are dotted about Italy, including the once eminent Bologna. In Greece, the mother of literature and art, philosophy and science, the descendants of Æschylus and Phidias, Plato and Aristotle, in 1837 gathered themselves at Athens into a university to the number of over 500. Austria possesses eight, with some 6,000 students. At least seventeen concentrate, develop, and disperse the mighty intellect of now United Germany; from very richness of material they warn us to hurry on. Nine adorn the plains of Holland and Belgium. Little Denmark has two, Sweden and Norway three, Russia seven, with 1,700 students at Moscow alone. Nor must Switzerland be omitted, which has added two this century to her ancient Basle; while Portugal still maintains the 13th century foundation of Coimbra. Even the Ionian Islands deemed that a trade in currants and Greek wine was not all that was necessary for the life of man, and started a university in 1824, and have got together 300 students at Corfu. Counting the University of France as one, the 270 millions of Europeans possessed twelve years ago ninety-five universities which conferred degrees, and of which statistics were obtainable. Of these, thirteen—viz., Bologna

and Paris, Oxford and Cambridge, Padua, Salamanca, Naples, two others in Italy, and, I believe, three more in France, and Coimbra, in Portugal—date from varying times before the year 1300, to draw a broad mark between them and others. Again of the rest, exclusive of four French universities, eleven date between 1300 and 1400; twenty, including St. Andrew's, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, between 1400 and 1500; twelve, including Edinburgh, between 1500 and 1600; eleven between 1600 and 1700, including Dublin; seven between 1700 and 1800; sixteen are to the credit of the nineteenth century on the Continent alone, while England has established two and Ireland one. And now it is time to cross the Atlantic to that vast new world where men, casting off as they pleased all the shackles of conventionalism and tradition, and following that which seemed to them to be wise and useful and, above all, paying, have developed themselves into what they are. But in a parenthesis, before we descend into the rush and boil of United States life, let me inform you that twelve years ago our comparatively quiet, sober-going sister Colony of Canada, with a population of 2,500,000, had six universities, with a staff of seventy-five professors in all, capable of conferring degrees and, in addition, a school of medicine in connection with the University of Toronto, and a number of divinity colleges, all degree-giving bodies. And now we come to the sanction that "the smartest people in creation" (to quote their own poetical description of themselves) have given to universities. The information is furnished by the careful and voluminous report of the Rev. James Fraser upon "The Common School System of the United States." It appears that in 1864 there were 236 colleges or universities (for in America the names seem synonymous) overtopping all the vast mass of schools, and conferring degrees upon those who had attained to the higher ranks of education. American education is so interesting a subject, that one only dare just touch it. But let me put before you one or two extra and sample facts. In 1864, in the midst of the frightful civil war, Yale University, which with Harvard, are the Oxford and Cambridge of America, received in benefaction from private individuals \$400,000. In Cincinnati a wealthy citizen bequeathed \$400,000 for the erection of two colleges, one for male and another for female students. In the same year a Mr. Vassar, a brewer, of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., handed over to trustees \$400,000 for the foundation of "an institution which should accomplish for young women what colleges accomplish for young men." In 1865 "Mr. Cornell,—who began life as a mechanic, and by industry and skill accumulated a large fortune—set apart \$500,000 under trust to found a university, to bear his name." This has been established at Ithaca, N.Y., and is, to my mind, the most wonderful development of university life in modern times. Mr. Fraser continues:—"It is not the multiplication of colleges and universities—of which there are far too many in the States already—that I regard as a good thing; but these instances of individual munificence, so common in America, so rare among ourselves, are surely to be reckoned among the 'signs' and not unhealthy 'signs' of the times." "Never before," he says, alluding to the war, "were more liberal appropriations voted by the townships for the support of schools; never before were private benefactions more frequent or munificent; never before was there displayed a more universal determination to uphold in all its integrity, and, if possible, to carry onward to a still higher degree of efficiency, the education of the people." Whatever we may individually think about Americans, and they are not insensible to their own peculiarities, which are very like those of a remarkably clever and rather conceited boy,—they have seized hold of the idea that a man's mind is a part of him, and it is as well not to allow to lie idle. They do try to give it something to do. As a sober, stupid, conservative Englishman, I am not prepared to advocate their system as a whole; there is too much speechifying and elocution about it; but still, if Mr. Buckle's dictum be true, "that capital leads to knowledge and then knowledge is a wonderfully strong agent in producing capital," in fact, commercially a most paying thing, the idea penetrates into one's mind that the Americans know

what they are about, and that, whether they care for education in itself as a good thing or as a means of making money, they are practical people. If the establishment of universities for the promotion of the higher education be a sign of a shrewd people who know their own interests, we shall not be astonished to learn that Australia is possessed of universities. Two years before the discovery of gold, when people were slowly feeding and shearing themselves into prosperity by cattle and sheep, Sydney started the university idea, viz, in 1849. In 1852 the university was inaugurated. In 1857 so successful had been its progress that a petition was sent home to the Crown, backed by the Governor, in which the senate "humbly submit to Her Majesty that the standard required by them is not below that prescribed by the most learned universities of the United Kingdom" * * "that they confidently hope and expect that their graduates will not be inferior in scholastic attainments to the majority of graduates of British universities," and so they pray "that the degrees conferred by the University of Sydney may be entitled to the same rank, precedence, and consideration as degrees granted by any University of the United Kingdom." The petition was granted. What they desired is the case. Let me quote to you from the letter of thanks the senate addressed to Her Majesty,—some manly, sober words which do one good to read:—"We confidently trust that this university, which has been admitted into fellowship with the great seminaries of learning in the country from which we have sprung, will prove worthy of the high honours conferred upon it. That in due course of time it will yield its fair proportion to the illustrious names of this Empire; and that its students will acquire the clearness and soundness of understanding, and the high moral and social qualities which characterize the educated English gentleman, and which have exercised so powerful and wholesome an influence on the manners and institutions of our fatherland." There is here an appreciation of the whole and perfect work of the better type of university upon which one would fain dwell. But they were not content without some visible and substantial expression of their ideas. The university must have, not only a name, but a local habitation. £30,000 were spent on a magnificent building, and when the young Sydneian presents himself for his degree, he kneels in the finest hall out of England amidst all the mediæval glory and illumination of a prodigality of stained glass. Melbourne would not be left behind. A sumptuous building, a fine museum, surrounded by beautiful gardens, are some of the outside attractions which learning presents there. And Melbourne, in due course, obtained the same privilege as Sydney, that her degrees should be recognized throughout the British Empire. Square caps, and scholars' gowns, and all the gorgeous robes of doctors and the many-coloured hoods are no more strange to the Melbourne street boy, one might say, than to his juvenile compeer at Cambridge or Oxford. Six months ago Adelaide started on the same race, one of her citizens presenting £20,000 for the endowment of a university. In New Zealand the same counsels prevail. In September, 1869, 76,000 acres of land were set aside for the endowment of a university for the whole Colony. But before this the one Province of Otago had appropriated 100,000 acres for a university for itself, professors were engaged, scholarships and other rewards of learning assigned. The last report, too, I have been able to consult, left them in debate about the amalgamation of the two. Universities in Hindostan and in China, however interesting, I must entirely omit. And now, ladies and gentlemen, we have simply established this fact that in the forefront of civilization all over the whole world are established, and have for many centuries been established, these institutions called universities. They accompany civilization like a law, and wherever the Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon element is found there green and flourishing in this 19th century is sure to be sooner or later a university. We may be sure that among all that wide range of universities to which we have referred there must be many differences, and yet some or many elements in common besides the one fact—that of conferring degrees. Huge volumes of amassed erudition would hardly give you the information you might possibly desire. Perhaps if we dig down a little, and, like a botanist with a new plant, begin at the roots, we may arrive at some clear ideas upon the subject of What has been or is meant by the word university? Some people I know, who

have drawn their ideas from Oxford and Cambridge, think there cannot be a university without colleges. But colleges have nothing to do with the essence of a university. There were universities long before there were colleges. Colleges are an accident of universities. Again, because every university in the world but London teaches, has a staff of professors who instruct, and scholars who attend their lectures, because every ancient university taught, others think that a university which teaches nothing, but only examines, has no proper title to the name. Even Hallam in one place seems to assent to the idea that they were called universities because they taught universal learning—taught everything; but this cannot be true, for none of the ancient universities did at first teach everything. Bologna, under the very eyes of the Pope so to say, taught law for 200 years before it taught theology, while in Paris civil law was prohibited for 450 years, and Oxford and Cambridge existed at first only in the faculty of arts, while Montpellier taught only medicine. But I think we shall be saved some confusion of mind, and also see our way more clearly through history, if we begin with the law. I believe I am correct in stating that “universitas” is a term of the Roman law applied both to persons and things. When applied to persons it implied a corporation, association, society, or even trades union or guild, which could hold property and maintain suites—a juridical person. I have no reason to believe that it was used less strictly in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries than in the sixth, but the contrary. I hope to make it clear to you why I am thus pompously insisting upon this point. The state of the Continent when Charlemagne succeeded in A.D. 771 and of England, when Alfred was crowned a century later, is well known—that of almost blank ignorance. It is not likely, then, that either of those great educational heroes should have conceived the idea and put it strictly into practice, of a legal educational corporation,—a, technically speaking, “universitas.” Therefore, when Charlemagne is spoken of as the founder of the University of Paris, and Alfred of Oxford, technically speaking, I believe it to be quite wrong, though I have no doubt that it was through them that education and intellectual life, being almost dead, received the reviving impulse to which may be attributed eventually the universities of Europe. The light kindled by Charlemagne was never quite put out;—Alfred lit his lamp at the flame. I believe the origin of universities, technically speaking, to have been the brain of no king or pope, however wise or farsighted, but to have been the result of the diligence of learned and enthusiastic men, and the eager desire of the people for knowledge. It was the most natural thing possible; men who knew opened their books and their minds and taught such as they knew. The cathedral or barn, as the case might be, was crowded. As the old masters died off, pupils, who outran them, stepped into their chairs. To accommodate students became the trade of the town. Honour was won, fame established, learning increased, kings and popes smiled, complications arose, the law stepped in to crown and to protect, and what was before a voluntary body of lecturers and listeners became a grand and legal corporation and “universitas,” petted by Church and State, indulged with immunities, the glory of the land. The title of University, was as it were, a degree, a diploma, won by the work of young and ardent knowledge—seeking Europe from the well-pleased and fostering authorities. Afterwards, when learned men were wanted anywhere, a university was incorporated to whose privileges they were invited. As in Scotland, when in the beginning of the 15th century it was found that the best young Scotchmen were drifting out of the country in search of an education they could not get at home, the wise Bishop of St. Andrew’s, with the assent of the estates of the realm and the hearty support of the then Pope Benedict XIII., founded the University of St. Andrew’s, with all the usual immunities and privileges, and learned men from other countries came to it readily. There is always so much disposition to lean upon kings and governments, bishops and public ministers, that it seems as though it could not be pressed too strongly upon the notice of any young community that Europe, after all, owes its first universities and all that came from them to its own desire for knowledge and thirst for improvement,—to the people of Europe rather than to any prince, pope, power, or potentate whatsoever. And greatly is it to the credit

of those old feudal times, that when Europe was constantly embroiled in war, and every man was bound by service to his liege lord, and knights in armour with stout serving-men behind them clad in steel could scarce travel safely along the road, that the poor scholar with his gown and books could pass unmolested and unharmed from one end of Europe to the other, his person more sacred than a bishop's. A university, then, may be defined to be "an incorporated body of persons teaching and learning one or more departments of knowledge, and empowered by the constituted authorities to confer degrees in one or more faculties;" or if from some good reason the teaching phase has dropped out of sight, empowered to give degrees upon satisfactory evidence that the requisite intellectual and educational standard has been attained. The origin of universities, as technically and legally such, is not so difficult to ascertain. We have no time now for an antiquarian disquisition. Towards the end of the 12th century, Paris, which had never ceased to retain about it some tincture of learning from the days of Charlemagne, was incorporated into a university. Bologna appears to have obtained like privileges, perhaps a few years earlier. I must leave the claims of Oxford and Cambridge to antiquaries, but they date about the same time. In the 12th century, that which had been before smouldering burst into a flame. The oldest universities in Europe, says Mr. Malden, "sprung up in the 12th century, and were formed by the zeal and enterprise of learned men who undertook to deliver public instruction to all who were desirous of hearing them. The first teachers soon found assistants and rivals; students resorted in great numbers to the sources of knowledge thus open to them, and from this voluntary association of teachers and scholars the schools arose which were afterwards recognized as public bodies, and entitled 'Universities,' and which served as models for those which in later times were founded and established by public authority. Some of the oldest universities had traditions as to their foundation at a more remote period by Royal or Imperial authority, and these traditions might be nominally true; but as far as their real life and power and distinctive character are concerned, *their origin was in fact spontaneous*, and is to be ascribed to the general excitement of the intellect which pervaded Europe in the 12th century." Europe at last found itself in comparative peace and plenty, and naturally the mind at once turned upon itself, and immediately began to want to *know*, and so the great tide began to flow, which, with many a receding wave, has never begun to ebb yet, and is still flowing, gradually submerging one by one all the landmarks of ignorance, though to all appearance as far off from its goal of certain truth and knowledge, absolute in many things, as it was seven centuries ago. Would you like to know of what mediæval teaching consisted? It comprised the four faculties of law, theology, arts, and medicine. Law was divided into two branches, civil and canon law, upon which one need say nothing, as upon theology and medicine. But what were "the arts?" Their magic number was seven; they were at first supposed to "comprehend all wisdom and all learning; to be sufficient for the removal of all difficulties and the solving of all questions, for whoever understood the Trivium could explain all manner of books without a teacher; and he who was further advanced and master also of the Quadrivium could answer all questions and unfold all the secrets of nature!" The Trivium, or first division of arts, consisted of three subjects—grammar, logic, and rhetoric, and to pass in these gave a man his Bachelor's degree; but was he still ambitious? There remained for him the great Quadrivium of music, arithmetic, or the science of numbers, geometry and astronomy. He who passed in these also became a Master of Arts. But the origin of the custom of giving degrees of which the oldest were in arts, like many other points connected with the early history of universities, is somewhat obscure. Some antiquaries contend for Paris, relying upon Bachelor as a French word; others uphold the claims of Bologna. It is not difficult to see how some such custom would arise. When lectures were thronged, we cannot suppose that all the listeners would be attentive and industrious. An examination after due time seems a natural result, and that those who passed should have some voucher or expression of approbation to their own comfort and the shame of the idle, equally natural. Still, I believe there can be

no doubt the title of B.A. is of later origin than that of Master, or Doctor, or Professor. These, at first titles of courtesy, as the university system developed, came to have definite scholastic meanings, and to confer rank and privilege. The Master at length was he who taught arts, the Professor theology, the Doctor law or medicine. To this day there is in strict technical verity no D.D. degree at Oxford or Cambridge, but he whom we call a Doctor of Divinity is really Sanctæ Theologiæ Professor. Considering the vast number of students who thronged the mediæval universities (Oxford and Paris each claim to have had as many as 30,000 at one time, and in all the continental universities they were divided into nations), comparatively few used to pass on to the Master's or Doctor's degree—the examination was hard and the fees high, the time to spend from home long. There was no education made easy then, and a common bursary to the mediæval student was a licence to beg. To attain to one of the higher degrees was in early times a greater achievement than now-a-days to win a fellowship, and there are stories extant of a learned monk proceeding to take his D.D. attended by a perfect retinue of Lord Abbots and a hundred noblemen and their esquires. A degree used to be indeed a precious possession—it was, as its Latin name implies, a step up. The two most honourable things a man with nothing but his own arms and brains to depend upon could win for himself in mediæval Europe were a university degree and the accolade of knighthood. There is one very interesting accident of university life upon which I have not yet touched. I mean colleges. To the ordinary Englishman college life and university life are the same thing, and I have no doubt that it is the college life that has enabled Oxford and Cambridge to retain that prestige which their old rivals, Bologna and Paris, have lost, and still to be, at all events socially, to-day the first universities of the world. But still college life is but an accretion after all. For a moment glance over your romantic ideas of colleges, their ancient and hoary walls embraced by ivy and bosomed in trees; their romantic architecture and stained glass windows; their halls adorned with pictures of the great and good, the noble and the wise; their echoing quadrangles and noble chapels; bethink you of kings and queens, of earls, and more mighty ladies, their founders. Enfold all in a rose-coloured cloud of romance. And now come back into the stern prose of history—would you see the real founders of colleges? Behold, then, that unromantic character—a landlady. It happened in historic sequence thus. We will take Oxford or Cambridge as samples. Lecturers attracted students. There was no provision for their lodging; they got rooms where they could with the townspeople. As the students increased, and rooms became scarce, the price naturally rose, the landlady became exorbitant, while the students' purses remained the same. At last the whole university, professors and undergraduates, could endure it no longer; the whole university moved off, only returning upon due repentance; and it is not hard to imagine many other evils resulting from such a mode of accommodation. The discipline of the students was lax. Hence arose halls, which were nothing more at first than licensed lodging-houses, to provide rooms under a master of arts or doctor who preserved discipline, and colleges, more elaborate foundations, which combined rooms with maintenance to some extent, and also a semi-monastic and strict religious element, as also, in addition, instruction by the fellows of the college independent of the university. Let us then sum up: we find now spread over the world a vast system of universities, endeavouring in different ways to confer the highest education; their roots strike down as low as the revival of education on the continent under Charlemagne, in England a century later under Alfred. In the twelfth century we are confronted by the phenomenon of learned men at different intellectual centres, assembling around them vast crowds of students—they are incorporated by the legal authorities into universities, under very similar forms of government. They are empowered to give degrees, and encouraged by kings and popes, but their real support is the broad intelligence of Europe and the desire of the people for knowledge. Country after country is persuaded of the advantages of possessing such institutions—their number increases. Social necessities create a demand for what we call colleges, enlightened benevolence satisfies the demand. The genius of each people modifies and is

modified by its universities. Europe is shaken by the Reformation. Some universities take time by the forelock and go on; others dwindle and lose their intellectual power, even though they keep up their numbers. But, having shaken off the Bishop of Rome from its safety valve, European intellect rushes on into new courses and unimagined discoveries. New worlds are discovered and peopled—some old notions are discarded—but still the idea of gathering the best intellects into centres and foci, thence to radiate intellectual force, is clung to with tenacity. And America and Australia raise the counterparts of the old world powers of Paris and Bologna, Oxford and Cambridge. And now, as for ourselves, nothing could be more modest than our beginning. We shall be like the ancient universities at first, with not a brick or foot of land to call our own; and unlike them in this that we shall teach nothing, only give a state certificate or diploma to that which our youth have picked up, we know not how. But on whom depends the future of our university?—the intellectual future of this Colony? Not upon Governments and ministers of education, however able, but upon the determination and will of every lad here, that stand still he will not, but into the fair fields of knowledge he will go; that he will not fall behind the times; that he will bring all the pressure he can to bear upon authorities; that that which begins so modestly shall eventually be a power in this land—a radiating focus of intellectual culture. We have many disadvantages to contend with, doubtless; but not so many as poor, wild, old mediæval Europe. What they did we can do; and it also occurs to one that there must have been many wise, prudent, and far-seeing fathers and mothers in those days, or there would never have been so many thousands of students. The lesson of the mediæval universities, and American universities, and Australian universities is this: Let every man, woman, and child help themselves, and depend upon themselves, and Governments are sure to be glad enough to help them. The finest room in the Colony is devoted to literature. Let it be an earnest of the bright day which is to be. No country will make a better return for learning than our own.

Note.

MORE than one reader will thank us for extracting the following Memorial from a London paper of the 24th April:—

MUNICH, APRIL 20, EVENING.

This evening there was laid in the ground, with something of state, all that was mortal of Justus Von Liebig, philosopher, chemist, professor, discoverer. It may interest your readers to know how his remains were committed to the keeping of mother earth.

Yesterday, with all privacy, the body was removed to the cemetery in which reposes side by side the kindred dust of Catholics and Protestants. All the afternoon the inhabitants of the capital were finding their way to the sacred spot, which, already crowded too greatly with the dead, was now thronged with the sorrowing living. But during the morning there had been many visitors to the place where the coffin had rested for the night, and when the time came for the removal to the grave the bouquets and wreaths of choicest flowers were so numerous that, pile them as they might on the lid of the coffin, the bearers had yet to leave some, unwillingly, behind. At a quarter before five the procession

was formed. First came a Suisse in blue uniform, followed by a number of men in black, carrying huge wax candles. Similar lighted tapers were also borne by the footmen of the most distinguished families of Bavaria, and then flapped heavily in the close air the gorgeous blue and gold banner of the K. Bayerische Akademie der Wissenschaften, having on one side the name of the Royal Society and on the other the figure of an angel with a lighted torch and the motto *Rerum cognoscere causas*. With the banner, on the pole of which was a knot of crape, were the choir of a Lutheran church, who chanted from time to time some of those fine old chorales which have of late become so well known in England. Before the coffin was carried a huge crucifix of ebony and bronze, and the bier on which the body was borne was almost invisible for the flowers and the white ribbons bearing inscriptions which hung from the wreaths. Next the coffin came the Lutheran minister, whose name, I regret to say, I was unable to obtain; then the few immediate relatives of the deceased who were followed by the military commandant and his staff in full uniform, with their orders, and Dr. Döllinger, who wore the dress of every-day life, save that on his breast shone a gold pectoral cross and the crosses and stars of half a dozen illustrious orders. It was understood that as Dean of the Chapel Royal the renowned theologian was delegated as one of the representatives of his Majesty Louis II. The professors of the University, the chief judges, magistrates, and lawyers in their robes, members of the municipal council, diplomatists in full uniform, and hundreds of the most eminent of the citizens, paid their tribute of admiring respect by falling in behind the procession, which not even the miserable weather that prevailed prevented from presenting an imposing appearance. Every head was uncovered as the coffin was carried round a portion of the front churchyard, and through the cloisters to the newer, but quite as crowded, God's Acre on the south, close to the back entrance of which, at the bottom of the main avenue, a simple vault had been opened.

The Lutheran minister took his place at the head of the grave, at the foot of which the crucifix was planted. After a very brief prayer the minister delivered an oration which lasted more than twenty minutes, and which was distinguished alike by happiness of expression and by felicitous elocution. He touched upon all the principal events of Liebig's life, showed how and why he had succeeded, depicted him as a man of many virtues, public and private, recited his titles and his public services, compared him to Alexander Von Humboldt and other great men of whom Germany is proud; above all, insisted that he was a thorough Christian, that he was no materialist, as some had striven to show, but that, whatever his particular ideas on special points, he had a fervent and living faith in Christ. In conclusion, raising his eyes to Heaven, the minister offered a prayer that the sins and shortcomings of the dead man might not be laid to his charge, and then he proceeded to read a few collects from the Lutheran service-book, closing the ceremony, after the body had been laid in the grave, with an extempore prayer of great beauty of language, and with the benediction of the body with uplifted hand. When the prayers were finished, first those officially present, and then the thousands of spectators, pressed around the vault to try to obtain a last look at the coffin. Still there pressed in delegates from various working men's associations, and troops of private friends laden with laurel wreaths, intertwined with flowers, which were reverently laid on the already great pile, until the vault was nigh to full.

I hear that already steps are being taken to erect a monument over the grave worthy of the fame of Professor Liebig and the boons he bestowed on his kind. There is little doubt that very many who read these few lines of narrative of the funeral would be glad to bear a share in the cost of this memorial, for Liebig's name and memory are not the possession of Bavaria, or even of Germany alone—they are the property of the world, and those who know best what were his labours will be most forward in claiming that England too may have a share in placing above his grave some record of a life so industrious, so zealous, so useful.

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VOL. VII.

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JULY, 1873.

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NEW SERIES.

CAPE TOWN:

J. C. JUTA.

1873.

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CAPE TOWN:
J. C. JUTA.

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"An Old Story Re-told," "Sunrise in the Desert," and other Contributions are in type, but are unavoidably kept over until next number. The Editor will be glad to hear from "Kopjes" again.

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"Meteorological Observations," "The Great Sea Serpent," and other Articles are in print, and will appear in the next number of the *Magazine*.

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J. C. JUTA.

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THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Nuggets of the Gouph.

BY DR. W. G. ATHERSTONE.

No. I.

THE Gouph! Mysterious word! What means it? whence derived? where can it be? I pondered thus on reading the brief telegram announcing gold in the West. In vain I questioned those I met: none knew or cared to know—no settler, frontier Boer, or Hottentot had ever heard of it, or of its golden nuggets and its untold wealth.

As I approached this mythical “El Dorado” of the West I found the *f* of “Gouf” replaced by *p*, and the soft *g* by *k*, and men at last began to comprehend what I was driving at. From “Gouf” it changed to “Goup,” “Koup,” “Cope,” till finally an ancient Bushman, drawing himself up *authoritatively*, drawled out “*Ka-oup-h!*” with a whispered *h* at the end, heard beneath the breath, as if one sneered out softly “pooh!”

The Boer had learnt to drop the sneer and called it simply “*kaup*,” which, in the Bushman tongue means *vet* or fat, a term applied by hunters to a bee’s nest filled to the brim with luscious honey; hence not inaptly given by the wild Bushman to that broad belt of country—100 miles across—between the Zwarteberg and the Nieuwveld range of mountains, a land in their eyes rich, if not in nuggets of gold, at least of its equivalent—things *worth their weight in gold* to Bushman and to Boer, true *nuggets* of the Gouph—the home of the ostrich and the wild baboon, and the still wilder men of the rocks and bush, *die bosjes menschen*, still living there and in the unknown kloofs and mountains of the “Mordenaars” Karoo!

Strange that in South Africa alone, at this extreme end of the “old world,” beyond all influence of the Flood that swept the northern races from the earth, their crimes and civilization, we still should find type-specimens of man and of his earlier helpmates, the faithful dog and horse, *in their primeval savage state*. The wild dog is *exclusively* found here, and *here* the *wilde paard* still roams at large, —untamed, unconquered, free—hunted *as game* and eaten by his future master, man, *both savages as yet and foes*, unconscious of their nobler qualities and future destiny.

The native ox has disappeared, eaten or intermingled with imported

stock ; but the Cape sheep still grazes in the Gouph, unchanged although domesticated. The elephant, too, never yet tamed by man, haunts even now the forests of the Zuurberg, Knysna, and Zitzikamma ; whilst man himself—noble, intellectual man—kept back for countless ages in his primeval state, still struggles on for bare existence in crevice and in krantz, living intermittently as best he can on roots and game, ants, locusts, and wild honey,—stunted, dwarfed in intellect and bodily proportions by famine and perennial drought, his *perceptive faculties* developed to the utmost *to live by*, his *moral* nature nil, an empty blank to be filled up hereafter, a trackless desert of the brain, as proved by his chattered language of clicks and clacks and gutturals, expressing but *the things he knows of*, the purely *animal* phase of wild humanity. Not a virtue, not a single *moral* feeling is represented *there* ; but for the varying shades of vice, deceit, and cunning, what numerous synonyms do we not find in his unwritten tongue ! Some seventeen words for different degrees of lying and deceit, his boasted *virtues*. Has he a word for honour, modesty, or innocence, that blessed condition of the white man's primitive parents, or is he not of our aristocratic line born in the garden where the fig-trees grew ? Can the wild Bushman blush, or feel the sense of shame ? Ask Dr. Bleek. I know them and their language but from the casual gossip of the fireside in their own wild country, not from books. Should ever Darwin or Professor Huxley venture in amongst these chattering races of the rocks, what wonderful discoveries, what inductions, what intellectual “nuggets” might they not pick up of this old Gouph world—the world before the Flood !

And yet how little know we of this wild, weird region, its denizens, its undeveloped wealth !

Some five-and-thirty years ago an old trek-boer—a squatter in those parts—applied to Governor Napier for a farm there. Tossing the document to his trusty secretary with startled look of genuine surprise, “*There,*” said he, “read that, Chartres. What next, I wonder ! I verily believe these fellows *next* will be applying for a grant in H——.” “Hades ?” suggested the Major blandly, smiling and reading on with smothered laugh to the end, then bursting out emphatically like his chief, “*A farm in the Gouph !*” cried he, electrified, “ha ! hah ! hah ! Give him the Gouph, Sir George. Give him the Gouph !”

Had not the gallant Major “done” an inspection tour in that same region ? Had he not ridden along its burnt up borders, and the parched confines of the “Mordenaars Karroo,” and peeped down on its desolate plains and wild interminable mountains, utterly worthless (so he deemed) and quite unfit for human habitation ?

“Give him the Gouph, Sir George !” So Stretch was ordered to survey the Gouph *forthwith* for the bold boer, and next year had marked out 120 farms of large extent, 30,000 to 50,000 acres each, which by degrees were all applied for as the Boers grew bolder and

the wild Bushmen and baboons more timid and uneasy, retreating slowly from the plains into the mountains.

So in the Western Capital they gave the Gouph away, and peopled it, and so it grew in wealth exceedingly, the richest, *fattest* land in Africa, bearing the heaviest crops, the sleekest stock, and most obese inhabitants!

Never shall I forget my first glimpse of the Gouph from out the opening mists of the lofty Zwarteberg as the chromatic hues of early morning tinged its fantastic sea of billowy mountains. I see it before me *now*, vividly, as I saw it *then*, sitting in shadow on a grey stone by the road-side, watching the play of light along its cobalt peaks and sinuous ridges, as cone after cone tipped with the golden sunrise stood out successively from the deep mass of purple shadow. *Now* all is bathed in a flood of yellow light—sky, earth, and mountains—all are burnished gold, even the cold grey quartzite rocks in the foreground, with their bright crystals, and big drops of dew on leaf and shrub seem for the moment studded with precious gems, glistening in the slanting ray through the golden haze of morning. *Now* as suddenly all vanishes, and the broad glare of day lights up the mountain sides with all its rocks and the tiny road winding like a golden thread down in the misty valley.

“All is not gold that glitters,” yet I must own *that* first kaleidoscopic glance of the Gouph left its impression on the memory, a dreamy, vague conviction (to be verified or not hereafter). “There *must* be nuggets *there* for those who seek them!” So when the search for veritable gold was ended, and the false nugget of the Gouph proved a mere fraud (no matter who the author, that was not our concern), we turned our faces northwards in search of coal and quicksilver and other sources of colonial wealth reported to exist there. Off with a bound at early dawn we glide

Into the blythe and breathing air,
Solemn and silent everywhere,—

balmy, soft, delicious, pure and dry, before the heat rays have drawn up into the sky the mist-wreaths sleeping on the mountain's side. What life and energy, what keen physical enjoyment one feels at the first start from the bivouac fire at daybreak into the boundless plains of the wild karroo! What wonderful programmes for the day's work are devised when mind and muscle are invigorated by a night's sleep in the open air! Alas! how soon, how rudely the Gouph sun stares down on your rash resolves, and dissipates your visionary schemes, relaxing slowly nerve and will and muscle, till noontide finds you paralysed and prostrate under the scant shadow of your cart. But few such days fell to our lot, or if they did, they passed unheeded; our attention was too intensely occupied with passing objects to notice heat or cold.

Were not the plains around us strewn with the buried bones of giants of a former world, extinct creatures known but by the scat-

tered remnants of their stony skeletons lying here and there whitening in the sun? Reptiles of wondrous form and monstrous size—far-famed dicynodons, some with two ivory tusks like walruses, combining the characters of tortoise, crocodile, and lizard, some without teeth, some with both teeth and tusks, and some (the largest) without either. Gigantic creatures, too, with formidable rows of sharp incisors, Bain's "Gamka-saurus," and others quite new to science. Printed thanks I received for a wagon-load of these *reliquiæ* sent to the vaults of the British Museum, where they now lie awaiting the skilled chisel of some devoted son of science to clear them from their stony matrix, and bring to light their strange organization, habits, and past history. Amongst them was one vertebra measuring nearly six inches across! What are our modern crocodiles and alligators to these huge reptiles of the Gouph! Were they terrestrial, amphibious, or aquatic, inhabiting vast chains of lakes stretching across both continents in former ages? India has the same *bidental* reptiles, *unknown elsewhere*, the same *glossopteris* and other ferns and associated plants, and to all appearance similar rock formations, and the same *coal* and *diamonds*! The deep-sea soundings for the cable line have shown us too that between Mauritius and the Cape the ocean depth is full a thousand fathoms greater than northwards of that line towards the Arabian Gulf. Could that have been the ancient coast line of the Indo-African continent? Could the teeming myriads whose remains now fertilize the Gouph have lived at an era so remote when the two continents of India and Africa were one, before the intervening land had sunk beneath the seas? Strange speculations these—to be worked out hereafter as materials accumulate for legitimate deduction.

Whatever may have been their former history—land, fresh water, or marine—to us they are indeed true *nuggets* of the Gouph, yielding its rich luxuriance to the golden corn, to the ripe fruit its luscious juice, and to the stock and kine their fabulous growth in bone and fat and muscle, all derived from the phosphates of the bones of an extinct creation. The Gouph sun bakes the clays, cracks and breaks up the rocks, which, crumbling under the summer showers, yield up their fossil treasures to fertilize the soil. Here is the hidden secret of its unsuspected wealth. It is but the rearrangement of the *effete* materials of the past, the organic matter of a former world assimilated by the plants and animals of our own, to be given back again in turn to silt and soil and rock for use in future ages! Nothing is lost, nothing destroyed, all ministering steadily to one grand definite purpose, all helping on the mighty work of Progress and Perfection.

Natal in a Strange Light.

OUR departure from Alexandria had been delayed by the detention of some portion of the overland mail, and the P. and O. S. N. Co.'s (technical ellipsis for Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's) ship *Elephanta*, then one of the fastest of that famous line, was devouring space at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, or, in nautical parlance, "doing all she knew how" to save her time at Malta. A glorious calm moonlight night had succeeded a fiercely hot September day, and the gentle breeze abroad scarce sufficient to fill the light sails of the numerous small craft scattered around, of which we could count upwards of a hundred as the sun sank, and past which the huge steamer swept rapidly, the beat of her paddles rousing up many a lazy Maltese and Sicilian crew, who, in true Mediterranean fashion, had lashed the helm and turned in, and only roused to a sense of their peril when the danger was past. On clearing Alexandria harbour our captain had confidently asserted that by about 10.30 p.m. of this present evening we should make the Malta light; and, curious to witness the fulfilment of this nautical prophecy, delivered some 900 miles distant, and moved, moreover, by the stakes of a lottery got up on the event, we, some few of the male passengers, were beguiling the time by a quiet smoke and chatting indifferently of many and widely severed scenes and events, such as might be expected from a company drawn from every possible Eastern land, the units of which were now massed together by the great P. and O. Company on the central trunk line, and destined for future dispersal throughout Europe. The conversation, after veering about from various topics, seemed inclined, as was natural with men, to settle down quietly on sport, and amongst others, the adventures of Harris, Baldwin, and Glynn were discussed, when G——, one of our party, exclaimed, "By Jove, I'm tired of the East; so if I can manage an extension, I'll try the home of the "intelligent Zulu," and go out by Port Natal."

"Don't!"

The speaker who thus abruptly broke into the conversation was a young man who had joined us at Alexandria, and, to judge from outward appearances, might be some rather effeminate youth, particular as to his ties and gloves, and more familiar with city lounges than the rougher surroundings of colonial life.

"I am," pursued the stranger, gently flicking the white ash off his manilla, "in the position of an esteemed agriculturist, who, on glancing at one of the colonial courts at the late exhibition, remarked, 'You don't catch me a-going to these ere colonies, 'cos why, I've bin.'"

"Your experience, doubtless, has been large and varied," began G——, with mock deference.

"Pardon me," interrupted the other, "the length of my sojourn

in the land of the Nativity was limited to fourteen days ; but I *can* claim a varied enough experience, for into those few hours I condensed the very essence of the model colonist's life. I lost no valuable time in dallying amidst the attractions of the sea-port, but purchased—paid for (a different matter), and did my best to occupy, a farm, and further possessed myself with a horse, wagon, and oxen."

"I trust you did not enter into colonial operations without carefully weighing so grave a matter," said a serious gentleman in a cloth travelling cap and spectacles.

"My dear sir, this is an age in which disagreeable scientific facts are forced upon us. We are told that the very air we breathe may be impregnated with minute particles of dust charged with disease which can be, with very deadly results, inhaled or absorbed into the human body. It is my belief that I absorbed emigration. I am well aware that I cannot claim to be considered as one especially likely to be moulded into a model settler, and probably the commissioners in Park-street, Westminster, would shake their heads solemnly over the case ; but perhaps it may be *my* private opinion that if prizes were offered for the cultivation of that curious plant 'red tape,' the department in question would achieve a success. I cannot say at what precise time I contracted the disease, or why it took the particular form of 'Natal ;' but somehow, everything seemed to slip quietly into that particular groove, and people were always curious as to when I was to start, and boring me with the valuable suggestions and hints respecting South Africa which emanate from persons who have never left their own fire-sides. About this time I put myself in communication with (I believe that to be the correct phrase) an agriculturist who contemplated emigration, one Mr. Crushsoyle, and who, moreover, enjoyed the reputation of accomplishing in agriculture like marvellous feats to those claimed for certain hair renovators by the inventors. He pretty well undertook to grow anything anywhere. The more unpromising the locality, the greater his success ; if ever there was a man to squeeze Nature into a corner and wring golden secrets from her, Mr. Crushsoyle was the one to do it. Mr. C. was pre-eminently practical, yet I regret to say that he in a measure allowed himself to be carried away by a very delightful guide-book on Natal which fell into our hands, and over which he used positively to gloat. Here, indeed, was an Eden, surpassing in fertility and resources the wildest visions of the agriculturist—a land flowing with milk and honey—nonsense !—a land like this one, flowing with clear mountain streams, watering green pastures, facilitating irrigation, and furnishing water power to turn machinery, was much more to the mind of our practical man ; a few shadows flitting across this bright picture were treated therein with so much grace, and in so cheerful a fashion, that we felt them to be (as no doubt they were) mere trifles,—the olive that flavoured the Burgundy, the lime that sharpened the honey.

"Duly arrived at D'Urban and quartered at an excellent hotel, we had intended to inquire around at our leisure ere commencing active operations. 'Quite a mistake,' we were assured; and certainly a feverish impatience to be up and doing seemed to afflict the entire population.

"The colonists, one and all, appeared (if I may say so) to be living in a hurry. A former old country acquaintance of Crushsoyle's, with wits, as he affirmed, sharpened by colonial experience, joined our ranks, and counselled the immediate purchase of a farm. Indeed, there was one in the market just then, situated somewhere in the uplands, and most desirable in every respect. 'The beauty of the thing is,' continued this gentleman, 'that if you purchase here at the port, as you safely can by aid of the diagram, you achieve land at half the price; for be your wish to purchase once declared up-country, the surrounding settlers would one and all fancy the spot necessary to their several wants, and, by joining issue, tend to run you up to a high figure. No, my dear sir, overwhelm them at the first interview in the character of a landed proprietor.'

"Surveyors' plans being a sealed volume to me, the inspection of the diagram merely conveyed to my mind the sense of a prettily tinted, neatly-executed drawing. The printed notice of the estate was certainly more definite.

"'Fairfield,' it seems, was 'situated in a beautiful undulating country, possessing the advantage of two widely different climates, the one end of the estate being singularly well adapted for stock and sheep-rearing and the production of cereals common to cold climates, while on the other it would not surprise the advertiser to hear of the successful cultivation of coffee and cotton in the sheltered nooks, and cane on the fertile ridges;' and then, in large letters, 'Coal!' yes, coal, 'lying on the surface,' which 'Mr. Smith, the eminent geologist, had pronounced second to none;' and 'Gold!' another eminent geologist (name not mentioned) had declared himself 'much gratified with the indications around;' and finally we were bidden to be in time on the morrow, as the auctioneer expected a most active competition for this 'rural gem, this *multum in parvo*.'

"In the morning we attended at the sale-rooms, and as a sort of preliminary, some small black dusty lumps of, to us, an unknown material were handed round for inspection; those we gathered were specimens of the surface coal alluded to, and an irreverent gentleman who suggested a fire test having been deservedly snubbed and extinguished, the auctioneer stepped into his pulpit, and Fairfield was offered for public competition.

"It was pleasant to note the perfectly candid manner in which this South African George Robbins treated his subject. 'The residence marked on the plan had not, indeed, been completed' (there was, if I recollect aright, the ground-work of an Italian villa), 'but that was a fact on which intending purchasers might even congratulate themselves,—a large amount of purchase money was thereby saved,

and as the estate afforded within itself an ample supply of the principal building materials, a purchaser was left free to select the particular site dictated by his fancy, taste, or health, the which, with such a wide range of climate, was an unspeakable advantage.' And then, with an eye on Crushsoyle, he touched on the comfortable future opened to the hard-working, persevering settler. The Dutch, it would appear, were sadly addicted to exhausting their land, taking much away and giving but little in return, hence the advantage of commencing on virgin soil, where 'British pluck, energy, and muscle were certain of due reward.' It was amusing to note how Crushsoyle expanded under this treatment; his face beamed with delight, and, as a hound straining in the leash, so he longed to be up and doing. In short, when the hammer fell, Fairfield, with its pleasant undulations, fertile dells, and mineral resources, was mine, and at what seemed to me, accustomed as I was to the high rents of my native Loamshire, at a very low figure. I will pass over our minor arrangements, merely remarking that the farm, once purchased, obliging offers of wagons, tents, and oxen poured in from all sides, though it was certainly annoying that some Kafir chief with an unpronounceable name chose that particular time to do something (I could never quite understand what) that affected the oxen market strangely, and sadly raised the price of those useful animals; yet, thanks to my companion's restless activity, we were speedily suited, and one fine morning found us fairly *en route*, Crushsoyle in buoyant spirits; and his friend, moreover, had secured to us the services of a man as driver and general director, who ultimately proved a treasure, and I shall ever gratefully remember his unvarying good nature and limitless resources. Carl also spoke English, Dutch, and Kafir with equal facility, and further guaranteed our safe arrival at Fairfield.

"Four days of wagon-journeying passed uneventfully enough—and as to the details of South African travel, are they not written in the pages of Moffat, Baldwin, and others?—but from the fifth day we may date the commencement of the curious meteorological phenomenon which literally darkened my future in Natal. The road, which had been heretofore constantly ascending, now terminated in a mere track at the foot of a steep range of hills, and we commenced the ascent under the fair auspices of a cloudless sky and cheery sunshine; but suddenly a white ball of mist which had been hanging innocently and scarcely noticed over the higher crags developed itself into alarming proportions, and, rolling down the hill's side, quickly obscured the fair sun-light and plunged us into a regular Scotch mist. And now our troubles began: the slanting road soon became greasy and slippery as glass, the wagon sidled down into the water-way, and the oxen, running back, tied themselves into a sort of Gordian knot with the aid of yokes and trektouw which we could not even cut. We felt terribly helpless; Crushsoyle, indeed, with characteristic energy, rushed to the rescue, but only impeded the Kafirs, who, in fact, held the key of the position, and at last by dint of hard flogging

and a liberal use of that mixture of Dutch, Kafir, and blasphemy which appeals most forcibly to a South African ox, managed to jerk us on ; but, indeed, our further progress up that confounded hill was simply a series of spasmodic jerks. Higher and higher as we ascended denser and denser gathered the mist, which had now taken to itself some of the elements of a London fog with equally bewildering effects ; and I rather suspect we strayed from the road, such as it was, for we suddenly found ourselves in a gorge bestrewn with high grey detached boulders reared on end, suggesting the idea that unawares we had stumbled on some ancient burial-ground of a past generation of the sons of Anak. The scene which followed now flits through my memory as the recollection of some dismal nightmare. Suffice it that we ultimately emerged on clearer ground and outspanned close to a small bush, which was, Carl affirmed, within the boundary of Fairfield.

"Night closed in, dark, cold, and misty, but we trusted that the morrow's sun would dispel the gloom. Delusive hope ! for in the morning long and apparently limitless waves of grey mist were rolling around, and completely excluded the prospect. What was to be done ?—for Crushsoyle, viewed as a human barometer, was decidedly falling. But anything was preferable to inaction, so after breakfast we stumbled about in an uncertain manner over stony ridges, clothed with long rank wet grass, but utterly failed to bring even an indistinct picture of our property to the mind's eye. As this was but melancholy work, attended by a strong probability of losing our way, we ultimately groped back to our tent, and philosophically determined to make the best of our position.

"The best of it ! Yes ; but it was really very distressing. Here, on the one hand, was Crushsoyle, eager to cultivate nature, and provided with an ample stock of energy, enthusiasm, and experience, and well posted in all the latest agricultural triumphs ; and there, on the other, was nature, simply declining *to be* cultivated, shrouding herself in a mantle of mist, and maintaining a masterly inactivity, which threatened to completely frustrate his efforts. When, or how, was this unexpected and unequal contest to end ? As the third morning dawned, bleak, gloomy, and rather thicker than heretofore, I determined to assert myself, and calling Carl, peremptorily desired him to drive up the oxen and inspan, as I had decided on returning at once ; then, for the first time, I noticed him downcast and inclined to demur ; however, the murder was soon out, the oxen were lost. There was no help for it ; Crushsoyle, indeed, anathematized things in general, and Carl (who did not deserve it) in particular, and tried to rouse the Kafirs to action ; but a chilly Zulu is utterly impracticable, and so, after repeated efforts, he desisted. But this circumstance, annoying as it was, proved but the harbinger of other troubles. In the hurry of our departure from D'Urban, the care of the commissariat department had been entrusted to our friend, Mr. S——, and that gentleman's views on the subject would appear to have been peculiar ;

in fact, there were a few omissions made which rather affected our comfort. We were handsomely supplied with utensils of all sorts, but with very little to cook in them; we were very short of flour, but had several pounds of soda; we possessed a huge sack of raw coffee, but no sugar; of pepper, salt, and spices we had an abundance; in short, all the concomitants of a savoury stew, save meat of any sort. We might, indeed, have managed some soup maigre on the good old receipt, 'a pint of greasy water with one *leetle* onion;' but I take it that that fare requires a bright cheery sky and southern aspect to make it palatable. Carl had procured some fowls from a kraal, and the solitary survivor might now be seen standing with half closed eyes on one leg under the wagon, and looking unutterably miserable, with the moisture trickling from its plumage, while the Kafirs were disputing if its gloomy appearance was attributable to the climate or to premonitory symptoms of fowl-sickness,—a disease which is there at times very troublesome. The majority were evidently against nature's being allowed to take her own course, and counselled its immediate immolation. Our Kafirs, too, showed signs of insubordination, or at least were seized with a longing for their own firesides, or what stands in their stead.

"I think that it must have been some near relation of the Cherub who is popularly supposed to keep watch over our sailors' fortunes who induced Carl on the following morning to commence cracking the wagon whip as if from pure listlessness. Enveloped in rugs we sat smoking gloomily at our tent-door, and listening in silence to the echoes of the sharp cracks, muffled by the fog, when of a sudden we heard an answering halloo at no great distance, and presently a horseman approached, looming to a giant's size through the mist. How heartily we welcomed the stranger and invited him to alight may well be imagined, and it was indeed pleasant to greet his jovial countenance, the very picture of health and contentment, with the mist drops glistening on his flowing beard.

"He proved to be a Dutch proprietor in the neighbourhood, though speaking English fluently, and whom chance had led in our way. We fraternized at once, and to him I unburdened our sorrows. There was one feature in our adventure that was certainly calculated to sooth our *amour propre*. He was unfeignedly amazed at our ever having reached our present position at all; and allow me to tell you that one must accomplish some very remarkable acrobatic feats with a wagon and oxen before drawing an encomium from a Dutchman. The information we derived from our new friend was not exactly reassuring. We learnt that the state of mist in which we had found our possession might for certain portions of the year be considered chronic, though parts of the farm were favourable as early pasture lands,—in short, to me it appeared to be rapidly resolving itself into a range of crags, overhanging a river with a name which, to my unaccustomed ears, sounded a something between a sneeze and a hiccup. Our oxen he, however, assured us would probably

have found their way to, and mingled with, his own herds. As I handed our visitor a piece of paper to light his pipe, my eye caught a few printed lines thereon, the purport of which instantly changed my prearranged plans. Had our good friend a horse to sell? What a question! Of course he had. Would he kindly send it up without fail in the morning? That he would, and 'lead it with his own hands.'

"It was the advertised date of the D'Urban steamer's departure that had fixed my attention; and, by dint of hard-riding, it struck me that I could just catch her. So, to the astonishment of Crush-soyle, I announced my intention of at once compounding with the elements, beating a retreat, and leaving him in full possession of the field. He scarcely indeed realized the situation even when I bade him good-bye on the morrow, and, under the guidance of my good friend the Dutchman, started for the lowlands. An hour's ride brought us to the foot of the hills, and then, in the distance beneath the thick pall of mist, I, to my joy, beheld a dim glimmer of yellow light—the first dawn of returning sunshine. Yet, when a little further on we emerged on a bright smiling champaign, not even my new friend's cheerful homestead, with its fertile lands, well-stocked pastures, and luxuriant orchards, combined with his own hearty hospitality and good-humoured badinage, could change my resolve; and now my interest and share in Fairfield, its undulations, mineral resources, &c., are in the market, and to be had cheap. Who'll buy?"

"The lesson to be drawn from your narration is plainly this," remarked the grave magisterial personage before alluded to, "that ill-advised and badly matured action in colonization is to be deprecated. I would firstly ask how is experience best gained? And then"—

"Buy it yourself," said the youth.

"Light ahead!" from the forecastle, "Ay! ay!" from the bridge, made us all spring to our feet. Pshaw! 'tis only a ship's light. But no; rising steadily on the horizon, and clearing itself rapidly from the summer haze as we raced onwards, a bright red dot was plainly visible a little on the starboard bow. No mistake now—St. Elmo's light.

"Mr. G——, the stakes are yours," said a quiet voice from the bridge above us; "it is just twenty minutes to eleven."

It was all very true, and in another hour our stretched gallop abated to an easy amble; we were threading our way slowly up the narrow water street that leads to the Quarantine Harbour, Malta, and the report of the guns echoing and vibrating through the dark masses of houses, barracks, and arsenals around announced the arrival of the "Overland Mail."

Kitty.

She is tripping along to the meadow,
 With the yoke on her shoulders laid,
 And on it her two shining milk-pails,
 Sweet Kitty, the rosy-cheeked maid.

She is going in search of her Daisy,
 To the brook where it glides past the wood,
 Where the milch-cows are lazily grazing
 Or drowsily chewing the cud.

Kitty soon finds her favourite Daisy,
 And, seating herself at her side,
 She sings, with a full voice and cheerful,
 A song that is heard far and wide.

The sun in the west is now sinking,
 The light of his fast-fading rays
 Bathes the green of the low, level meadows
 In a golden and vaporous haze.

And all through the evening landscape
 Not a sail of a windmill is stirred ;
 Not a sound but the song of the skylark
 And Kitty's blithe carol is heard.

While into the shining milk-pails
 Flowed the foaming and fragrant flood,
 The cow turned her head to the maiden,
 As if she would speak if she could.

“ My dear little Daisy,” said Kitty,
 “ I know what you're longing to say ;
 You are wondering and wishing to ask me
 What makes me so happy to-day.

“ 'Tis true that I lately have milked you
 Without speaking or stroking your side ;
 I'm certain you often have wondered
 Why I sat here in silence and sighed.

“ I dare say you said to yourself then,
Poor child ! She’s distressed in her mind,
Because she wants some one to love her,
And nowhere a sweetheart can find !

“ My dear little Daisy, my cushie !
That was not the cause—no, not that !
Why Kitty, whenever she milked you,
So silent and sorrowful sat.

“ Going home from the church on a Sunday,
One or other would walk by my side,
And, with eyes full of tender entreaty,
Seek a love that to all I denied.

“ When I went to the fair in the village,
After dancing with youths, half a score,
More than one came and whispered, ‘ Sweet Kitty,
You, you are the maid I adore ! ’

“ But, dear little Daisy, my cushie !
Of their vows and their sighs I made fun ;
Of them all only one did I care for,
And he always appeared me to shun.

“ I was going home yesterday evening,
And whom should I meet, cushie dear,
But the one of whom I was thinking ;
He blushed as he shyly drew near.

“ He begged he might carry my milk-pails ;
I said something or other—and then—
He carried the milk-pails, and whispered :
‘ I wish I might do it again ! ’

“ He says he has loved me a long time :
Now, cushie, I’m sure you have guessed
Already that Kees van der Linden
Is the youth that your Kitty loves best.

“ This morning he went to my father
And mother to ask for my hand ;
And in less than six weeks at the altar
With him as his bride I shall stand.

“ You see the white cottage down yonder—
 What a snug little cottage it is ;
 It is there that my lover will take me,
 For that little cottage is his.

“ And, dear little Daisy, my cushie !—
 Now, why do you look at me so ?—
 My mother has told me the secret,
 That Daisy with Kitty will go.

“ Yes, I shall still have my own Daisy !
 Who knows ? P'rhaps in less than a year,
 Little Keesje will come with his mother,
 And play while I'm milking you here.

“ My dear little Daisy, my cushie !
 How happy we'll be, will we not ?
 How happy we'll be all together,
 Down yonder in our little cot !”

* * * * *

She goes tripping away from the meadow,
 With the yoke on her shoulders laid,
 And on it her two foaming milk-pails,
 Sweet Kitty, the rosy-cheeked maid.

Kitty soon disappears in the twilight,
 But Daisy stands listening long,
 While the voice of the light-hearted maiden
 Is heard from afar in her song.

R.

(*From the Flemish.*)



Wells and Dams.

I HAVE heard it stated by many trustworthy persons, and in various districts, that the "country" is gradually drying up, that springs are weaker than they used to be, and that wells have to be deepened from time to time on account of the average water level receding slowly but surely from the surface. I have taken some trouble in endeavouring to arrive at the value of this statement, and I find grave reason to believe that it is true, at least with regard to the higher plateaus of the Colony. It is also said that less rain falls now than in former years. No reliable data can be collected upon which to base conclusions as to the truth of this statement. It would, however, be but a natural sequence to the drying up of the soil, that less rain should fall over the districts affected, that the rainy season should be more uncertain (as to time) than before, and that alternations of excessive flood and drought should take the place of the more regular seasons due to a well-watered country. It is probable that the statement is not unfounded, and although I take the phenomenon to be in the greatest measure consequent upon the condition of the earth's surface, yet it reacts in turn upon that surface, and would render desiccation more and more rapid in its action as time went on.

It is worth our while to speculate upon circumstances that have been perhaps in past years, and certainly are now tending to throw off an undue amount of water from the soil it is meant to fertilize. Some of them, from their littleness, may seem to be incapable of contributing to effect so great a change as is implied above, but it must be allowed that individual action, however small, when so enormously multiplied and so extended in sphere as it will be seen is here the case, becomes powerful almost beyond conception. I should perhaps first refer to the nature of the water supply that is mostly depended upon by our sheep-farmers, who are the principal occupiers of the high-lying lands that I alluded to in the first paragraph of these notes.

Springs may be divided into three general classes, viz. :—1st, Permanent springs rising from sources so deep-seated and far-reaching as to be unaffected save by a succession of years of general drought or excessive rain, and which are imitated by the well known artesian wells. 2nd, Springs that although permanent are variable in the amount of their yield, and which are fed by the slow drainage of the water held in suspension by the upper strata of the earth's surface; and 3rd, Those flowing for a short time after the fall of rains, and which are due to entirely local causes. It is the second of these sources that the farmer mostly depends upon, and which he taps with his wells, taking advantage, of course, of the rain-water that may be caught in natural and in a few instances artificial reservoirs.

It is not very many years since the general introduction of sheep-farming caused the thorough grazing of large tracts of country formerly but little known, and used only by the few ; while so rapid has been the increase of stock that our sheep-farmers now complain of being cramped for room, and the spirited competition that obtains at the leasing of Crown lands shows, not exactly the value of the land, but *demand for space*. The natural supply of water was never sufficient for the wants of the stock now using the runs ; the outlets of springs have in consequence been lowered, and wells have been dug from which vast quantities of water are yearly raised ; and in the words of an intelligent farmer living in one of these districts, "the water supply now for the first time tapped must of necessity be lowered in level."

The thorough grazing of the country has effected a marked alteration in the form of the bush which once covered the ground. This, the natural clothing of the earth, hereabouts always scanty, is now stunted, and is and will be kept so by the constant nibbling of thousands upon thousands of sheep and goats. The lowering of the water level would also affect the herbage, in that it causes too rapid sub-drainage of the water needed by the plants, whereby they are rendered less luxuriant in growth and less able to support themselves in dry seasons. It follows that an undue proportion of the surface is bared to the sun's rays, and great loss of moisture is occasioned by evaporation. There is less waste also in the form of leaves and twigs, and here we lose greatly, for this waste is perhaps the most efficient agent in the hand of nature for preventing rapid surface drainage. Falling as they do continuously, twigs and leaves form everywhere little obstructions to the free flow of water, and compel it to remain longer at or near the point upon which it first drops, thus giving the ground time to absorb a fair share of the rain-fall.

The tendency of sheep and cattle to follow in each other's footsteps is well known, and the little tracks beaten by them quickly collect water during rains and form convenient channels for its conveyance ; insignificant at first, they soon become deeper, and in turn induce an endless ramification of feeders, altogether draining their neighbourhood most effectively of water that should be soaked in where it falls, and throwing part of it to so low a level as to be valueless save to districts much lower than that upon which it first fell. Increased rapidity of surface drainage, greater loss by evaporation, and an exhausting system of sub-drainage are sufficient to cause a notable diminution of the water supply, and it is to be feared that, as time passes, large tracts of inland grazing ground will become worthless unless prompt remedial measures be taken.

With respect to loss by evaporation, I do not think that there is much hope of our being able to make much improvement unless by allowing the *veld* to rest and recover itself, which course would entail a too palpable present loss to the graziers ever to be adopted. It is urged that the planting of trees would not alone prevent evaporation

to a great extent, but that it would induce a greater rain-fall. I am willing to admit this, and to advocate the plan wherever practicable ; but at the same time, no one who is well acquainted with the peculiarities of the inland districts will affirm that any scheme of the kind can be carried out to such an extent as to materially affect the climate. Setting aside the difficulties to be overcome in getting young trees to grow in a soil naturally dry, the labour entailed in supplying them with water and the necessity of effectually protecting them from damage by cattle, there are but very narrow strips of country at all suited to the growth of trees, and they form a very small proportion indeed of the country they pass through—the greater area having a rocky substratum covered only with a few inches of soil.

In the matter of sub and surface drainage I am opinion that much may be done by the unaided efforts of the farmers themselves. The first object would be to force the absorption of the greater part of the rain-fall as soon as possible, and this may be done by the making of dams and by the dispersion and re-dispersion of water as soon as it is collected into streams. To the making of dams (time being given) there is no practical limit, and for the purpose advocated it is not necessary that great expense should be incurred, or that the dams be so constructed as to hold water for the use of cattle. The dispersement of the water may be easily effected by blocking existing gullies wherever there is side space available for the spread of water, or by cutting leadings from the present hard worn beds to sandy or loose patches of soil. This course would greatly increase the supply of spring and well water. Soil might be accumulated in sufficient quantities to allow of the planting of small patches of trees, and herbage round about be forced to a more luxuriant growth. The true cure, after all, is undoubtedly *abstention from the use of water obtained by digging wells and the too free opening of springs*. Under the present system, our farmers are using their capital and entailing future loss upon the country, whereas opportunity is offered for the collection of surface water, perhaps not in every case sufficient to afford a permanent supply, but at any rate enough to relieve the present drain upon a source which should *never* (except in extreme cases) be drawn upon.

We have in these high districts no surplus moisture in the soil, and our aim should be rather to increase than to diminish the quantity, and to keep what we can as near the surface as possible, both for the sustenance of the herbage and the certain effect it would have in inducing a greater rain-fall. By adopting the system of supplying our wants by storing surplus water in good reservoirs, it would be found that sheep and cattle would be kept in better condition by the use of the fresh water, and by its being accessible at all times, that the labour of the flockmaster would be greatly lessened, and that the cost of the work would not be more than the capital represented by the present yearly outlay incurred in the drawing of water.

Respecting the labour of the flockmaster, I will endeavour to illustrate my meaning by considering what may be effected by changing the direction of a given amount of labour. During two months of the present year I had occasion to supply 500 sheep and 45 oxen with water drawn from a well ten feet deep, and found that an average of ten tons per day was wanted. I will assume, however, that it is required to lift fifteen tons of water to a height of six feet, that this must be repeated for fifty days in each year, and take the accumulation of five years' labour. The result is 3,750 tons of water lifted to a height of six feet, and the equivalent to this in lifting earth into a dam wall would provide for the collection of 100,000 tons of water, or about twenty-seven times as much as would be lifted from wells at the assumed rate during the five years.

Allowing a very ample margin for evaporation, infiltration, and the possibility of not always getting suitable sites for storage, I am of opinion that in all cases farmers would find dams more economical than wells in the matter of labour alone; and that with respect to improvement in the producing power of their farms there is no plan that offers such certain advantages as the keeping possession of surface water, whether it be stored in dams for future use or forced into the ground where it falls.

GARWOOD ALSTON.

Dreams.

Oh ! what are dreams, but sleeping thoughts, which haunt the weary brain ;

Oh ! what are dreams, but shadows dim, which go and come again ;

Oh ! what are dreams, when lonely night is reigning all supreme ;

Oh ! what are dreams, when even life is but a fitful dream.

Oh ! what are dreams in youthful days, the days which are the best,
But the waving of the wings of an angel 'mid the blest—
The far off air of Heaven descending down to earth,
To gladden every righteous joy, illumine every mirth.

Oh ! what are dreams when days are gone, we ne'er shall see again,
And cares and sorrows of the past have fastened on the brain,
When all we loved most dear on earth, the hearts no leech could save,
Are lying still and cold within the precincts of a grave.

C. W

Household Proverbs.

How came the wisdom of the world to be put into short pithy sayings as guides for its erring and wayward children ?

In the same way, surely, that broad and simple laws have ever been made to cover every variety of example.

As the patient searcher finds in heaven and earth a few living principles expressing themselves in a thousand different shapes, so even homely laws may give some unity to the perplexing confusion of human life.

Not that the lessons or human experience have been collected into a code of laws. Proverbs do not come to us in the elaborated confusion of human edicts, but in clear ringing sentences like the life they would guide, setting forth the snares of folly and the rewards of righteousness. They come down to us from the oldest tongues ; for the highest wisdom set out and set in order many proverbs, in stately classic phrase, in simple homely Saxon, and, not least, in short twanging Scotch.

More than anything else, they assert our fellowship with the days and life that are no more. Sometimes when we read the civil and military laws of our forefathers, or the description of their antique dress, or see the grotesque figures preserved in our museums, we fancy we are in communion with another world ; but when we read their proverbs, we feel the same life throbs beneath the strange garb, and know that we are all of one blood.

It may be worth our while to ask what place these proverbs may take in the real guidance of our lives. There is an old, and perhaps sound, maxim in divinity, that "It is of little use to spend time in speaking about special duties without instilling great principles ;" and we indeed should be sorry to find ourselves setting our readers to seek the secret of holy living in a few "wise saws and modern instances." It is certain, however, that the principles of life do not find their way to the circumference of our being with that even and uniform power that could be desired ; so a few hints on their application will not harm us, and may do us much good, and this is the only place in our training to which "proverbial wisdom" aspires.

Proverbs have something to say of every part of this busy life of ours, visiting with their smiles and frowns the high places of the earth and its lowliest habitations ; uttering their stern words of truth where men meet to "buy and sell, and get gain," or gentler sentences of love and admonition amid the sports of the village green ; offering plain counsels to "dwellers at home," and a word even for wayfarers under "hoop and tilt."

We purpose to string together a few for the "dwellers at home ;" and though there be many to our hand, yet is the task not an easy one. It is a gleaner's work, and there is need of the gleaner's ready

hand, and the gleaner's merry face. Moreover, if anything be said about them, the sermon must have the fresh ring of the text.

Let me begin by enlisting your sympathy in one saying that has some relation to every other that may be quoted :—"Be it never so homely, there's no place like home;" or the short Scotch saying, "East or west, home is best." If you do not like this quiet round of home life, even with its little cares and frettings to boot, better than the noisy stir outside, we had better part company at once. It is quite necessary to our pleasant companionship that you should have a liking for the familiar things it has to show, the "harvest only of a quiet eye."

Not to be unreasonable in the matter of conditions, or needlessly lengthy, you must think it very pleasant to peep into the house after nightfall, when the fire is ruddy upon the hearth, and mother is quietly mending stockings, and father is reading a book, or, if it be truer to life, lazily enjoying the warmth of the fire after his day's work. You must hear music in pattering feet and merry laughter. All well and easy work so far; but I have not done yet. You must not mind being kept awake with a crying baby; you must have a ready hand and a patient heart for a sick wife and child; and once more, when mother, and father, and children are together, you must believe that it is the poor pattern of a yet larger company, the dim mirror of a diviner fellowship.

These things premised, let me begin where household life begins, and step up quietly to the bridal pair that leave the altar before the bridal tears are dry. Just a word or two, not to mock your morning joy—God forbid it!—but that you may keep the mood of the morning through the changing years. "Love is like a beautiful vase, which once fairly broken it will always show the crack." It will bear a scratch or a chip, but nothing more: once in pieces you may put it into shape again for some sort of service, but its magic symmetry is gone for ever. "Fair plumage shows its colour when the bird is *at rest*, but loses it *in flight*." One old proverb which comes down from a quaint old writer, "Good words are worth much and cost little," though true in its place, may easily mislead you. They may not now, while the light is golden and the way is smooth; but as the days hasten, bringing little pressing cares, better understand it at once, lest you should be seeking a royal road unknown to wayfarers, *kind words cost much*. Pardon a friendly word: it may seem superfluous when all is like a dream of fairy palaces, but you must soon begin life in the "morning grey, and touch the cold granite."

But now for a few plain words on the vulgar matter of social economies, though the wisdom I have to quote be as old as mortality. The first pressing household care is how to get an income, and then how to spend it to the best advantage, how to live so as to look every honest man in the face. Without paying a tax for heraldry, you may inscribe on your shield, "*Honesty is the best policy*." No crooked ways, even to gain a sixpence; no white lies to get the right side of

a bargain. Make up your mind for hard and honest work, and do not trust to the windfalls of fortune. "Nothing will come out of the cupboard but what is in it." "No mill, no meal." Look up for God's blessing on your hardest toil, and have faith when you cannot always see its issues. "Get thy spindle and distaff ready, and God will send flax." "God helps those that help themselves." Dear friends of the "drawing-room and the piano," don't be afraid of soiling your fingers in the kitchen. Have faith in free work, and soap and water. The skilful overseer has himself been a workman. If needs be, the captain can furl the sails in a gale with the bravest of his men. "Handle your tools without mittens." "A cat in gloves catches no mice." "He who would catch fish must not mind getting wet." "He that by the plough would thrive, himself must either hold or drive." "If you want a servant who will serve you, serve yourself."

But what of the oldest and hardest task in life—knowing how to spend, and spare, and save; giving heed to the little details that crowd the hours? "Poor Richard" is gone, and who shall be our teacher? Ah, what deceptions we practice upon ourselves in the single matter of spending what we have, and, alas, sometimes what we have not! Who of us has not been guilty of the ingenious device of fixing on some article to cost so much, and saying we *will, must* have it, and then altering our minds and reckoning we have in pocket the amount it would have cost to spend on other things! We all know how the kitchen-maid praised Sydney Smith's "yellow soap" when it was represented as a costly article bought in the best market; but ah me! if we really knew how much "yellow soap" we *did* buy at a long price because we will have the "royal stamp" on it! And then, oh, what we spend on *bargains*! Why, it makes one shiver to think that a large class of the community are selling *rotten wood and paint* to the "bargain hunters."

As to "auction sales," we have all a wound somewhere, and it is as well perhaps not to open it. We defended at the time the purchase of the great eight-day clock, because there was a niche in the stairs where it would just go; but we have long ago been ashamed of it, and heartily wish the money had been spent on something more useful. Oh, Mr. Auctioneer, if you with your keen glance at the motives of your buyers would give them to us in the fraction of a unit, what would be your report? Let us guess. One third are moved by the eager love to get one thing once in their life under its value; one third because Mr. or Mrs. C. *shall not* have it; one third, perhaps, because they are in want of what they bid for. Is that uncharitable? Ask Dr. Franklin's old man with the silver hair, and let his ghost tell us whether the times have changed. One sharp ringing sentence coming from our Scotch friends will set us all straight? "Ken when to spend and when to spare, and ye'll nae be busy, and ye'll never be bare." "Everything is dear that we do not want."

As to the matter of putting up against a rainy day, we may, without going contrary to the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, imitate the example of the lord of Egypt, and when there is more grain in the garner, even if the plenty be not profuse, put by against the days of famine and darkness. It may be little we can spare, but a "pin a day is agroat in a year;" "a penny saved is a penny gained." If you have given up the idea of saving for yourself, remember the children will want something to start in the world. A friend of mine, who works hard and has little to spare at the end of the year when he has fed six mouths, manages, somehow to insure his children's lives for terms of years. At twelve years old they will be worth £100 a-piece; and at twenty-one £200! Just something, as he says, "for the girls if they get married;" and useful, no doubt, if they remain old maids; and at least a "nest-egg" for the boys. In these days, when we can put in our pence with our letters, it must be our own fault if we fail in thrift. And yet even wise words have their danger, and I should be sorry to find myself encouraging miserly habits in those who have been all their life-time scraping together the trifles and never distributing the hoard. You, my friends, need another word of yet diviner wisdom. "Go sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor." But you, dear friend, with the generous heart and ready hand, who, in your free way of living, often lack the prudent discipline of life, you and the careless many may heed our "good words of warning."

Proverbs have some searching words on the delicate question which an "old teacher" has suggestively associated with "mutual affection:" "*Owe no man anything*, and love one another." How was it Bishop Butler never included in his analysis of "Self-deception" the common delusion that we can pay at the end of six months, or a year, for what we cannot afford now? Ah, that Christmas time of the year! it's very sad that so many have to eat their feast with bitter herbs, and family meetings are so often saddened by the burden of family debts. So the busy world, from the poor victim of the strike to the great speculator on 'Change, postpones the obligations, instead of looking them in the face to-day. An old word of wisdom says that "Our sins and our debts are more than we think." But while we fail in a due knowledge of our position, and will not take stock of it, hoping, like Mr. Micawber, that something will "turn up," our friends of the other side of the balance-sheet have a truer notion of our whereabouts; for "creditors have a better memory than debtors." Moreover, the day approaches when their memories will help ours, seeing that "Creditors are a superstitious sect, and great observers of days and seasons."

But some of our readers bend gloomily over our "good words," and say, with a sigh, "Our case has gone beyond the reach of our prevention; no matter how it came about, we have not wherewith to pay what we owe." Come, cheer up, friend. "A pound of care will not pay an ounce of debt," so gird yourself for the good work of

paying your debts. Do not get in debt to one to pay another. "He that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing," says poor Richard. One short proverb will give you the secret of getting clear: "Confess your debt and crave days." It is wonderful how lenient most creditors will be if the will and the work of the debtor move, however slowly, in the right direction.

Not to weary with the most prosaic branch of household life, "social economies," let me sum up all, dear readers, by recommending that your whole scheme of expenditure is in accordance with your means. "Better ride on an ass that carries you, than a horse that throws you." "They have need of a canny cook who have but an egg for dinner;" but then if the egg be paid for, it will be sweet as the "dinner of herbs where love reigns."

But, thank God, household wisdom points to other duties besides that of supplying the cupboard, and to other joys besides that of keeping the "crown of the causeway." It would be odd, indeed, if there were no proverbs about "baby May," with the "tiny shoes" and the pattering footstep. Dear little fellow, who knows whether he is most of a teacher or a scholar. Well says the philosopher "across the water" to his little ones at home—

"Come to me, O my children,
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away."

But whither are these little pilgrims journeying, of whom the Saviour said "Of such are the kingdom of heaven?" Do their little faces already shine with the light of the golden gates, and catch, as from afar, the "outer murmur of the infinite?" Oh, they are too young for such things! Yes, too young for the long, tedious catechism, and the chapter of genealogies, but not too young to track with eager interest the footsteps of the Lord;—too young for the husks, but how early will the kernel be pleasant to the taste!

Take your child, too "young to receive impressions," out there to the open sky; show to it the glittering shingle over which the wave spreads its spray, and the bold outline of the cliff hard by. These things are but a "pattern of things in the heavens." If your life and words have made dull and harsh a theme full of Divine freshness, whose fault is that? Great is childward care and holy the work of training the little ones that crowd and bless our homes. Many who have gained their laurels at public work have won the greenest in their homes; and many a careworn public man turns from the busy, troubled world to home life, as from some fevered dream to the quiet of a Sabbath sky.

Our homely wisdom gives us almost a domestic interior in a sentence. "The foot at the cradle and the hand at wheel is a sure sign that a woman means to do weel," while a more pretentious and more modern proverb declares, "Those who rock the cradle rule the

world." Ah, who can say, if the day ever comes when we can clearly read the influences that have gone to mend the sicknesses and sorrows of this poor, weary world, and to hasten on the day of its redemption, how many we shall find have sprung from a pure and gentle life at home; a strong, wise, yet tender government; a "pattern, Lord, of Thine." Good will it be for us to regard the law written on the life and growth all round about us, "Timely blossom, timely fruit." No one expects the mellow fruit that hangs so invitingly in the rich autumn air, unless there has been the pledge in the sweet blossom of the spring, ushering in the very shape of the fruit that was to come with flowers and fragrance: and who of us is expecting the ripeness of a noble manhood from a neglected childhood, giving no sign or token of the days to come. The life outside will be fashioned by the life at home. "Bairns speak in the field what they hear in the hall." Bairns *are* in the field what they are in the hall. That life, so solemn in all its issues, from its rising to its close, is formed amidst the joys and sorrows of the little world inside the door.

What we all want is that our children should grow up amidst the clear shining of a calm and truthful life. The little ill tempers that make the life of a home fret and chafe are not the troubles that cleanse, but become as poison to those who ought every day to be drinking in the Divine ether. "When drums beat, laws are dumb." "Firm and gently goes far in a day."

But our homely wisdom aspires to the office of bringing consolation to the house in its days of darkness and sorrow. Ah, husband! I can see you walking home after your day's toil, with the brow a little clouded, and just a little strangeness in your gait—for your step is not so firm and free as it might be. You left home in the morning, and your little one was ill, and mother had an anxious face, and you wonder whether better news or deeper trouble will greet you. While sunshine rests on the city the cloud is in many a house; while the busy world buys and sells, and gets gain, and the very air is filled with the noise of the "sturt and strife," within the houses that look down upon its passing life are darkened rooms and weary watchers by the dying and the dead.

These home troubles must be calmly and bravely met; but while we gird on the armour manfully, let us see to it that the troubles we encounter are real ones, and not those which our fears and fancies have made into a real presence. "Don't go half way to meet trouble" "Harm watch, harm catch." If we would fairly banish these tribulations which our forebodings have made into realities, how would the list be shortened? Your family almanac, made like Moore's and Zadkiel's tracking the storms in foul weather that *may be*,—compare it with the diary faithfully kept for the same twenty-eight days of what *has been*,—it ought to give a calmer trust and a less feverish forward glance. Poor little Walter, as he lay ill there in the cradle, why did you magnify his sickness and make yourself

wretched by conjuring sad possibilities? It was bad enough to see him as he was; the pain and weariness you could not take away, but the form your fears had fashioned was far worse than that. You would shudder to call to mind what it was that haunted your watch that night. Yet let "that night" come back for a moment; what was it that made you hold your breath and stay your bitter thoughts? Something that you saw through your tears as you glanced unconsciously at the candle shining dimly in the room. A little bow of wavering light and colour glistering unsteadily on your tears as they fell. Yes, for a moment came the thought,—“the very same bow wherewith our Father spans the heavens in times of storm.” Ah, that very bow of promise that may span for us each stormy sky! So it is good to have trouble. Ah, friend with the sick child at home, have you found it so? Ask, the sailor there, as he stands line in hand waiting for his prey, are you doing anything? No, no; the tide is ebbing lazily away, with a slopping, slothful sound, but see now how tightly he grasps his line when the tide sets in, with a fringe of foam beating shoreward before the half angry wind; he will tell you it is “good fishing in troubled waters.” Who can complain on the whole, of the way in which our troubles are sent to us? How gently do the dispensations come! how kindly their warning, how tender their departure! If they enter with the look of an enemy, they go away with the whisper of a friend. There is an old and beautiful word for the sad and weary,—“God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;” or with a yet fuller and Diviner wisdom, “He stayeth his rough wind in the day of his east wind.”

Ah, you never thought of it as part of a Divine arrangement when, a little while ago, you, the sick, invalid wife, said, “I know not what I should have done if I had been as ill as I usually am, for when husband was ill, and the children had the hooping-cough, I seemed like a strong woman, and was able to nurse them right through their sickness.” Every home has many a tale like that. When poor “Aunt Mary” was ill—Aunt Mary who was so tender a nurse, and was always at hand in times of sickness and sorrow—it happened the children were all well and strong, and could be left for you to go and see dear “Aunt Mary;” and then when Charlie had the croup, and every breath had to be watched, and mother was fairly done up, why, by that time “Aunt Mary” was well; of course she was, and was at the door with her box and smiling face, and new hope for Charlie’s speedy recovery in her very step. She insisted on sitting up with Charlie that same night, and as you woke in the night you were conscious that her vigil never ceased. You heard her quiet step in the dim, cold grey of the morning, when sleep falls even on the sleepless, and you wondered, with a sleepy, shivering wonder, how she could stand it after so long a sickness. And so we wonder on, forgetting Him who holds back the wind from the shorn lamb, who giveth strength when “the youths faint” and “the young men utterly fail.”

- It is something to learn for ourselves and our little ones how to weather the storms. "Every man," says an old proverb, "is a pilot in fair weather." Cannot you see them crowding the deck and telling you of the rocks and shoals with all the confidence of old sailors, while the shores of the channel look gay in the sunlight, and a sweet breeze just freshens the sea? But come up from below when the wind is raging through the spars, and the spray sweeps in blinding sheets across the deck. Where are all the fair-weather navigators? Who is on the watch now? Just one lonely figure, passing the raised board with his head bent to the storm. There the man has gained strength for all work, and calmness for all emergencies. Ah, that is the lonely watch that our sorrows bid us keep, if we learn the lesson well.

It would not be a bad motto to write over the homes of refuge for the homeless poor in our great cities, "Night brings all wanderers home." And thus, sorrowing friends, the night and the famine of the world brings us to the warmth and light of the "Father's house."

But an end must come one day to all our strife and trouble, and our circle be broken. "The pitcher that goes often to the well comes home broken at last." We and our little ones must come to the margin of the river like the pilgrims in the wonderful dream. The years hasten, and the days when a better wisdom and a nobler household life are possible to us, are fast passing away. "The water that's past the mill grinds no corn;" so with an earnest word we bid farewell to our home readers. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no device or labour in the grave whither we hasten."

F.

The Unwelcome Guest.

A CHARADE.

Count Rudiger sat at his banquet-board ;
 And there sat his comrades in feasting and fight :
 In fast-flowing streams the red wine was pour'd,
 And the chorus of revelry madden'd the night.

All day had his bearing been other than now,
 With a halt in his step, and a cloud on his brow ;
 And the moodiest spirit that ever was born
 Seem'd harsher and moodier all that morn.

For ten long years of ambition and strife,
Bright fortune had smil'd on Count Rudiger's life ;
Wealth gilded his coffers, fame greeted his ear,
And victory rode on the point of his spear.

Woe waited on all who his purpose would mar
In intrigue or in vengeance, in love or in war :
And dark were the hints of unholy powers,
That spake with him often at midnight hours.

And there, in the halls of his lordly castle,
He is drowning his thoughts in the wine-cup and wassail ;
And the storm, that is sweeping the hills with its din,
Is match'd by the laughter and uproar within.

“ Who knocks at the gate, at an hour so late ? ”
’Twas a stranger stern and tall.
Furious and fast rush'd the roaring blast ;
The storm-spirit shriek'd in dismay as he pass'd ;
And a thunder-clap shook the foundation and wall,
As the grim guest enter'd the castle-hall.

Unearthly in stature, majestic in tread,
A mysterious darkness around him he spread :
At his every step he seem'd taller to grow,
While a sound like an earthquake roll'd deeply below.

All still'd was the revel ; for round there ran
A thrill at the glance of that dark, stern man.
No greeting gave he to the castle's lord ;
But silent he paus'd ; then advanc'd to the board.

Count Rudiger flush'd. Was it anger or pain ?
Half rose from his seat, and resum'd it again :
His brow he contracted, his face grew red,
And “ Avaunt, foul intruder ! ” he hurriedly said.

Nought answer'd the guest : not a look, nor a sign ;
But a goblet he fill'd with the bright red wine :
Then hoarse fell his slow, measur'd words on the ear,
Like Ætna's deep roar, when eruptions are near :

**The time is run ; the prize is won ;
The plighted service now is done ;
A pledge to him who claims his right
For service of ten years to-night.**

With a fix'd fierce look on the Count he gaz'd,
 As my *first* to his death-like lips he rais'd :
 Then, taller he stood, and more scowling his mien,
 And,—oh, what a vision of horror was seen !

Not a guest sat there of a spirit so bold,
 But his breath came thick, and his blood ran cold ;
 And he seem'd as if turn'd to my *second* outright,
 So statue-like still, and so pale with affright.

For, about my *first*, with a spectral glare,
 A flickering circle of flame burnt blue :
 While the lamps fell dim, and through all the air
 A stifling smell of my *whole* there flew.

Grim smil'd the stern guest.—'Twas a pause of dread—
 Then suddenly o'er him a change there came :
 In his place, a dark column of cloud was spread ;
 And forth there scowl'd from what seem'd its head,
 Fierce, thunder-scarr'd features, and eyes of flame.

Clang ! clang ! There peals from the castle-tower
 The chiming bell of the midnight hour ;
 And the last, twelfth stroke is a crash of thunder ;
 And the strong castle-towers are burst asunder.

Then flash'd the live lightning, and blaz'd through the hall ;
 And down in a swoon fell those revellers all ;
 And vain, when their senses return'd, was the quest
 For the lord of those halls, and his dark, stern guest.

No trace of Count Rudiger ever was known :
 Unwept was his loss, or by peasant or peer :
 For, no more quail'd serf at his tyrant frown,
 Nor knight was unhors'd by his hell-charm'd spear.

But still, to this hour (so the villagers say),
 Yon desolate ruin is shunn'd and abhorr'd ;
 For, when storms are abroad, and the lightnings play,
 Grim revellers sit at the festive board ;

And, about their cups, with a spectral glare,
 There flickers a circle of pale, blue light ;
 And soul-thrilling laughter, and shrieks of despair,
 In the pause of the thunder-peals, startle the night.

The Construction of Dams.

THE choice of position for and the construction of dams is a matter requiring more forethought and practical knowledge than is usually applied by our farmers when they store water for their cattle, and some of the most common errors proceed from a want of knowledge of the first principles of hydrostatics. I have, for instance, on several occasions heard the bursting of the Beaufort dam attributed to the pressure caused by the great distance to which the water was thrown back from the dam wall, and again to the velocity with which the river water entered the reservoir. And I have seen dams jammed into the steepest part of a kloof to avoid the first *danger!* and the wall placed below a bend in the stream, in order that the force of the incoming water may be expended upon the side of the kloof. This last course is of no practical value, and frequently causes troublesome eddies along the face of the wall. The force of incoming water is invariably balanced by a slight elevation of the mass of water between the obstructing face and the point of ingress, and in all well-constructed dams this force is transmitted in the form of a measurable vertical pressure and its resolvents over a much greater area than that of the cross section of the inlet. In all cases the forward thrust is a measure of the perpendicular height of water against the inner face of dam, and is not affected by extent of back water or by mere motion within the dam; and the greatest height to which the water is likely to be raised, whether by overflowing or by agitation, must be used in the calculation of the strength of the wall.

The practice of facing a dam wall with loose stone work, either inside or out, is bad, and should never be adopted unless as "pitching," for the prevention of the washing and treading down of an *earthen wall strong enough of itself to sustain the whole pressure due to the head of water in the dam when full*; and pitching is entirely unnecessary in small works.

Whenever loose stone work is built to a slope steeper than that which the earth used in filling would take if left to itself, the slip of a single stone may be fatal to the structure. Weight for weight, earthwork is cheaper than stones, and at the same total cost an earthen wall may be built presenting more resistance to percolation and greater absolute strength, while it is at the same time not so likely to fail as a mixed earth or stone work.

Many existing dams are built with an almost perpendicular loose stone wall on the inside, the object being to gain water space. It is easy to establish the fact that the same water space could have been secured more economically by raising the dam wall two or three inches.

In choosing a site for a dam the chief points to be considered are, certainty of water supply, suitable bottom, position and quality of material for construction, and sufficiency of water space above the dam.

It often happens that the best site in other respects has but little catch area ; if, however, sufficient water can be diverted in common waterleadings from side kloofs to the site, the dam may sometimes with great advantage be made there, for the digging and maintaining a furrow, may be cheaper than overcoming difficulties in places where water supply is naturally abundant. This principle was successfully applied to the dam built for Robert Hare, Esq., of Groenefontein.

Most farmers know what bottom is good, and what material to use in construction ; but they sometimes err in taking too much from within the dam and baring a soil less able to resist percolation than that removed. In most cases, puddled walls may be dispensed with, and any kind of earth that will work easily and bind fairly may be used in construction, but it must be thoroughly worked and tramped from the commencement. I have seen good service done by driving sheep and cattle over the work in progress on their way to and from the kraal. Both faces of the wall should be trimmed to a slope *flatter* than that natural to the soil, and ample provision must be made to allow for the settlement of the higher parts of the wall.

The provision of a good outlet for surplus water is of the greatest consequence, and the water way should never be less than that of the supply channel when at its fullest ; care must be taken that it be cut wide enough to allow of the free passage of bush and rubbish that may be washed down by floods ; although, if wood be obtainable, I would recommend the making a rough grating some distance within the dam, so as to avoid all possibility of the outlet getting blocked.

In most cases where the yield of the stream from which the water supply is expected is known to be greatly in excess of the capacity of the intended dam, it will be found most advantageous to make the dam in a side kloof or level patch of ground, and to lead the water to it from a higher level. The objection to the passing water *through* a dam is that an undue amount of silt would be deposited, and water storage lost, whereas by throwing the dam to the side of the main channel, provision may be made for the deposition of silt at any point along the waterfurrow from which it may be most easy to remove it.

Evaporation and infiltration reduce the volume of water stored in proportion to the surface exposed, in the best formed reservoirs ; in those the sides of which are so flat as to expose a broad thin edge of water to the action of sun and wind the loss becomes excessive, but at the same time capable of reduction. The greatest preventible loss is caused by the water being driven by the wind over a beach that becomes sun-dried and heated almost as soon as the wind drops, and in most districts this alternate action is diurnal. It appears to me that it would be advantageous in the case of all such dams to prevent the water from spreading over these shallow parts by raising light walls within the line which defines the ordinary high-water mark, The area lost to the dam would be considerable, and that the most wasteful part of the surface, while if the same volume of water be

required, no great difficulty would arise in finding space for it, for, assuming the area cut off to amount to one fifth of the whole water surface, and the depth of the water at the side walls to be one foot, an additional depth of water over the remainder of the dam of only one and a half inches would be sufficient to store the same quantity of water as that first cut off.

The best method to adopt would perhaps be to mark off the water line at the depth at which it is wished to make the walls, and when the water is low enough to use the "scraper" below the line, and depositing its contents on the mark, trim the bank into shape with the spade. Advantage might be taken of any shallows within the dam for the formation of islands which together with part of the banks might be planted with trees; these might reasonably be expected to grow and would be efficient agents in reducing still further the loss by evaporation, and at the same time please the eye.

G. A.

Meteorological Data.

It is an imperative necessity that provision be made for acquiring a better knowledge of the meteorology of Southern Africa. I do not suppose that there is any one man in the Colony who could draw a line upon the map defining the ordinary inland limit of the north-west rain-storms that visit us in the winter; I may say the same of south-east storms; and as to the summer clouds, upon which the inland districts so much depend for rain, it is not even guessed whence they come or whither they go.

Impeduniosity has hitherto been pleaded as a good and sufficient reason against the expenditure of public moneys for the purpose of encouraging the study of the natural laws which govern our supplies. This excuse can no longer be urged. Will it be urged that the knowledge of those laws is immaterial? Very possibly; but it would be well for us to take a lesson from the experience of other countries, which teaches us that our knowledge of these subjects cannot be neglected without incurring certain future loss.

America at this time is suffering severely from the disregard paid to meteorological laws by past generations of settlers. The men of the present day are working heartily in the endeavour to render their descendants able to repair the faults of the past, by spending in addition to the earnest labour of scores of unpaid enthusiasts, £50,000 per annum of public money for the acquirement of knowledge of these laws.

Nearly every country in Europe has now its weather chart. England publishes "daily storm charts;" but giving state aid to the extent of only £4,000 per annum for weather telegraphy, is

largely dependent on observatories not under the immediate control of the Government for the necessary information. The littleness of the sum applied compared with the revenue of the kingdom must not for a moment be taken as an expression of the value of the science of meteorology. Happily, men who pursue knowledge for its own sake, and those who apply it for humanity's sake, are many in the land, and the parsimony of the Government is in very great measure counteracted by their exertions.

The greatest difficulty for us to overcome is in the persuading our Legislature to spend money in the hope of benefiting posterity. A certain, tangible, and immediate return for outlay seems to be the only key that will unlock the public purse. Yet legislators who should strive to secure all possible advantages to coming generations individually insure their lives and lay up money in other ways for the use of those who can only gain possession by the death of the donor.

In all exact and in some speculative sciences we are able to help ourselves by using, as we mostly do without acknowledgment, the results of the brain labour of others; but in this particular study we can make no progress save upon a basis afforded by a series of observations carefully and regularly taken at as many stations as can be supported in the country.

From the experience of others we can determine what observations are needed and the best description of apparatus to use. The reduction and tabulation of observations, although needing great care, is not beyond the compass of non-scientific labourers, and we have I am sure men enough, *capable men*, both here and in the Eastern districts, who would delight in applying their best endeavours to the deduction of general laws from the given data.

A subject of great interest, but perhaps of no great practical value, is magnetic variation and dip. The accurate measurement of these is attended with considerable difficulty, and the chief points of interest in connection with meteorology would lie in determining the principal centres of local attraction, in the detection of earth currents, and in the ultimate comparison of localities known to have certain magnetic properties with points of greatest or least rain-fall or with points over which "thunder-clouds" first form, with the direction in which they most rapidly increase in magnitude, and with the direction in which thunder-storms themselves mostly travel.

G. A.

“Home” after Nine Years’ Absence.

II.

My stay in London was for only a few days, on my first arrival in England,—only long enough to comprehend that nine years had worked many changes along its vast thoroughfares, and had still further expanded its wide-stretching suburbs. But the good ship *Edinburgh* had, as I told my readers in the last number of this Magazine, brought us into the port of London, so that I had not yet had any chance of seeing—what I was anticipating more pleasure from than anything else during my visit home—the cultivated fields, the stretches of wood and copse, the heathy wolds, the trimly hedged-in corn-lands of Old England; all this, making a landscape so distinctly opposite to what we are accustomed to in South Africa, I had again and again pictured to myself, and I lost no time in escaping from London, ere the season had advanced too far.

I had many friends in the beautiful county of Gloucestershire who claimed an early visit, and about noon one lovely autumn day, I took the train on the Great Western Railway, at Paddington, booked for Stroud. It did not take us long to be whirled beyond the dull atmosphere which is almost always hanging about the great city. First, after we had left behind the row after row of long grimy streets, we came on many a mile of market garden; but passing this, we soon burst into true English county scenery,—deep bedded lanes, flanked with briar and hawthorn hedges, dividing large fields, some still golden with the waving corn, or russet brown under the stubble of the gathered harvest. Here is a description of this railway ride from London, by a true West-countryman, which I could not help recalling as I took the same road last autumn. It is from Mr. Hughes’ little book, celebrating the great West country feats at the scouring of the White Horse on the Berkshire Hills. “How I did enjoy the pretty hill, with the church at the top and the stream at the bottom, by Hanwell, and the great old trees about half a mile off on the right before you get to Slough, and the view of Windsor Castle, and crossing the Thames at Maidenhead, with its splendid weeping willows, and the old Bath-road Bridge, and the reach beyond, with the woods coming down to the bank, and the great Lords’ houses up above. And then all the corn-fields, though by this time most of them were only stubble, and Reading town, and the great lasher at Pangbourne, where the water was rushing and dancing through in the sunlight to welcome me into Berkshire; and the great stretches of open about Wallingford-road and Didcot. And after that came great green pasture-fields, and orchards, and grey stone farm-houses, and before I could turn round we were at Farringdon-road station.”

We shall see no more of the beautiful Thames now, as the railway dashes along at the foot of the long slopes of the Berkshire Downs;

but not for many a day shall I forget the glint of the afternoon sun upon its broad, clear waters, bordered by the velvet lawns, sloping down from many a stately home. I did full justice to the capacity of both the windows of our carriage, as we hurried along, and every look I had, I was rewarded by some fresh sweet bit, fit for a painter's canvas.

Soon on our left hand we could see the rude monument of the White Horse cut in the Berkshire hills, which in the faith of all Berkshire men, at least, commemorates the Great Alfred's victory over the Danes at the battle of Ashford. These broad downs now and then reminded us of the undulatory sweeps about Caledon, in our Colony, but in the latter we always missed the cozy little hamlets nestling among the hills, and the long, rich strips of orchard lands which run up the valleys and give such diversity to the landscape.

I will not detain my readers at Swindon, where we stopped for the usual quarter of an hour. Those of them who have recently passed this famous junction will readily believe me when I say that I found the identical sandwiches laid out on the marble tables, and the same cold muddy coffee, which I left here nine years ago, and not one day older seemed the dressy young ladies who pressed these choice viands upon hungry travellers.

It did not take us long to run to Cirencester and through the long Sapperton Tunnel, emerging from which we burst suddenly upon all the rich splendour of the famous Golden Valley, bathed in the sweet, soft light of an autumn evening.

This Golden Valley, I must tell my readers who are strangers to this part of England (and it is not known and visited as it deserves), is the name given to the beautiful winding vale running from Sapperton through Brimscombe and Stroud and Stanley to Gloucester, and at no season of the year is its best known name so appropriate as during this month of my revisiting it, when all the varied and splendid colours of autumn were scattered with such a lavish hand over the groves of beech and oak which climb the hill sides, and among the hedges which divide the fragrant meadows in the bottom.

I soon was recognizing lanes and hills, houses and mills, familiar to me long ago.

The nine years of such unrivalled political life and change and strife which the old country has witnessed has left no visible mark here. At Stroud I left the train for a five miles' drive through these twisting valleys, between thickly wooded hills, to Newmarket. The bells from many a factory steeple were sounding the hour for work to cease, and bands of the work-people, their dress and hands blue with the dye from their work, were streaming in hundreds to the little hamlets scattered amongst the valleys and on the hill sides. Before to-morrow's sun has reddened those hill-tops, while the grey morning mist is still floating through these valleys, these simple folks will be gossiping over their home troubles or village politics as they trudge their way over these white roads to their loom-sheds and spinning lofts. I could note no change in the people as I passed these groups

this evening of which I write. The same sickly faces, looking the sicklier from the dye stains still left about them ; the same cramped, weary gait ; and every now and then, as I passed slowly up the quiet country road, snatches of their chat would reach me in the same broad vernacular of the district, which I could now hardly interpret. It was dark before I drove up the Newmarket Valley, and again found a welcome at the home under the High Wood. During the next few days—almost the only really fine days I spent in England during this visit—I made many excursions up and down these valleys and across the hills, still aglow with heath and gorse. Quietly the grand trees were baring themselves of their glorious autumn dress, and pleasant was the rustle of the thick carpet of their fallen leaves along the country lanes. The crops were mostly all already gathered in, and bright new corn-ricks, of various artistic shapes, clustered about the homesteads. But in many an orchard through which I rambled during these first days of my English visit, the merry sound of busy harvest life still caught my ear, and many a shadowy memory of bygone fun and frolic was revived as I watched in the gloaming of a beautiful autumn afternoon the piles of ruddy fruit accumulating under the trees, while with jolly shouts the loaded carts were cheered on their way to the crushing-mills in the valley below.

All this and much more of pleasant English rural life that I must not stop to tell you now, any of you will see, my readers, if you choose to spend a few quiet days in the heart of our beautiful island, when you make your run home. If you miss in September and October the bright shades of green over the landscape, and the wealth of spring and early summer flowers on hedgerow and upon bank, you will be rewarded, if I mistake not, even coming from a country of such splendidly apparelled flowers and such gorgeously tinted skies as this, by the wonderful variety of the colours which bountiful Nature lays upon her canvas in our English fall ; when

The golden autumn woodland reels
Athwart the smoke of burning weeds,

and the sun each evening sinks slowly down yon western vale, to crimson the trees climbing the opposite hill-tops into wreaths of gorgeous flame.

But one tramp we could take together in this west country, not common to all rural England. One early morning during the few days I had given myself for this visit I determined to climb the hill from the deep valleys which find a focus in the little village of Nailsworth, and again enjoy a well-remembered view from the Fort Hill. It is a six-mile walk from Nailsworth, and a good stiff climb up to the top of the wide breezy common ; but what is that under the keen bright atmosphere of an English October day ? The common, or heath, stretches four or five miles every way—across it the old London road runs, and away yonder, at the junction with it of other roads, I can see the cross posts directing the traveller, before the iron

horse had invaded these quiet valleys, his road to Cirencester or London, Stroud or Cheltenham, and which was associated in my mind with horrible country-side stories of the burial of suicides, rife enough years ago. I pass the quarrymen at work in the deep freestone quarries, and at one yawning hole I stop and watch a party of skilled men, carving beautiful and most intricate work in the immense slabs of pure white freestone they had quarried out. Soon I came to the Old Bear Inn on the old London Road—a famous house in old coaching days—and then across the heath to the edge of the Fort Hill, which sloped away from my feet directly into Stroud. Here I was looking on a wide and far-stretching panorama, which for compass of view, for variety of colour, and light and shade, and for charming pictorial effect I dare say could hardly be equalled through the whole island.

Below me a valley winds on one side round into Stroud; on my left another twists and turns through many a wooded glen to Woodchester and Nailsworth, while immediately before me, one broad, long stretch of exquisitely varied landscape stretches away to the silver band of the Severn River, which is at this moment all shimmering under the morning sun. Aye, and beyond in dimmer distance the blue peak of the Sugar-loaf is standing clear against the sky, and quite plainly I can make out the wooded sides of the Wynclyff, which hangs over perhaps the most tenderly beautiful river in England, the "babbling Wye." I recalled, as I lay on the hill-side trying to re-fix the whole scene in my memory, the Laureate's lines:—

"There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills."

The day's work had begun in the valleys below, and the hum of busy life and—through the quiet country stillness—the prattle of children at their play, would reach me on the hill. The giant mills, not crowded together in the streets, as in the great cities in the north, were standing at intervals down the stream as of yore, their long white elevations, dotted with row after row of windows, making each quite a mark on the view down the valley. The smoke from their tall blackened chimneys did not stifle the landscape, or spoil the picture, but rather, as it wreathed about each mile or so from the busiest neighbourhood close in the foreground at my feet to the extreme distance, made a soft haze about, which was exquisitely charming.

Further north is Robin Hood's Hill, and beyond it, and hidden by it in part, is Gloucester city, while further, on the clearest day, I should see the Malvern Peaks and the farthest hills of the Cotswold Range. I thought it worth my visit home to see these English counties, so rich in what is most precious and characteristic in English scenery, lying again at my feet. They seemed ten-fold more beautiful

than ever, after my long absence from them, and again I left them, feeling that in yon broad stream, and in these brawling brooks, and in these winding valleys, I was turning my back on old and tried friends, but on friends, may be, who would help to brighten a page in my memory for many a year to come.

But I must come back to London and its life. One evening, just after twilight, I was waiting for a friend in one of the courts out of London-street, when a ragged urchin made a dead set at me with matches. I explained in reply to his entreaties that I had no cigars, and did not smoke, and that I had no possible motive for setting myself on fire. It was all no go. The little man had not sold a box since morning (so he said), and I must buy “just one.” I could resist no longer; but refusing the matches, sent the lad away rejoicing with a fourpenny piece. A policeman stood on the opposite side of the way under a lamp-post, watching us. He was evidently wondering whether I was a soft-hearted fool or a common sense reasonable man, used to the ways of the world. When I surrendered the fourpenny bit he turned away with a smile of ineffable derision and scorn. I had evidently no more business in London streets than an infant. I had simply one duty to perform to the ragged urchin, and that was to insist on his “moving on.” Under such scorching, but silent criticism, I began to question myself about myself. I had spent twelve years of my life in London, and was as little likely to be cajoled into little weaknesses as most men. Nor had I, that I was aware of, become weak and sentimental at the age when most men are said to be either fools or physicians. If this had been a solitary act I need not have pursued the question. In certain moods most men give away sixpences without any particular cause. But I found myself continually subsidizing street-sweepers, and treating shoe-blacks. Nor was I alone in this weakness. A *compagnon de voyage* who had left the Cape with me, and traversed the streets of London by my side, used to fill his pockets surreptitiously with coppers, to bestow upon deserving objects. By his weakness, if it were one, and by the impression a certain feature of London life was making upon him, I explained my own. We had both been unconsciously moved with the eagerness of everybody to earn his bread. The utter contrast of the busy, eager, anxious life about us to the *laissez faire* style of the Cape existence, pressed itself upon us every hour of the day. From dawn until midnight, in all weathers and in every variety of garb, women, boys, and men, the waifs and strays of the population, tramped the streets with wares to earn their daily bread. Nothing damped their zeal or repressed their energy. Standing under the portico of a theatre one night waiting for the opening of the doors, I saw ragged women standing in the pelting rain with heavy baskets of oranges and cakes, more thankful for a penny than a Cape woman would be for a sovereign. And, spite of all the toil and strife (for the orange and match business is as firmly competed for as the large railway contracts), there was a cheerful,

jaunty, but withal resolute air about the people that can never be discovered on the faces of the indolent. How the shoe-blacks chaffed each other, and with what a serio-comic eloquence the vendors of penny statues of Napoleon and half-penny gold chains commended their wares to a discerning public. I was almost reconciled to being run over by a costermonger's donkey, when I saw the broad, delighted grin on the driver's face as he exclaimed, "Don't you a-flurry yourself, sir; you'll be took care on." The lower orders of society seemed to me infinitely more cheery and chatty than the grave, careworn citizens, hurrying along the pavement to squabble on 'Change.

Charles Dickens fed his matchless humour on the broad grin always on the Cockney face. He saw all the thousand humorous tricks that tickle the public fancy and coax it out of its half-pence and spare pocket-money, and nothing strikes one more after an absence of years than the great novelist's marvellous minuteness of observation. There were little miniatures drawn by Dickens at the corner of every street. The man with the white apron and movable stall "setting his last trap of gingerbread for the night," and the newspaper-boy screaming the latest intelligence to an indifferent public. Dickens will be read and known in the streets of London with more accuracy than in the pages of Mr. Foster.

I cannot refrain from one little anecdote, illustrative of the sharp wit of the London boys. Two lads were engaged in the trade of a shoe-black in the same street. One was in the livery of Lord Shaftesbury's brigade, and was duly certificated and numbered; the other was a ragged Jack on his own hook. The latter accosted me with the usual salutation, "Clean your boots, sir?" "But," said I, glancing slyly over the way at his smart rival, "you are not a brigade boy." "No, sir," he replied promptly, "I am a *freebooter*." Of course I put my foot on the block, and rewarded him both for his wit and his blacking.

The places of amusement, of course, had to be visited. All the Cape people, I am told, begin with the theatres and end with the ritualistic churches. I did not exactly follow this order, but I went through the round creditably. I went with the young folk to the Polytechnic and the Crystal Palace, and to the theatres with experienced critics. The former institution, once the delight of my tender years, I found in a sort of fossilized state. There were the same little railways and steam engines, the same electrical machines as of yore, the same big reflector that had cooked a chop at a distance of twenty yards, the same diver swimming about in a small well for coppers, the same dissolving views, the same lecturers with unexceptionable whiskers and drawing-room intonation, the same stalls in the corner of the gallery with the same stale buns and hot sherry, the same grand piano, the same young women blowing aerial toys to a level with the gallery and catching them again in their hands, and the same "porter" with a shabby mulberry suit, calling out in

dismal and wholly inaudible tones the programme of the morning. Science is progressing in England, and all over the world, none can doubt, but its adaptation to the juvenile mind is not. The Crystal Palace is even more dismal. In bright, fine weather, when the grounds are open, and the flowers are blooming, and the fountains are playing, the Cockneys have, no doubt, something to attract them; or when fireworks are being displayed outside, and monster concerts are taking place within. But on an ordinary day it is difficult to conceive of a duller place than the Crystal Palace. The shops and stalls have gradually degenerated to the level of the Lowther Arcade, and after tramping from end to end one sees little but the commonest Brummagem ware, always excepting, of course, the mediæval and historic courts, which have become shabby for want of paint and colouring. The Aquarium is a much boasted addition to the Palace treasures, and for Cockneys, it is no doubt delightful to see codfish swimming in a glass case, and lobsters fighting in the hole of an artificial rock; but I can't say I was much excited with the spectacle. There was a want of life and nature about it rather depressing than exhilarating. Perhaps I ought to say that it was a dark, heavy London day on which I visited the Palace, with the rain pattering with dreary monotony against the window-panes. It might have looked more tempting in the sunshine. But that was not to be found at the Palace or elsewhere.

At the risk of writing a continuous growl over English amusements, I must speak of the British Drama as in anything but a flourishing condition. I saw several pieces well put on the stage, with good acting all round. But, with one or two exceptions, there is nothing above the average on the English stage. I went to see "Pygmalion and Galatea," which a critic in Blackwood whose opinions are always worth having pronounced to be the hope of the British Drama. I cannot say I thought so. The piece is the reproduction of a classical legend, adapted to the tastes of the British public. The readers of the *Cape Monthly* will remember the story. Pygmalion, King of Cyprus, is said to have fallen in love with a beautiful statue which he had himself chiselled. He prayed to Aphrodite to bring it to life. The prayer was heard, and the marble figure (by-the-by, I believe it was ivory) walks from the pedestal into the arms of the enchanted artist. But now comes the trouble. The artist's flesh-and-blood wife doesn't like it; and the interest of the piece, as it appears on the stage, is sustained by the wife's jealousy and the husband's consequent discomfort. When we say that Mr. Buckstone is a conspicuous figure in the piece, ogling and flirting in his own coarse way with the innocent maiden for the purpose of relieving the classical monotony to the British play-goer, my readers can understand the comparative failure of the play. It is an inadmissible medley of lofty artistic aspiration with very common-place domestic jealousy. With the exception of Miss Robertson's admirable personation of "Galatea" and Mr. Buckstone's humorous sallies, the

acting is poor in the extreme. Pygmalion is a handsome dummy with finely-cut features, but no power of genuine acting.

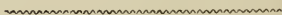
But Christmas time is approaching, and I must leave London once more for the country. I am to spend Christmas in a little northern village, out of the way of the great holiday stir. "Out of the way?" Who could be out of the way at Christmas time? I am in one of the quaintest quietest old English villages, with the grey old steeple, and the school-house by its side. But the Christmas bells are chiming, and the Christmas trains, laden with holiday-makers and Christmas fun, come thundering by. The frost will not come, and the hedgerows are dripping with the wet; but it is Christmas still. There is a lane of holly bushes hard by, and out of the reach of the boys (mischievous rascals!) are the red berries, gleaming against the green. I tried to climb one high tree to pluck the last sprig anywhere within reach, humming to relieve the annoyance of scratches—

The holly and the ivy,
Now both are full well grown;
Of all the trees that spring in wood
The holly bears the crown.

Christmas Eve comes at last. The night is dark and damp, but the wheels rattle up to the door for all that, and the lights flash as of old. Here are brothers, sisters, nieces, nephews who have come to keep the feast with the "unleavened bread." And all through the night, as in the olden days, the village choir are singing carols that mingle pleasantly with half-waking dreams:—

Carol, carol Christians,
Carol joyfully!
Carol for the coming
Of Christ's nativity;
And pray a glad some Christmas
For all good Christian men.
Carol, carol, Christians,
For Christmas comes again.
Carol, carol.

T. E. F.



Sounds.

We know not sounds more sweet than distant bells
 With ding-ding-dong from some old village tower,
 Or the crack'd tones that faintly reach the ear
 From tinkling tins hung round a "*mutton's*" neck ;
 Or the proud triumph of the farm-yard cock
 When morn appears, and long lost travellers stray ;
 The woodman's stroke, the robin's cheerful pipe,
 And children prattling on the village green ;
 The quacking duck slow waddling to the pool,
 Or cackling goose with threat'ning neck outstretch'd ;
 The ringing hammers from the blacksmith's forge
 And merry chaffinch with his note so bold,
 Of "*Quick ! Bet ! Bet ! and bring me a pint of beer.*"
 That lovely bunting with the amber throat
 That tells its tale perch'd on some lonely bush,
 When Sol is sinking on his couch the west,
 And in a strain most plaintive, soft, and clear,
 Cries, "*Come, come come, come come, come come to-t-c-a-;*"
 The rook's loud caw, and grasshopper's shrill chirp,
 The busy hum of bees, and cricket's tick ;
 The donkey's bray when echoed o'er the wood,
 And loud responses meet the listening ear
 From brother asses fast in durance bound ;
 The faint still sound of gently waving trees
 The cry of lambs when shearing time begins ;
 The sea's loud roar, and thunders magic peal,
 The whistling ploughboy on his penny lute
 In hands unskilful in the distance play'd ;
 The lark slow rising up his spiral way
 To join ethereal songsters in the sky ;
 The yelping cur when mellow'd down by space,
 The beetle's drone as night comes creeping on ;
 The kine loud bellowing to neighbouring kine,
 Or telling Farmer Giles their wants and woes ;
 The gobbling turkey and the muttering hen,
 The screaming daw on "*ivy mantled*" tower,
 The busy mill and water's constant splash,
 The neighing colt when frisking o'er the lawn ;
 The sparrow's chirp beneath his straw thatch'd roof,

And swallow's twitter on the chimney top ;
 The hooting owl that frightens village maids
 And plays his gamut in the hollow oak
 (When nights are short, and dreams of it by day),
 Or blinking sits beneath the yew tree's shade
 Close by the churchyard gate, and chaunts his dirge,
 Herald alike of misery and death
 To tender lovers and to parents dear ;
 Fit emblem too, of Wisdom's grave deport,
 Of aspect stern and sober as a judge.
 The noisy "call boy" searing "rogues in grain,"
 The cooing dove bless'd with a melting mood,
 Pattern of kindness, purity, and love,
 Peace, happiness, and matrimonial bliss.
 And last, not least, the nightingale's loud plaint
 Warbling its joys and sorrows to the moon.
 All these have charms, but figures are not coined
 That can express their full amount. Compared—
 How harsh the twanging horn, the squeaking fife
 (Or when "the kettle to the trumpet speaks")
 The scraping fiddle, and the hoarse bassoon,
 Or jarring *sounds* that art or skill produce
 To draw the purse-strings at the midnight rush.
 What is "*Non piu*," and what the softest strain
 That voice or dulcet flute could e'er compose
 Compared with those few, simple, artless tones
 That Nature oft imparts to list'ning ears ?
 Let all now surfeited with concert sweets,
 Or sick of tricks that novelties produce,
 When May puts on her gayest, greenest robes,
 Just steal an hour from care-worn toils and fumes
 And at the witching period of time
 When hills are ting'd with gold and windows blaze
 Then set them down upon some rustic gate
 With willing ears, and free from jaundiced eyes,
 And say—as swiftly those sweet moments pass—
 If they have not forestall'd the road to bliss ?
 That there are *sounds* more touching to the sense
 Than fashion craves, or Italy imports ?

W. L. SAMMONS.

Sources of Water Supply for Cape Town and Green Point.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

FROM Table Valley we next proceed round the Lion's Hill towards Green Point and Camp's Bay ; but before going further, we may as well inquire how the signalmen on the top of the hill are provided with water. In former times the water, as well as provisions, had to be conveyed by wagon up to the men and their families, by a winding road formed for that purpose, and cut in several parts out of the rock ; but for many years their sole supply has been collected in the rainy season from the roofs of their houses, and stored in a large tank, sunk in the soft clay rock and cemented. This may be classed amongst the most primitive sources of supply, but I believe the idea was borrowed from the good folks of Port Elizabeth ; and it is with no small degree of pleasure that they hand to a visitor a glass of clear, cool water in the hot months of summer, even on this dry barren spot, elevated about 1,200 feet.

No water is found on the northern or Green Point side of the Lion's Hill worthy of note, with the exception of a few small dams chiefly on private property, until we reach the base of the Lion's Head, where two or three small springs exist, and from which pipes are laid to Mr. Le Sueur's property. Springs are also found on Mr. Saunders' property, yielding a more plentiful supply than the former ; and again in the valley above Thomson's and Watson's property, on the Kloof road, a permanent supply is found ; there is also a supply found in the ravine below the road near Mr. John Saunders' property. From this point until we reach Clifton no permanent springs are found. The water-worn courses which score the mountains on all sides so numerous are only streams during a soaking shower : in a day or two after the rain ceases, they are dry.

The Clifton spring issues from the base of several large granite boulders at a considerable elevation in the valley above Clifton House. The stream from this spring formerly flowed freely down the valley, under the cool shade of bush and such vegetation as is generally found in abundance wherever there is drink, until some sage observing this similarity in the tippling propensities of certain members of the vegetable kingdom, evident from their swollen and bloated appearance, resolved on exterminating them root and branch, and so appropriating the tippie to other uses,—a summary mode of proceeding, which would be highly beneficial to the sister kingdom, if amongst the confirmed tipplers there were as thorough a weeding out. The valley being cleared, the water-course was paved with stones, and, like that other place, no doubt with good intentions ; but the result was just what some might have foretold,—a far greater quantity was lost by evaporation from the direct exposure to the sun and from the highly heated stones over which the water flowed than

there was formerly absorbed by the vegetation. So much is now lost from this cause, that in some dry seasons the stream scarcely reaches half-way down from its source at noon ; in fact, if the object had been evaporation, the means adopted was perfect. This source would add largely to the Green Point supply if properly conducted, exclusive of the quantity required for household use at Clifton, but if the garden grounds were fully cultivated in the dry season, there would be little or nothing to spare.

From Clifton until we reach the valley under the Round House, there are no permanent springs. Down in this valley, close to the turn of the road leading to Camp's Bay the catch-pits for the Green Point water supply have been constructed. They are four in number, and are merely open rubble stone wells, sunk about two or three feet in the coarse sand and gravel which form the bed of the stream or water-course, into which several ravines above discharge. The water is conducted by pipes from one to the other, and across the road to a receiving house, from which the main pipe is laid to Green Point reservoir. The receiving house might at the same time easily have been converted into a filtering dam, as there is here both ample space and material at hand. Although it may not have been considered at first necessary to filter this water, seeing that the gravelly bed of the stream itself forms a natural filter, still in summer it will be found that there is a large quantity of slimy ooze all along the line of these catch-pits, containing both animal and vegetable matter, the decomposition of which is no doubt the cause of the disagreeable odour and taste complained of by those who use it at Green Point. The water from this source ought to be quite as good, if properly filtered, as the supply to Cape Town, from the Platteklip stream.

If the Green Point Municipality is entitled to the whole of the water found at the level of these catch-pits, any one standing on the bridge might naturally ask why so large a portion of it is allowed to run to waste down the deep ravine to the sea. There can be no servitudes on it, as no one lives in the valley below this level, and like some of the streams on the other side, there is not a square foot of land capable of cultivation on its whole course ; and yet at the very driest season of the year, when every one is crying out for water, four times the quantity they are receiving into the reservoir at Green Point is running to waste down this ravine. Even picnic parties do not make use of this waste water. The catch-pits being close to the road and accessible to any one, they prefer going there, and throwing off the loose rotten boarding with which they are covered, dip their kettles into them and ten to one if they cover them again with the boards ; and so leaves get in, a stoppage is the result, and the whole of the water runs for a time to waste, and is only discovered when the Green Point reservoir is empty.

If Green Point received the full supply which this source is capable of affording, the Cape Town supply might be proportionately

relieved. All that is required to secure the water at present lost is an additional catch-pit and a short intercepting wall near the bridge. The cause of stoppages in the main pipe and its capacity to convey the full quantity to Green Point are also matters for consideration. Earthenware pipes, however, ought to be at once discarded for such a purpose in any of these outlying districts in both municipalities, were it for no other reason than that they are so often maliciously broken by people strolling on the hills, for the purpose of getting at the water, entailing a continual supervision, which if neglected results in a great waste of water.

The next supply of water in Camp's Bay is found in a hollow on the south side of the cottages near the beach. It is brackish and runs chiefly to waste; but a fine and constant supply of good water is found issuing from the base of the mound of sandstone rocks and gravel behind Mr. Spyker's house. There is also a constant stream found farther on to the left of the road, at the back of the cottage. This spring is enclosed, and a pipe conveys the water to the property of Mr. Mills. All along the base of the bluff rising ground to the left of the valley, water is found oozing, and the garden ground on the right, at a depth of two feet, is a continuous swamp. Even in summer there is a fine stream of water continually flowing from this ground to the sea, at a low level, which is the drainage of the extensive rocky plain above.

The Stinkwater stream must at one time have flowed down this valley, deposited its mud and vegetable matter on this site, and discharged by natural small channels to the sea. The three artificial channels by which the stream now flows to the sea are built with stone, and provided with sluice gates, by which means the whole of the water, minus soakage, can be diverted to the south side of the property.

If we retrace our steps to the Round House on the Lion's Hill, we find that they receive their supply from a spring known as the Government Fountain, at an elevation of 680 feet, up in the ravine close to the trap vein which shows itself in section on the top of the Kloof road, and down from the Block House. This is a fine pure spring, and is carefully covered over, from which source the supply to the Round House is conveyed in pipes; the surplus water flows down the ravine, at some places appearing on the surface, at others sinking in the gravelly bed of decomposed granite, increasing in volume until it reaches the catch-pits of the Green Point Municipality, already described. The trap vein dips and crosses the ravine in front of this "fountain," and may, by its interception, be the cause of the water overflowing at this elevated spot, seeing that there is only decomposed granite in the neighbourhood.

Proceeding along the upper footpath towards the Stinkwater stream, we pass numerous ravines and water-courses, the whole of which are perfectly dry in summer. Not a drop of water is to be found until we reach the cottage on the hill. Here we find a deposit of

black vegetable mould of sufficient extent to form a good-sized garden, and in the garden there is a spring of water, slightly brackish from some cause not quite apparent, for within a hundred feet of the same spring, and lower down, outside the garden fence, there is another spring of excellent quality. The people living in the house say they cannot wash with the upper spring; and the man who styles himself the gamekeeper declares that "all the soap in Cape Town would not make a lather." At the upper end of the garden a rude tank has been sunk, in which water formerly collected, but the gamekeeper informed me also that "ever since the Malay nian shot the great snake in the hole, the sorra a drhap has been in it."

The whole of this extensive rocky plane rises very gradually from the sea beach, and is considerably reduced below what is known as the angle of repose, or such as the Table Valley side. Here it was exposed to the action of the great rolling north-west waves, as the mass rose slowly and majestically from the level of the sea, and the ruins spread out by this agency are here at least a mile and a half in breadth from the beach to the more precipitous portion of the mountain, or where the sandstone stratified rock emerges from the detritus, at an elevation of about 1,500 feet. The whole plane is strewn with immense blocks of rock, some so curiously weathered and weird-like, that nothing but a genuine photograph would be satisfactory to those who have never seen the originals.

While wandering amidst these old mountain ruins, one cannot help feeling painfully impressed with the death-like stillness that reigns, all the more so from the knowledge that it is due to the absence of animal life peculiar to all unwooded, dry, barren tracts. Here we may "wander many a weary foot," and all we meet with may be comprised in the first three letters of the alphabet representing Ants, Beetles, Birds, Butterflies, and a few Bucks; in fact, we only reach C, when we encounter a Cobra, and there life ceases.

The clay-slate formation seems to have been so thoroughly broken up by the irruptive granite, and laid so open to the action of the sea, that there is now no trace of it left along the beach from Green Point to Camp's Bay, and as far as the eye can detect beyond it, with the exception of a blackened mass here and there, lying as it was originally enveloped by the molten granite; there is, therefore, little or nothing left on this side to intercept the water, such as we have on the Cape Town side, and the greater portion is consequently drained off to the sea in a day or two after rain falls. Still, the area being so great, there is sufficient soakage to keep the central portion of Camp's Bay in a semi-swampy state, and also to keep up a very good supply to the Green Point waterworks throughout the year, if carefully husbanded; but with these exceptions there is not much to note until we reach the Stinkwater stream.

To this stream from the cottage there are two footpaths, the lower one leads on to Hout Bay, and the upper to Kasteelberg, and so on to the top of the mountains, and both cross this so-called Stinkwater

stream. Why the water should have got so foul a name, I have not been able to get a satisfactory answer; even our friend the game-keeper said, when asked the question, "the deevil a bit o' me knows," may be because it's the cleanest and sweetest wather you can git." The most likely origin for the name, however, may have arisen from the bush which grows in the valley; this bush when in flower sends forth a very disagreeable sort of dead-man odour; some liken it to a combination of Somerset Road and the fish "curing" stations of Cape Town; but the water itself is perfectly free from any smell, and seems as pure as any of the other open streams.

During the rainy season there is quite a rush of water here, so much so, that stepping-stones are necessary in crossing it. At this spot picnic parties, and those who prefer going up Table Mountain from the back approach, stop to boil water for their coffee. There is also a fine pool sufficiently large and deep for a bath. Higher up the valley we come to a cool shaded spot at the junction of the streams. There is no water however, in the dry season, to the left of the ridge, and the fine rattling winter stream is now reduced to a very small size; at this elevation a two-inch pipe would pass the whole quantity.

There is more water to be found on the properties of Mr. Kotzee and Mr. Byrne than is to be found in the Stinkwater stream, at an elevation sufficiently high to convey it over the Kloof road; and yet we frequently hear men say, what a pity it is we cannot get this fine stream brought round to Cape Town. Those who speak of it thus can only have seen it during the months that Cape Town requires no supplementary aid, and so paltry a summer stream is unworthy of the cost; still, as there are no engineering difficulties, if it were a continuous stream, such as would fill a five or six-inch pipe at this level, then it would be worthy of all consideration; but not as it is, unless for the special benefit of speculators, and the glorification of some mushroom self-styled C.E.

The main stream has no less than five feeders above this point, but are all nearly dry in summer; the chief supply comes from the central watercourse leading to the base of the abrupt cliff which rises to the top of the mountain, down which in the rainy season there is a fine cascade.

Some speak of building walls on the top of the mountain to retain the water in the form of lakes, under the impression that it would percolate through the mass, and possibly throw a greater quantity to the Cape Town side. The lake and percolation theory is doubtful, the stratification being horizontal and the mass compact. There may be rents in it, such as would favour this idea, but I have not seen or heard of them. I think that any quantity that could be stored by this means would merely lie there until the summer heat evaporated it. Of this we have examples on the top already.

Here, then, on the Camp's Bay stream I finish this portion of the task I set for myself years ago; nor do I care or think it necessary

to go farther in search of water, seeing that there is no necessity for deserting Table Valley for an abundant Cape Town supply.

It certainly is a matter for surprise to hear how we grumble at the scarcity of water, and yet year after year stand gazing at millions of gallons flowing past us to the sea, and then to observe the amount of horse-power expended annually in raising it again from the sea level to the highest districts of the town for the mere purpose of watering the streets. The fact is, water is too plentiful in Table Valley to be valued as it ought to be,—plentiful, not from any excess in the annual rain-fall, but from the favourable convergence of numerous streams to a comparatively small area from an extensive mountain watershed. How would it be valued, and what, for instance, would be thought of it, if there were only a few gallons of such a singular substance in existence? Would we not go in hundreds to the lecture-room merely to see the lecturer pour it from one vessel to another, and to learn something of its chemical composition; and then by the simple application of heat to see it set all that beautiful glass machinery of Woodroffe's in motion, and, after having done its work, to cool down and return to its original bulk and form unchanged?

And what, pray, is the most common topic of every-day life? Does it not relate to the weather, which simply means water again in another form—cloud vapour? Is it to be rain or sunshine, we ask? a flood or a continuance of drought?

The farmer grumbles, as is his custom; but when the rain does come, instead of actively planting his waste lands and storing the surplus water, he sits down, takes his ease, and thanks what he hazily calls Providence, and trusts that Providence will repeat the dose a little earlier next year. In the interval, he resumes cutting down his trees, burning his grass and bush, exposing his land to the hot rays of the summer's sun, and when the long dry season comes again, he frets at Providence, forgetting that by his own act his barren, arid land has become repulsive to the passing cloud, and yet wonders why it should fall in a shower on the cool surface of the sea, while his flocks and crops are parched and dying.

Our Pastoral Population.

Audi alteram partem.

THE writer of the articles on "Our Agricultural Population" has presented the readers of the *Cape Monthly* with a graphic, albeit a very one-sided, picture of the want of education and civilization among our Dutch-speaking farmers. Our attention is called to "children growing up with less care bestowed on them than upon the beasts of the field, without the ability to read or write even their mother tongue; *without any instruction in the knowledge of the God*

that made them ; having at their command no language at all, but a limited vocabulary of semi-Dutch, semi-Hottentot words, and these only concerning the wants and doings of themselves and the animals which they tend." Again, we read of boys and girls left, "their minds a blank, their powers of observation undeveloped, their life a mere animal existence, listless, objectless, *and without any aspiration after, or thought of, a life to come.*" The social and moral side of the picture is painted equally dark : there we are invited to look at combinations of "kindliness and uncomeliness," and even of "impurity and debasement." Following in the wake of "Δ," another writer* gives us a far more disgusting picture of the social state of the country population, though he is good enough to admit the existence of "a thousand pleasant homes," as a set-off to the general aspect of "indecent and degradation." All this is described, not as the exceptional, but as the typical aspect of Boer life, at least in the "back country."

The ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church are so severely taken to task by the writer, that their testimony will perhaps be held by some to be scarcely impartial ; yet, as the minister of a parish on the extreme frontier, fairly typical of much of the back country, I may be allowed to state what I know. I am personally acquainted with all the members and adherents of my congregation, and can safely say that there are few to whom the above descriptions could at all be applied, and none to whom they could be applied literally. Parents may often err in the direction the care of their children takes ; but it is certainly not for *want of care* that the children are not better educated. Few grow up to manhood without the ability to write, and almost none without being able to read. No doubt, their writing is mostly faulty, and their reading in many cases capable of improvement ; but the majority of candidates for confirmation—including nearly all between fifteen and twenty years of age—can read their own language easily and intelligently, and many of these have acquired an amount of Bible knowledge that, so far as my experience goes, would put to shame that of many who have been educated at fashionable boarding-schools. Probably Dr. Bleek would smile at the idea of a semi-Hottentot vocabulary being still in use, even among the Hottentots. With the exception of four or five words probably of Malay, and a few more of French origin, the language spoken by our sheep-farmers is *Dutch*,—ungrammatical, no doubt, and of limited range, yet not further removed from the cultivated language than the many dialects of Germany and Holland, or the spoken dialects of the English provincial hinds and labourers differ from the literary languages of these countries. Exactly in proportion as the Boers get into the habit of reading does the range of their words and ideas gradually expand. A cursory observer will, as a rule, hear no conversation but what refers to "the wants and doings

* "X, Z.," in *Cape Monthly*, May, 1873.

of themselves and the animals which they tend." But what of this? Everyone "talks shop" more or less, even when his ideas, and his talk on fit occasion, can take a wider range.

I do not write in the spirit of controversy, but simply in the interest of truth, by which the cause of education will in the long run be most benefited. While mentioning several ministers of our Church who have at least done something for the education of their people, the writer referred to is of opinion that religious agency has "failed entirely to reach the child of the Dutch-speaking farmer." I would ask,—What would the Dutch-speaking farmer have been without existing religious agency? No other educational agency has ever been placed within his reach. "Δ" appears to know nothing of what has been done except in connection with Government grants. Let the ordinary itinerant schoolmaster be as ignorant and incapable as he is described, in justice let me say that I have known many honourable exceptions. What are we to think of the way in which every other influence is ignored or despised? We are not accustomed to admit the youth of our congregations to membership merely on a parrot-like repetition of the *Kort Begrip*. Family education, conducted under great disadvantages, no doubt, is often the only means of training available for the poor and distant members of our Church. I may here translate a sentence or two from the report of the Inspector of Schools for the Presbytery of Graaff-Reinet, having reference to other parishes than mine. He says:—"It is well known that by far the greater number of schoolmasters are persons who often move from one place to another. Seldom does one stay more than a year at the same farm; in most cases the time is limited to six months, in some to three. But, after the departure of the schoolmaster, the parents, or elder brothers and sisters, according to their will and ability, take up the work, so that what has already been acquired is not entirely lost when opportunity or necessity opens the door for the schoolmaster for the second and third time." Unremitting family visitation by the clergyman is of course required, and his advice, direction, and encouragement indispensable, not merely to prevent the work from being neglected, but to guard against this style of teaching falling into a mere unintelligent routine, as every imperfect system naturally tends to do. Not a mere repetition of the Catechism by rote, but the ability to read with intelligence, is what is aimed at, and more or less attained. Those who judge the attainments of the sheep-farmer's family so harshly seem to know nothing of the general introduction of such children's books as the *Kinderbijbel*, a work in the style of "*Line upon Line*," which has reached a seventh edition in a few years. The unwearied labours of the author of the *Kinderbijbel*, when himself a Dutch minister in the back country, though unknown to fame, have yet left their mark on the elementary religious instruction of a wide district, and done much to prepare the way for further advancement. By all means, let those

who neglect their duty—more especially if they happen to be Dutch Reformed parsons—be exposed with unsparing severity ; but I fear the writer's hero of the one stereotyped stony discourse, for whose household visitations his parishioners look in vain, will have to be found elsewhere than in the "back country." Some of us, what with ministering to Dutch and English, white and black, in church and out of it, have to conduct four or five practical services a week, and spend more time on horseback than in the study. Our mode of life only admits of irregular intervals of study or literary leisure. In justice, too, to those of my brethren who have the misfortune to be "State-paid," it may be worth while to question the fairness of reproaching those who receive salaries *in their capacity as ministers of religion* for not—metamorphosing their people into Englishmen, and training them for commercial pursuits.

The writer's aversion to *creeds* has obviously a deeper root than his sound educational objection to exercising the memory at the expense of the understanding. The "husks of a jejune religious creed," even as taught by "religious bodies in the larger towns," are pitted against the "plain, substantial food" which people want for their sons, and which consists in "an education which shall enable them to earn a living—a power to make their way up the ranks of social life." This is the bread which the writer prays the hard-hearted religious fathers to dispense among the famished children of the age, and lo! instead thereof, a *religious creed* is dropped like a stone into their hungry mouths! Shame on the Churches, one and all, for the starvation of the innocents! From henceforth let the test of Church-membership be proficiency in arithmetic and book-keeping, or agricultural chemistry. Then will complaints cease of children growing up without any knowledge of the God who made them, and "aspiration after a life to come" will take a higher flight! Seriously, clergymen may, as honest men, be expected to make religious instruction their first and principal care; yet they are seldom found unwilling to co-operate with others, or, where circumstances allow, to take a leading part in all that is done for the encouragement of all the branches of a liberal education. What have Boards of School Managers, Divisional Councils, Parliament itself, and the Superintendent-General effected, that the *clergy* should be made a scapegoat to bear the whole blame of existing defects? The *Dutch clergy*, in particular, are looked on as stumbling-blocks in the way. "If *they would*, they could soon solve the problem!" If they would, they could advise, and their advice is law! The Synod could *sanction*, the Ring *execute*, the individual minister *urge*! As if all this had not already been done, often to utter weariness, with very considerable effect, but hitherto without the shadow of acknowledgment or assistance from the powers that be.

The writers alluded to ("Δ" and "X. Z.") have no intimate knowledge of the sheep-farmer's life, else they could not have painted it as a soulless, vegetable existence, and in every respect given the public

a disgusting caricature of its patriarchal simplicity. Deficiency in house accommodation is a mere incident of a *trekking* and roughing life. It requires but a small personal acquaintance with the different grades of society in any country to show that this is not synonymous with indecency and debasement, but often the very opposite. No people are readier than the Dutch sheep-farmers to build large and commodious dwelling-houses as soon as circumstances permit. They may object to the *kind* of civilization they have often the opportunity of seeing most, and which is nothing but luxury and fast living under another name. The want of refinement in some things is only a natural characteristic of *back-country* life, and, in spite of education, is far more prominent in the back country of America than in that of the Cape Colony. But he must be a very short-sighted observer who supposes that social refinement and purity of morals always go hand-in-hand. As to the total want of "any aspiration after, or thought of, a life to come," this is a state of religious insensibility that might be attributed with quite as much truth to many a wealthy merchant in his counting-house, or learned *savant* in his study, as to the most illiterate sheep-farmer.

Few are so well able to judge as the minister of Colesberg, who writes :—"I am convinced that the country population (*boerenstand*) of Germany and the Netherlands is in no respect in advance of our farming population in civilization which is the result of education. Of the state of matters in England and Scotland, not to speak of Ireland, others may judge." There is no class in Britain corresponding to the peasant-proprietors of other countries, and therefore comparison fails. But statistics have shown that more than one-fourth of those married in England in 1871 were unable to sign the register. Turning to my register, I find that for a series of years the proportion of those signing with marks is less than one in three hundred. This is, of course, not an adequate comparison ; but it is sufficient to show that the percentage of Englishmen in England absolutely without the ability to write (and read?) is far greater than among the despised African Boers.

There are farmers quite able to send their sons to good schools in towns and villages, and a number who do so ; but these are a mere fraction of the whole. There are farmers' sons, liberally educated, who, either as farmers or in some other walk of life, do honour to their training ; but there is also an undue proportion of these whose exceptional advantages and acquirements have deprived them of the requisite moral ballast, and who have soon made shipwreck of their abilities and prospects. We know this kind of flotsam and jetsam too well, drifted up at our quiet inland villages, to drag out the fag-end of life on the charity of the comparatively uneducated Boer—proof sufficient that there is moral risk, as well as advantage, in suddenly changing the habits of any people, unless on a scale extensive enough to reach the many as well as the few.

There is no need for making things appear worse than they are in

order to stir up all who take an interest in the matter to devise and carry out some effective remedy for acknowledged shortcomings. Of reading and writing we have already heard enough. Arithmetic and account-keeping, in a practical form, are not so unknown among the farmers as is often supposed; but of grammar, geography, and history, not to mention science, they are, as a rule, perfectly innocent, and cannot be expected to see the advantage of their children learning what they themselves are unable to appreciate. Precisely in those subjects which do not come so directly within the official cognizance of *the clergy* is the education of the farmers behind the age. A far more real grievance could be made out against the Government, and its *State-paid* educational functionaries, than any that has been alleged against the clergy. The *one great difficulty* to be overcome is that arising from our *sparse* population. In Europe, elementary schools are within *walking distance* of the children's homes; here, the farmer must send his children *from home* to a good school. Not the school-fees, but the expense of boarding and lodging form the practical hindrance. At least one half of our farmers have not the means to send their numerous families from home even at the proposed low estimate of £20 a year. The present system of Government grants is available only for towns and mission stations, or wherever the population is dense enough to fill the school from a radius of a mile or two. No one need be astonished that so little advantage has been taken of the present system in country districts. The Government grants-in-aid are, besides, founded on a virtual proscription of the Dutch language. In other civilized countries, the knowledge of two languages is justly regarded as a great advantage, though viewed merely as a mental discipline; but here our would-be civilizers are too ready to consider ignorance of Dutch as equivalent to knowledge of English, and knowledge of Dutch as equivalent to so much ignorance. The acquirement of English is, doubtless, of incalculable value to every one in this country: by all means, let it be encouraged in every way; but I have always found, those who at the age of puberty are left without any book-language to be those whose parents have incurred considerable expense in an ineffectual attempt to have them taught English to the entire neglect of their mother tongue. The clergy will never rise to their full power for good till they rise above all prejudice for or against either language, and use, for preaching and teaching, whichever language is found to be the most effective medium of instruction; and justice will never be done to our people till the abolition of State restrictions in this respect is demanded and obtained.

As nothing is to be gained by mutual recrimination, I shall merely notice further some of the remedies proposed; which, it is to be hoped, will not remain on paper, but be carried vigorously into effect.

It is not because ministers of religion do not "impress on our colonial families that there is no degradation to their daughters in entering on the business of teaching" that trained governesses are

not to be found in sufficient numbers for our farmers' families. "Δ" is well aware that governesses, even were all the means of training fully at command, must be got among the daughters of parents "in limited circumstances." Though few of our people are very wealthy, fewer still are so straitened that their daughters have of necessity to look to the work of a governess as a means of earning a living. The calling of a governess is not only a most honourable and useful one, but often one that calls for much forbearance and self-denial, whether in the family of a Dutch farmer or of an English squire. Girls cannot be expected to enter on it merely from religious or philanthropic motives. Governesses are scarce in the back country simply because unmarried girls about twenty years of age are so rarely to be found. Nature will have her way, and the minister who would stem the tide by a word of advice would find that word to be anything but law. The difficulty is not felt to the same extent in the Cape district, and time will produce a change everywhere. Probably something could be done to obtain governesses from Europe to supply the immediate want. If a hundredth part of the interest our rulers take in railways and public works were devoted to education, much might be done, at comparatively small expense. Meanwhile, it is enough to show that nothing is gained by cleverly attributing effects to wrong causes.

The writer so often referred to has the merit of proposing a feasible plan of economical boarding-schools, which is probably still fresh in the recollection of the readers of the *Cape Monthly*. A school of this kind, supplying a good education, including all charges for maintenance, at £20 a year, placed under Church control both as to the teaching and boarding department, would, no doubt, supply a great want. If proper masters and matrons, &c., could be got immediately, the sooner we have, not four, but forty such schools, the better. I confess the writer's anticipation that the part salaries of teachers in such schools would be defrayed from the Parliamentary grants is quite new to me, for they would in no sense be Undenominational Schools, nor can I understand how they could be classed as Mission Schools under the existing system. It would be welcome news to many a hard-working, often sorely disappointed, Dutch Reformed minister to learn officially that a boarding-school for the children of the members of his congregation would be considered a *Mission School*, and assisted accordingly.

The writer proposes four such schools in cheap and healthy localities. What are they among so many? One at Graaff-Reinet, for the whole Ring or Presbytery, would be as a drop in a bucket. I anticipate no difficulty in securing one hundred or two hundred pupils, or as many more as could be accommodated; but the number of children of a school-going age in the whole district may be taken at over eight thousand. One such school in *each parish* would, doubtless, be well filled; but even this would leave the most crying want untouched—viz., that of those who are in too straitened circumstances to send their children from home at all.

Compulsory maintenance of schools by local rates, and compulsory attendance of all children of a school-going age, is held out as a kind of threat in the event of religious agency not overtaking the work quickly. Let me assure the writer that, whatever he may have to say of religious bodies in towns, where the spirit of proselytism is rife, there are many clergymen who will take the threat as a promise, and hail its fulfilment with joy. We do not ask the State to perform our duties for us, but to awake at the eleventh hour to the performance of its own duty.

A brief sketch of another outline of remedy may find a place here, for the benefit of English friends of education. It was published at length (in Dutch) by the Rev. Mr. Hofmeyr, of Somerset East, about the same time as the article of "Δ." After showing from his experience as Inspector of Schools for the Presbytery of Albany that the farmers are placed at a great disadvantage under the present system of grants, he develops at length the following suggestions:—

1. Not to abandon the present system, but to supplement it by a network of schools over the whole country. This would be simple justice to the children of the farmers, as well as to the tax-payers.
2. Central situations to be chosen in the country districts for the establishment of permanent schools, not more than eighteen miles distant from each other or from already existing aided schools.
3. Minimum attendance, 30 children; minimum master's salary, £150—£100 from local guarantee and £50 from Government.
4. 192 such schools would only cost the public treasury £9,600; while in 1871, £9,518 10s. was paid to mission schools for natives and mixed races.
5. Compulsory school attendance; and, as a first step to this, compulsory erection of school buildings, as in Holland, Switzerland, Prussia, and the United States.
6. To continue the house-tax for several years, and devote the proceeds to school-building, supplemented, if necessary, by a local rate.
7. Not only school, but teacher's dwelling-house, sufficient for at least thirty boarders, to be erected.

I am compelled here to omit his reasons and explanations, and merely translate his concluding remark:—"I trust the means will not be wanting to move Parliament to give effect to the good that may be found in this scheme. Should the Legislature refuse to make the changes that the cause of education in our land so urgently requires, nothing remains for the Dutch Reformed Church but to take the education of her sons and daughters entirely into her own hand. Then it will also be time for her—remembering how large a proportion of the taxes of the country are paid by her members, and how much of these are employed for the education of others—to use all lawful means to get that money placed at her own disposal, and converted into a fund for the support of church schools in all her congregations."

Geological Reports.*

BY E. J. DUNN, ESQ.

Report on Country traversed by "Gold Prospecting Expedition" from Cape Town to Swellendam, &c.

From Cape Town to Somerset West the rock consists of schists, sandstones, mudstones, and slaty rocks (Malmesbury beds), generally tilted at high angles. The hills are well rounded and frequently covered, as well as the flats, by a bed of pea-iron ore.

In the immediate neighbourhood of Somerset West the sandstones and mudstones are mottled, red, white, and yellow. On the surface of this is a bed from a few inches to two feet in thickness of the iron ore.

About one mile higher up the valley from the village, grey porphyritic granite crops out. It sinks under the Table Mountain sandstone in the direction of Stellenbosch. At Sir Lowry's Pass there is a thin wedge of argillaceous schist between the granite and the quartz rock. The schist has a nearly vertical dip, while the Table Mountain sandstone (quartz rock) dips south-east 50 degrees. Near the top of Sir Lowry's Pass the sandstone has a nearly vertical dip. The schistose rocks reappear at about half a mile west from Palmiet River Bridge.

Houwhoek is a basin, the lower portion of which consists of Malmesbury beds, soft sandstone of yellowish colour, frequently micaceous brown sandstone, greenish coloured schist, &c., completely hemmed in by hills of Table Mountain sandstone drained by Palmiet River, which flows out on south-west side. Near the centre of Houwhoek the strike of yellow micaceous sandstone is east 10 degrees north, dip 95 degrees northward. Reefs of quartz occur at a distance of about five miles in a north-west direction from Jackson's farm, strike east 10 degrees north, the same as the reddish brown sandstone in which they occur; strike of schistose sandstone at Jackson's farm west 23 degrees south, dip 95 degrees eastward. Grey micaceous sandstone, quarter of a mile above "Rest" crossing, has a strike of east 10 degrees south, dip vertical.

On the east-side of the basin the strike is east and west. A quartz reef occurs in the Table Mountain sandstone, three miles south of Jackson's farm; strike east 35 degrees south. The number of springs occurring throughout the basin is very great.

Gold in traces occurs in the gravel from the bottom of the "white schists," near Jackson's, and in the bed of Rest Creek below the farm-house.

At four miles above the bridge, Bot River, there is yellow schistose sandstone and black shaly rock; strike west 35 degrees south, dip 60 degrees south. Half a mile further up, a long strip of Table Mountain sandstone crosses the river, and continues in a north-easterly direction. In this strip of quartz rock are numerous thin veins of black oxide of manganese. At five miles above the bridge quartz veins are very common, but no trace of gold. A branch gully running into Bot River from the west, half a mile below the bridge contains a trace of gold in the gravel. A trace also occurs on some peculiar kopjes of red and white schist veined with quartz on the east bank of Bot River.

Four miles below the bridge there occurs a small outlier of ferruginous conglomerate. Many of the neighbouring rises are covered with pebbles (mostly quartz), apparently derived from disintegration of a similar conglomerate. True slaty structure is observable 400 yards below the bridge where the cleavage crosses the bedding planes diagonally. The structure frequently renders it impossible to ascertain which is the correct strike of an outcrop.

A high ridge of schistose rocks runs between Zonderende River and Caledon road. Outliers of Table Mountain sandstone occur capping portions of it. A

* We select the following interesting extracts from the official reports sent in by Mr. Dunn to the Government.

small outlier occurs one mile east of the bridge. Half a mile up Salt River (a tributary of Bot River from the east side) the dark-blueish coloured schist has a strike of east 10 degrees south, dip 80 degrees southward. Dip of Table Mountain sandstone crossing near the junction with Bot River, northward at small angle. Strike of reefs and schist about the centre of the range south of Zonderende River, east 10 degrees south, dip 65 degrees southward; no trace of gold.

In Waterkloof, west side of Zwartberg (Caledon), the Table Mountain sandstone is very much contorted. About two miles further south, at the foot of the range, is a dark shale containing cubes of iron pyrites. In Zwart River a trace of gold is met with almost anywhere in the gravel of the river bed. At Dunghye Park, opposite Caledon, is a fine grey sandstone veined with quartz; strike west 35 degrees north, dip 90 degrees southward.

Strike of blueish grey schist containing quartz veins, one mile south of Caledon, south 30 degrees west, dip 70 degrees southward. Babylon Toren is an outlier of quartz rock, forming a prominent landmark. It is about three miles south-west from Caledon. Hot springs occur half a mile north-east from the village; they flow out from the top of a mound about sixty feet high, formed of sandstone, &c., cemented into a conglomerate by oxide of iron that has been precipitated by the out-flowing water. In connection with this extensive accumulation, it suggests itself as probable that the water (quite clear and bright) coming to the surface at a high temperature is capable of holding in solution more of this oxide while warm than when the temperature is reduced. On the top of the mound the temperature of all the springs is 118 degrees Fahrenheit. At a distance of three chains on the east side are three other springs rising from the foot of the mound. The most northerly one is 62 degrees, the next 65 degrees, and the third 80 degrees Fahrenheit. These colder springs do not deposit soft, slimy oxide of iron as the warmer ones do. These springs are on the junction of Table Mountain sandstone and underlying "Malmesbury beds."

Camp on farm half-way between Caledon and McFarlane's farm. Three miles to south-west is a fine-grained pink schist; strike east 15 degrees north, dip 90 degrees southward. Quartz veins containing chlorite in strike of rock, also a few cross veins. Similar rock, containing iron pyrites (oxidized), is met with one mile further to south-west. Strike east 35 degrees south, dip southward; quartz veins plentiful. Two miles south of camp the blueish schist has a strike of east 44 degrees south, dip 40 degrees northward.

One mile south of McFarlane's farm the Table Mountain sandstone dips at high angle southward; strike of brown sandstone five miles east from McFarlane's east 25 degrees north, dip 60 degrees southward. In drift, three miles south-westerly from McFarlane's, crossing Hartebeest River, the gravel yields a trace of gold. On the south bank of Hartebeest River, on the hill side, hematite veined with quartz is abundant.

One mile east of Fairfield the yellow sandstone strikes north-east, dip 45 degrees south-east. Strike of blueish grey schist where the Bredasdorp road crosses Kars River, west 40 degrees north, dip 70 degrees southward. Traces of gold occur in the bed of this river, also a fine pink sand resembling zircons. About two and a half miles below Fairfield the sandstone is thickly impregnated with cubes of oxidized iron pyrites. The surface is strewn with them.

A trace of gold is obtained by washing the soil in this locality. Probably the decomposition of these iron pyrites accounts for the presence of traces of gold over the schist country. Strike of schist four miles south-east of Fairfield, north-east; dip 10 degrees south. A mass of ferruginous conglomerate occurs on the top of a hill half a mile south of Fairfield. The contained pebbles and boulders consist principally of quartz rock and sandstone. Other small outliers of similar conglomerate are met with at intervals all over the Ruggens, showing that since denudation exposed the "Malmesbury beds," a considerable tract of it has been covered with this conglomerate, which has again been removed, with the exception of a few outliers.

Two miles south-east from Wessels' farm (one and a half miles east from

Napier) brown sandstone has a strike of north 30 degrees west, dip 40 degrees eastward. Cubes of brown iron commence south of farm; the Table Mountain sandstone dips north-east. Strike of fine sandstone five miles east of Wessels' farm, east 30 degrees south, dip southward. In a creek flowing northward into Kars River, one mile east of Napier, the drift yields a trace of gold. On the river bank close to Napier is another outlier of ferruginous conglomerate. The soft, fine-grained schist half a mile west of Bredasdorp has a strike of north 20 degrees west, dip 90 degrees eastward. Strike of grey sandstone four miles north of Bredasdorp, north 10 degrees west, dip 65 degrees westward.

About seven miles east 30 degrees south from Bredasdorp is a group of hills, the highest point marked by a large beacon. On the south side of these hills are two deeply-cut gullies. Near the foot of the hills where they reach the more level country, fossils are abundant,—all of one species, apparently focoids, circular outline with whorled structure. Fossils of the same character occur two miles north of Kars River on the road to Swellendam, in dark-coloured micaceous schist, strike east 35 degrees north, dip 90 degrees southward.

Running magnetic east from Bredasdorp is a ridge of recently formed limestone; it continues as far as Potteberg, parallel to the coast line, increasing in height to the eastward. The surface is indurated and covered with cracks and small potholes. Near Kars River this calcareous formation contains pebbles and fragments of quartz, &c., forming a conglomerate. Immediately behind the village of Bredasdorp are quarries of excellent freestone in the Table Mountain sandstone formation. Blocks of large size, uniform in colour (light grey) and texture, are easily obtained. It is soft when first raised, but hardens rapidly by exposure to the air. An outlier of ferruginous conglomerate is met with one mile north of Bredasdorp.

From the beacon above mentioned to a distance of twelve miles north of Bredasdorp on the Swellendam road, fossils are abundant, but all of the same character. In a cutting south of Rooi Vley they occur in a light drab-coloured schist; strike of dark and yellowish coloured sandstones two miles north of Rooi Vley, north-west, dip 40 degrees south-west.

Camp twelve miles from Bredasdorp on road to Swellendam. Two miles west from camp, on Salt River, the surface is thickly strewn with oxidized iron pyrites.

Well-rounded and sub-angular pebbles cover the slopes of the neighbouring hills. On the lower slopes a clay conglomerate many feet in thickness has formed. These pebbles, &c., appear to be the result of disintegration of the previously noticed ferruginous conglomerate. Fossils are met with (same form) a half mile west from camp at river edge. Quartz reefs conforming to general strike are numerous. Strike of brownish schistose sandstone six miles east of camp, south-east, dip south-west 45 degrees. Cubes of oxidized pyrites, frequently one inch cubic, are abundantly strewn over the surface.

At De Wet's farm, about twenty miles south of Swellendam, a belt of small kopjes extends from the end of Zonderende Mountains towards Potteberg. Many of them have a capping of rock formed of a few angular and sub-angular fragments of quartz disseminated through a grey silicious base forming a breccia. Sometimes the whole is stained of a ferruginous colour. Very rich hematite is abundant among the kopjes. The breccia is in beds sometimes 20 feet in thickness. This capping appears to be the remnant of the lower beds of the Table Mountain series that have escaped denudation. The cappings have a slight dip eastward. Two miles to the east from De Wet's farm, in the midst of the kopjes, the underlying schist is white and crumbling—other portions are of bright red colour. Strike of schist is very varying, as the beds are nearly horizontal for three miles in breadth.

Camp ten miles south of Swellendam on Bredasdorp road. Three miles north-west of camp strike of soft grey sandstone is east 30 degrees south, dip 50 degrees southward. Strike of schist three miles west of camp, east 20 degrees south, dip 40 degrees southward. Grey and brown micaceous schists seven miles south-east from the camp are much broken up and contorted. No trustworthy strike obtainable. The small hill between the roads from Bredasdorp and Caledon to

Swellendam, near their junction, is of Table Mountain sandstone age, hard quartz rocks. It is the continuation of the Zonderende Mountains. In a small river running into the Breede on the west side of the above hill a trace of gold occurs.

The denudation that has taken place over the tract of country known as the "Ruggens," is on a grand scale; outliers still remaining attest to the original extent of the Table Mountain sandstone. Judging from these the whole of the "Ruggens" was one time covered by least 1,000 feet of sandstone and quartz rock.

On looking across the "Ruggens" between Caledon and the sea the higher parts appear to be about on the same horizon. The gullies and rivers are eroded below this level.

From Swellendam to within a few miles of Riversdale the rocks are schistose. Strike about east and west, dip southwards. At Zuurbak fossils of the same character as met with on the Bredasdorp road occur abundantly in dark-coloured schists.

At Heidleberg more ferruginous conglomerate is met with, and again at one mile north of Mossel Bay, covering the surface as clay conglomerate, for several feet in depth. Table Mountain sandstone reappears at Mossel Bay. At about six miles north-easterly gneiss appears and continues to within a short distance of George. Between the sea and the mountains at George the rock is highly metamorphosed schist and gneissose rocks penetrated by granite veins. This continues on to Knysna, and is of the same character as the Namaqualand schists. The mountains behind George (Outiniqua Mountains) are of fine-grained quartz rocks, sometimes schistose; granite veins do not penetrate it.

The "Malmesbury Beds" (named after the locality in which they are most extensive in area) vary much in character, from hard ——— of blueish-black colour, as at the Breakwater, to soft mudstones; from fine argillaceous schists to coarse, gritty sandstone in texture, of black, brown, pink, grey, and white colour. Pyrites very common in many places usually altered into oxide of iron, on the outside only changed.

They underlie the Table Mountain sandstone in an unconformable manner. Their true horizon, Devonian or Silurian, has not yet been determined through the paucity of fossil data.

Maitland Mines, Port Elizabeth.

These mines are in the same condition as when reported on by Mr. Wylie fourteen years ago.

Their site is on Van Staden's River, about four miles from its mouth, and 21 from Port Elizabeth. From their general strike and dip, the rocks appear to belong to the same series as Witteklip, Van Staden's Range, Table Mountain sandstone, but their character and contents cause them to strongly resemble the Namaqualand schists. Careful examination only could settle the point. A thick covering of soil and undergrowth renders every attempt to follow out the beds ineffectual.

The principal bed in which copper ore has been found is a peculiar grit, which from metamorphic action assumes in places a gneissose or almost granitic appearance. About 100 yards to the west of Mr. Holland's house openings have been made in the rock, exposing veins of quartz lying irregularly between the laminæ. In these veins a few copper and cupriferous iron pyrites occur. Irregular lumps of calc spar are enclosed in the mass of the rock. On the south bank of a tributary flowing into Van Staden's River, and about 300 yards above their junction, the principal shaft (Andrews) has been sunk. For the first few feet through the grit mentioned, then through chloritic schists, penetrated in line of strike by numerous short quartz leaders or small veins containing a sprinkling of cupriferous iron pyrites and poor copper pyrites. Calc spar occurs frequently in the quartz veins. On the west side of Van Staden's River, opposite Mr. Holland's house, adits have been driven into the hill, cutting small veins of quartz, bearing copper pyrites. A few loose stones were found containing a good quality of pyrites and a little grey ore.

About 300 yards down the creek, facing the house, is the Lead Hill, in which adits and shafts have been driven and sunk. The rock is crystalline limestone in a synclinal trough. Lead, in irregular small pieces, occurs disseminated, but with such irregularity and so sparsely as to give no hope of remuneration from a further search. Zinc blend occurs in small pieces, the size of peas, scattered through the limestone. Nothing at all resembling a lode has been met with.

Two analyses of grey copper ore were made. In the one case silver was found to be present in the proportion of seven dw't. to one ton of copper ore; in the other, at the rate of seven oz. per ton. Even taking the larger amount, it could not be extracted with profit with an abundant supply of ore, whereas the grey ore occurs in this locality in traces only.

For several miles along the strike of these rocks copper pyrites are met with in quartz veins. It is certainly strange that such mineral outcrop should occur in the neighbourhood. It would be advisable for residents in the vicinity to pay attention to any minerals that may attract their notice, as by this means some better outcrop might eventually be discovered.

Many thousands of pounds have been sunk in a reckless and extravagant manner, where two or three hundred pounds would have been sufficient to prove the worthlessness of the site as a mine. * * * * *

REPORT ON THE STORMBERG COAL-FIELD.

Localities opened.

Vice's workings consist of a shaft sunk on the top of a spur to a depth of seventy feet. It cuts the coal at forty-one feet. From this drives have been put in, and all his coals are obtained from this shaft. No system has been adopted. The coal is cut away from the side of the shaft or wherever most easily removed. The seam consists of alternate layers of coal (3) and shale to a thickness of 3 feet 7 inches. Of coal there is $25\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The lower seam, 13 inches thick, is of poor quality; the middle one, 9 inches thick, is much superior; while the top, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, is very inferior.

Two systems of joints intersect the seam, one runs north 28 degrees east, the other east 15 degrees south, magnetic. These joints greatly facilitate the hewing of the coal, as they occur at convenient distances apart, and cut right through both coal and shale. The roof is of sandstone, smooth, firm, and safe for working under. The floor is of shale, also smooth and compact. There is no water to contend with. The coal is raised to the surface by a rope rove through a block and drawn by oxen.

Small cubes of sulphuret of iron coat the joints of the coal, especially in the lower part of the seam. It decomposes readily, imparting a rusty appearance to the blocks of coal. The coal is firm and hard, breaking out in good sized blocks that do not readily break up in transport. It is laminated, splitting into thin layers; the faces of the layers are of dull earthy, black colour, while the edges are lustrous. It has a banded appearance, the alternate bands having different lustres. The lustrous veins (pure coal with not more than about 9 per cent. of white ash) sometimes attain a thickness of 3 inches. In the other coal it is only for a few feet at most.

When burnt a good heat is given out and the fire burns for a long time. The cinder is, however, very considerable, and retains the form of the fuel when first ignited. It does not fall into an ash. When burnt in a steam engine, or where a strong heat is induced, the result forms a pasty clinker.

To the south of Vice's shaft an adit has been driven on the coal seam for a considerable distance into the hill. Through ignorance on the workmen's part the solid part of the roof has been cut away. This allows the softer beds above to become loose and slip into the adit. The sides also, instead of being cut in clean and straight, have been broken away in a careless manner, the result being that the drive would require considerable expense to render it safe for working in.

The conditions as regards roof, floor, &c., and material for driving in, could not be better than they are, but men accustomed to the work are required. Mr. Vice is having another drive put in on the east end of the spur close to the main road. A cutting down the hill side exposes 80 feet of various coloured shales containing plant impressions. The shale is under the coal seam. Overlying it is a thick bed of sandstone thickly marked with plant impressions.

Hattingh's workings are about one mile to south-east of Vice's shaft, situate on the same seam. Of coal there is $24\frac{1}{2}$ inches, with 3 partings of shale (15 inches) between the 4 layers. The third seam from the bottom, $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, is the best in quality. Altogether the coal here looks somewhat better than at Vice's shaft. The best part of the coal when burnt in a grate yields a considerable amount of ash that falls to powder on being moved. It gives out a good heat and burns for a long period. This coal has also the fault of yielding a slag when burnt in steam-engines or when a strong current of air is induced.

The workings consist of a long open cutting made in the north face of the hill (the seam dipping southerly). From this face the coal is broken away without any thought of how future workings must be carried on. On account of the dip, a more unfavourable position for opening out could not have been chosen, as the further the drives proceed the water will accumulate, until the workings are "drowned." Besides which, the coal would have to be all pushed up an incline.

The proper position for an adit is on the east side of the hill, where it could be put in from the side of a kloof. On the west side there are also facilities for putting in a drive. The shales underlying and overlying the coal abound in impression of ferns and other plants. Higher up the hill, above the workings, a sheet of igneous rock is exposed.

In consequence of the descent from the Stormberg to Burghersdorp the "coal measures" are left behind at about 8 miles south of the village, and the Upper Karroo beds entered upon (about 4,900 feet above sea level).

At Kapok Kraal, about seven miles to south-east of Burghersdorp, there are 28 inches of coal in 4 seams, distributed through about 16 feet of shale. On the opposite side of the valley close to a nek, where a trial has been made by means of a small shaft, there are two seams, one 16 inches, then 2 feet of shale, and 9 inches of coal. Search in this neighbourhood would probably be rewarded by the discovery of good useful coal in sufficient quantity to pay well for working.

Buckley's Drive is opposite and about 300 feet above the hotel at the base of Bushman's Hoek. The outcrop of coal and shale is of very inferior quality and about $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick. Its position (dipping into the hill) renders its awkward to work if water is at all plentiful. Possibly something better might be found by searching along the base of the mountains further eastward.

Ewan's Drive, about eight miles west of Buckley's, is in nothing but carbonaceous shale, quite worthless.

About nine miles eastward from Dordrecht a seam of coal occurs 8 inches thick, at November's Kraal, Tambookie Location. All the appearances are favourable to the presence of coal in this neighbourhood and throughout the district, but nothing has been done hitherto towards searching for seams. Besides the above localities the seam worked by Vice and Hattingh can be traced for miles along the hill sides. Numerous other outcrops are known, but they are not opened out.

General Remarks.

The quality of coal hitherto found is by no means first-class, but, considering the scarcity of fuel in these districts, its importance cannot well be over-estimated. The only fuel used throughout Wodehouse and Burghersdorp districts is obtained from sheep kraals. At Queen's Town, the market is supplied with mimosa sticks. These fetch £4 per wagon-load. Not only is this an expensive fuel, but the surrounding country is rapidly becoming denuded of the few remaining bushes.

Sheep-dung is not only a disagreeable fuel, but farms thus robbed of this valuable manure most seriously deteriorate in productiveness. In both cases, the supply of fuel does not and cannot keep pace with a growing demand.

The districts under notice are of most fertile character, and well adapted for the maintenance of a dense population. The presence, therefore, of mineral fuel becomes a matter of vital consequence, and should induce an extensive and systematic search for other seams than those already known.

No expensive operations would be required properly to prospect for coal, as the beds containing it form the highest part of the country, and lie almost horizontal. By examining the kloofs and natural sections all the strata are laid open. Boring is not required. Trenches cut down the hill sides will serve all purposes.

To stimulate each farmer to examine his own ground it would be desirable to offer a reward of say £500 for the discovery within the limits of the Colony of a seam of coal not less than two feet in thickness, solid, and without partings or "foul" from the presence of shale. The ash not to exceed twelve (12) per cent., and extending over a superficial area of not less than five acres.

There can be no doubt that the more extensive deposits, and probably superior quality, of coal will be found further north and north-eastward (in Basutoland and Kafirland Proper, extending towards Natal).

The cost of coal at present is at the seam from £1 10s. to £2 per ton (2,000 lb.) To this must be added £1 17s. 6d. per ton transport to Queen's Town, a distance of fifty miles.

This cost is excessive, and, taking into account the great facilities for working both at Vice's and Hatttingh's coal, can be hewn and brought to "grass" for 5s. per ton, and could be sold with good profit at 10s. per ton at the mine. The transport to Queen's Town would not cost more than £1 per ton if a regular supply were forwarded to market and the same teams were constantly employed.

The Stormberg coal is at present used for steam flour mills, steam wool-washes, and ordinary domestic purposes. It answers for all these requirements, the principal fault being the high percentage of refuse and the present high price. If sold on Queen's Town market at £1 10s. per ton it would be universally used as fuel.

Other products of economic value occurring in these series of beds are: beds of oxide of iron; at present not very rich ones, have been found, but future search may detect better and more valuable seams. Even such poor beds will perhaps become of value as the production of coal increases.

The beds examined at Bushman's Hoek, &c., are not solid ore, but sandstone or shale impregnated with oxide of iron.

Alum shale occurs about six miles west of Vice's. It is black shale about 18 inches thick, impregnated with iron pyrites. On exposure to the atmosphere alum forms at the surface as an incrustation.

Freestone of the finest quality is abundant all over the Stormberg range. Qualities suitable for grinding-stones, scythe-stones, and finer architectural ornaments are not rare.

Beds of clay suitable for pottery are of frequent occurrence, and might be turned to account when coal is at hand.

There is some probability of kerosene shale or torbanite being found. It would therefore be advisable to forward specimens of any combustible shale met with to Cape Town. A simple test of torbanite is that it burns, when lit, like a candle.

Geology.

In proceeding northward from Port Elizabeth to Dassyklip on Bushman's River, the beds crossed appears to be of secondary age (Sunday River Beds) covered by tertiary and post tertiary deposits, comprising calcareous beds, beds of red clay and beds of clay conglomerate. The pebbles and boulders in the latter are principally of quartz rock well rounded. Extensive tracts are strewn with loose rounded stones derived from the "Enon Conglomerate."

At Dassyklip hard sandstone and quartz rocks crop out. Strike north-east, dip 70 degrees to north-west. These beds are of the same age as Zwartberg range, near Prince Albert. Fossils met with in those at Prince Albert, Port Elizabeth (Witte Klip), and Graham's Town are lepidodendra, calamites, &c. This series is passed at a distance of six miles north of Graham's Town. At

Graham's Town a belt of "Träp Conglomerate" runs in a direction a little north of east. Another belt crosses about six miles north of that town. North of this latter belt the rocks alter and correspond with those met with at "Karoo Poort" (Lower Karroo Beds). These beds form a series of low axes. The last one occurs at Koonap River; thence to Fort Beaufort the rocks dip an angle of about 8 degrees northward. The first igneous dyke is crossed six miles south of Fort Beaufort (1,500 feet above the sea level.) Direction of dyke nearly north-east.

From Fort Beaufort to Kat River shales of purple, greenish, and grey colours, covered by beds of sandstone, as much as 100 feet thick in places, are crossed. These beds contain abundant remains of dicynodonts, &c. Igneous dykes very numerous. Extensive sheets of dolerite cap the hills. From Balfour, at base of Katberg (1,800 feet above the sea level), to the top, the rock is thick, bedded, compact, grey sandstone, with a few beds of shale and occasionally sheets of dolerite. The lower beds in the mountain dip about 5 or 6 degrees north. The beds on the summit (5,200 feet above sea level) appear almost horizontal, but have a slight dip northward.

Between Katberg and Winchelsea (3,200 feet) the beds dip 2 or 3 degrees southward, thence to Queen's Town (3,300 feet) about horizontal. At Queen's Town the shales, sandstones, &c. (Upper Karroo beds), dip 5 or 6 degrees to north-east. Extensive dykes of dolerite traverse the country; most of the surrounding hills have a capping of igneous rock. These series of beds continue as far as the "Stormberg Mountains," and form the base of that range (4,900 feet above sea level.)

Above this, and forming the "coal measures," are the sandstones, shales, &c., of which the Stormberg range consists.

The "coal measures" are composed of beds of sandstone—usually very thick—brown, grey or white in colour, frequently showing no trace of lamination through many feet in thickness. In other places false-bedding is frequent and particularly well marked.

A striking characteristic of most of the beds of sandstone in this series is the glittering character of the particles forming the beds; even the sand glistens in the sun like small diamonds, where derived from these beds.

Fossil bones are of frequent occurrence in the upper beds. Plant remains are of common occurrence, as thin seams of coal (compressed trunks of trees and stems and leaves of plants). Some flattened trees are ten to twelve feet long, the branches and roots often well marked. They lie in a horizontal or nearly horizontal position. The coal forming the cast is sometimes 2 to 3 inches thick.

Beds of conglomerate, of shale, of coarse grit, of indurated clay, of soft ditto, sheets of dolerite, amygdaloid, &c., and seams of coal.

The conglomerate generally consists of well rounded boulders and pebbles of dark-coloured or white quartz rock imbedded in sandstone. On many spurs and hill sides the loose pebbles and boulders set free by disintegration of the sandstone matrix are strewn thickly over the surface. As a rule, the beds appear to be of no great thickness.

The shales are usually argillaceous, frequently much jointed and crumbling. In some localities (Vice's, Hattingh's, &c.) most delicate impressions of ferns, *glossopteris*, &c., occur between the laminæ. The ferns are principally dichotomous. A thin pellicle in the shale sometimes represents the former frond. Six species of ferns were obtained at Hattingh's workings. Frequently the shale beds are quite black and carbonaceous. Those occurring as "partings" between the coal burn readily, emitting a strong smell of kerosene. They have much the appearance of "torbanite," but are much heavier, in consequence of the large proportion of earthy matter contained in them.

Beds of various coloured and textured shale in some localities succeed each other to a depth of 80 to 90 feet. Such is the case underlying Vice's coal seam. Coal usually occurs associated with the shale. A bed of black shale occurs about seven miles west of Vice's, impregnated with pyrites. Where exposed to the atmosphere it decomposes, a crust of alum forming on the exposed surface.

The beds of coarse grit look almost like weathered granite at a short distance. Pieces of felspar and quartz, frequently as large as peas and beans, go to form the mass. Many of the grits are almost wholly composed of felspar, others have such a mixture of quartz, felspar, and mica, as to closely resemble a dense granite. Beds of a very coarse structure occur a short distance south of Dordrecht.

Beds of indurated clay are met with frequently underlying the coal seams. In some cases the proportion of lime, &c., in them, accounts for their extreme hardness. Intrusions of igneous rock have hardened some of the beds.

Many of the clay beds are as soft as those of recent formation, and can be dug out with a spade.

Sheets and dykes of igneous rock are of frequent occurrence over the whole area occupied by the "coal measures." The general character of the several varieties of rock thus occurring appears to be doleritic.

At Waschbank, amygdaloid containing agates and chalcedony is met with. Similar rocks are abundant capping the hills to north-west of Dordrecht. Amygdaloid, containing zeolite with only few agates, as a sheet, in a kop two miles north-west from Wolvefontein. In the same kop, but lower, is a bed of very unusual character (conglomerated) apparently of igneous origin, with numerous minute green crystals distributed through it. Other masses of rock belonging to the above class contain large nodules of calc-spar and quartz (the former first deposited, then quartz inside, crystallizing towards the centre).

The most common character is that of a dense, heavy rock, weathering of a rusty colour on the surface.

The intrusions in many cases have not disturbed the strata more than necessary for the admission of the dykes and sheets. Other areas of considerable extent have received a slight tilt in one or other direction from these intrusions.

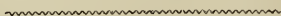
The effect on adjacent rock has been very various. Shales at the contact are sometimes altered into lydianite, as at Modder Poort Nek. At Buffel's Vley Spruit, opposite the wool-washing, a dyke 18 inches wide cuts almost vertically through the shales, &c. A selvage on each side of a few inches has been altered. Some shales are baked by overlying sheets into a "porcelainite." Sandstone beds at road about two miles south of Modder Poort Nek have assumed a very perfect columnar structure where igneous rock has been spread over their surface.

The igneous sheets frequently assume a rudely columnar structure, while the dykes have often a very perfect prismatic structure; the prisms at right angles to the sides and most perfect near the contact. The centres where the dykes are many feet wide have a cannon-ball arrangement (top of Bushman's Hoek).

On the east bank of Waschbank River, near Saltpetre Cave, a sheet of igneous rock has a columnar structure, but the columns are blade-like, 10 or 12 inches in one direction and but 2 or 3 inches across. In other places a similar character was observed.

The general dip of the "coal measures" is slightly to the north-east, but modified by the action of intrusive rocks. At a distance of 10 miles north-east of Dordrecht the angle of dip is from 6 to 10 degrees in a direction a little south of east. This dip continues as far as Waschbank River. Over this area igneous rock is not abundant, and probably the dip is a natural one. In the neighbourhood of Predikant's Kop the dip is south-westerly.

Fossil wood occurs abundantly over the area occupied by the above rocks, silicified near Vice's, Dordrecht, as lydianite at Dordrecht and neighbourhood, partly silica and partly hematite at some localities. Upright stumps occur on the hills above Toll-house, Bushman's Hoek, and one mile north-west of Dordrecht.



THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

George Eliot.

DR. JOHNSON, in one of the "Idlers," tells us that he who would travel for the entertainment of others should remember that the great object of remark is human nature. Every nation has something particular in its manufactures, its works of genius, its medicines, its agriculture, its customs and policy. He is only a useful traveller who brings home something by which his countrymen may be benefited ; who procures some supply of want, or some mitigation of evil, which may enable his readers to compare their condition with that of others, to improve it whenever it is worse, and whenever it is better to enjoy it.

In the same way it may be said that he that would *study* for the entertainment of others should remember that the great object of remark is human nature. Every subject has something particular in its method ; its condition, past, present, and future ; its relation to other subjects ; its importance in the every-day concerns or in the profounder concerns of life. He is only a useful student who brings home something by which his fellow-men may be benefited ; who supplies some moral or intellectual want, or some mitigation of evil, which may enable his readers to compare their condition with that of others, to improve it whenever it is susceptible of improvement, and whenever it is perfect to enjoy it.

Few students of the phenomena of social life attain this standard—indeed, it is a hackneyed complaint that the age is burdened with a weight of common-place novels and poems almost greater than it can bear. George Eliot stands out a conspicuous exception to this melancholy complaint. In every work which bears her name, the reader will find much to attract and to instruct him.

Shakspeare—Nature's Great High Priest—has held up the mirror and reflected every phase and degree of humanity. He has represented its longings, hopes, and fears. He has dropped a plummet-line into the profoundest depths of the human soul ; and he has painted, in colours only too true, the universal weakness of mankind. Everything was known to him, and he has revealed everything he knew. Shakspeare the unapproachable ! Nearest to him, at least in modern times (for perhaps Chaucer stands first), are Sir Walter

Scott and George Eliot. Where are women like George Eliot's Romola, Dinah Morris, Maggie Tulliver, Fedalma, and many others—where to be found except in Shakspeare? Where besides in Shakspeare and Sir Walter Scott and old Dan Chaucer do we learn to know great men and understand great deeds so well as in George Eliot? Who possesses in surpassing measure the power of exquisite humour, melting pathos, and harrowing tragedy common to at least three of these four geniuses? Of Sophocles it is said that he painted men as they ought to be; of Euripedes that he painted them as they were. But these writers represent them both as they are and as they should be. A parallel might be drawn to almost endless length between the "characters" created by these four great masters and the manner in which they are worked out. There is, however, one characteristic which George Eliot possesses in common with Shakspeare in even a superior degree to Scott, that, namely, of concentrating the floating truths of humanity in sharp, pregnant sentences. "The Beauties of George Eliot" have yet to be published, and until we have a volume of the "Proverbs of George Eliot," such as she has preserved, created, and improved, we shall not know how richly she has stored our language with these caskets of truth. The work of all great artists must be perfect work—otherwise it will not live. Johnson has defined genius as perseverance to a particular end. Nothing is more striking in George Eliot than the patience with which she thinks out, and the modest perfection with which she writes down, her deepest thoughts and best results. Mr. John Morley says we may learn from her works that style is not the result of reading, but of thinking. It is because George Eliot lets ideas lie long and ripen in her own mind that their fruitage of expression is so delicate in flavour and so rich and diversified in colour. We find here no vague conceptions, no slovenly workmanship. The whole is good and perfect of its kind; like a noble stream, here and there presenting exceptional beauties, alternately running faster and slower, but ever with one steady purpose and one unfaltering impulse. It is the work of genius.

It would be an interesting inquiry, what modern novel-literature will likely result in,—that is, under what conditions it will probably be perfected; or whether, culminating in some supreme genius, it will gradually decline and finally be abolished. It is remarkable how dramatic literature in Greece, in France, in Germany, in England, had periods of growth, culmination, and decay. Will it be so with novel-literature?

There is not space to discuss the subject fully on this occasion; but I may (in connection with my present subject) briefly state my own opinion that the art of fiction writing will probably increase in perfection in the coming period, and not decline. It is unnecessary to go into the question of the causes of the decline of the drama. I am inclined to believe that just as history is now constructed scientifically—upon an intelligible philosophical basis—so fiction is destined

more and more consciously to be constructed upon a similiar basis. No one now-a-days either writes or reads history written in a spirit of belief that some external erratic agency has shaped the course of a nation's career. It is no longer supposed that historical events tumbled out one upon another by mere chance, or that one day God was pleased and blessed a people and they prospered—that next day God was offended and cursed a people and they suffered; and so, that a nation's or a people's present condition is the sum of their previous favour or disfavour in the eyes of God. This used to be a common superstition; it is, I apprehend, abolished now, and men see that the function of history is the relation of the manner of the evolution of societies, the philosophical consideration of the causes which have severally operated to their advantage and detriment. In a similar spirit, I conceive, novels will in the future (as by George Eliot and one or two others of the present day) be consciously and systematically constructed upon a scientific study of human nature and human circumstance. George Eliot deliberately works upon the doctrine of the causation of human actions; she asserts as plainly as John Stuart Mill that men's actions are the joint result of the general laws and circumstances of human nature, and of their own particular characters; those characters again being the consequence of the natural and artificial circumstances that constituted their education, among which circumstances must be reckoned their own conscious efforts. She not only maintains this doctrine, but exemplifies it. This, it seems to me, is the special characteristic of George Eliot's work, a characteristic, as I have said, likely, in the future, to distinguish all works of fiction.

In George Eliot's conception, we are not born into the world with the brand of Cain upon us. We are launched upon the ocean of life, innocent enough, subject to certain natural laws of circumstance and being. We drive through life without chart or compass, and if many of us make shipwreck of our lives, what wonder? George Eliot herself says:—"Ships certainly are liable to casualties, which sometimes make terribly evident some flaw in their construction, that would never have been discoverable in smooth water; and many a 'good fellow,' through a disastrous combination of circumstances, has undergone a like betrayal." Every effect has its adequate cause, and the tragical termination of the majority of her novels and poems is the natural result of preceding events. "Innate wickedness" finds no place in her philosophy. We err through weakness, idleness, and ignorance. She possesses the almost divine tolerance for and sympathy with humanity that distinguishes all truly great and noble minds. Through the veil of her tenderness, nevertheless, she recognizes the stern law of retribution. As in the physical world transgression is followed by punishment, so likewise in the moral world evil-doing never escapes its due reward. Indeed, evil-doing brings in its train more fatal consequences than merely the punishment of the transgressor. How sadly true is it:—"So

deeply inherent is it in this life of ours that men have to suffer for each other's sins, so inevitably diffusive is human suffering that even justice makes its victims, and we can conceive of no retribution that does not spread beyond its mark in pulsations of universal pain." I gather from her teaching that in this world there is more goodness than evil, but more weakness than strength; suffering, also, is more diffusive than happiness, consequently there is more pain than joy. It is only by single-heartedness and high-mindedness that we may avoid evil and its consequences—although even the foot of the most circumspect may slip at times. The sense of melancholy which a perusal of her works universally leaves upon the reader's mind is thus accounted for. It is not her fault—it is because the world is so weak and ignorant. It is her merit that seeing this she palliates nothing nor aught sets down in malice, simply represents faithfully the truth, rejoicing where she can—weeping where she must.

It is a necessary rule, too seldom remembered or worked up to by novelists, that before writing a line a clear mental conception should be framed of the story and of each of the principal characters. This rule George Eliot never departs from, and this partly is the reason that her work is, as a rule, so perfectly proportioned and executed. As a partial illustration of this, take the character of Filo Melema in "*Romola*." Young, handsome, clever, susceptible of keen enjoyment, shrieking from pain, somewhat selfish and somewhat unscrupulous. We are introduced to Filo under strange circumstances in a charming manner. He is a stranger in Florence. By his address and learning he easily gets into various good society and is everywhere caressed. His character is mostly described parenthetically here and there, as if by mere accident, so that it grows upon you more and more vividly as the story proceeds. Thus:—"And Filo, who had just been looking into the *Miscellanea*, found so much to say that was agreeable to the secretary—he would have done so from mere disposition to please, without further motive—that he showed himself quite worthy to be made a judge of the notable correspondence concerning the *culex*." A little further on another trait of his character is set down so quietly that on a first perusal we are apt to pass it over as not much to the point, but nothing in George Eliot is from the point:—"Filo had an innate love of reticence—let us say a talent for it—which acted as other impulses do, without any conscious motive, and, like all people to whom concealment is easy, he would now and then conceal something which had as little the nature of a secret as the fact that he had seen a flight of crows." From the easy nature, love of pleasure, aversion to pain of Filo Melema, from his loosely strung conscience and the circumstances in which he was thrown, naturally result treachery, concealment, moral death, physical catastrophe. "Our lives (says George Eliot) make a moral tradition for our individual selves, as the life of mankind at large makes a moral tradition for the race; and to have once acted greatly seems a reason why we should always be noble. But Filo was feeling the effect of

an opposite tradition—(he had just entered into a secret engagement of a deceitful nature); he had won no memories of self-conquest and perfect faithfulness from which he could have a sense of falling.” He started upon life without any predetermination to become a conspirator, to ruin the happiness of the woman who should link her fortunes to his as wife. If he never thought of acting nobly, at least he never consciously resolved to act ignobly. He simply slipped away more and more rapidly, and more and more irretrievably, from the path of plain dealing and honest thought, as it were unconsciously—“he had won no memories of self-conquest and perfect faithfulness from which he could have a sense of falling.” If he had accepted the bitterness of life with the sweet, he might have lived happily and successfully, but determined as he was to obtain all the sweet and to take none of the bitter, his life was a failure, closed by a violent death. In his fall he dragged down the edifices of other lives, according to the immutable law that “men have to suffer for each other’s sins.”

The same moral is taught, and the same methodical system is plain upon the surface of “Adam Bede.” This book is perhaps, from an artistic point of view, George Eliot’s greatest work—“Middlemarch” set aside (which I have not yet seen). Mrs. Poyser, Mr. Irwine, Hetty Sorrel, Arthur Donnithorne, Dinah Morris, Adam Bede, Seth Bede—even Squire Donnithorne and Bartle Massey—constitute a gallery of characters deeply studied, and as elaborately as truthfully delineated. Hetty is described as a “spring-tide beauty; it was the beauty of young frisking things, round-limbed, gambolling, circumventing you by a false air of innocence—the innocence of a young star-browed calf, for example, that being inclined for a promenade out of bounds, leads you a severe steeple-chase over hedge and ditch, and only comes to a stand in the middle of a bog.” Speaking presently of the effect upon Hetty of the first meeting between herself and Arthur, George Eliot remarks: “We do not hear that Memnon’s statue gave forth its melody at all under the rushing of the mightiest wind, or in response to any other influence, divine or human, than certain short-lived sunbeams of morning; and we must learn to accommodate ourselves to the discovery that some of these cunningly-fashioned instruments called human souls have only a very limited range of music, and will not vibrate in the least under a touch that fills others with tremulous rapture or quivering agony.” Some people apparently have either not learnt this truth or will not accommodate themselves to it. They persist in regarding all men and all women as fashioned upon one model, to be bullied, persuaded, or reasoned into one uniform mode of thought and action, as if that were even possible, or, if it were, as if that would be the highest state of happiness instead of the dreariest state of dullness. But worse, they misjudge and miscalculate, by reason of this same ignorance or indifference. They refuse to allow that men should be judged according to circumstances

—they draw a hard-and-fast line, to their own satisfaction, which they say is the right and true line, and any divergence from that they stigmatize as wrong. It may be wrong or it may be right—there is no fixed standard by which we may adjudicate upon the culpability of our neighbours in whatever unhappiness they involve themselves or others. Still we may learn how careful we should be of our conduct, and how easily one false step leads to another, and how helpless we are after the evil is committed to undo it. Each one of us is a sort of Sampson holding the pillars of a Temple in his hands, and liable at any moment to drag it about his ears and the ears of those nearest to him.

Of how many might it not be said as truly as of Hetty, that her “dreams were all of luxuries: to sit in a carpeted parlour, and always wear white stockings; to have some large beautiful earrings, such as were all the fashion; to have Nottingham lace round the top of her gown, and something to make her handkerchief smell nice, like Miss Lydia Donnithorne’s, when she drew it out at church; and not to be obliged to get up early or to be scolded by anybody.” It is the old story. We sow seeds of vanity and sloth, and in the end reap the fruits of bitterness and despair.

In Arthur Donnithorne we catch a perfect reflection of another common phase of human nature. “His own approbation was necessary to him, and it was not an approbation to be enjoyed quite gratuitously; it must be won by a fair amount of merit. He had never yet forfeited that approbation, and he had considerable reliance on his own virtues. No young man could confess his faults more candidly; candour was one of his favourite virtues; and how can a man’s candour be seen in all its lustre unless he has a few failings to talk of? But he had an agreeable confidence that his faults were all of a generous kind—impetuous, warm-blooded, leonine; never crawling, crafty, reptilian.” And so the gently satirical description of Arthur’s merits and deficiencies proceeds, calling forth the remark in one place that “unhappily there is no inherent poetical justice in ‘hobbles,’ and they will sometimes obstinately refuse to inflict their worst consequences on the prime offender in spite of his loudly expressed wish.” And so it appears before the end of the book. Arthur discovered that one of his hobbles wrought deep and lasting mischief, which he would have given his life to have rectified were it but possible.

As contrasts to these pictures of selfishness and failure, let us turn for a moment to the contemplation of other characters more noble and successful. Savonarola may be accounted a master-piece of character-drawing worthy of the Great High Priest himself. The Rev. Mr. Lyon in “Felix Holt,” and the Rev. Mr. Irwine in “Adam Bede,” are great and enduring characters. It is rather a long extract which I must plead to be permitted to introduce here concerning the Rev. Mr. Irwine. Not that I apprehend much pleading is necessary; the touch of satire is so gentle and the loving

faithfulness to life so conspicuous, that it is a description to be remembered. Mr. Irwine is a bachelor, nearly fifty years of age, His mother and two maiden sisters live with him, and it is hinted that he renounced marriage in order to support them the more comfortably, making no merit of that renunciation, "but saying laughingly, if any one alluded to it, that he made it an excuse for many indulgences which a wife would never have allowed him." It is of Mr. Irwine, then, that George Eliot says:—"He really had no very lofty aims, no theological enthusiasm: if I were closely questioned. I should be obliged to confess that he felt no serious alarms about the souls of his parishioners, and would have thought it a mere waste of time to talk in a doctrinal and awakening manner to old 'Feyther Taft,' or even to Chad Cranage, the blacksmith. If he had been in the habit of speaking theoretically, he would perhaps have said that the only healthy form religion could take in such minds was that of certain dim but strong emotions, suffusing themselves as a hallowing influence over the family affections and neighbourly duties. * * Clearly the Rector was not what is called in these days an 'earnest' man: he was fonder of church history than of divinity, and had more insight into men's characters than interest in their opinions: he was neither laborious nor obviously self-denying, nor very copious in alms-giving, and his theology, you perceive, was lax. His mental palate, indeed, was rather pagan, and found a savouriness in a quotation from Sophocles or Theocritus that was quite absent from any text in Isaiah or Amos. * * On the other hand, I must plead, for I have an affectionate partiality towards the Rector's memory, that he was not vindictive—and some philanthropists have been so; that he was not intolerant—and there is a rumour that some zealous theologians have not been altogether free from that blemish; and that, although he would probably have declined to give his body to be burned in any public cause, and was far from bestowing all his goods to feed the poor, he had that charity which has sometimes been lacking to very illustrious virtue—he was tender to other men's failings, and unwilling to impute evil."

We learn to respect Mr. Irwine thoroughly before long, and we part with him glad at heart over the good morning's work of joining Adam and Dinah, with heartfelt regret. We remember him as a dear friend, a genial companion, a good man, and a "perfect gentleman."

Stay! Do I not hear some good-natured reader exclaim, "Are there no faults at all in George Eliot's works? Is it all panegyric that you have for her?" Truly, there never yet was a work of art so perfect that it was faultless. At least so the critics tell us. We are liable to become so engrossed in the enjoyment of the fair flowers of humour, pathos, and kindly satire; of the rich fruits of finished portraiture of character—to be so taken up with the profound reflections concerning life and all that constitute life, its trials, chances, and rewards—scattered so profusely up and down these novels—to be

so bewildered and softened by the deep shades of woe, bitterness, and despair which encompass and envelope nearly all that George Eliot has written—that we rouse ourselves with an effort from the contemplation of these things to search after blemishes. But if it must be done, let it be done speedily. The space we have limited ourselves to is narrow; still let us say what can be said against this literary artist, this student of human nature; let us not be all thankfulness, but let us carp whilst we accept.

A French critic finds fault with the “*Mill on the Floss*” on the ground that it is inartistically constructed. There is first the story of Mr. Tulliver and his troubles, ending with his death, making one book complete. Next the story of Tom Tulliver and Maggie, ending violently with their deaths, making another book complete. Perhaps there is some justice in this criticism, and yet it amounts to not much. Maggie Tulliver is from the beginning the central figure of interest, and upon her the author has lavished the utmost wealth of her sympathy and skill. That the tale ends violently, as a thread snapped suddenly, is true—true as criticism, and true as art. How else could it end? The writer’s heart and the reader’s heart could bear it no longer that Maggie should live in the discordant atmosphere of this world. It was time that “the boat disappeared.” It was well that brother and sister, so sadly divided in life, went down together “in an embrace never to be parted: living through again in one supreme moment the days when they had clasped their little hands in love, and roamed the daisied fields together.” Out of the solemn silence that seems to steal over our senses in the last chapter of this book we hear the author’s great sob of anguish, and we drop a sympathetic tear upon the tomb inscribed with the simple inscription:—

In death they were not divided:

But, furthermore, it has been said that some of George Eliot’s characters are too idealistic. There is in this also some particle of truth. The same objection may be urged against Shakspeare. But George Eliot, in common with her illustrious compeers, is a poet as well as a novelist. Indeed, no man can be great as novelist, any more than great as dramatist, unless also he is a poet. If fiction-writing is to be defended as good and useful upon any other grounds besides the narrow one of affording pleasure in an idle half-hour occasionally, shall we condemn if it strives to do more than that—or shall we commend it?

It takes a soul
To move a body : it takes a high-souled man
To move the masses, even to a cleaner styte :
It takes the ideal to blow a hair’s breadth off
The dust of the actual. Ah ! your Fouriers failed,
Because not poets enough to understand
That life develops from within.

The actual is not so good that we need insist upon ever being kept to it. The ideal is not so impossible that we need cavil at being asked now and again to contemplate it. Romola we love ; and Dinah Morris we love. Savonarola we love, and Adam Bede we love ; “ Sweet Desdemona,” fair Hero, tender Cordelia, we love them all. Diana Vernon is not repugnant to the most unimaginative man alive. This criticism it seems to me breaks down of its own weight. It is too gross to float one instant in the rare atmosphere it strives to dissipate.

It is time to conclude. I have said nothing about George Eliot’s poetry. Schlegel wrote more essays than one on Shakspeare, and Coleridge did not exhaust his subject in an hour. No less impossible is it to give an adequate account of the works of George Eliot in one paper. I trust that I have not failed entirely in my object of pointing out what a wealth of instruction and amusement is to be gathered in whole armsful from a perusal of the works of the greatest literary artist of our age.

After a perusal of her works we shall have dwelt for some minutes amongst the beings of a strong and lofty imagination. If we have plucked no flowers to scent our lives withal—to give a softer fragrance and a higher gracefulness to our hearts and bearing, it must surely be because we are encased in an armour of impervious dulness or depravity.

H. S. C.

Milton.—*Paradise Lost*, ii. 533.

As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Wag’d in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van .
Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears,
Till thickest legions close ; with feats of arms
From either end of heav’n the welkin burns.

Translated.

Ὡς δ’ ὅταν ἐκ θεόφιν πολεμὸς θνητοῖσι φανείη
οὐρανῷ ἐν μέσσω, δύο δὲ στρατοὶ ἐν νεφελῇσι
σταῖεν ἐναντίβιον, πολίων τέρας ὑψηλῶν,
ἡγεμόνες μὲν πρόσθε σὺν ἡρωειδέσιν ἵπποις
ἐσσύμενοι προμάχεσθαι ἐναντίον ἀλλήλοισιν
ἔγχεα προύχονται· πυκινὰ δ’ ἄρ’ ὀπισθε φάλαγγες
κιρύται· τῶν δ’, ἥντε πῦρ, πολεμήϊα ἔργα
τῆλε μάλα λάμπει, καὶ πᾶς ἀναδαίεται αἰθήρ.

E. J.

Cutting Capers.

O for the merry songsters
 That fill the woods at Home !
 O for the grass and daisies
 In which I lov'd to roam !
 O for the lanes and hedgerows,
 The chesnut and the may !
 O for the voice and smile of friends,
 In England far away !

Here songbirds have no music,
 And green fields are all blue ;
 Here trees are only bushes,
 And meadows parched Karoo :
 Here every other visage
 Betrays the native smutch ;
 Here Dutchmen gabble Hottentot,
 And Englishmen bad Dutch.

Here rivers rush in torrents,
 Or leave their channels dry ;
 Here all the lakes are salt-pans,—
 No water cheers the eye ;
 Here ports are open roadsteads,
 The wharfs are naked blacks ;
 The bullock-wagon is the train,
 And roads are only tracks.

Here villages are cities,
 A shanty is a fort ;
 Flat grape-juice is mild sherry,
 And muddy pontac—port ;
 The brandy and tobacco
 Are really quite a joke,
 And only fit for blacks and boers,—
 They're very poor Cape smoke.

The pumpkins and the mealies
 May do for cattle-feed ;
 The prickly pears and gockums
 May suit the Fingoe breed :
 The beef is tough as whip-cord,
 The mutton cuts to waste ;
 The meat has neither taste nor juice,
 The fruit more juice than taste.

You look out on the desert,
Which here a farm they call ;
You only see, upon it,
Some dirty Kafir kraal :
In town as well as country,
The scene a saint would rile ;
That dingy barn with the weathercock
Is the Cathedral pile.

Each district scorns the other,
Declares itself the best,
And grabs at local interest
By splitting East or West.
Some cry for Separation ;
Some calmly go to sleep :
All join to rail at the Britisher
When wool is dull and cheap.

They do not run together
In honourable race,
But cut off their own noses
To spite a rival's face ;
And when the empty cases
Before the stores are laid,
Or two ox-spans block Main-street up,
Brag of their giant trade.

When, worn and dry with travel,
You want a decent bed,
You reach some mud-wall cottage,
Or flimsy iron shed ;
Get beer, a dollar a bottle,
And flies and fleas as well :
This No-Accommodation-House
Is styled the Grand Hotel.

And should you chance to shiver,
When rainy winds blow keen,
You find the hearth is empty,
Or the wood is wet and green.
You hint that Stormberg cobbles
Would prove a welcome boon ;—
They bring you shale on a dinner-plate,
And shovel with a spoon.

The servants do no labour,
 But, as their lawful right,
 Crib victuals all the day-time.
 And run away at night;
 Then, while the frogs are croaking,
 And beetles scratch away,
 You cook your supper for yourself,
 Or fast till break of day.

The diamonds are off-colour,
 The coal-fields are a sham;
 The Councils build no bridges,
 The farmers—not a dam;
 The Government does nothing,
 And all the people scout it;
 For here there's no improvement made,
 They only talk about it.

You chance to meet a neighbour,
 You hear some bouncing lie;
 Each man has some traducer,
 And every house a spy:
 The town knows all your business;
 Enough!—I do declare
 The scandal and the twaddling talk
 Would make a parson swear.

Here Christmas comes in summer,
 And winter rain in May;
 No twilight's golden chasing
 Sets off the gem of day;
 No Pole-star guides our courses;
 'Tis hard to bear the loss,
 For the fact is, we are all bowed down
 Beneath the Southern Cross.

O for the grand Old Country!
 O for a glimpse of Home!
 The meadows and the woodlands,
 Or the great Cathedral dome!
 O for the men and women
 That do as well as say!
 O for the friends with hearts so true,
 In England far away!

Caper Sauce.

Hurrah ! for the Land of Sunshine,
 Where a man has room to breathe ;
 Where the sky is clear above us,
 And the *veldt* is free beneath ;
 Where the air is pure and balmy,
 And sets the lungs at play :
 These are things you don't know much about
 In England far away.

I love the breezy uplands,
 And the undulating hills ;
 The woven fern-kloof covers,
 Where the jewell'd loorie trills ;
 The plain, which spreads out sea-like,
 To the distant mountain line,
 And the deep and winding river-nooks,
 Where the hidden waters shine.

I love the rocky krantzies,
 Where the agile bosbok leaps,
 Where the saucy monkey chatters,
 And the timid dassie creeps ;
 The vleys where the lilies flutter
 Their white and purple bells,
 And a plashing comes from the dashing hoofs
 Of the startled wild gazelles.

I love the bush all tangled,
 Where the wild geranium blows,
 Where vinks and ring-doves nestle,
 And the stately aloe grows ;
 Where flowers the sweet mimosa,
 And the scarlet Kafir-boom ;
 Where every shrub is an evergreen,
 And each month has its bloom.

You want to escape the city,
 You cab it to Euston Square,
 Take a dreary railway journey,
 And grumble at the fare :
We put a foot to the stirrup,
 We are over the flats away ;
 We may tripple from here to Livingstone,
 And nobody say us Nay.

Your people are cribb'd and cabin'd,
 Like sprats in a sardine-tin,—
 Each head on the tail of a neighbour,
 No room to wag a fin;
 The land's cut up for building,
 Till the town the country fills;
 You are packed as close as a med'cine chest,
 Or a box of Holloway's pills.

We live in cities of gardens,
 Where the air is still serene,
 And lines of oaks and acacias
 Fringe open streets with green;
 Where groves of orange and citron
 Yield fragrance, fruit, and shade;
 And we sit under vine and fig-tree,
 And none dare make afraid.

Your poor are starved and careworn,
 Your rich dissatisfied;
 You cannot get a living
 Till somebody else has died:
 Here every honest workman
 May take his hours of rest,
 And every man may better himself,
 If he only does his best.

No troops of squalid beggars
 Flock round us as we pass,
 But the tall, athletic native
 Just says "Goed morgen, baas!"
 We do not need the workhouse,
 If we don't make rapid strides:
 For even the poor may earn their bread,
 And butter it on both sides.

You think our lives in danger
 From hordes of horrid blacks:
 We have not to fight garotters,
 And pay the Income-tax;
 The cute and crafty Kafir
 Does steal our sheep and goats;
 But our pockets and our homes are safe,
 And he does not cut our throats.

'Tis true the roads are treach'rous ;
But, if we have a spill,
We come to grass in safety,
For the upsets seldom kill :
We are not smashed in tunnels,
Smothered like rats in a hole ;
If we get a bruise in the open air,
We only break the pole.

Tho' noon is sometimes sultry,
A breeze springs up at night ;
And there's juicy fruit in plenty,
For the thirsty soul's delight ;
A fine sweet water-melon
Refreshes in a trice,
For it's kindly Nature's iced champagne,—
Ah! wouldn't you like a slice ?

The diamonds you're so proud of,
That deck your heads and hands,
Colonial feet have trodden
In the New Rush Kopje sands :
And now we are prospecting
For fields of gold and coal ;
And we're going in strong for cotton, too,
As well as fine Cape wool.

The men are frank and easy,
And do not cringe and bend ;
And he who can be friendly
Is sure to find a friend.
The stars gleam like pure brilliants ;
The sun leaps up with a bound ;
The land's not draped in November fog ;—
It's summer the whole year round.

Hurrah ! for the Sunny Country !
Hurrah ! for the virgin soil !
Where life is not a burden,
And labour not a toil ;
Where, mid the wilds of Nature,
A man may freely stray,
And find health and peace unknown to Art
In England far away.

DIAMOND DIGGER.

Colonial Advertisements.

WANTED a topic ! “Good gracious !” I can fancy I hear some one say, “if you want topics, I can give you pages full,—supply you with matter by the yard, if you will.” But, stop a minute, my hasty friend ; it is no such easy matter to write anything worth reading. Practice, indeed, makes it easy to a few, to write something about anything or nothing ; and I am reminded of the questionable expedient of the Irish editor who, whenever his foreman reported himself short of matter, advised him to “kill a child at Ballyporeen,” and if that proved still inadequate, to “contradict the same.” A broomstick proved a ready conductor for the lightning of Swift’s wit ; while Montaigne, that most delightful of essayists, wrote with about as much ease as a bird sings. But we are unfortunately not all Irish editors or Montaignes. The great thing is to pitch upon a subject that is suggestive, one that will strike fire from mental attrition with the quickness of flint and steel. Most minds, trained to the business of writing, acquire a certain mechanical uniformity of labour, as of so many intellectual mills, wherein if you shall insert a subject, there will presently be ground out, after a certain interval, a number of corresponding phrases, more or less beautifully polished, more or less appropriate, and more or less expressive of ideas. The result is tolerably uniform ; but when time is limited, the suggestiveness of the subject becomes of some importance. There are, however, certain topics on which everyone who thinks at all has somewhat thought, and which it is almost impossible to mention or to hear without arousing a legion of attendant impressions and thoughts and fancies, as thick and evanescent as the host evoked by the whistle of Roderick Dhu from the silent heather. “There is nothing new under the sun,” said the wisest of men, and nowhere is it truer than in writing. Some say that the subject should come to the writer, not the writer to the subject ; in other words, he should wait until he has something to write about,—not first make up his mind to write, and then cast about him for excuse. The objection has point so far as concerns those who write for pleasure, for fame, for the sake of writing, urged on by the *cacoethes scribendi* ; but the poor devils who have to write for bread and butter, how about them ? If the mountain cannot be induced to come to Mohammed, surely the prophet may lay aside his dignity, and don his sandals. Writing, like a good many other things, has its shams and its realities, its blue fire, its stage illusions, like the other comedies in the theatre of life : let us not be too severe on the actors who blunder in their parts.

Wandering in a somewhat aimless and desultory manner the other day on the delightful slopes of Table Mountain, I sat down awhile

to rest, the well-known lines of Dr. Young irresistibly forcing themselves on my memory :

At careless ease my limbs are spread :
All nature still, but yonder rill,
And list'ning pines nod o'er my head.

Looking around, my attention was attracted by a greasy-looking bit of newspaper, which appeared as if it had recently enwrapped within its folds part of the pabulum of some picnic party. Under other circumstances it would have passed unnoticed ; but, picking it up for want of something better to do, I read the following :

TO MINISTERS OF RELIGION AND TO MAGISTRATES.

NOTICE.

MINISTERS OF RELIGION and MAGISTRATES will please take notice that JAN NICOLAAS FAASEN (born 26th December, 1853), my Minor Son, has surreptitiously left his home and my service for the **PURPOSE OF GETTING MARRIED**. I refuse to give my consent to his being married for sundry good and divers purposes, and request that all Officers to whom the said JAN NICOLAAS FAASEN may apply to get married will observe this my objection, and refuse the said Minor's application, *as the law requires them to do*.

JAN NICOLAAS FAASEN, Sen.,
Wagonsmith and Wagonmaker.

Witnesses :—E. BERNHARD.
P. F. ROODT.

Lower Paarl, 21st June, 1873.

The above strange and facetious advertisement set fire, so to speak, to a train of thoughts and fancies touching the matter of advertisements. To what perfection, I pondered, had the art of advertising been brought ! How immense its scope, how powerful its influence, and how diversified its results. The world could not get on without advertisements ; competition would flag, trade and commerce languish, and too, remembering my greasy bit of paper, young men of amatory propensities get surreptitiously "spliced." Public announcements in the shape of advertisements have made fortunes, as well as lost them, and many a man can date back the commencement of his prosperity to the day when he made himself known to the public through the front page of a newspaper. Warren's blacking, Holloway's pills, and a thousand other nostrums are known all over the globe : their names may be seen plastered on the pyramids of Egypt, cut in the rock on the mountains of Switzerland, adorning the inside of outlandish American hotels, and whitewashed on the walls of China and Japan. Wherever civilized man goes, advertisements follow in his trail, and it may be laid down as a tolerably reliable axiom now-a-days, that the man who can spend most money in bringing his name continuously and prominently before the public eye, however inferior his wares may be, is the most certain to get on and prosper. People fly to the newspapers, hoardings, or dead

walls, as a matter of course, and in every conceivable emergency. A lady loses her gold watch. Well, what's to be done? A rush to the office of the *Penny Newsman*: six lines at sixpence a line; reward offered; apply at the office of this paper. Next morning, watch recovered; lady jumps for joy; *Penny Newsman* enriched. Mrs. Brown has children to the number of just one dozen, and the pledges of affection are carefully counted each night before being housed in the domestic fold for the night. One evening Brown does the enumeration; youngest but one missing; Mrs. B. screams; her husband acts wiser, and advertises. Small boy in a brown holland pinafore, and a blue ribbon on his straw hat, is the cue. Policeman makes his appearance with the lost sheep; mother glad; and Brown pays his subscription to the *Ferret* six months in advance. Little Pedlington is in a terrible state of commotion one fine morning, and the county bank is well nigh crazy, having paid some enormous sum over the counter on a forged cheque. "Know the party?" "Recognize him among a thousand," says the manager. Tall, with spectacles, ginger whiskers, billycock hat, and grey overcoat. Universal advertising ensues, and a couple of days after the ginger-whiskered swindler is caught in a barber's shop, in the act of having a close crop and a clean shave. Bless you, advertising will do almost anything; there is nothing beneath its notice, nothing escapes its ken, and nobody can resist its power and influence. Professor Bamboozle comes to the metropolis of South Africa, bursting with dramatic and literary talent, judging from the flaming testimonials with which he is weighted. People want amusement; but, then, how is the Professor to let the public know who he is? Make for the newspaper office, elaborate advertisement, sterling talent, only for a few nights, never saw the like before, and never will again, reduced prices, family tickets (six) for a pound, and so on. Next morning the Professor is in the hands of the public, who have not only read his flattering notice in the *Critic*, but have gazed with wonder and admiration at his life-size portrait which has been affixed to every available blank wall in the neighbourhood. Rush for tickets, full house, standing-room only, screaming success, everybody delighted; but, unhappily, the Professor went away and forgot to pay the advertising bill, which was hardly the thing. Fortunately, the demand for advertisements at this particular time was so great that it did not ruin the *Critic*.

Advertisements in this Colony differ in no respect but one from similar announcements elsewhere, and that is in their size. Anyone accustomed to the tiny, meagre scraps in the *Times*, *Telegraph*, and other English journals, where space is a matter of such immense consideration, must open their eyes when they see the comical display of young posting bills on the outside of a colonial newspaper. It's the size that does it, and the whole side of a Cape paper may sometimes be seen filled with the business announcement of one firm. Colonial advertisers insist upon display; and as the papers, generally

speaking, are hard up for matter, they naturally do not object to fill up their columns with such facility. To attract attention, an advertisement is often printed upside down—a fact which is pretty certain to ensure its being well perused; while another favourite expedient to gain the eye of the public is to secure a large blank space, and put the advertisement in the middle, in the smallest possible type. What tales could the advertising columns of a single newspaper unfold, and what an immense variety of subjects do they comprehend! They are the exponent of the greatest possible wealth and the most abject poverty; the medium for communicating domestic intelligence touching the cradle, the altar, and the tomb; illustrations of ability and intelligence, as well as foolishness and ignorance. The same sheet that notifies to the public that a rich diamond merchant is proceeding to England (which may be taken to mean that he has made his fortune) acquaints you that the few chairs and tables of a poor widow will be sold on the Parade to satisfy the maw of some rapacious and hard-hearted landlord. The little notice edged with black, which speaks of tears, sorrow, and death, is side by side with the announcement of a happy marriage. The glowing advertisement about “our best black at three shillings” is outdone by the generous and thoughtful grocer who wants to know the necessity for people going further when they can get tea for two and ten, and sugar a halfpenny a pound cheaper than any other shop. One farmer has ostriches for sale, and another wants to buy horses. A competent and qualified doctor wants a practice; a minister of religion, a pulpit; and a wet-nurse is anxious it should be known that she is seeking. Seeking what? I have heard of a ship seeking cargo, but never before heard of a wet or dry-nurse announcing her requirements in such language. The females in question—so my married friends tell me—are not backward in seeking what they may devour, and possess a lamentable weakness for good things, more especially a drop of “something ’ot.” Then, what a variety of commodities do the mercantile firms offer! Sweetmilk cheeses and voerchitz, tar and treacle, mouse-traps and prayer-books, needles and anchors. It is a matter of difficulty, indeed, to know where the designation of a merchant begins and that of a retail dealer ends, the more so when one sees a leading firm advertise that they are prepared to buy produce for cash in any quantity, and in the same breath notify that wine or spirits can be had by the single bottle.

But to return to the injunction to ministers of religion and magistrates. Mr. Jan Nicolaas Faasen, senior, must certainly have put great faith in the efficacy of advertising, or he would not have adopted such means to frustrate the matrimonial intentions of his erring child. I wonder if the minor son has succeeded in getting the knot tied, the ancient wagonmaker notwithstanding, and whether he is aware of the paternal edict which has gone forth against him. Maybe he is in happy ignorance thereof, and enjoying to the full the pleasures of connubial bliss.

Not long since an individual, under the initials H. D., advertised for a wife in the *Uitenhage Times*—by no means, let me add, an unusual way of getting a partner in this present day. None but the young and beautiful need apply, it was said, and the advertiser added, in a postscript, that he did not hold himself responsible to accept every or any application. I would give something to know how many applications “H. D.” received, and, more still, to have a peep at them. What delightful reading it must be!—the prayerful gushings of young and beautiful candidates for matrimony. Little did the postman know the precious burdens he was carrying to the lonely bachelor. Plainly, the advertiser could not accept every application, but did he entertain any? Perhaps there was not sufficient youth and beauty even in Uitenhage, and it may be the whole thing was a hoax. If so, the young gentleman, I am convinced, ought to have his ears pulled by his fair dupes. There are plenty of false advertisements, as well as genuine ones, and you must not accept as gospel all that is stated in the front and back pages of a newspaper, leave alone the inside. Some little time ago, an advertisement appeared in a Cape Town paper,—“Wanted, a good Telescope, for which a high price will be paid.” Perhaps the reader would be surprised to learn that there was no telescope for sale at all; but one had been stolen, and it was thought perchance by this means a clue might be got to the thief. Not a bad dodge, by any means. Readers of the local papers have for some time past been informed that no home is complete without a “Little Stranger.” Well, I suppose this is a matter of taste; but those whose opinion coincides with the advertiser’s can get one for £3 10s. To prevent mistake, however, I should say that the article in question is a “sewing machine.” Colonial tailors appear to be good patrons of the advertising sheet, though I suppose their customers are made to pay indirectly for the announcements, or they could not be kept up. To the uninitiated in the matter of quality, it might appear strange how one man can advertise a black cloth suit for 23s. 6d., while another, within a stone’s throw, charges far more for a pair of trowsers alone. The interrogatory style of advertisement appears to gain in popularity, and the newspaper reader is constantly being asked “Whether he has been to Worcester?” “Where is Spooner?” “Who is your tobacco-nist?”—and other facetious queries. Doubtless, this persistent and continuous kind of importunity induces no end of business. Then, again, there are a class of people who are always “altering their premises,” “clearing out,” “making room for fresh stock,” and other similar arrangements, by which means they are enabled (so they say) to behave with unheard-of liberality to purchasers. Wise folks, of course, take these puffs for what they are worth, well knowing that shopkeepers accumulate a vast amount of dead and useless stock, which can only be forced on a gullible public by the hydraulic pressure of advertisements, so to speak. But by far the bulk of colonial advertisements emanate from auctioneers, who are great sticklers

for good position and elaborate display. Nothing beats the journals published at the Diamond-fields for this class of advertising ; in fact, news and general intelligence are with them quite a secondary consideration. There is perhaps a greater exhibition of cleverness and style in putting together advertisements in the Diamond-field newspapers than anywhere else, and one finds a degree of attractiveness about them that is unique in the extreme. A great deal depends on the appropriate wording and elaborate concoction of an advertisement ; and I have known persons who have made a living, and a very good one too, by means of their skilful knack of compiling a taking business announcement. A little poetry goes a long way ; and the dirtiest, dingiest, and most commonplace property may sometimes be made to sell well by dint of a judicious advertisement. The sylvan shades and running streams, delightful wooded retreats, and romantic situation of the eligible mansion and its surroundings, exist perchance only in the Utopian and fancy-fraught brain of the gentleman who “does” the advertisement ; and if you should fail to discover the mineral wealth on which so much stress is laid, don’t be disappointed. The point is, to favourably impress an intending purchaser, and we all know how ineradicable are impressions, be they favourable or otherwise. One feature there is about colonial newspapers, which is rather in their favour, and that is the absence, generally speaking, of quack advertisements,—I mean emanating from people in the Colony. Quacks don’t seem to flourish in South Africa, though it has often struck me they would find a fair field, coupled with a good deal of favour, for nowhere are persons so ready to believe they are afflicted with some malady or other. With the exception of a certain lady at Port Elizabeth—as she has not paid me for it, I decline mentioning her name—I cannot call to mind any of those heal-all physicians, who guarantee to cure any disease to which flesh is heir for about thirteence halfpenny. The individual in question dispenses a wonderful kind of ear oil, some very potent eye lotion, and a marvelous panacea with a very long name, which is bound to rid one of every possible complaint, from pain in the back to scarlet fever. An advertisement requesting the person who borrowed a wheelbarrow to return the same, to avoid unpleasant consequences, reminds me of the Irishman who advertised that, if the thief who stole his umbrella did not bring it back, he would make his name public. The gentleman who advertises, in a paper published not fifty miles from Cape Town, that he wants a house that is in good order for six months, will probably succeed in getting what he asks for, though the transposition of his language would seem proper. The lady who advertises for a situation as housekeeper to a widower with young children probably has waited a long time without receiving any offers, and adopts this delicate mode of popping the question ; at all events, the widower must be very obtuse if he can’t see it, and the stratagem affords a very neat way of getting out of a difficulty experienced by modest and reserved folks. The advertiser who announces ten

shillings reward for the recovery of "a small bag containing four pounds in gold and some silver," must place very implicit reliance in the honesty of human nature; but I should not like to give him much for the chance of his again seeing bag or coin. Here is an advertisement which is not colonial, but which the writer has seen in a Dublin newspaper:—"To be Sold, an Erard Grand Piano, the property of a Lady who is about to travel in a walnut-wood case with carved legs." This beats the old lady with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes; and the female traveller, it is to be hoped, exhibited herself to a curious public at the different towns she visited in the course of her peregrinations.

I commenced by quoting a strange and uncommon colonial advertisement, but will conclude with one still stranger. I have read it forwards, backwards, and sideways, but am unable to solve the enigma. If anyone can do so, I would recommend him to send the answer to the editor of the *Cape Monthly* for publication in the next issue.

* H I N S T A A H !

MEN of "Bunkum" talent, solve the following, "Inkom," by a "Penska." What is the "Gabtion" of the Cape Public as regards the unpolished functions of an Egyptian "Max."

"SPATO" LEXICOGRAPHER.

I am afraid my remarks have been somewhat ragged and disjointed, but the subject of advertisements is one pregnant with interest, and I will take leave to refer to it again at a future time, with an endeavour to put my ideas into a little better trim.

W. S. F.

A Tour in France when Charles X. was King.

III.

AT Toulon, after a view of the harbour from the spot where Sub lieutenant Bonaparte pointed his gun at the English, the only interesting sight was the "bagnes," or convict establishment, where 2,000 forçats were at work.

Most of my readers will recollect the astonishment of the Turk, who could not conceive how so numerous a crew of sailors was kept employed on board a large English man-of-war; mine was as great with regard to these 2,000 criminals. Neither the explanation of my young friend, the commandant's son, nor the rope works and the sail-making galleries I saw, cleared up the difficulty. The men were dressed in party-coloured clothes for *distinction*, the very thing Lord Chesterfield blames young dandies for attempting to attain as to dress. Another custom, which might give a hint to the managers of our convict establishments, was, to chain one leg of each convict to a long bar of iron fixed to the bottom of his bed, which latter formed part

of a wooden platform, where detachments of the forced labourers slept. Even in France, though the line of demarcation is not so marked as in our Colony between the natives and Europeans, men who had been delicately brought up were set to work as clerks and in other similar positions, so as to prevent their punishment from being incomparably more severe than that of the rough and thicker-skinned among their *confrères*.

Our next stage was to Hières. I suppose I went to please my "compagnon de voyage," for I saw nothing I cared about except the *capers* growing wild along the road-side, and an orange garden at Hières (which was said to pay), although, from the expensive way of watering it by small aqueducts of hard bricks, no little outlay had been required. And I make no doubt that, with railroads through Spain, unless M. Thiers has laid an embargo on *free trade in oranges*, to encourage home production *coute que coute*, the Hières orangery has succumbed to the "iron horse."

We returned from Hières to Marseilles by the way we came, and thence I took leave of my friend, and travelled straight for St. Peray, the estate of M. Faure, already mentioned. Here I was most hospitably received by my host and his lady, and had as a companion Mr. F.'s nephew, a young man of my own age. I spent several days most pleasantly, enjoying the opportunity of seeing the interior and the habits of a well-to-do French household. My young companion and I used to go to the cellars to see the bottling and refining processes of the famous St. Peray champagne, from which the proprietor principally derived his large income,—and I don't blush to say that after our "dejeuner a la fourchette" we used to take a tumbler or two of the real article.

I met the nephew some months afterwards, when he called upon me in Edinburgh. He was then travelling as "commis voyageur" for his uncle, with samples of "St. Peray champagne," and though the heir apparent of his uncle's splendid estate, he did what no English landed proprietor's or cotton king's son would deign to do,—acted as "commercial traveller," or "ride-about" as they called them in Scotland. I only wish some of our wine farmers, those, for instance, who grow the best pontac, would send their sons on a similar errand, with "pint sample bottles," visiting all the second-class hotels. I am sure it would answer better than Sir Sydney Bell's plan;—but, of course, the wine should be of the same quality, and kept some time before exportation; then a London agent would be required. But when I proposed the plan to a friend of mine at the Paarl, his remark was, "what if your agent became bankrupt soon after you had sent him a year's supply or more?"

An old and tumble-down chateau near the modern dwelling-house had been turned into a place for breeding silkworms, the large old-fashioned fire-places being used to keep the temperature even; but this was not the season, and I can give Dr. Hiddingh no hint as to this industry, for I was neglectful when I did not obtain correct data

as to the expense of labour, *which is the first thing required to be known*, and which our Agricultural Society ought long ago to have set at rest; the mulberry leaves that were not required for the worms, I found were preserved to do duty for hay in foddering cattle.

I can only add that my entertainers did everything they could to make my stay enjoyable; there was a billiard-room in the house, and in the afternoon Madame F. joined the players, who drank their coffee there. I am not sure whether "M. le Curé" did; he and myself were the only guests at table, not inmates of the house, during my visit. On fine days the old gentleman would take me out with his pointers, of a breed quite different from what I had been accustomed to, but with good noses and well trained. The dogs, the dress, the paraphernalia, all seemed to my prejudiced mind most unsportsmanlike.

I cannot help thinking, though it may seem ungrateful, that my being a native of Africa (for Algiers was then little known) had something to do with their making a lion of me on a small scale; even the cook, when told that Monsieur was an African, said to her mistress, "I'l n'a pas l'air si farouche." (He does not look so savage, after all.)

"A Lyons!" was the answer from many a passenger to querists outside the diligence. So it was "A Berlin!" when "the slip between the cup and the lip" turned it into "Nach Paris." I had the good luck to obtain a seat in the "coupé,"—something like that next the driver in an English stage coach; but the "coupé" has a leathern hood. The guard's duty was to use the break—even in those days; there was a guard, but no coachman; if there was, he could not use a whip. The pace the nags went at did away with the exhilarating influence of fresh air and ten or twelve miles an hour. I wonder whether the diligence is the same lumbering machine now, with Flemish-like horses sometimes three abreast, moving gently along so as to enable passengers to step out, and keep pace with them up hill. The postilions nimbly jumped into large wooden jack-boots stuffed with straw. These boots were fixed to the stirrup-leathers, and the large spurs were fixed on to the boots. Overcoats and glazed hats enabled the "jocko"-like riders to keep out the cold. On the whole, the turn-out was very much like the prints in old editions of "Sterne's Sentimental Journey," except the pigtails. The story of the old lady traveller I firmly believe, from what I saw even in 1830.

We reach Lyons, and remain a day or two to see some silk-weaving, a magnificent hospital, splendid cafés, the numerous boats on the Saone used as manufactories, the moving power being the rapid current of the river, whose confluence with the Rhone just below Lyons sight-seers seldom miss. On the second day, after triumphal arches had been erected and grand preparations made for his reception, Lafayette made his *entrée*. I can scarcely say I caught sight of him; but it did not appear that the Government dared to

show the resentment which they felt at this popular demonstration in favour of the man who was soon to command the "National Guards." Charles was at Holyrood by that time; and the Duc de Chambord (then the little Duc de Bordeaux)—as an aristocratic playmate told an Edinburgh lady friend of mine—used to pull the bell-ropes to pieces if the servants were tardy in answering them.

From Lyons my journey to Paris was too rapid for taking notes,—at any rate, such as I can recall to memory. Before reaching Nevers, I picked up acquaintance with a young attorney, who got disgusted with his trade, and preferred to look hopefully to a "baton of a general in his knapsack." He had taken service as a private, and escorted me from the hotel to his quarters in the barracks, where his bed was in the same row with the other common soldiers. He was a perfect and well-educated gentleman, and told me that probably he would soon be found useful in clerical duties, and his life made a little more comfortable. I mention this incident to show what was evidently a very common practice at that time.

Between Nevers and Fontainebleau, for want of a better conveyance, I went "*en patache*"—a small one-horse cart, without springs, with four passengers jammed into it. No wonder when two of them did have a dispute that they soon became outrageous, the one calling the other a "Jesuite"—the most opprobrious epithet he could hit upon. The other was so enraged at this that he drew a knife, which the coachman and myself managed to wrest from him. I don't think there ever was a more miserable conveyance in this Colony than this jolting and uncouth vehicle for passengers, near the civilized town of Fontainebleau.

From Fontainebleau to Paris the road was paved very roughly; and though the "*coucou*" was on springs, and therefore of a superior order to the "*patache*," it was far from what the French have learnt to call *comfortable*, for want of a synonym. Beyond Fontainebleau we passed a string of carriages belonging to the Duke of Orleans, then on his way to the capital. He was said to be very wealthy. I dare say I credited the rumour as soon as I was shown the seventh carriage, which carried the Duke's cook! Every one knows he had only been a schoolmaster, but few had any expectation that he would be the "*Roi Bourgeois*" within a few months.

And now here we were in Paris. No gas; lamps slung here and there across the streets. I only remained two or three days at a hotel, or at least at what I considered one (for every lodging-house is called a hotel). Having picked up two or three German acquaintances, I engaged a room in an economical lodging, called the hotel "*Des Trois Balances*," exactly opposite the famous "*Morgue*," and near the "*Pontneuf*." Here I had the enviable advantage of seeing the fresh corpses brought in during the night for public inspection, mostly suicides drowned in the Seine, which lay in front of us. My friend and I hired an apartment each; but finding it inconvenient to receive one's friends in your bed-chamber, we turned one

of the rooms into a sitting-room ; and hiring a stove and getting in a supply of firewood, we could spend the evenings comfortably, reading or writing, whilst our young French friends, many of whom were students, had to fly to the cafés down below for warmth and dominoes, when they had no money for the theatre. One evening, whilst I was in there for a few minutes, there had been loud disputation between some of the occupants, and in five minutes a *commissaire* of police slipped in, with his broad band as a badge of office. I did not fall in love with this sort of Love of Order.

Writing entirely from memory, I find it rather difficult to jot down what I want to say in anything like a systematic way. Dates I have none to refer to during the three or four months I spent in Paris. I must therefore of necessity take what comes first or uppermost in my mind. My three German friends were in Paris for the purpose of study, and through them I became acquainted with many French students. It may not be without use to relate that my companion at the hotel, Herman, was a lieutenant of Hussars in the German army ; he was studying chemistry at the expense of the King of Prussia. I saw him some months afterwards at his father's house in Schoenebeck, a small town near Magdebourg, where there was a Royal Chemical Manufactory, principally for sulphuric acid, of which Mr. Herman, sen., was the superintendent. Here I found the lieutenant busily engaged in directing the chemical processes, under his father, whilst every now and then he would put on his regimentals, and go to inspect a troop or half a troop of his men stationed in the town. My second German friend had a subsidy from the King of Wurtemberg, and when I saw him at his father's house (the Mint) he was superintending the macadamizing of the Wurtemberg roads. The third became a famous writer in after-times, and Professor of Physical Science at Giesen. Buff was a very hard hand at French, and never could get the labial muscles strengthened and trained in such a way as to pronounce the name of Pelouze (afterwards the first chemist in France) in any other way than Blouze ; even his own name he pronounced Pouff, and the Boulevards were invariably Poulefar. I was not in bad company with men like these, who introduced me to several of their countrymen, as well as young Frenchmen, who induced me to accompany them from time to time to hear several professors they were attending ; for the lectures at the Sorbonne are open to everyone without fee or reward. I don't believe even French students pay for their matriculation ticket ; but the passport of a stranger is always sufficient. In this way I have heard Themard, and was enabled to compare his lively extempore mode of teaching with the stiffer and more formal method of Dr. Hope, of Edinburgh ; in fact, the gesticulation and vivacity of the lecturer lent great attraction to his class-room. I shall not weary the general reader with an account of the different professors I heard from time to time—Cuvier, Gay Lussac, Beudant, and others—but may just notice

that at the "Ecole des Arts," a sort of Government "Mechanical Institute," I have heard one or two excellent popular lectures on chemistry and physical science by the same professors who lectured at the Sorbonne. The subject would be coal, for instance; and by the most simple method, such as burning bits of the material at the end of a wire, in a candle, it was taught how the comparative value of each description could be ascertained. Hundreds of labouring men in blouses attended these lectures; and yet how far, how very far, were the labouring classes of Paris, with museums and lecture-rooms, theatres and picture-galleries, behind Scotland, America, Germany, and Holland, and, I think, even London, if we except the very lowest.

But though I tried to derive as much benefit as I could from my acquaintance with my German friends, I did not neglect to see something of French society and the amusements of Paris. There was only one Cape man I knew in this so-called centre of civilization. During Napoleon's exile at St. Helena, Las Casas had paid a visit to the Cape, and had received hospitality at the house of L——'s father, which he endeavoured to repay during my friend's sojourn in Paris, so that every Sunday there was a seat for him at the Count's board. He told me that he used to meet many of Napoleon's adherents there; and though few dared to carry a memento of the great man publicly about with them, at Las Casas' réunions he was never called General Bonaparte, whilst out of doors the police taught people to beware of the title "Empereur." I wish I could, instead of my friend, have been at these *petits diners*, though they were on Sundays, for L—— scarcely understood one word of French; and how much must have been lost on that account can very well be imagined. L—— was studying medicine and French simultaneously. It was certainly up-hill work, and pursuit of knowledge under difficulties; but it amused me much to see him get on with the friends he had made in the "Quartier Latin." With dictionary in hand, he would strike out boldly, feeling perfectly independent of the moods and tenses of verbs, except the infinitive he found in his dictionary; and yet he managed to describe what in England was considered the most fashionable style for an evening dress; so that when the French medical student upon whom he had played a practical joke made his appearance (I having been invited to the inspection), he looked such a guy, in a most absurdly coloured waistcoat, and so on, that I wonder we kept our countenances, or that the Frenchman did not call the deceiver out next day; but his excuse was "*je fais farces.*"

We used to dine at the Palais Royal, a square surrounded with buildings, one side comprising the palace of the Duc d'Orleans. This square enclosed numerous shops and eating-houses, including the fashionable Very's cafés, exhibitions, gambling-houses, and all that could pander to luxury and vice, as well as comfort and amusement. Our restaurant was at Yonne's, where we dined for twenty pence,

including wine. Somehow we always felt as if we could sit down to a second meal after it, notwithstanding the "pain à discretion ;" the "fricandeaux à l'oseille," the "biff-tick" (or beefsteak), on the printed "carte," were very tiny morsels, though more eatable things than Tom Moore's "grisettes." Once I was induced to try an opposition shop, at which my friend declared you got more substantial fare, because the waiters were females, whose attendance was cheaper than that of the "garçons ;" but I declared the meat horseflesh, at that time not so much in use as in later times, when even from Germany a friend, who was most enthusiastic in promoting the consumption of horseflesh, sent me a diploma on vellum as member of an "Anti-Thier-quelerey" Society. I never returned to the respected "table d'hôte."

On our way to the Palais Royal we often saw strange sights. We had to pass the Palais de Justice, and once or twice saw a dozen or more men and women in the pillory before the gates. I went into a large room once, where some philanthropic individual had provided standing-room for paupers, whose animal heat was made to warm the place, and so give a half hour's relief from the cold in the streets. Every now and then one came across a man, or oftener a woman, in a one-horse gig, preceded by a boy with a trumpet, at every halt dispensing cures for every imaginable disease from the box in the gig seat. Once I was amused and taken in by a fellow who began with "*Vous avez entendus parler du naufrage de la Meduse,*" eloquently describing the horrors of the shipwreck, whereupon he pointed out to the crowd around him a splinter that had so lacerated the roof of his mouth as to require a silver plate, and out of gratitude to the man who relieved him at a moderate cost he begged to distribute the address of Doctor So-and-so, Rue Something-or-other, where patients would be promptly attended to. My fellow-lodger did not neglect a single sight that could give him a wrinkle in social science or add to his knowledge of the particular study he was engaged in ; so he took notes, and made comments on them at night, when sitting at ou-hired "stove." Even to Very's, the famous fashionable restaurateur, he would go for once, and be extravagant for once ; the best of everything was tasted, *foie de oie* pie included ; and before we paid our bill, he had managed to secrete for the purpose of reflection, the large printed *carte*, with the prices of every dish and wine mentioned.

I met another German, a vegetarian, who had a table allowance from some "petty prince," for, as Moliere said, "*Tout petit prince veut avoir son ambassadeur.*" This man used often to live on bread and milk for a week, in order to spend what he had hoarded, at Very's on Sunday, and all on the most costly and best-dressed vegetables.

Once we went to a roulette table in the Palais Royal. I was too young (below twenty-five) to be admitted ; but on showing one's passport there is no objection ; only the morals of French youths are diligently cared for. My friend said, as we only came to study the manners of the people, we ought to put down a five franc piece each

for our *entrée*. These, of course, were whipped away at once, and we sat observing the physiognomies of the old *roués*, "gambler" written in every feature, intent upon carefully marking down each successful number as the whirligig in the centre of the table stopped, so as to calculate their own chances. At Frascati's, the fashionable hell, some *distingué* had, shortly before I arrived in Paris, shot himself on the doorsteps, when he came out ruined. I believe similar stories are told of the effect of gambling at the Diamond-fields. In Louis Philippe's time these resorts were put down, though the profits of the "banker" enabled him to pay a good subsidy to Government. God grant that the Government of Griqualand West may come to consider gambling in the light of what used to be called a sin, which is never indulged in without ultimate demoralization of the community, and therefore in every sense bad policy not to discourage.*

It was dreadfully cold in Paris; and such a house as we resided in, with Venetian windows and marble floors, though very cool in summer, was anything but acceptable in winter, what though the season last for so comparatively short a time as scarcely to allow Parisians to cool down. You saw gentlemen walking about with open-breasted waistcoats, and thin shoes, white cotton stockings, &c., whilst the Seine actually was twice frozen over during my short stay, and then the ice was thick enough for carriages to cross the river. It was a splendid and, to me, very novel sight, the breaking up of this somewhat rapid river: ledge upon ledge of smooth ice, in immense blocks, sliding over each other, till they looked like mountains of glass in the sun's reflection; and often cannon-balls had to be fired into them to break the floating mass, so as not to injure the numerous bridges.

On the day Charles X. was to open the Chamber of Deputies, the position of our hotel, and the balconies on which our Venetian windows opened, gave us great facilities in viewing the morning's procession to Notre Dame. From the Tuilleries to the Cathedral a double row of soldiers lined each side of the street: not much chance for the Italian who invented the infernal machine. The procession was most imposing. A large number of State coaches, with all the Royal family and State attendants, and numerous guards, passed in review before us, like the figures in a magic lantern. As soon as we could move, we tried and obtained an entrance into one of the galleries of the Cathedral. The usual sacerdotal and royal pomp was displayed, beautiful music, and all the rest of it. What caught my eye was the little Duc de Bordeaux, a boy of about twelve, in full uniform as a Colonel of Hussars. He must be about fifty now, and seems to have learnt nothing useful since I saw him last. The other object was Sir Sydney Smith, who sat near us, and whose heroic, venerable face riveted my eyes more than all the other "make believe" *right divine*.

* Since this was written, the "Hells" at the Fields have been sternly put down.

I wonder whether the story is true that the mother of the well-known French teacher who so many years resided in this Colony, by establishing a system of signals from the window of her house opposite Sir Sydney's prison, furnished means for his escape from France. I knew old Boniface well, but had never heard the story when I was his pupil.

We did not go to the Chamber of Deputies that day, as it was to be a mere formal opening, and we had had enough of formality for one day; but on subsequent occasions I did go to see the French House of Assembly. The Sir Christoffel there sways a large bell, and ensures silence by drowning the voices of those who will not hold their tongues; and, after all, on neither occasion was there more to interest a stranger than at one of our own parliamentary sittings, when a Customs or a Skin Bill is in committee.

I never went to the chapel of the English Embassy; like many other good intentions, it was not fulfilled, and the blame must lay with the "thief of time." I used to attend a Protestant *Church*, which was only allowed to be called the *Temple*. The preaching was not very enticing: Guizot Cocquerel and other members of his denomination had not as yet come to the front. Now and then we would saunter into a Roman Catholic Church, but I never was fortunate enough to hear a sermon; the usual form of service in Latin was all we got; indeed, the attendance was meagre, and consisted of a few women and aged men; in fact, respect for religion of any kind was at a low ebb. Promenades and coffee parties about the Champs Elysées and De Mars were more in vogue than church-going, and the picture galleries were crowded. A professor of moral philosophy, to whom I had an introduction from a Scotch friend of his, told me his opinion was that most of the churches should be turned into law lecture-rooms, in which the people could on Sundays be taught what was more necessary for "the citizen." Any one who, in diligences and other places, heard the ribald songs the students sang in the presence of priests, and in order to annoy the latter, who would patiently suffer to be insulted,—or who heard proposals, answered by no sign of shame, made to the bar-maids at inns, to come and be under their protection at Paris—proposals I saw in one case at once accepted,—need not wonder at the general immorality, or the danger of sending his son to France, or, like Sam Weller, Senior, in London, turning his boy "loose on the streets of Paris for his edication." I ought to have mentioned just now that at one of the churches, a German friend, seeing that at Rome it was as well to do what was Roman, put his finger into the basin of holy water at the door, and at once brought it to his lips. I thought he had done it for conscience sake, or in ignorance of the intended use; but he told me he had heard that the holy water was all blessed by the Pope, and he wanted to know whether it had been salted to enable it to keep. Minute investigators these Germans! And whilst I am on public worship I must give you a brief account of the

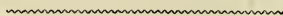
highest type of "Church and State." I had been wishing to see the inside of the Chapel Royal at the Tuilleries, but had hitherto been deterred by what I was told was a *sine quâ non*—knee breeches and black silk stockings; but with a letter to some one, and again the English passport, I escaped the necessity and the "shame," for I must inform the reader that, had I been offered a very large salary, and the appointment of Sergeant-at-Arms, I could not think of accepting it if I were bound to dress like Mr. Koopmans. The Highlanders, though knock-kneed like myself, have something like brawny sinews to show, and may be excused for insisting to have blue joints to accompany red hair. But to make the long story short, we entered the chapel, saw a double row of handsome young musqueteer guardsmen occupying both sides of the altar, and listened to the music of Sontag. Again I am obliged to give warning that I am not punning upon the name of a favourite songstress who had been hired for the occasion. At about eleven a trumpet, which took one back to the days of "alarums," sounded from a distance in an upper gallery, of which only the front part was visible from below, where we sat; immediately the echo ceased, the word "*Le Roi*" followed, and one cannot help thinking of the words, less seriously applied,—

"I am, I must be, proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me."

His Majesty, accompanied by the Duchess of Angoulême and other ladies and gentlemen of the Court, approached; the young noblemen who stood on guard in the church below, beside the clerical performers, presented and grounded arms; in a very brief time the ceremony was over, and I wended my way home, with the conviction that, notwithstanding all that has been said, and a good deal of it justly said, against Burns, some of his proverbs had the ring of inspiration; at least, the recollection of "Saturday Night" was good for me:

"—— how poor religious pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display, to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace except the *heart*."

And now I think I must have again got to the regular number of pages which this manuscript will fill up in print; and perhaps I may still have enough to say about Paris and its environs next time, if your readers are not quite tired of the old babbler.



Localities.

No. I.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES—AND PLACES.

Time moulders into beauty many a tower
That whilst it frown'd with all its battlements
Was only terrible.

BUT Time had not softened or improved the ferocity of those wretched nondescripts in the Government Gardens—neither “hog, dog, nor mutton,” but might have been taken for either. We allude to the doubtful *Lions* and *Lionesses* so long couching near the South African College, but suddenly disappearing a short time ago. They seemed to be in a wretched condition but capable of some improvement. Both lions appeared to have some cutaneous disorder that had lacerated the skin and given a raw look and laid the muscles and flesh bare. One Nero, it will be remembered, that raised his neck as high as nature would let him, looked wistfully at the College for relief, and made a strong and wild appeal to the sympathies of the gazer passing by, as much as to say, “Is there no doctor or dentist who can lance a gum, patch up a jugular vein, or draw a tooth,” for the sufferer seemed to be for ages labouring under some unspeakable toothache, mumps, *zinkings* (? risings), or lock-jaw, that he fain would get rid of could he have *roared* out his wishes. His fellow-sufferer lying near him was not in quite such a deplorable condition, but capable of casting a brighter eye up to his namesake near the flagstaff, yet as with the lamentation “Oh! that I could reach you.”

The two “unprotected females” on the opposite side, guarding the entrance to the College, still remain; and although looking *seedy*, dingy, and queer, take matters more coolly, and are much at their ease, with their paws over their face, as not wishing to be looked at, but still giving a sly glance as collegians enter, as much as to say, “It’s no use to con your lessons *now* if not studied before.” It seems evident that unless these animals become remodelled or renovated, they will never adorn the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar-square or be countenanced by the human lion—Landseer.

And yet with the bricks and mortar and such raw materials only at his command, the mason* must have been a great genius, and

* Anton Anreit. “This genius,” Mr. F. Blanckenberg—an old citizen contemporary with him—informs us “was born at Freiburg, Breessgau, and died March 4, 1812, in Cape Town, and was buried here in the Roman Catholic Cemetery,” and says that “to the best of his knowledge his (Anreit’s) chief master-pieces are the images in the Freemasons’ Lodge ‘De Goede Hoop,’ and in both of the head churches. The pulpits of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches, &c. Also the coat-of-arms of Great Britain on the Public Offices and the House of Correction.” In this list there are several others omitted; for instance, the *Griffins* near the Castle Barracks, and the *Lions*, &c., in the Government Gardens. Mr. Blanckenberg also informed us that the aforesaid Anton Anreit was a great mathematician and good linguist, but received a small remuneration for the wonderful carved figures in the Lutheran Church, thus not realizing the old proverb “Where wealth abounds the arts flourish.”

capable of better and higher things (for these specimens appear to have been once life-like, bold, and effective), and we hear his handi-works are to be met with in several other quarters of the city, and it may be at the Imhoff Battery, at the entrance-gate of the Castle, and upon the roof of the Engineers' Department, Caledon-square, where Neptune sits majestically with his rudder and trident, and Britannia with her helmet, shield, and spear. The Royal Arms, too, beneath and over the door are equally bold and stand in fine relief.

There are others which appear to match, by the same masterly hand, over the entrance to the Post Office in Grave-street. Here the artist seems to have varied his designs intentionally. In the latter, the unicorn makes a long neck and looks down with scorn at her sleeping foe; or presuming that they are "*fighting for the Crown*"—at this altitude—the lion seems very indifferent as to the prize or defeat. In the former tableau, the lion appears to be on the offensive and ready to come to close quarters, but seems amazed—as well he may—to find his adversary has lost both horn and head and but little left to combat with. Under this device the date stands A.D. MLCCXIV.

Many of the best and largest old houses in St. George's, Burg, Loop, and Long-streets—that have not succumbed to the times or been bamboozled into alterations—have the quaint pointed roof in the centre with the angle under, containing some allegorical, commercial, symbolical, or fanciful device. Mr. Christian's, now the "*St. George's Hotel*," and the house opposite (soon to be opened as the new Post Office) had and have the finest and purest examples. At the "*Temperance Hall*," in Long-street, the subject is involved in some mystery. There is a tall angel or apostle with a presumed Bible and key—so tall that the head seems cramped to avoid fracture, and several little cherubs tugging and lifting small tablets, in various ways and directions. But this strange pictorial design sadly contrasts with the meanness and plainness of all of beneath; and various iron rods being left on the roof of the house seem to indicate there were other figures or vases now lost for ever.

It is curious to reflect—apologizing for the digression—that in a general way how deficient in attraction or embellishment are all temperance-halls, coffee-rooms, hotels, and dining-houses, and how the "*gin-palaces*" and billiard-rooms excel in their glasses, cups, and platters. How is it that the temperate do not try to excel and out-shine them in brilliancy, for they have to fight at long odds against spirit, excitement, and dazzling and profuse ornament?

Shop Signs or Figures do not appear to be very prevalent in Cape Town, but there are a few. One of the purest, brightest, and best is "*The Golden Angel*," at the "*Engel Apotheek*," in Loop-street. The figure stands erect in a little recess—like the mounted sentinel at the Life Guards, London—and holds a board on which is written to catch British notice, "*English Dispensary*." But the angel is less attractive and supernal behind than before (in spite of its wings),

because within only a pair of legs seem visible, and the object of its position is obscured ; whereas in the foreground it tells its own tale and healing and curative designs.

Some philosophers and divines have speculated whether we ought to represent angels with wings at all, arguing that in Spirit-land locomotion is effected by the affections rather than with the body—that Desire attracts and Hatred repels ; and in spite of time and space, with which they have little to do. Fancy requiring a pair of wings, a hackney-coach, cab, or a velocipede to get from Mars to Venus, or even a wire to flash a message ! Whereas to wish is to approach, and to object is to depart. If this be true, many of the designs and cartoons of our chief poets and painters, and even sculptors, are all apocryphal, and even moonshine, for they seem to think that for spiritual flight or speed pinions are requisite.

One or two gaudy effigies of Scotchmen in native costumes, with their mulls and attitudes, invite attention to the tobacconists' and snuff-shops in Shortmarket-street and the Heerengracht ; as also a few stiff and dismal Malay priests with the like intent elsewhere, particularly about the Waterkant.

On a bright sunny day, when the atmosphere is clear, there may be seen to great advantage, and in perfect design and effect, two damsels of equal size and similar age and complexion, sitting much at their ease, one at each corner east and west, on the high roof of Mr. Saul Solomon's printing establishment, at the opening to Greenmarket-square (and for the better understanding of absentees and historians), next door to the late old "*Thatched-house Tavern*" that is old no more—the *thatch* being superseded by slates, and *small panes* by plate-glass.

These figures have been tenderly dealt with, have every advantage of paint and attention, and are admirably preserved ; but for all these (to dull eyes without glasses) it is difficult to say what these spinsters have chosen for their ottoman or couch, whether bales of "Demy" or "Royal" for home consumption below, or bundles of gigantic cigars, or rolls of Havanas for the next door. Nevertheless, look out, and retain your seats, young ladies, and long may you sit aloft and guide us to the news office with the eyes of "*Argus*" and the vigilance of "*The Commercial*."

The finest specimen of modern sculpture that forms an external ornament in Cape Town is that representing Sir George Grey, placed in the Botanical Gardens, but he turns his back upon that noble pile and seat of learning "*The Library and Museum*," of which he was the founder and greatest patron.

In his—Sir George's—day, many new features and embellishments were introduced around us, some of them so gigantic and costly, that it has been found difficult to "pay the piper," and thus a few ornaments have been left in pledge, until prosperity redeems the ticket, and pays long interest.

But here follows one, bought and paid for, and a gratuitous gift,

open to all posterity, with a fresh and liberal daily supply, to all sober-minded and willing to partake of it ; for just in the heart of the city

There stands the goddess *Temperance*, chaste and fair,
Pitcher in hand, to brave the morning air ;
Her right supports the graceful, flowing bowl,
And offers comfort to a thirsty soul.
Beneath her feet were chained two pewter jugs
In which some thoughtless urchins wash'd their "*mugs*,"
Others more vile, once snapped the brittle chain,
And filch'd a cup to show the gift was vain.

Since then new cups and chains have been supplied, but still "trustees, executors, and assigns" will do well to visit occasionally the little elegant "*Fountain*" in the Heerengracht ; for the angry tooth of time is already nibbling at it ; and idle or sheer mischief has disfigured the placid countenance and other quarters with untempered mortar ; and chipped the bowl and jug, and even the goddess's nose, with them. Her "*back hair*," although in the latest Magdalene style, requires a little combing and cleaning, and a few jugs of the local beverage, mixed with suitable cosmetics, combined with soft rubbing and shampooing, would do no harm to the silent virgin. It is too late now either for advice or condolence, but she seems "the *wrong* lady in the *wrong* place," and too modest, *petite*, and slender to bear the public gaze in an exposed situation. Her true position would seem to be in some rural, gay parterre, or quiet nook and retreat ; but at present she looks like an "*unprotected female*," and liable to be run over by every passing cab or carriage.

Many little mottoes, figures, notices, and signs are scattered here and there, which, to any one gifted with the art of seeing and looking out for them, strike pleasantly in course of time as "*old familiar faces*." Amongst these may be mentioned "*The Spes Bona*" and leaning *Anchor* on the mills near the Castle Bridge. The old *Noah's Ark*, long since flooded off, but has left an industrious "*Bee-Hive*" in Grave and Longmarket-street. The fine old wooden head of a "*Satyr*" up towards the mountain, blowing out his cheeks, the better to fill the vessels that come to it for water, that is forced through a tube in its mouth by a pump with a long heavy swinging handle. Antiquarians will do well to sketch the whole of this *tit-bit* before it goes the way of all flesh—and wood.

As to hanging *Signs*, after the fashion of the past century in England, the Cape cannot boast of many. The most are huddled together in one place in Longmarket-street, such as *Gigantic Hats*, *Golden Boots*, and Double Boards facing two ways, that whether travelling east or west, the notices must be seen. All which prominence, shrewdness, and eagerness for notoriety remind a Cockney of a Little "*Minories*" and *Houndsditch* in Stowe's time, "*Cheapside*" being actually involved in the catalogue.

But what can be said of that "*Chinese Pogoda*," Dove-cot, Pepper-box, "*Telegraph Office*," or whatever it may be called, that cost so

much, was opened so ceremoniously, and continued covered so long and secretly (as though a monument of Parian marble, representing some mighty Warrior or favoured Poet), that has changed tenants so many times since its erection? Once a news office, then a cigar divan, then an ironmonger's and tomb-stone depot, and now an office for the Docks. With its wires snapped and *news* diverted into another channel, its stained glass broken, and boundary chains and links unfastened, its "*stop-clock*" always pointing to 3, and its cupola and general appearance faded and dusty; it looks as forlorn and wretched as a day after the fair, or a race-course or a watering-place when the run and seasons are over. In short, like a man out of luck, or a faded beau, and worse than poor "*Beau Brummell*" when discarded from fashionable circles, and was seen last, shivering on the market-place, Calais, creeping towards his best friend Armstrong, the British grocer in Rue St. Jean, wrapped in his cloth cloak, with ragged dogskin collar, out at elbows and out at heels.

Several curious figures and grotesque symbols have been destroyed by the rage for improvement in houses and streets during the last ten years. In front of the Sexton's house, that long stood before the Dutch Reformed Church in Adderley-street, was a curious device which we fear was broken up when the new line was erected, but the present sexton, we trust, has preserved a printed copy.

On an old house in Dorp-street, built in 1717, but burnt down April 18, 1866, was a singularly grotesque ornamental (!) front, representing mermaids, urns, and cups, amidst many flourishes, and angels with their twisted trumpets blowing in praise of the spirit of wine or good things sold in the canteen below, of which fortunately a clear copy is preserved by the writer for future reference and remembrance. There is a "*bran span*" new house built on the same site for the same purposes,

But Greece is living Greece no more,

and as an object of wonder it ceases to attract; and the glory of the "*old original*" has departed and followed suit with its first decorator, the insurance office not having pledged to repeat former designs, but only to pay so much cost. We trust the *London Hotel* in the Green-market, and the venerable *Town House*, have preserved good *photos* for the sake of their quaintness and decorations in the past tense. The Scottish Church in the same line should preserve its identity, for the sake of recording its unfortunate projectors, who forgot their Scriptural admonitions, but began to build without first ruminating over the cost.

A Cockney would scarcely expect to find anything from "*The Charter-house*" or near Smithfield in Africa; but were he to look about him in Strand-street, he would notice "*A Blue Coat Boy*" at full length in his yellow stockings, long coat strapped round, and little muffin cap with a top-knot perched on one side of his head,

who has superseded the famous "*Robbie Burns*" and a long list of predecessors. Even *The Argus* has had a namesake in the same street, which has been carried off with a *White Horse* and others lately. "*Joey Grimaldi*" has had his antics and figure preserved elsewhere, and the ancient and proverbial "*Tumble-down Dick*" and "*Three Loggerheads*" still revel in Barrack and Harrington-streets.

But here for the present we must close our list of "*Old Familiar Faces—and Places,*" until some future occasion.

Old Times at the Cape.

IN our last number we left Herr Allemann in the hands of his comrades, who had rescued him from military suicide, and were treated to the picture of remorse presented by his would-be patron, Herr Rhenius, when informed of the consequences of his neglect and carelessness towards the poor recipient of his bounty. In the present number we shall see how Rhenius fully redeems all his promises, and how at length Allemann, having got his foot on the first round of the ladder, bids fair to hold his own, and impress everybody around him with proofs of his sagacity, energy, and mother wit. Our author is occasionally rather tedious with his minute particulars concerning the ancient methods of turning an honest penny at the Cape, and is somewhat prolix, if not fulsome, in his admiration of his hero; but his writing is so evidently a labour of love, and he gives so graphic an account of military servitude in the Colony—in the past century—that perhaps it would be better to err on the side of fullness than to starve us with a bald account of moving incidents by flood and field. We have therefore extracted entirely the whole account of his first step in promotion, and how it came to pass that Allemann eventually succeeded in winning a wealthy wife, and gaining the ear of governors and Company. Nothing, however, could have been more unpromising than his first introduction to men in power, nor anything neater than the way he gets out of his scrape.

It will be in the memory of our readers that Rhenius was dining with the Governor when the news was brought in that a soldier had just been arrested for attempting suicide. In a moment the Castle was in a ferment, and all the officers rushed away from mess to judge for themselves whether there was really any bit of excitement to be enjoyed in those very dull days and times at the Cape!

"The Herr Ensign Rhenius was the first to arrive at the guard-house, and spoke to poor Allemann, who informed him that this was the third day he had not tasted food, but he had been ashamed to confess it, and that whilst on guard the extraordinary heat of the midday sun had affected his brain, and made him feel that the world was a miserable place, not fit for an honest man to live in. He also confessed that if his two comrades had not disarmed him he would most cer-

tainly have killed himself. Ensign Rhenius gave him a ducat to buy himself some good food with, only with the warning that he must be careful not to overload his empty stomach with too much at once, but from time to time to take a little. He also promised to get him out of arrest as soon as possible, and make provision at once for his better maintenance. The sergeant on guard was just drinking tea, so he gave Allemann a couple of cups of tea and a piece of white bread ; then sent to the garrison cook for some dinner and a quart of wine, and so, little by little, poor Allemann was revived and strengthened."

"Ensign Rhenius went at once to Capt. Van den Berg, related these circumstances, and how Allemann had been brought to such an extremity, and begged that he might be released from arrest, and also, that as the corporal in charge of the "Schoor," an estate belonging to the company, wished to return to Holland with the next return fleet, Allemann might be appointed in his stead. The captain consented at once to this proposal, on condition that the Governor also approved. Ensign Rhenius went at once to Governor Van Asseburg, and told him the sad story. This noble friend of men at once granted the request, gave orders for the release of Allemann, and took care that at the next assembly of the Senate his appointment was confirmed. From this moment he received monthly 14 guilders, and instead of 24 stüber 84 were given to him for "kostgeld." This small appointment, which, so to say, was only the first step to his further advancement, seemed to him a great piece of luck ; as, besides the post of corporal, there were other ways of making money. Herr Rhenius, who at this time was Commissariat officer to all the Company's country posts, at once advanced him some money to purchase some rolls of tobacco and tobacco pipes, that he might sell them again to the people around him. On every sale he made a profit of at least a third part, as these wares were very saleable."

"In order to keep the men on the station from constantly going away from it and running into excesses here, there, and everywhere, Allemann was allowed to take as much wine as he liked from the wine farmers, in whole or half kilderkins, and sell it again to the men in pints or quarts, at a small profit, with only one condition, viz., that he should settle his account for it in the months of February and August. He had twenty-four men under him, for whom he received monthly the 'kostgeld,' and subsidies, and weekly the bread. From the monthly 'kostgeld' and subsidy there always remained for him a stüber over, and if he paid the wages every six months, he received from each man, thus, 12 stubers. He reckoned that this revenue brought him yearly 40 Dutch florins. For a small sum, the sergeant of the post allowed Allemann to share his table, and so he had a fair enough income now to enable him to dress like an honest man. He performed his duties to the satisfaction of his superiors, as well as to that of Herr Rhenius, now Lieutenant. The men on this post used to lead a very wild, disorderly life under the former corporal,

who found it to his interest to increase their wine debts as much as he could. But when they found that their new superior lived very quietly himself, was never overtaken by drink, and would permit no drunkenness in his men, and would allow them to put no more wine to their credit than was good for them, they began to try and follow his good example, and live in an orderly and economical manner, so that with their 'kostgeld,' subsidies, and other little perquisites, they lived now far better and more comfortably than before. The rules forbid these men when they go into the town, which is generally every two days or so, to take anything with them; but the fact that they generally take in a bag of firewood, which they sell for 6 stuber, is well known, but winked at by the Company. At the expiration of another half-year, the sergeant of the Schuur went to Europe, and Allemann was promoted to his place.

"He now received 20 florins monthly, besides 8 florins, 8 stuber 'kostgeld,' from which nothing was deducted. Besides this, permission was given him to kill sheep, and to sell the meat to one or the other country posts of the Company. By this he made a good sum of money. A sheep, if it was a fine fat one, was sold at 1 ducat or 78 stuber, and generally weighed seventy or eighty pounds. But it was understood that for this low price you must not pick out the best sheep from the flock, but take them just as they come. A pound of mutton cost 2 stuber, and fat 3 stuber. The head and pluck were given to the slaves for a trifle, and the other parts thrown to the dogs. It is true that the tanners and shoemakers buy the skins, but only at the Company's shambles, where 50, 60, or 100 sheep are slaughtered at once, and then by buying all the skins they get them for a half stuber each. But when tanned properly the tanner sells them for half a ducat or 39 stuber a pair. Allemann, who was now called 'Opper Baas van de Schuur,' had close to his own house a very fine kitchen garden, out of which he made many thalers by selling what he did not require for his own use. Now he had the opportunity very often, when he brought up his monthly report, of speaking to Governor Van Asseburg himself. This kind gentleman took a great fancy to him, and assured him often of his favour, promising that in the future he would provide for his advancement and do something for him. This Herr Allemann, well contented with his present position, could calmly and contentedly wait for. His transport and other charges against him in the East India Company's books in Holland were cancelled, and his salary and allowances were quite large enough to support him comfortably. A sergeant of such a post ranks as high as a military sergeant. I have already pointed out that the sergeants in garrison manage a company; so one can easily believe that a sergeant at such an outpost, and with others also under his control, is looked upon as a little nobleman, and respected accordingly. Allemann supported this rank, and sustained his high character by his correctness in dress and general behaviour and demeanour. He had a free entry to the best houses, and was welcome at every

entertainment ; he also gained the reputation of being a most polite and gallant gentleman."

The "Schuur" here mentioned is the well-wooded estate now owned by the Surveyor-General, Abraham De Smidt, Esq., in whose hands it bids fair to become one of the most beautiful country seats even to be found in the beautiful Rondebosch division. In the days of Allemann, however, it could scarcely have been other than a base of supplies to the little garrison of the Block-house, who drew from it fruit and vegetables of every description ; as further on we shall find that it was necessary to send wagons on to Hout Bay, *via* Constantia, for the purpose of cutting firewood for the use of the Company's service. Allemann was appointed superintendent of this plantation, and acquitted himself so well that we cannot but feel a thrill of sympathy for the pluck and energy with which this soldier of fortune combats all difficulties, and always succeeds in striking a balance in his own favour. Here, for instance, is a remarkable passage in his love affairs, *apropos* of his previous encounter with a scornful lady, Miss Abbetje Meyboom !

"It is just about this time that the abovementioned rich landholder, Meyboom, died, and his blind son, according to his father's will, inherited the farm. It was impossible for a blind man to look after so large a place. It is true he had a troop of servants and soldiers, who served under the title of 'hinds,' but as he had the appointment of overlooker for the preservation of oak trees, he had a number of slaves also to look after. So his friends gave him the advice to get married, and he himself saw the necessity of it ; but to find a lady who would prove a good farmer's wife and marry a man stone-blind was no easy task. He was not particular about riches or beauty, because of the first he had an abundance himself, and the second he could not enjoy, having no eyes to see it with. But he himself at last settled matters. He remembered in his fourteenth or fifteenth year, before he became blind, a young girl who used to go to school with him and share in his sports. She was still unmarried, and had little or no fortune. Against her his three sisters and his relatives had nothing to say. They helped on the marriage indeed, advising her strongly to marry a man who, though blind, it is true, was rich, handsome, sensible, and very affectionate. The marriage soon took place. The young lady trustfully took this man for her husband, loved him fondly, and both lived most happily and contentedly together. But the two sisters, who were still unmarried, and till now had lived with their brother, wished to leave and go to town and reside with their brother-in-law, the Campagne Meester Valck, who had married their eldest sister. They paid for their board, and were able to live very comfortably, as their parents had left them 80,000 Cape guilders, and the eldest of the two unmarried daughters had collected in a savings-box whatever money she had saved out of the house-keeping, and the cash she had received from her brother for some cattle of her own, which altogether amounted to 10,000

Cape guilders. This young lady was named Miss Abbetje. The youngest had a portion equal to that of her sister, but much less money in her savings-box, and not so many cattle; but as she was going to be married to a rich wine-farmer of the name of Kloppenburg, she left her herds with her brother till the ceremony took place, when she would take them with her to her new home. Now, during the time that the two sisters were residing in their brother-in-law's house, Allemann had many opportunities of meeting them, for as amongst his men he had several sailors, he was often obliged to consult Valck, the magazine-master, and go to his house. Miss Abbetje, as soon as Allemann entered, always remembered the sleeping place she had ordered for him in the kitchen of her father's house, and blushed with shame, and avoided his society as much as was consistent with good manners. Allemann noticed this, but did not concern himself about such trifles; he always treated her with the greatest politeness, and pursued his ordinary course. I hope my readers will not be angry if I interrupt my story a little to explain to them how it happens that young ladies on the farms at the Cape of Good Hope possess heads of cattle. As soon as a daughter is born on a farm, the father presents her with a cow and a lamb. These are then marked, and every calf and lamb that they produce are also marked and belong to this daughter. One can well understand that as this herd of cattle and sheep keep on increasing for eighteen or twenty years, when a girl gets married she has a good dowry in the shape of live-stock to bring her husband. And in no country are the cows so fruitful or give so much milk as they do here. But I pull myself up short in this interruption to my tale, and resume the biography of my hero. At this time he lost his kind patron, Governor Van Asseburg, in a very sad and sudden manner. The Governor, besides the Campagne Kellermeeester and another gentleman under Government, were all dining together. They afterwards went out to the world-celebrated Constantia, about three hours from the town, where the most delicate and best Cape wines are made. Here these three gentlemen drank a bottle of wine (about the size of a champagne bottle), and hardly was it emptied than all three fell down dead. A messenger riding in all haste brought these terrible tidings to the Castle. The doctors galloped out to render assistance, but these three gentlemen were already dead, and remained dead in spite of them. No blame could be attached to the owner of the gardens, as the Kellermeeester had himself taken out the bottle from the cellar, and so one could only suppose that in filling the bottle some poisonous insect had got in and tainted the wine. Lieut.-Governor Herr Johann de la Fontaine took charge of the Government for the present, whilst the sad news was sent to Batavia, first by an English ship which touched at the Cape just at this time, and then by the homeward-bound Dutch fleet, and so a new Governor was shortly expected. The Lieut.-Governor, who was called the 'man of the happy face,' was very good to Herr Allemann, but soon after the

commencement of his reign, Allemann had a complaint laid against him. The proprietor of the wine farm of Constantia had a wall round it about five feet high. The wagons of the Company, which were kept at the 'Schoor,' always passed by this vineyard at daybreak, loaded up with firewood. As the oxen got no forage, but were obliged to live on what they picked up for themselves in the fields, it was generally managed that the loads should be fetched thus early, in order that the animals might be turned loose all day. Now the owner of this farm, named Abraham Klein, kept two great dogs for his own protection, and these beasts were so watchful and so savage that when they heard the wagons pass, they would dash over the wall and attack the oxen, as well as their drivers. So it constantly happened that the oxen, in their fright springing out of the road, broke their harness or yokes or the pole, or upset the loaded wagon. The drivers always tried to beat off the dogs with their long bamboo whips, but the dogs were too quick for them. When Allemann was told of this, he went to the owner of the vineyard and begged him to secure his dogs. But Herr Klein took no notice, and time after time the wagons and drivers continued to be attacked by these savage animals. So Herr Allemann went again to Klein's house, and warned him that if the dogs sprang again over the wall he would shoot them. Klein laughed, and told Herr Allemann that he had better mind his own affairs. So the next night Allemann loaded two pistols and rode alongside the wagons. As he expected, the two dogs dashed over the wall and attacked his horse, which was next it, and without hesitation he shot them both dead. Hardly had Herr Allemann reached the Castle to report this circumstance to Lieut. Rhenius, when Abraham Klein also arrived, and went straight to the Governor De la Fontaine to complain. Allemann was summoned before him, and the Governor addressed him in these terms:—"What is the matter, Herr Allemann? Who has given you permission to ride with pistols! Do you not know that no one but the Governor himself is allowed to do so. And why have you shot poor Klein's dogs?" So then Herr Allemann told him all the circumstances of the case, with which my readers are already acquainted. Immediately the noble Governor told him that he had done perfectly right, and so the matter ended. But though I daresay it may seem to my readers that this anecdote has very little to do with the biography of Allemann, yet they will see that it greatly influenced his whole after-life, as he became now personally acquainted with Herr De la Fontaine, who took a great fancy to him and helped him in many ways."

G. R.

Lord Elgin.*

THE pages of this Magazine are not the proper place for a full history of the life of Lord Elgin, which would, in fact, be the history of those communities over whose destinies he was called to exercise so important an influence. But we believe that a general outline of the biography and views of this distinguished colonial statesman will not be unacceptable to our readers, and we accordingly venture to present such extracts from the work quoted at the head of this article as may give some idea of his character and the difficulties with which he had to contend. James, eighth Earl of Elgin and twelfth Earl of Kincardine, the second son of the Lord Elgin whose name is so familiar in connection with the "Elgin Marbles," was born on the 20th July, 1811. His father was the chief and representative of the ancient Norman house whose hero was "Robert the Bruce." He was educated at Eton, and passed from thence in due course of time to Christchurch, Oxford. Here he became the associate of such men as Lord Canning, James Ramsay (afterwards Lord Dalhousie), the late Duke of Newcastle, Sidney Herbert, and Mr. Gladstone. At college his life was quiet and reserved. He was distinguished at the Union Club for his eloquence, for which natural gift he was, says Mr. Gladstone, "at the head of all those I knew either at Eton or the University." He was placed in the first class in classics in 1832, and common report spoke of him as "the best first of his year." He pursued his philosophic studies with the greatest eagerness, and though in after life he had little leisure to gratify his taste in this respect, "they took deep and permanent hold on his mind, and formed, in fact, the groundwork of his great practical ability." Upon leaving college he was chiefly engaged in disentangling the family property from its embarrassments, and, in his father's absence, taking his place in the affairs of the county of Fife. In 1840 his elder brother died, leaving him heir to the earldom. He married in 1841, and at the general election in July of the same year, he contested the borough of Southampton, and was elected at the head of the poll. His political views were what are now termed "Liberal Conservative." Upon the meeting of Parliament he was selected to second the amendment on the Address, which he did in a speech of great promise. The amendment was carried by a large majority. Lord Melbourne resigned, and Sir Robert Peel became Prime Minister. But just as a brilliant career in the House of Commons seemed opening to the young politician, his father died, and he succeeded to the peerage. As the Scottish peers were opposed to any of their body obtaining seats in the Lower House, he was compelled to retire from public life for a time. In March, 1842, being then but thirty, he was selected by Lord Stanley for the important post of Governor of Jamaica. The

* Letters and Journals of Lord Elgin, edited by Theodore Walrond, C.B., 1873.

vessel in which he took his passage was shipwrecked, and although all lives and nearly everything of value were saved, Lady Elgin never recovered the shock of that night, and, after giving birth to a daughter, died in the following year. This sad occurrence cast a gloom over his residence in the island and led him to contemplate with "much repugnance the prospect of an indefinitely prolonged sojourn." He lived much in retirement, seeing little society, but devoted himself to the study of the various forces at work around him, and earnestly endeavoured to promote in every way the lasting prosperity of the people.

There are probably few situations of greater difficulty and delicacy (says Mr. Walrond) than that of the Governor of a British Colony which possesses representative institutions. A constitutional sovereign, but with frail and temporary tenure, he is expected not to reign only but to govern; and to govern under the orders of a distant Minister, who, if he has one eye on the Colony, must keep the other on home politics. Thus, without any power in himself, he is a meeting-point of two different and generally antagonistic forces—the will of the Imperial Government and the will of the local legislature. To act in harmony with both these forces, and to bring them into something of harmony with each other, requires, under the most favourable circumstances, a rare union of firmness with patience and tact. But the difficulties were much aggravated in a West Indian Colony in the early days of emancipation. There the local legislature was a democratic oligarchy, partly composed of landowners, but chiefly of overseers, with no permanent stake in the country. And this legislature had to be induced to pass measures for the benefit of those very blacks of whose enforced service they had been deprived, and whose paid labour they found it difficult to obtain.

Add to this a feeling of bitter resentment towards the Mother-country on the part of the landowners,—a strong jealousy between the Church of England on the one hand, "which was in possession of all the ecclesiastical endowments, and probably of all the learning and cultivation of the island, and, on the other hand, the various sects, especially that of the Baptists, who, having fought vigorously, for the Negroes in the battle of emancipation, now held undisputed sway over their minds." The chief difficulty, however, with which the new Governor had to contend was the sullen despondency with reference to the future prospects of the owners of property which had taken possession of the landed and trading interests. And, indeed, there appeared to be just ground for despondency.

Was it not shown (writes Lord Elgin) on the face of unquestioned official returns, that the exports of the island had dwindled to one-third of their former amount? Was it not attested, even in Parliament, that estates which used to produce thousands annually were sinking money year after year? Was it not apparent that the labourers stood in a relation of independence towards the owners of capital and land totally unknown to a similar class in any fully peopled country? All these were facts, and indisputable. And again, was it not equally certain that undeserved aspersions were cast upon the planters? Were they not held responsible for results over which they could exercise no manner of control? And was it not natural that, having been thus calumniated, they should be somewhat impatient of advice?

From the first he endeavoured to work a change on public opinion in this respect, and it was not difficult for one who could thus fairly enter into their feelings to prove that he was only anxious to conciliate the good-will and promote the interests of all ranks of the community. He earnestly deprecated the agitation of vexed constitutional questions, as "likely to interrupt the harmony happily prevailing between the several branches of the legislature, and to divert the attention of influential members of the community from the material interests of the Colony to the consideration of more exciting subjects." He cordially acted with the Legislature in their attempts to place the finances of the Colony on a better footing, and temperately, but firmly and successfully, protested against an attempt of the authorities in Downing-street to interfere in the matter of self-taxation on the occasion of their disapproval of a tariff enacted by the colonial legislature which was found to violate certain economical principles recently adopted in England. But the object which he had most at heart was to improve the moral and social condition of the Negroes. His views on this subject are thus expressed in one of his letters :—

In urging the adoption of machinery in aid of manual labour, one main object I have had in view has ever been the creation of an aristocracy among the labourers themselves ; the substitution of a given amount of skilled labour for a larger amount of unskilled. My hope is that we may thus engender a healthy emulation among the labourers, a desire to obtain situations of eminence and mark among their fellows, and also to push their children forward in the same career. Where labour is so scarce as it is here, it is undoubtedly a great object to be able to effect at a cheaper rate by machinery what you now attempt to execute very unsatisfactorily by the hand of man. But it seems to me to be a still more important object to awaken this honourable ambition in the breast of the peasant, and I do not see how this can be effected by any other means. So long as labour means nothing more than digging cane holes or carrying loads on their head, physical strength is the only thing required, no moral or intellectual quality comes into play. But in dealing with mechanical appliances, the case is different ; knowledge, acuteness, steadiness are at a premium.

While exerting himself zealously to encourage the spread of secular and industrial education, he no less anxiously watched and encouraged all efforts made for providing for the religious necessities of the population, although in this respect he could only afford an indirect support.

He had a firm faith in the harmonizing influence of British connection on a mixed population and the power of self-adaptation inherent in our institutions, and while acknowledging that in the political aspect of affairs there was much to fill a Governor of Jamaica with anxiety, he was able to speak in the following hopeful strain :—

A sojourner in this sea of the Antilles, who is watching with heartfelt anxiety the progress of the great experiment of Negro emancipation (an experiment which must result in failure unless religion and civilization minister to the mind that freedom which the enactments of law have secured for the body), might

well be tempted to view the prospect to which I have now introduced you with some feelings of misgiving, were he not reassured by his firm reliance on the harmonizing influence of British connection, and the power of self-adaptation inherent in our institutions. On the one side he sees the model Republic of Hayti—a coloured community, which has enjoyed nearly half a century of entire independence and self-rule. And with what issues? As respects moral and intellectual culture stagnation, in all that concerns material development a fatal retrogression. He beholds there at this day a miserable parody of European and American institutions, without the spirit that animates either; the tinsel of French sentiment on the ground of Negro ignorance; even the “sacred right of insurrection” burlesqued; a people which has for its only living belief an ill-defined apprehension of the superiority of the white man, and, for the rest, blunders on without faith in what regards this world or that which is to come.

He turns his eyes to another quarter and perceives the cluster of States which have formed themselves from the break-up of the Spanish continental dominions. What ground of consolation or hope does he discover there?

These illustrations of the working of free systems constructed out of the wreck of a broken-down African slave trade are not, indeed, encouraging; but neither do they, in my opinion, warrant despair. I believe that by great caution and diligence, by firmness and gentleness on the part of the parent State, and much prudence in the instruments which it employs, a people with a heart and soul may be built up out of the materials in our hands. * * * I think that a popular representative system is, perhaps, the best expedient that can be devised for blending into one harmonious whole a community composed of diverse races and colours.

It was this faith which afterwards at a critical period of Canadian history was the mainspring of his policy.

He held the post of Governor of Jamaica until 1846, during the whole of which period uninterrupted harmony prevailed between the colonists and the local Government.

Lord Grey, to whom Lord Elgin was unknown except by reputation, now held the seals of the Colonial Office. In spite of their political differences, Lord Grey endeavoured to induce him, on public grounds alone, to retain the Government of Jamaica, with the promise of his unreserved confidence and support, and shortly afterwards in the most flattering terms offered him the post of Governor-General of British North America. He accepted the offer, and in the first days of the year 1847 he sailed for America, having in the meanwhile been married to Lady Mary Louisa Lambton, daughter of the first Earl of Durham. The letters to Lady Elgin and the journal kept for her information are most delightful productions, and occupy the greater portion of the volume before us. We find there his reflections on public events, the record of his personal feelings, descriptions of scenery, pictures of men and manners, all given with perfect grace and unaffected kindness and simplicity, and yet with a thorough insight into human nature and a keen appreciation of the beauties of the world around him.

The duties which Lord Elgin had now to perform were far more complicated than those of his last appointment. He had in Canada two civilized populations of nearly equal power, viewing each other with traditionary dislike and distrust, differing from each other in

religion and language, and with national characteristics, habits, and modes of thought often in marked contrast. On the frontier was a powerful and restless neighbour whose desire to see the British flag no longer floating over American ground was not only expressed in words, but often found expression in the acts of lawless ruffians which might at any time lead to grave complications.

At first matters went smoothly enough :—

The old Tories of the British "Family Compact" party (says Mr. Walrond) were in good humour, being in enjoyment of the powers to which they claimed a prescriptive right, while the "Liberals" of the opposition were full of hope that the removal of Lord Metcalfe's disturbing influence would restore their proper preponderance. * * * But though the surface was smooth there was much beneath to disquiet an observant Governor. It was not only that the Ministry was so weak, and so conscious of its weakness, as to be incapable even of proposing any measures of importance. This evil might be remedied by a change of administration. But there was no real political life, only that pale and distorted reflection of it which is apt to exist in a Colony before it has learnt "to look within itself for the centre of power." Parties formed themselves, not on broad issues of principle, but with reference to petty local and personal interests, and when they sought the support of a more widespread sentiment they fell back on those antipathies of race, which it was the main object of every wise Governor to extinguish.

The great difficulty Lord Elgin found in working the Constitution was that "a Conservative Government meant a Government of Upper Canadians, which was intolerable to the French, and a Radical Government a Government of the French, which was no less hateful to the British."

The party titles were complete misnomers, for the Radical party comprised the political section most opposed to progress in the Colony.

My course (he wrote) in these circumstances is, I think, clear and plain. * * I give to my Ministers all constitutional support, frankly and without reserve, and the benefit of the best advice that I can afford them in their difficulties. In return for this I expect that they will, in so far as it is possible for them to do so, carry out my views for the maintenance of the connection with Great Britain and the advancement of the interests of the Province. On this tacit understanding we have acted together harmoniously up to this time, although I have never concealed from them that I intend to do nothing which may prevent me from working cordially with their opponents, if they are forced upon me. That ministries and oppositions should occasionally change places is of the very essence of our constitutional system, and it is probably the most conservative element which it contains. By subjecting all sections of politicians in their turn to official responsibilities, it obliges heated partisans to place some restraint on passion, and to confine within the bounds of decency the patriotic zeal with which, when out of place, they are wont to be animated. In order, however, to secure these advantages, it is indispensable that the head of the Government should show that he has confidence in the loyalty of all the influential parties with which he has to deal, and that he should have no personal antipathies to prevent him from acting with leading men.

It was by an honourable and firm adherence to the policy thus laid down that Lord Elgin succeeded in safely piloting the North American colonies through the most critical period of their history.

In 1848 a new Parliament came into existence, and it was found

that the Ministry was in a decided minority. A new Ministry was formed, of which the French Canadians formed the chief element. The Governor-General was now required, in obedience to his own principles, to accept as advisers persons who had very lately been denounced by the Secretary of State and the then Governor-General as impracticable and disloyal. The Ministry was scarcely formed when the news reached Canada of the revolution of February in Paris, and Lord Elgin congratulated Lord Grey on the fact that the flag of Britain had just been committed to the custody of those who were supported by the large majority of the representatives and constituencies of the province before the arrival of this intelligence. "There are not wanting here persons who might, under different circumstances, have attempted, by seditious harangues, if not by overt acts, to turn the example of France and the sympathies of the United States to account."

There were, however, ominous symptoms of disaffection on the part of all the three great sections of the community, the French, the Irish, and the British. With regard to the French, he constantly expressed the conviction that nothing was wanted to secure the loyalty of the vast majority but a policy of conciliation and confidence. He strongly urged the removal of the restrictions on the use of the French language. When an association was formed for facilitating the acquisition of Crown lands by French *habitans*, he put himself at the head of the movement, and by so doing wrested from M. Papineau's hands a potent instrument of agitation. And he lost no opportunity of manifesting the personal interest which he felt in their institutions. More formidable was the chronic disaffection of the Irish; and especially when connected with a threatened invasion of American "sympathisers." But the most dangerous was the state of feeling recently created in a large and influential portion of the British population, partly by political events, partly by commercial causes.

The political party (says Mr. Walrond) which was now in opposition—the old Tory Loyalists, who from their long monopoly of office and official influence, had acquired the title of the Family Compact—were filled with wrath at seeing rebels, for as such they considered the French leaders, now taken into the confidence of the Governor as Ministers of the Crown. At the same time, many of the individuals who composed that party were smarting under a sense of injury and injustice, inflicted upon them by the Home Government.

By the Canada Corn Act of 1843, wheat ground in Canada had been admitted into England at a nominal rate. The premium thus offered for grinding American wheat for the British market caused a great amount of capital to be invested in mills and other appliances for the flour trade. The new mills were hardly fairly at work when the Free Trade Act of 1846 swept away this advantage and brought upon the province and individuals a frightful loss and caused a great derangement of the colonial finances.

Lord Elgin pressed the case of the sufferers on the attention of the Secretary of State.

I care not (he said) whether you be a Protectionist or a Free Trader, it is the inconsistency of Imperial legislation, and not the adoption of one policy rather than another, which is the bane of the colonies. I believe that the conviction that they would be better off if they were annexed is almost universal among the commercial classes at present, and the peaceful condition of the province under all the circumstances of the time is, I must confess, often a matter of great astonishment to myself.

He felt that the remedy to the sufferings caused by the introduction of free trade was to be sought in a further development of the free trade principle, in the repeal of the navigation laws, which cramped the commerce of Canada by restricting it to British vessels, and in a reciprocal reduction of the duties which hampered her trade with the United States.

Political discontent is invariably the companion of commercial depression. And Canada was in 1848 passing through a trying commercial crisis. Lord Elgin, in one of his letters, found himself making use of the words "the downward progress of events." He proceeds :—

The downward progress of events! These are ominous words. But look at the facts. Property in most of the Canadian towns, and more especially in the capital, has fallen fifty per cent. in value within the last three years. Three-fourths of the commercial men are bankrupt, owing to free trade; a large proportion of the exportable produce of Canada is obliged to seek a market in the States. It pays a duty of twenty per cent. on the frontier. How long can such a state of things be expected to endure?

Depend upon it, our commercial embarrassments are our real difficulty. Political discontent, properly so called, there is none. I really believe no country in the world is more free from it. We have, indeed, national antipathies hearty and earnest enough. We suffer, too, from the inconvenience of having to work a system which is not yet thoroughly in gear. Reckless and unprincipled men take advantage of these circumstances to work into a fever every transient heat that affects the public mind. Nevertheless I am confident I could carry Canada unscathed through all these evils of transition, and place the connection on a surer foundation than ever if I could only tell the people of the Province that as regards the conditions of material prosperity, they would be raised to a level with their neighbours. But if this be not achieved, if free navigation and reciprocal trade with the Union be not secured for us, the worst, I fear, will come, and that at no distant day.

His earnest endeavours to carry these indispensable measures met with no success for many years. In the meanwhile the "transient heat" was in effect worked up into a serious "fever" of political discontent, and a matter intrinsically unimportant served to transform the resentful murmuring of the Upper Canadians into open acts of violence.

Power lost—trade ruined—the "rebels" governing the country—it was not unnatural that the ex-ministerial party should jealously watch every act of the Governor-General. In opening the next session of Parliament he won the hearts of the French Canadians and disgusted the English by delivering his speech in French as well as in English. But their wrath rose to fury on the introduction of a

Bill "to provide for the indemnification of parties in Lower Canada whose property was destroyed during the rebellion in 1837 and 1838;" a "questionable measure," to use Lord Elgin's own words in first mentioning it, "but one which the preceding administration had rendered almost inevitable by certain proceedings adopted by them" in Lord Metcalfe's time.

After the rebellion of 1837 and 1838 it was resolved to compensate those who had suffered by it. The first cases taken up were those loyalists whose property had been destroyed by rebels. An Act to meet these cases was passed in the last session of the separate Parliament of Upper Canada; and an Ordinance to the same effect was passed by the "Special Council" which at that time administered the Government of Lower Canada. In the next year, in the first session of the United Parliament, it was further resolved to compensate all those whose property had been wantonly and unnecessarily destroyed by the persons acting in support of authority, and the Upper Canada Act was amended to effect this. Nothing was done at this time about Lower Canada. In 1845, during Lord Metcalfe's Government, an address was adopted unanimously by the Assembly, praying the Governor to cause proper measures to be taken to secure to the inhabitants of Lower Canada indemnity for just losses sustained during the rebellion. A commission was appointed to inquire into claims, and instructions were given to distinguish the cases of those persons who had joined in the rebellion from the case of those who had not, but they were not to be "guided by any other description of evidence than that furnished by the courts of law." The commissioners reported claims amounting to £241,965; but they added an expression of opinion that on closer examination they would be found not to exceed £100,000. This report was rendered in 1846, but no further steps were taken. In 1848, as has already been stated, a new administration was formed whose political sympathies were with Lower Canada. They naturally took up the work left half done by their predecessors; and early in 1849 introduced the "Rebellion Losses Bill." This Bill simply followed out the idea above mentioned; it provided that no person found guilty of treason during the rebellion should be entitled to any indemnity for losses sustained in connection with it; and authorized the appointment of commissioners and the appropriation of £90,000 to the payment of claims.

Such was the temper of the Upper Canadians at this period that this measure, which at any other time would have scarcely been opposed, was now the occasion of riot and nearly of rebellion. The feelings were roused of old loyalists as opposed to rebels, of British as opposed to French, of Upper Canadians as opposed to Lower. The opposition was most bitter at Montreal, the seat of the Government, and here it "was chiefly due to local causes; especially to commercial distress, acting on religious bigotry and national hatred." Lord Elgin, while regretting the necessity for the introduction of this

measure, acknowledged that the Ministry could not do otherwise than attempt to complete the half-finished work of their predecessors. Petitions were got up against the measure ; but instead of being sent to the Assembly or to the Council, they were almost all addressed to Lord Elgin personally. They generally prayed either that Parliament might be dissolved, or that the Bill, if it passed, might be reserved for the Royal sanction. He received the deputations with civility, promised his best consideration, but studiously avoided expressing any opinion on the points in controversy. As regards a dissolution, indeed, he felt that it would be sheer folly to dissolve a Parliament only one year in existence, as the result would not make the slightest difference in the strength of parties. The other course urged upon him appeared to be less open to objection, but his reasons for not adopting it, as stated to Lord Grey, were, in the first place that a similar Bill for Upper Canada was not reserved, and he saw no reason for dealing with this measure in a different manner.

And in the second place—he continues—by reserving the Bill I should only throw upon Her Majesty's Government, or (as it would appear to the popular eye here) on Her Majesty herself, a responsibility which rests, and ought I think, to rest, on my own shoulders. If I pass the Bill, whatever mischief ensues may probably be repaired, if the worst comes to the worst, by the sacrifice of me ; whereas if the case be referred to England, it is not impossible that Her Majesty may only have before her the alternative of provoking a rebellion in Lower Canada by refusing her assent to a measure chiefly affecting the interest of the *habitans*, and thus throwing the whole population into Papineau's hands, or of wounding the susceptibilities of some of the best subjects she has in the Province. For among the objectors to this Bill are undoubtedly to be found not a few who belong to this class ; men who are worked upon by others more selfish and designing, to whom the principles of Constitutional Government are unfathomable mysteries, and who still regard the representative of royalty, and in a more remote sense the Crown and Government of England, if not as the objects of a very romantic loyalty (for that, I fear, is fast waning), at least as the butts of a most intense and unrelenting indignation, if political affairs be not administered in entire accordance with their sense of what is right.

His official communications with Earl Grey at this time were very reserved. He apologizes for not writing officially so as to give communications to be laid before Parliament. His object was, while listening to all representations civilly, to avoid being dragged into the strife.

You will perceive—he writes to Earl Grey—however, that I could not possibly have maintained this position here if despatches from me indicating the ministerial policy had been submitted to the House of Commons. They would have found their way out here at once. Every statement and opinion would have formed the subject of discussion, and I should have found myself in the midst of the *mêlée* a partisan.

The Bill was passed in the Assembly by forty-seven votes to eighteen. Lord Elgin thought it would not be expedient to keep the public mind in suspense with regard to this measure, and having occasion on 25th April, 1849, to proceed to Parliament to give the Royal Assent to a Customs Bill which had that day passed, he took the opportunity of giving the Royal Assent at the same time to the "Rebellion Losses Bill."

When he left the House of Parliament he was received by cheers and hootings from the crowd, and as he passed his carriage was pelted with missiles evidently brought for the purpose. In the afternoon a large open-air meeting was held, when a number of violent speeches were made. Suddenly the mob rushed off to the House of Parliament, where the members were still sitting, and breaking the windows, set fire to the building and burnt it to the ground. The military having appeared on the ground, the rioting ceased for a time, though there was much excitement in the streets. But it soon burst out again with fresh fury. The House of Assembly having voted an address to the Governor-General, expressive of abhorrence at the outrages which had taken place, of loyalty to the Queen, and approval of his just and impartial administration, it was arranged that Lord Elgin should receive the address at Government House, instead of Monklands, his "country residence." Mr. Walrond thus describes what followed :—

On the 30th April he drove into the city, escorted by a troop of Volunteer Dragoons, and accompanied by several of his suite. On his way through the streets he was greeted with showers of stones, and with difficulty preserved his face from being injured. On his return he endeavoured to avoid all occasion of conflict by going back by a different route; but the mob, discovering his purpose, rushed in pursuit, and again assailed his carriage with various missiles, and it was only by rapid driving that he escaped unhurt. None but those who were in constant intercourse with him can know what Lord Elgin went through during the period of excitement which followed these gross outrages. The people of Montreal seemed to have lost their reason. The houses of some of the Ministers and of their supporters were attacked by mobs at night, and it was not safe for them to appear in the streets. A hostile visit was threatened to the house in which the Governor-General resided. For some weeks he himself did not go into the town of Montreal, but kept entirely within the bounds of his country seat at Monklands, determined that no act of his should offer occasion or excuse to the mob for fresh outrage. He knew, of course, that the whole of French Lower Canada was ready at any moment to rise, as one man, in support of the Government; but his great object was to keep them quiet and "to prevent collision between the races."

Throughout the whole he was calm and cool. The Ministers informed him that if he went into the city again his life would be in danger. They advised a commission should issue to appoint a Deputy Governor for the purpose of proroguing Parliament. Others advised him to make use of the military forces at his command to protect his person in an official visit to the city. He declined to do so. "I am prepared," he said, "to bear any amount of obloquy that may be cast upon me, but if I can possibly prevent it, no stain of blood shall rest upon my name." His opponents taunted him with personal cowardice, but this he treated with silent contempt. The position now taken up by him was on a far more important point than the Bill itself. Writing to Lord Grey when the fury of the populace was at its height, he said :—

It is my firm conviction that if this dictation be submitted to the government of this province by constitutional means will be impossible, and that the struggle between overbearing minorities, backed by force, and majorities resting on legality

and established forms, which has so long proved the bane of Canada, driving capital from the province and producing a state of chronic discontent, will be perpetuated.

At the same time he thought it his duty to suggest that "if he should be unable to recover that position of dignified neutrality between contending parties which it had been his unremitting study to maintain," it would be for the interests of Her Majesty's service that he should be removed to make way for one less personally obnoxious to any section of the inhabitants.

In reply he received the warmest expressions of the confidence of the Home Government. In the Colony sympathetic addresses began pouring in from all quarters. "In the meantime the unhappy Bill, which had caused such an explosion in the Colony, was running the gauntlet of the British Parliament." It was vehemently opposed by Mr. Gladstone, and defended not only by Lord John Russell as leader of the Government, but also with even more force by Sir Robert Peel. "Speaking with all the weight of an impartial observer, he showed that it was not the intention of the measure, and would not be its effect, to give compensation to any one who could be proved to have been a rebel; that it was only an inevitable sequel to other measures which had been passed without opposition; and, further, that its rejection at this stage would be resisted by all parties in the Colony alike, as an arbitrary interference with their right of self-government." The motion to disallow the Act was thrown out by a majority of 141. "The news from England caused a satisfactory change in the tone of the press and of the opposition, a result due in part to the wise measures adopted by the Colonial Ministry, under direction of the Governor-General, for giving effect to the provisions of the much disputed Bill." Two months later again the flames, which had nearly died out, were re-kindled by the arrest of certain persons engaged in the late riots. Mobs besieged the houses of the Ministers. In the attack on one house a rioter was killed by a shot from within. The cry arose that an Englishman had been murdered by the French. The mob was furious. The Governor-General was requested to preserve the peace of the city by proclamation of martial law. But he told his Council that he "would neither consent to martial law nor to any measures of increased vigour whatsoever, until a further appeal had been made to the Mayor and Corporation of the city." This appeal was successful. The respectable citizens enrolled themselves as special constables and turned out to patrol the streets, and quiet was restored. But the results of these repeated riots was the determination of the Ministry and the majority of the Parliament to have the seat of government removed from Montreal. After some hesitation, Lord Elgin was forced to admit the strength of the arguments in favour of this measure. Ultimately it was agreed that the Legislature should sit alternately at Toronto and Quebec. "In 1858, however, this 'perambulating system,' having proved expensive and

inconvenient, the Queen was asked to designate a permanent abode for the Legislature. Her Majesty was graciously pleased to name Ottawa the present capital of the Dominion."

Lord Elgin now thought it necessary to make a tour, unattended except by one aide-de-camp and a servant, through the districts which had been the strongholds of the agitation, "so as to contradict the allegation that he required protection." Everywhere he was received with the utmost cordiality. It was long, however, before the impression wore off that though of great capacity as a statesman, he had shown himself during these riots deficient in nerve and vigour. The singular energy and boldness, amounting almost to rashness, which he displayed in China, would be sufficient to dispel this idea. But we have in his letters the reasons of his resolution not to yield to provocation, and his determination to accept the whole responsibility of the situation at whatever personal cost.

My choice—he writes—was not between a clearly right and a clearly wrong course; how easy is it to deal with such cases, and how rare are they in life! But between several difficulties, I think I choose the least. I think, too, that I am beginning to reap the reward of my policy. I do not believe that such enthusiasm was ever manifested towards any one in my situation in Canada, as has been exhibited during my recent tour. But more than this. I do not believe that the function of the Governor-General under Constitutional Government as the *moderato* between parties; the representative of interests which are common to all the inhabitants of the country, as distinct from those which divide them into parties, was ever so fully and so frankly recognized. Now I do not believe I could have achieved this if I had blood upon my hands. I might have been quite as popular, perhaps more so; for there are many, especially in Lower Canada, who would gladly have seen the severities of the law practised upon those from whom they believe that they have often suffered much unjustly. But my business is to humanize—not to harden. At that task I must labour, through obloquy and misrepresentation if need be.

In another letter he says:—

But none can know what that crisis was, and what that decision cost. At the time I took it I stood literally *alone*. I alienated from me the adherents of the Government, who felt, or imagined (having been generally, in times past, on the anti-Government side) that if the tables had been turned—if *they* and not *their adversaries* had been resisting the law of the land, and threatening the life of the Queen's representative—a very different course of repressive policy would have been adopted. At the same time I gained nothing on the other side, who only advanced in audacity; and added the charge of personal cowardice to their other outrages. At home, too, I forfeited much moral support: for although the Government sustained me with that honourable confidence which entitles a Government to be well served, they were puzzled. The logic of the case was against me. Lord Grey and Lord J. Russell both felt that either I was right or I was wrong. If the latter, I ought to be recalled; if the former, I ought to make the law respected. And, lastly, I lost any chance of moral support from the opinion of our neighbours in the States; for, like all primitive constitutionalists, the ideas of Government they hold in that quarter are very simple. I have been told by Americans, "We thought you were quite right; but we could not understand why you did not *shoot them down!*" * * * * And shall I tell you what was the deep conviction on my mind which, apart from the reluctance which I naturally felt to shed blood (particularly in a cause in which many who opposed the Government were actuated by motives which, though much alloyed with baser metal, had claims on my sympathy), confirmed me in that course? I perceived that the

mind of the British population of the province, in Upper Canada especially, was at that time the prey of opposing impulses. On the one hand, as a question of blood and sensibility, they were inclined to go with the anti-French party of Lower Canada; on the other hand, as a question of constitutional principle, they felt that I was right, and that I deserved support. Depend upon it, if we had looked to bayonets instead of to reason for a triumph, the *sensibilities* of the great body of which I speak would soon have carried the day against their *judgment*. And what is the result? 700,000 French reconciled to England—not because they are getting *rebel money*—I believe, indeed, that no *rebels* will get a farthing; but because they believe that the British Governor is just. "Yes," but you may say, "this is purchased by the alienation of the British." Far from it; I took the whole blame upon myself; and I will venture to affirm that the Canadian British never were so loyal as they are at this hour; and, what is more remarkable still, and more directly traceable to this policy of forbearance, never, since Canada existed, has party spirit been more moderate, and the British and French races on better terms than they are now; and this, in spite of the withdrawal of protection, and of the proposal to throw on the Colony many charges which the Imperial Government has hitherto borne.

It may be a fitting place to mention here that the most crowded audience which Lord Elgin addressed in bidding farewell to Canada was at Montreal; and that in the very place where, a few years before, he had been so scandalously outraged and insulted, his farewell speech was listened to with tears. In his peroration he enumerated the many pleasant recollections of Canada, and especially of Montreal, which would for ever dwell in his memory, and he concluded by but one reference to these scenes, saying: "And I shall forget—but no—what I might have had to forget is forgotten already; and, therefore, I cannot tell you what I shall forget."

Sport on the "Fields."

DEAR —,—,—You often ask me for some amusing news, thinking, I suppose, that Field life is very exciting, and that, therefore, I must have plenty of materials for an interesting letter. I assure you you never were more mistaken. Those subjects that interest and even excite us would appear very dull to outsiders like yourself. Do you care to hear that Mr. So-and-so has found a nice stone in such-and-such a road, and its exact weight and colour? We find this kind of information decidedly interesting in the want of something more intellectual. (This latter word needs a translation for the generality of people here.) However, lately there has been some amusement in the shape of coursing, and as you are fond of chat on those kinds of subjects, I will tell you a little about it.

The first day's meet was at nine a.m., and at Mr. Foggett's (Wessels') farm, five or six miles away. I expect this fact stopped a good many people from being punctual, as it necessitated an early breakfast for self and horse. We arrived at the meet only a few

moments after our scarlet-coated leader, "the huntsman," *par excellence*, and had the amusement of watching others arrive. Just before you reach the farm is a good and very popular canteen, and nearly every one stopped for an early nip, and so arrived in the farm court-yard in capital spirits. I wish you could have seen the riders! In so large a collection of people, of course, are expected all kinds of steeds and riders, but I doubt if anywhere one could see so strange a mixture as here. Rough Dutch ponies, quite innocent of curry-comb or brush, and with scraps of bright carpeting for saddle cloths; long, lanky, over-ridden beasts, mounted by small boys of all ages and descriptions. The little chaps stuck on well enough, and much as monkeys do, I suppose. There were several good-looking horses just in from farms, the pride of their masters, and very often the amusement of others, from their total inability to understand what they were wanted to do; and, finally, there were some few capital horses—well fed, well groomed, and well ridden, "the huntsman" figuring prominently amongst the latter, and keeping a splendid lead all day on "Blanc Olym," over all kinds of veldt. There was a good sprinkling of carts and wagons, and even one tandem, and several ladies on horseback, who, with but few exceptions, kept prudently in the rear all through. The veldt here is constantly honey-combed with meercat and porcupine holes, making riding a neck-or-nothing business. After a mile or so of this comes perhaps another mile or two of fine grass land, and then, just as one lets go for a splendid run, a series of little kopjes, plentifully bestrewn with stones, amongst which the horses flounder as best they can, and where they often leave their riders, taking to better ground themselves. We started about ten, and had a long, slow ride for several miles without finding. We were all getting a little bothered, and some of us rather cross, when off went the dogs, and, before we knew where we were, off we went also. However, the game turned out to be a hare, and we lost it after about five minutes' run. A discussion was held as to whether hares were fair game, which was decided in the affirmative, and therefore the run was considered a fair one. After this we started a steinbuck, and had a capital run over very fair veldt, covered sparsely with thorn bushes. Unfortunately, we lost again; but after a few moments' rest to breathe our horses and empty our wine-flasks, we started again, and this time were fully successful, getting a splendid run, and killing the buck. This run was over very bad veldt, long grass hiding the largest holes. One unfortunate man got a bad spill, and was well scratched, while his horse started away, and took two compassionate friends half an hour to catch it. The buck being hornless, the first lady in had its tail, which was a most insignificant one. There was one more run, but as we did not follow, I can tell nothing about it. We rode quietly back to Mr. Foggett's, and there had a capital cold collation, everything being done in first-rate English style, and reached here about seven p.m.

The match on the next day but one was in most respects a repetition of the first, saving that we went over better ground and started more game. During one rather long search, and just as we were getting pretty tired, we sighted a herd of blesbok. These would not do for coursing ; but some of us took the dogs that had already run, and started on a quiet hunt by ourselves, getting a splendid run before we caught a buck. We joined the rest again in time to see one more run, and then to ride quietly away to the provision carts, which were perched on a distant kopje. Here we found several more riders who had been unable to find us, but, fortunately for themselves, scented the food. There has been one more run, to which we did not go, but which was a good one, I believe.

I fear this is not particularly interesting to you ; but you ask of our amusement here ; so I give it. There has been a steeple-chase match since, over sods for jumps ; but it was rather slow. The sods were so loosely heaped together that a touch sent the top ones flying, and the two horses run were sharp enough to find this out, and so floundered easily through the whole six jumps. I hear there is to be a steeple-chase on the first of next month, for which, I believe, a good many horses are entered. Should I see anything worth writing about, I will send you an account of it. *Apropos* of the coursing match, I ought to tell you that the prizes were very high, the first prize being fifty guineas and the second twenty. Mr. Pohl's "Venus" took the first, and Mr. Foggett's "Fly" carrying off the second.

Provided I find anything to say, I will send you a second edition of "Sport on the Fields" after the steeple-chase, and so end for the present a rather stupid letter, I am afraid.

A New Book on the Cape.

TWENTY years ago Cape colonists knew little, and, with some exceptions, cared less, about the history and geography of "the land we live in." Moodie's Records, the Cape Almanacs, and Suasso de Lima's Outlines, with the miscellaneous information to be found in the books of Kolben and other old South African travellers, were the only publications in which aught that was reliable, and much that was unreliable, could be gathered. It is a significant characteristic of the present day that there are several books issued giving on the whole a very accurate and interesting story relative to the circumstances under which this country was first colonized by Europeans, their relations with the aboriginal inhabitants, and their endeavours to attain that commercial and political freedom which we now enjoy. The late Mr. Justice Watermeyer's contributions to this end will

always be gratefully remembered ; and, succeeding these, we have had Mr. Henry Hall's Chronology and Manual of Geography ; and later still, Messrs. Wilmot and Chase's historical compilation, the most elaborate production yet presented to the public. We have now to add another to the list, in the form of a very neatly-printed volume which comes to us from the Lovedale Institution Press, entitled "A Compendium of South African History and Geography," by Mr. George M. Theal.

This little book, so far as it goes, comprises most of the information which Hall and Wilmot have compiled, with the additional advantage of completeness and brevity. Its historical review does not come down later than the events of the year 1806 (the time of the capitulation) ; but we are promised a revised volume, now in the press, which will bring us up to the occurrences of our own time. We have, however, a fair statement of the Colony as it *is*, which permits of very favourable comparison with the Colony as it *was* in what some people will recall as the "good old times." Let our readers look at this description of it seventy years ago :—

At the commencement of the present century the colony contained about 120,000 square miles of ground. Its boundaries were, the Great Fish River to the east, and on the north a curved line extending from near the present village of Colesberg to the mouth of the Buffalo River in Little Namaqualand. It was divided into the four districts of the Cape, Stellenbosch and Drakenstein, Swellendam, and Graaff-Reinet.

Of these the Cape was the smallest. The population of this district consisted of about 6,000 whites and nearly 12,000 slaves, with a few free people of colour.

Stellenbosch and Drakenstein, though a district under the jurisdiction of one landdrost, had distinct heemraden or councils. It extended to the Buffalo River on the north, and to the Breede River on the east. Its population consisted of about 7,000 whites, 11,000 slaves, and 5,000 Hottentots.

The district of Swellendam extended from the Breede River to the Gamtoos, and from the sea to the Zwartbergen. Its population consisted of about 4,000 whites, 2,000 slaves, and 500 Hottentots.

The district of Graaff-Reinet embraced the remainder of the colony. Its population consisted of about 4,000 whites, 1,000 slaves, and 9,000 Hottentots.

Thus the whole population of the colony, exclusive of the Kafirs temporarily occupying the Zuurveld, consisted of 21,000 whites, 26,000 slaves, and 14,500 Hottentots : 61,500 in all, or a very little more than one soul for every two square miles of ground.

Cape Town contained between 1,100 and 1,200 houses, inhabited by about 5,500 whites and free people of colour, and 10,000 slaves. Besides the castle, forts, and barracks, its principal buildings were, the Government House, the Reformed Dutch Church, the Lutheran Church, the Town Hall, the Hall of the Court of Justice, a Theatre, and a large building used as a Government slave pen. Many of the residents in the town were persons who had estates in the country, and who, through their slaves, retailed their farm produce ; others were in the Government service ; some were petty traders ; and some gained a living by hiring out their slaves as artificers and labourers. The free people of colour were mostly fishermen. Food was extremely cheap and plentiful ; but firewood was very dear, as nearly all the large forest trees in the vicinity of the town had long since disappeared. The births were to the deaths as 25 to 11, the rate of mortality being less than three in a hundred annually.

The Cape district produced large quantities of fruit, grain, vegetables, and wine. The farms were freehold, of 120 acres each.

The district of Stellenbosch and Drakenstein produced also large quantities of

grain and wine, though a great portion of it was occupied by graziers. The village of Stelenbosch contained about 70 houses, and was very beautiful in the midst of its gardens, and with its streets lined with spreading oak trees. It was the residence of the landdrost of the district, and contained a church with a resident clergyman.

The village of the Paarl contained about 30 houses, with a church and neat parsonage. There was also a church and a clergyman at Tulbagh, which was, however, as yet a mere hamlet. The parts of this district near the Cape were held in freehold farms of 120 acres each; to the northward the farms were all held on rental, and contained at least nine square miles each.

The produce of the district of Swellendam consisted of cattle, with some grain and a little wine and timber. The farms were nearly all held on rental. The village of Swellendam contained about 30 houses, with a large church in the centre. The only clergyman in the district resided here.

The district of Graaff-Reinet was entirely composed of farms held on rental. There was no clergyman in the district, exclusive of the missionaries of the London Society. The white inhabitants consisted principally of graziers, who led a nomadic life, and lived almost entirely on animal food. They were in a state of constant hostility with the natives. The village of Graaff-Reinet contained only about a dozen houses, built of mud.

Lands were held on the following tenures:—

(a) Freehold farms. These were originally granted to the early settlers, and contained 120 acres each. They were not so well cultivated as they might have been, and seldom remained long in one family. This was owing partly to the operation of the law of inheritance, and partly to a universal tendency to buy, sell, and exchange lands.

(b) Farms held on rental. These farms were all supposed to be of the same size, and paid the same rental, viz., £4 16s. per annum, without any regard being had to the quality of the ground. There were in the colony, in 1798, 1,939 such farms. The lease was made out for one year only, but the payment of the rent was considered as a renewal; so that the tenure amounted, in fact, to a lease held in perpetuity. The buildings erected on such a farm, together with fruit trees and vineyards planted, were called the "opstal," and were saleable like any other property. The lease of the farm continued to the purchaser of the "opstal." When application was made for a farm, the person applying fixed a stake where the house was meant to be erected. The overseer of the district was then called to examine that it did not encroach on the neighbouring farms,—that is to say, that no part of any of the surrounding farms was within half an hour's walk of the stake. In such case the overseer certified that the farm applied for was tenable, otherwise not. The disputes about these stakes, or baakens, as they were termed, were endless; and partly by accident, but frequently from design, they were so placed that, on an average throughout the whole colony, the farms contained four times the quantity of land allowed by Government.

(c) Quitrent lands, which were plots of ground contiguous to freehold estates, and upon which an annual quitrent of one shilling per acre was payable. The leases were granted for fifteen years, but were renewable.

The public revenue was derived principally from the following sources, which are here arranged in order of magnitude:—

(a) Licences to retail wines and spirituous liquors, which were put up to sale yearly. The highest bidder became the purchaser, and had a monopoly of this trade during the ensuing year. This source of revenue brought in about £12,000 per annum during the period of the English occupation.

(b) Auction dues, at the rate of three and a half per cent. on the sales of movable, and one and three quarters per cent. on the sales of immovable property. As nearly everything was bought and sold at public auction, this was a very important branch of the revenue.

(c) Transfer dues on freehold estates sold, at the rate of four per cent. on the amount of purchase.

(d) Land rents.

(e) Import and export duties, which varied in amount During the English occupation, all goods shipped in Great Britain, in British vessels, were admitted free of duty. Other goods paid five per cent. if brought in British vessels, ten per cent. if brought under any other flag. The English East India Company had an exclusive monopoly of goods brought from the east, and paid no duties. The export duties were about five per cent. on an average on everything sent out of the colony.

(f) Duty levied on farm produce brought to town for sale. This must be regarded as a commutation of the tithes formerly paid, and it left untaxed all produce required by the grower for home consumption. It was, on an average, less than five per cent. of the value of the different kinds of produce.

(g) Interest on paper money lent through the Lombard Bank, which amounted to about £5,000 per annum.

(h) Stamps and Stamped Paper.

(i) Duty on sales of opstals, at the rate of three and a half per cent. on the purchase amount.

(j) Port fees, at the rate of six pence per ton upon all ships dropping anchor.

The revenue derived from these and some minor sources increased so greatly during the period of the English occupation, that it was found more than adequate to meet the expenditure. In 1798 it was £64,000, in 1799 £72,000, in 1800 £74,000, and in 1801 it rose to £90,000. Yet no new tax was laid upon the people during the whole of this period, and many of the old ones were considerably modified, so that this great increase, which made the revenue at this time more than three times as much as it had been during the last years of the rule of the Netherlands East India Company, was entirely owing to the general prosperity which had been occasioned by the change from an arbitrary and decrepit Government to a benevolent and strong one.

In each of the country districts there was a court of landdrost and heemraden, appointed to decide police cases and civil cases when the amount sued for did not exceed £30. In Cape Town there was a Petty Court with rather greater power, as civil cases when the sum sued for did not exceed £40 were therein adjudicated. The Supreme Court, or High Court of Justice, consisted of seven burghers chosen from the most respectable inhabitants of the town. In the time of the rule of the Company, a majority of its members was always secured from among the officers of Government. At that time the members received no salaries, but were permitted to take presents from one or both of the parties who had suits before the Court. Lord Macartney placed them in a more independent position, by attaching salaries to the office. The proceedings of this Court were always carried on with closed doors; no oral pleading was admitted, no confronting the accused with the witnesses, the deposition of each being singly taken down before two commissioners on oath, and afterwards read to the Court; and all persons excepting the parties concerned were excluded from the chamber. Two irreproachable and concurring witnesses were required to substantiate a fact against a delinquent; one witness of good character produced on the part of a person accused of felony was considered of equal weight with two produced against him; and even after sentence had been passed, until the moment of execution, the condemned was allowed to bring forward evidence in his favour. The extreme penalty of the law was never carried out, when judgment rested on circumstantial evidence, however strong, until confession of guilt had been made. Such confession, under the old Government, was sometimes obtained by torture; but this was no longer in practice. Of 110 capital convictions during the English occupation, only 33 were executed, principally owing to the want of confession. The Fiscal, who acted as Attorney-General, and the Secretary of this Court, were supposed to possess legal knowledge. The latter pointed out the law, upon which the Court passed judgment by a majority. From this Court there was an appeal, during the Company's rule, in the first instance to the Supreme Court of Batavia, and then to the Supreme Court of Holland, and during the English occupation, in the first instance

to a Court composed of the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, and then to the King in council.

A monstrous abuse was the power possessed by the Fiscal, in his capacity of Police Magistrate, of compounding crimes for pecuniary penalties, of which he was himself entitled to one-third. Under the English rule the sum that he could thus demand was limited to £40.

All persons in the colony who wished to marry were obliged to appear personally before the Petty Court in Cape Town, to show that no legal impediments to the marriage existed. The consent of parents or guardians was necessary to be had by all who were under twenty-five years of age. This was a great hardship to the colonists of the remote frontier. The Orphan Chamber then, as still, was intended to look after the interests of orphan children.

There was not one good school in the colony. In the country districts the children of the better class of farmers received a slight knowledge of reading and writing from itinerant teachers, who did not always bear irreproachable characters, and in the town private tutors were usually employed. At Genadendal, Graaff-Reinet, and Dr. Vanderkemp's institution, there were elementary schools for the natives; but a white man would have scorned to send his children to be taught at any of them. There was not a single bookstore in the colony, nor a newspaper previous to the year 1800, when the Government Gazette was established. Before the English took the colony, the only printing-press in it was a small one used for printing the Government notes or paper money. At Dr. Vanderkemp's institution there was now a printing-press, with which the first book was printed in South Africa in the year 1800. It was a spelling-book, intended for the use of the mission schools. The nucleus of a public library existed, Mr. Dessin having in 1761, bequeathed nearly 5,000 valuable works to the Reformed Dutch Church in Cape Town for this purpose; but it was seldom made use of.

The exports did not amount, on an average, to more than £15,000 a year during the English occupation; but it must be borne in mind that nine or ten thousand men of the army and navy received their supplies of food from the colony during this period.

The cultivation of the ground was carried on in a slovenly manner, the implements used being of the most primitive description. Lord Macartney, who took a warm interest in the colony during his brief administration of the Government, brought out from England an experienced agriculturist, Mr. Duckett, and caused a set of the very best English farm utensils to be imported. A farm at Klapmutz, in the Stellenbosch district, was selected, and there Mr. Duckett was placed, in hopes that through his instructions and example a better system of cultivating the land would be generally introduced; but the experiment failed. Some bad seasons followed, and the crops did not turn out so well as had been anticipated. The boers thought the laugh was now on their side, and could not be prevailed upon to abandon their old style of farming. Lord Macartney also caused experiments to be made, in the botanic gardens of Cape Town, in the culture of various plants, with the hope of introducing new sources of agricultural wealth into the colony; but though many of these grew admirably, through the antipathy of the boers to innovations, his benevolent wishes were frustrated.

The curse of slavery had settled on the land. The farmer, too proud and too indolent to labour himself, entrusted the whole work of his farm to his slaves and Hottentots, and they, having no interest in that which could not benefit them, performed everything in a careless, makeshift manner.

In Cape Town and its neighbourhood the ordinary comforts and conveniences of life were obtainable, and were enjoyed by most of the whites; but on the loan farms in the interior, comfort, as it is understood now-a-days, was an unknown word. The hovels in which the graziers lived seldom contained more than two rooms, and frequently only one. They were destitute of the most ordinary furniture. The great wagon-chest, which served for a table as well as a receptacle for clothing, a couple of camp-stools, and a kattel or two (wooden frames with a network of strips of raw hide stretched across them) were the only household goods possessed by many. Crockeryware, so liable to be broken in long land journeys,

they could not reasonably be expected to have had ; but it is difficult to account for their being without such common and useful articles as knives and forks. A great portion of their clothing was made of the skins of animals ; their blankets, like those of the natives, were karosses of skin. They lived in this manner, not from necessity, but through choice and custom. Many of them were very wealthy in flocks and herds ; but, having become accustomed to a nomad life, they considered as a superfluity everything that could not easily be removed in a wagon from place to place without damage. A gun, ammunition, and a wagon were the only products of mechanical skill that were absolutely indispensable to a grazier ; with these he could provide himself with every other necessary. Some cotton goods for shirts and clothing for females, hats, coffee, and sugar, were almost the only other articles he ever thought of purchasing. Those who were stationary, and cultivated the land, lived more comfortably, and had some of the conveniences of civilized life about them ; they were called corn farmers.

Poverty, in that sense of the word which implies a lack of the means of sustaining life, was unknown throughout the colony. Every white person had food in abundance, and might have had all the comforts of life, if their use had been known or their want felt. The people of the interior were rude, ignorant, and cruel. The last of these qualities was the effect partly of their holding human beings in slavery, and partly from their having had for a long period the native races of the country at their mercy, without any check from the Government. Their rudeness and ignorance must be attributed entirely to the bad policy of the Government in scattering them at such a distance from each other, over an immense extent of country.

The amusements of a people in such a condition must have been but few. The descendants of the French refugees had forgotten the language of their fathers, and were now so intermixed with other settlers as to have lost their identity. They retained none of that vivacity and sprightliness which the Gaul possesses in so eminent a degree. But from them the colonists had acquired a deep religious feeling which, often misdirected, yet preserved them from falling into utter barbarism. The cruelties inflicted upon the natives were always justified by quotations from the Old Testament. The boer compared himself to the Israelite of old, and the native to a Canaanite, whom it was doing God a service to destroy. It was no unfrequent circumstance for a farmer to make a journey occupying a month, with the sole object of attending Divine service ; while in every household religious exercises were regularly observed every day

Now-a-days the area of the Colony is nearer 200,000 square miles, its population between 600,000 and 700,000, its revenue considerably over one million sterling per annum, and its inhabitants of all classes and colour are as free as the people of any country can be made. What would good old Governor Janssens say if these facts had been prophesied in his ears seventy years ago, when the municipality of the capital post town of the Colony sent him a jeremiad on the decadence of the country in these terms :—

“But with regard to your inclination to strengthen the Cape with a new settlement, we must, to our sorrow, but with all sincerity, declare that we cannot perceive any means whereby more people could find a subsistence here, whether by farming or otherwise, partly because those who reside in the Cape, or in the Table Valley, and who (except a few gardeners and tradesmen, such as blacksmiths, wagonmakers, shoemakers, and tailors) chiefly subsist by tap-houses or by lodging ship passengers. Their numbers have, besides, so much increased that, when we contemplate the number of children growing up, we frequently ask ourselves, not only how they could find other means of subsistence, but, also, what it is to end in at last, and what they can lay hands on to procure their bread,” &c.

Or could old Piet Retief, who in Janssens' time threw away on the beach two wagon-loads of wool as unsaleable, ever realize that it would become the staple product of the country, and that in the year of grace 1872 the value of the quantity exported would be £3,275,150. These are noteworthy circumstances which those who are doubtful of our future should ponder over.

The author of the volume before us invites suggestions as to desirable additions and improvements; and there is one matter to which we feel called to direct attention as a blemish in the book. It has reference to the very vexed question of "native affairs." Mr. Theal charges the colonial commandoes of the olden time with the plunder and murder of the natives, and the "commission of cruelties more horrible than any perpetrated by Cortes in Mexico or Pizarro in Peru." We quote his own words:—

The Government sanctioned most of these commandos, and supplied the farmers with the powder and lead they used. Too weak itself to preserve order, it chose to approve of the farmers' proceedings in this respect and hoped by so doing to preserve their attachment. The anarchy, which was the natural result of so feeble a Government as that of the Cape attempting to keep its subjects in political and commercial bondage, was the principal cause of these enormities. It was impossible to inflict punishment on offenders, and thus the colonist saw nothing to check him in a career which, though criminal, brought him security as well as wealth. When a native committed an offence against a colonist, the law was not powerful enough to reach him, and his punishment was therefore left to the injured party to effect. It may be supposed that this would be done without moderation or mercy, and as it is natural to man to hate those whom he injures, the feeling of hostility would grow stronger day by day. Thus the minds of the people were prepared to approve of these measures, and they were gradually led to commit cruelties more horrible than any perpetrated by Cortes in Mexico or Pizarro in Peru. But the commando system was never heartily approved of by any excepting the farmers on the frontiers who suffered from the depredations of the natives, and it was with great difficulty that the residents in the parts first settled could be compelled or induced to take part in these expeditions. Yet even they did not look upon the destruction of the natives with as much horror as, in these more enlightened days, people would; for the colonists were slaveholders, and in all ages and among all people the practice of holding men in bondage has tended to harden the heart, impair the understanding, and blunt the faculty of distinguishing right from wrong, justice from oppression. It is probable that any people, situated as the colonists then were, would have been guilty of the same crimes; for among them were the children of some of the best and most pious men in Europe, and their descendants, under a better form of Government, have shown themselves to be a virtuous, kind-hearted race. Such are some of the terrible consequences of personal liberty, unrestrained by public opinion or by law, and from such examples may be learned how necessary for a civilized people is a Government sufficiently powerful to enforce order and a due observance of the laws.

Our reading of Cape history warrants us in saying that a comparison between Cortes and Pizarro and the old colonists, from Van Riebeeck downwards, is as ridiculous as it is unjustifiable. In no other part of the world was there more consideration shown towards the aborigines by the Europeans who first came in contact with them than by the agents of the Dutch Company at the Cape: and the reason was obvious. The few scattered families of the Hottentot

race then existing were the only possessors of cattle and other produce required for the provisioning of the garrison and the fleet. They were coaxed and encouraged in every possible way to bring in their stock for sale ; but, as with all barbarous people, war and rapine prevailed amongst themselves, and family after family became weaker, so that the first settlers viewed with alarm the possibility of having no supplies. Long journeys had consequently to be made into the interior, much as our butchers' agents do now, to obtain the necessary number of cattle for consumption. Then came the purchase of land, for which a reasonable *quid pro quo* was honourably given. But the Company, who were the Government of the day, unfortunately held a monopoly of all trade, and checked and prevented the formation of a "colony" in the true sense of the word. The husbandman and producer was bound to sell everything to them at a price arbitrarily imposed ; and if dissatisfaction was shown, they had the pleasant alternative of being shipped off to Batavia or Mauritius, as political offenders. This state of things, as the population increased, compelled many of the settlers to commence that system of "trekking," so peculiar to this country. The world of the bare and depopulated Karoo was all before them where to choose, and wherever they went the few straggling aborigines voluntarily collected around them, assured that there they could find food and protection. There may have been some exceptional cases of cruel treatment of these natives, whose savage dispositions were prone enough to provoke it ; but as a whole, and in bright comparison with other settlements even in later times, the Cape colonist was distinguished, as he still is, for considerate regard for his *volk* (people). When we look at the circumstances of the men who first entered upon the nomadic life which their descendants beyond the Vaal River are still following, there is much more that is worthy of admiration than of condemnation in their enterprising, self-reliant, and patient endurance. There was a ruling Providence which selected and adapted them for the work of leading the van of civilization into the savage and waste places of South Africa.

J.



THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Old Peach Tree Stump.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR OF 1835.

BY THE HON. CHARLES BROWNLEE, ESQ.

It is wonderful how oftentimes an incident, small and insignificant in itself, recalls to memory scenes long past and almost forgotten, bringing them before the imagination with the distinctness of the present; or, as in the visions of a dream, with a momentary flash portraying distinctly and vividly to the mind the events of a lifetime. And thus some months since, while walking in the Government Garden at King William's Town, the sight of an old peach tree stump reflected upon my mind the events of a memorable night, now nearly forty years past, clearly and plainly, as if they had happened but the day before.

It is not now my intention to give an account of the war of 1835. My object is simply to describe an incident of that war; and with a few prefatory remarks I shall proceed to my narrative.

Towards the close of 1835 matters on the eastern frontier of the Colony assumed a most unsettled and critical aspect. The Kafirs had taken possession of what was termed the Neutral Territory, a strip of land between the Kat and Fish Rivers and the Keiskamma, which in 1820, by an arrangement between the Colonial Government and Gaika, in order to prevent robberies, had been arranged should remain unoccupied by either party. In consequence of the occupation of this land by the Kafirs, robberies became of daily occurrence, and in order to put a stop to them, it was deemed necessary to clear the Neutral Territory of the Kafirs who had settled there. Amongst those who thus occupied this land was the petty Chief Xoxo, a minor son of the late Gaika. Having come into collision with a colonial patrol in the neutral territory, he was fired upon by the officer in command, and a pellet of buckshot struck him on the forehead, penetrating the skin, but beyond this doing no injury. The thing, notwithstanding, caused great excitement among the Kafirs.

Such was the state of affairs when the Salem School broke up for the Christmas holidays of 1835, and my brother, myself, and another son of a missionary who were being educated at Salem had to proceed to Kaffraria, where our parents then resided. Our journey was performed in an ox-wagon, as spring carts drawn by horses were not then known on the Frontier. Under the care of Mr. McDiarmid, the missionary from Burnshill, we travelled along quietly and pleasantly enough till we arrived at the Koonap River, where Mr. Tomlinson, who then kept the Koonap Hotel, gave us most alarming accounts of the Kafirs, who, he informed us, gave him no rest either by day or by night, compelling him to keep armed herdsmen with his stock to prevent them from being driven off. From Tomlinson's we proceeded to the farm of Mr. Adam Raubenheimer, on the Kat River, where we arrived on Saturday evening, staying over Sunday at this place, and resuming our journey at one o'clock on Monday morning. The accounts received from Mr. Raubenheimer were quite as alarming as those we had heard at Tomlinson's, and it appeared quite clear that matters could not remain long as they were. Shortly after we had left, Raubenheimer's farm was attacked by the Kafirs, and all the stock swept off.

The Chumie River was reached shortly after sunrise. Here a trader came to our wagon in a state of great alarm, inquiring anxiously for the news. We could only give him such information as we had gathered by the way. He said that there was something going on among the Kafirs, but what it meant he could not say. He wished to leave, but did not like to abandon his employer's property. Poor fellow, the next day he was murdered.

Our first halt from the Kat River was at the Yellowwoods, beside a trader's station. On going to the place we found it had recently been abandoned, and we discovered a number of household articles and merchandise hid in the bush along the river. The trader had received warning of danger from a Kafir, and had that morning fled with his wife and children to the Burnshill Mission Station, not a day too soon. We arrived at Burnshill in the evening, and here, for the first time, we learnt the true state of affairs. It appeared that war had been decided upon, and we found a number of traders assembled at Burnshill under the protection of Sutu, the mother of Sandilli, who was then a boy thirteen or fourteen years of age. I afterwards learnt that Xoxo's wound had been made the cause of war. The matter had been discussed in a council of Gaika chiefs and leading men. Tyali, Xoxo's half-brother and immediate superior, decided that the case was not one for war, and sent off messengers to Captain Warden, then commanding at the Chumie Post, with the design of arranging the matter amicably. Macomo, also a half-brother of Xoxo, dissented from Tyali's arrangement, saying, "Shall the blood of a Gaika chief be shed, and shall we not avenge it? There must be war." In the meanwhile, Macomo had employed Plaatje Onci, a Gonah Kafir, to tamper with the Cape Corps who

formed part of the garrison at Fort Wilshire. Old Plaatje was a well-known character in Fort Beaufort, having resided for many years on the Barouka Stream, near to Fort Beaufort. The message of Plaatje to Fort Wilshire appeared to succeed according to Macomo's wishes. Some of the Cape Corps men expressed their willingness to join Macomo, and told Plaatje that if the Kafirs would come to Fort Wilshire by night, they would deliver the post into their hands. Macomo accordingly went to the fort with a large body of Kafirs. The post was not delivered into their hands, and as daylight discovered the Kafirs to the garrison, fire was opened upon them, and thus the war begun.

My father having come to Burnshill to meet my brother and myself, we resumed our journey to the Buffalo the following morning on horseback. Along the way we met numerous bands of armed men hurrying towards the Colony. They in no way molested us, as my father was well known to them. Hastily asking for the news, and inquiring where Somerset was, they again hurried on. On being asked why they were going to make war on the Colony, they replied by asking, "Have you not heard that a chief has been shot? and is that not cause for war?"

No incident worthy of notice occurred on the way, except that we met a party of about fifty women armed with assegais and kerries, and who had come out to cheer and urge on the warriors. The women seeing our loose oxen which had gone to Salem for us, and which were being driven by a native, made a rush at them, and were driving them off. The driver in vain tried to stop them, saying he was Tzatzoe's brother and that the oxen belonged to a missionary. The only reply was, the oxen belonged to a white man, and there is war with the white man. The women were too many for poor Manquindi.* While he was held back by some, the others drove off the oxen at a trot. This was too much for me. I said to my brother, "Let us charge and recover the oxen, and won't it be glorious fun." So off we set at full gallop, riding straight at the women; as we approached them they turned, striking at the horses with their kerries. The horses swerved, and we had not the satisfaction of riding over any of them as we wickedly and most ungallantly intended doing. However, we got the oxen into a gallop, soon distanced the enemy and returned in triumph with the oxen, thinking we had performed a wonderful exploit. Readers may smile at the mention of this incident, but I think it not unworthy of record, as illustrating a phase of native character. It must also be remembered that I was then a boy of fourteen, and my brother two years younger. Since then I have read *Don Quixote*; his charge upon the flock of sheep always brings to my recollection the charge upon the Kafir Amazons.

On our arrival at the Buffalo (now King William's Town) we

* Manquindi is now a well-known headman in the neighbourhood of King William's Town.

found about a dozen traders assembled at the station ; they had been brought out from various parts of the country by Kafirs who had received kindnesses from them, and who had thus become attached to them. Others who had made no friends at their stations were ruthlessly murdered before they became aware of their danger, and one unfortunate man had, at the Keiskamma, been dragged out of the missionary's house, and despite the prayers and entreaties of the missionary, was murdered before his eyes.

Jan Tzatzoe's tribe, among whom my father was labouring, had determined to take no part in the war, and for some months after the breaking out of the hostilities, we continued to live in peace and quietness, though, with the exception of Wesleyville, all the other mission stations had been abandoned, and the missionaries had retired into the Colony for safety. As Mr. Dugmore, who was then in charge of Wesleyville, found he could no longer remain there in safety, he sent to my father, intimating his intention to remove to the Beka, into the midst of Pato's tribe, and sent up wagons to remove us ; but as the Kafir chiefs had decided that the missionaries were not to be molested, requesting them to remain on their stations, moreover as Tzatzoe's people had taken no part in the war, and as natives from other stations had taken refuge with him, my father considered that he would be abandoning his post without cause, and would be disregarding his duty should he leave. He therefore resolved to remain at his post. The wagons returned to Wesleyville, taking with them the traders who had thus far found an asylum at the station.

Amongst the traders who had taken refuge here, was a good old man named Kirkman, a genuine Christian, and as he had lived near the station, he and my father had become attached to each other in the bonds of Christian fellowship. When the other traders decided on leaving, Kirkman, finding the resolution his friend had taken, resolved to remain with him and share his lot, although my father advised him to leave, pointing out to him that their cases differed, with the one to remain being matter of duty, warranting his encountering risks and dangers, but that the duty of Mr. Kirkman was to accept a place of safety when he had the opportunity. The good old man was as resolute and determined as his missionary friend, and nothing could induce him to go. The wagons left, and then all prospect of our retreat was cut off. The only wagon we had was standing on three wheels, the fourth was smashed, and there was no possibility of repairing it. After the departure of the traders all went on very quietly for a few days, except that Tzatzoe was constantly receiving messages from the Gaika chiefs, urging him to take part in the war, and threatening to attack him as an enemy if he did not turn out with his tribe to assist in repelling the colonial forces which were then entering Kaffraria ; but Tzatzoe remained resolute. The approach of the colonial forces was indicated by the large droves of cattle which daily

passed the station on their way towards the Kei, whither they were being driven for security. Among them I noticed many splendid animals, not of Kafir breed, and which had been taken from the Frontier farmers. One day, while the cattle were passing, we heard heavy firing in the direction of the Keiskamma. On the following morning the war-cry resounded on the hills around the station, and it was said that the Gaikas were about to attack the Tindes (Tzatzoe's tribe). Then followed a scene of awful confusion. Soka, Tzatzoe's brother, declared his determination of joining the Gaikas; a portion of the tribe followed him, and turning out with shields, assegais, and war-plumes, threatened to attack those who adhered to Tzatzoe. Flocks of cattle were being driven furiously in different directions, women and children running about, hardly knowing to which party they belonged; Tzatzoe's adherents concentrating on the station, while Soka's party, who had previously been mixed up with the others, were flying in the opposite direction. In the midst of all this confusion and excitement, Tzatzoe came to my father and told him he could no longer hold his ground, but must leave and join Pato, and if my father would go, his family could be carried in Tzatzoe's wagon. But he had formed his resolution, and was now as decided against going as he was when Mr. Dugmore sent the wagons for him. Tzatzoe's entreaties were in vain; the missionary had taken his stand; he considered he was in the path of duty, and nothing could induce him to turn from it. He wished my mother and the children to go with Tzatzoe, but she refused to leave him. My father then told Tzatzoe that if he considered himself in danger he might leave; for his own part, he was in his Master's service, and He could and would protect him, though left quite alone on the station. With a sad heart Tzatzoe left, and the people with him, three men only remaining on the station with us.

At this time, my father was possessed of more stock than would at present be regarded as necessary for a missionary to have. The stock consisted of 300 or 400 sheep and goats, 60 or 70 head of cattle, and about 20 first-class horses and mares, the progeny of two mares and a horse obtained from his old friend Robert Hart, of Glen Avon, and descended from stock imported by Lord Charles Somerset. It must, however, be remembered that at that time a cow was not worth more than fifteen shillings, an ox thirty shillings, a sheep from one shilling and six pence to two shillings and six pence, and a good horse seven pounds ten shillings, and that in those days, when Kaffraria was but thinly inhabited and not overstocked, the number in possession was not an extraordinary increase in fifteen years on what had originally been brought into Kaffraria. My father himself did not know what he possessed until the day on which Tzatzoe fled, as his stock was entrusted to the care of natives away from the station. The men in charge came on this day, and suggested that they should flee with the stock to a place of safety. They were positively prohibited from taking one head away

with them, and were directed to bring them to the station, which was done, and the animals given in charge to the three men who remained after the tribe had fled.

All was now changed. The natives had left the station and neighbourhood. This seemed strange, but to my brother and myself it was glorious. We appeared to be monarchs of all we surveyed; we had no idea how rich we were, until that day, and, like boys, we wished that the three men who had remained with us had also fled, so that we might have the sole control of the cattle, sheep, and horses. We would ride these to-morrow, those the next day, and so we would look after the stock. Our plans were short-lived and doomed to sad disappointment.

In the evening the stock was brought to the kraal, and we of course were amongst them, admiring the horses and arranging which we would ride on the following day, when a party of armed Kafirs came to the kraal gate, saying they were in search of a red-and-white ox and a grey horse, and wished to go into the kraal to see if they were there. The men in charge replied that it was not usual for strangers to enter a kraal, except in presence of the owner; they would go and call him. My father accordingly came, and told the Kafirs he did not know that he had any strange stock, but they might go and see. They went in, and brought to the gate a grey gelding and a red-and-white ox. The gelding was a powerful animal, with a dash of Arab blood, and such a horse for power and endurance as is now seldom seen in the Colony. He had once been stolen by Kafirs, and became so noted for his performances in the hunting fields, that his fame led to his discovery and ultimate recovery. The ox claimed was a first-rate leader, and the Kafir who had him in charge used him for racing, and no ox which ever ran with him could come near him. Offers had been made from far and near for the purchase of the horse and ox at four times their value, but as my father had most scrupulously abstained from trade or barter, he had refused every offer that had been made; and no wonder that now, being helpless and defenceless, the animals which had so long been coveted by many, were taken possession of by the Kafirs. When brought to the gate my father said that the horse and ox were his property, and was answered, "They are no longer yours." A rush was then made into the kraal and all the stock driven away, and with them, to my grief and mortification, went all my plans for riding and herding. It was now dusk, and we returned to the house, my father remarking that as the stock was taken away, we were relieved of a care, and would now be free from further annoyance.

Darkness closed upon us. Heretofore at this hour there had always been evening service in the chapel. Now, no bell was rung, and no one came to evening prayers. Instead of the merry laugh and shouts of children at the close of day, all was silent. No voice was heard. We were alone. Our family and good old Mr. Kirkman's (they had come to the mission-house when the station was deserted)

were now the only inhabitants. I began to think, after all, it is not so very pleasant to be "monarch of all I survey." My mother looked anxious and sad, and little was spoken. No change was on my father's face; he calmly said that he feared nothing; all would be well; and excepting the few words of comfort and encouragement uttered by him, our evening meal was eaten in silence.

Just as we had finished, the sound of voices was heard approaching the front door, then an altercation and the sound of feet as of men running. We afterwards learnt that the three men who had remained on the station, seeing a party of armed men approaching the mission-house, had gone to endeavour to take them away; the armed men turned on them and chased them off the station, and we saw no more of them. In a few minutes more, admittance was loudly demanded. My father replied that he would admit no one, and ordered the unwelcome visitors to be off. Again all was silent, and the speakers appeared to leave. It was now time for family worship, and as usual the Bibles were laid on the table, and the 46th Psalm was selected, but it was hardly begun when a loud knocking was heard at the back door, and then the thundering sound of great stones thrown against it. The door for a while resisted every effort, but at last a deafening crash informed us that it had yielded. Still amid all the din my father read through the Psalm as calmly and composedly as he had read on any other occasion, and when the Psalm was ended he said "Let us pray." We all knelt; and yet, though nearly forty years have passed, I still wonder at the calmness and serenity of the prayer while fierce men were battering at our doors. It was most incomprehensible to me, when I heard such sentences as these uttered in the prayer, "All things shall work together for the good of those who love Thee;" "The wrath of man shall praise Thee, and the remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain," and this while men were effecting a violent entrance into our dwelling, and in all probability thirsting for our blood. This wonderful prayer was not so much a supplication for protection, as an expression of trust and assurance that we would be safe and unharmed. By the time the prayer was ended the ruffians had effected their entrance into the kitchen, and my mother and the younger children retired into the adjoining bedroom. My father, Mr. Kirkman, and myself continued sitting at the table, while I was listening to the rattling among the pots and pans. After all had been cleared out of the kitchen I heard the Kafirs coming slowly along the passage towards the room in which we were sitting. I then thought it time to be off. I accordingly went to join those who had gone into the bedroom, and had hardly entered when a frightful crash sounded against the door opening on the passage, and then a fearful shout, and then the sound of struggling. I involuntarily cried out, "My father! oh, my father!" My mother opened the window, saying "Your father is killed! now fly for your lives!" With one bound I cleared the window and

rushed frantically in the direction of where the Military Reserve now is, then turned towards the deep pool on the Buffalo situated below the present Engineers' brick-yard. I literally flew, and seemed hardly to touch the earth in my flight, and as I write I almost realize the sensation of that dreadful flight. Arrived at the pool, my first impulse was to plunge into the water, submerge my body, and hide my head in the sedge and bush which then fringed the river's banks. Just as I was about to take the leap the thought flashed through my mind, "Listen whether you are pursued." I checked my headlong course, and stood to listen. I heard no sound. I was not pursued. I hid myself along the bank, ready to dive into the water in case of need. Here I lay concealed for about half-an-hour, but the agony and suspense made the time appear an age. My parents, brother, and sisters murdered, and I in all likelihood soon to share their fate. These thoughts filled my mind, and for a while no other could find entrance. Becoming a little calmer I saw it was useless to remain where I was. The fate of my parents must be ascertained, and when I knew the worst, I must make my way either to Wesleyville or in the direction of the firing that had been heard the day before. I rose and went towards the house, having to pass over what had generally been supposed an impassable thorn fence. I went over or through, but don't know how. I crept softly through the garden, keeping myself concealed from tree to tree till the last tree in the garden was reached, a large peach tree, from which there was an open space to the house, and which prevented nearer approach under cover. I saw lights moving about in the house, and heard a sound as of something being thrown out—my heart sickened as I thought all is over, and the Kafirs are now plundering the house. I climbed into the tree, so that concealed by its foliage I might watch among its branches, and ascertain what was passing in the house, and, if possible, learn the fate of my friends. Shortly, all was silent, and the lights disappeared. Slowly and sadly I descended from the tree (the tree now dead, and whose stump brought to my mind some months since these sad recollections); I crept cautiously around the house expecting to find the mangled remains of those dearest to me, but saw nothing and heard nothing. I dared not enter the house lest I should encounter the murderers. The only course now open to me was to make my escape to Wesleyville. Before doing this I would go to the hut behind the kraal where our old faithful servant stayed, and ask him to accompany me. I half entered the hut, and in a low voice called "Telo"—no answer. I called a little louder, when I heard some one in the hut say, "Answer," and another replied, "Where are all the station people?" At the same time I cut my hand on a bundle of assegais: here was what I had feared in going to the house, I had come upon the murderers! As I leaped from the hut one of the men emerged from the door. I bounded round the kraal fence, and was soon shrouded in the darkness of a misty and starless night. Finding I was not pursued I stood to reflect on what was now to be done.

I did not know the road to Wesleyville, and how should I find it without a guide? However, there was no help; I must try; it was better than remaining on the station to be murdered, as poor Telo doubtless was by the men who now occupied his hut.

Going in what I thought the right direction a new difficulty met me. In consequence of the sudden flight of the station people in the morning, their dogs had been left behind, and having to pass by the deserted huts on my way, a host of dogs came out barking furiously at me, disputing my further progress, and bringing me to a stand-still. I did not like the idea of being torn to pieces by dogs any more than being killed by Kafirs. I could not stand where I was for the barking would discover me to the Kafirs, and should I be pursued by them and the dogs at the same time there would be no possibility of escape. There was nothing to be done but to return to my place of concealment by the river side, and there to wait till morning should disclose the true state of things. I again crept round the house on hands and knees, but heard no sound. I whistled for our dog, but he did not come, and then retired through the garden, again concealing myself by the river. It appeared as if morning would never dawn, and I resolved again to go to the house to learn the worst, and had for the third time to go over the thorn fence. This time I took a different direction through the garden with a view of approaching the house from the front instead of the back, as had at first been done. Again I crept from tree to tree, till half way up the garden, beside some pomegranate bushes I saw a black object; looking steadfastly at it for a few seconds, and seeing it move as if coming towards me, I was turning for a third flight, when I heard my mother's voice saying, "My son, is that you?" Excited as I had already been, the sound well nigh overpowered me. I staggered to the pomegranate bush and tried to ask of my father's fate, but could utter no word; I stood speechless beside my mother till she said "Go to the house; your father and Mr. Kirkman are there; the others are all here; we have sought everywhere for you, and thought you had been killed." This intelligence revived my failing strength and enabled me now to walk boldly to the house, where the two good men were sitting calmly together, and soon after, those left in the garden joined us; we retired to our beds, but not to sleep.

After my return to the house I learnt that the crash at the passage door which I had mistaken for the report of a gun, was caused by a stone thrown against it, and my father thinking that the savages should have been content with what they had got at the kraal and in the kitchen, could not sit passively and permit them to come into the room where his family were. He therefore walked quietly to the door that the Kafirs were attempting to force, and opened it with a shout. The apparition of a powerful man over six feet high so suddenly in the midst of the Kafirs greatly disconcerted them.

There is a tradition in our family that the Kafirs were thrown one over the other out of the door, also that an after-ox sjambok was

used to accelerate their exit from the house ; but of this I cannot speak with certainty, never having ventured to inquire into the particulars of this part of the business, as my father was always very reticent upon it, and did not like to mention it. All that I know is, that after the shout, I heard the sound of struggling in the passage, and heard no more. My brother who had jumped out of the window immediately after me, encountered the seven cowardly ruffians as they were running round the corner of the house. They took hold of him, but at once let him go and fled as they heard the dreaded apparition say "What are you doing to the child? Leave him alone."

The following morning, shortly after sunrise, on looking over the flat where New Town now stands, we saw about 400 Kafirs approaching the station. Our troubles were not ended. Though seven cowardly ruffians could be frightened and driven out of the house, what could be done against 400? My father went out to meet them, taking me with him, with the injunction that I was not again to quit his side. I thought it hard to be taken to certain destruction with a prohibition again to attempt to fly for my life ; nevertheless, I obeyed without reply or remonstrance.

When we came up to this armed party they inquired why Tzatzoe and his tribe had abandoned the station. Their question was answered, and an account was given to them of the previous night's adventure. They were then moving off to the house, but were requested not to do so, as the females and children were greatly terrified, and had not yet recovered the shock already sustained. Their chief replied, "You have Kirkman in your house ; we want him. We have nothing to do with you ; you are a missionary, Kirkman is a trader." My father replied, "Kirkman is my friend. When the traders left, Kirkman remained with me, and in doing violence to him you do violence to the missionary." This, however, the chief did not see, and insisted that Kirkman and his property should be handed over to him. No exception, he said, had been made in behalf of any trader. Missionaries only were to be unmolested. They wanted Kirkman alone, and would not harm the missionary or his family. After further parley my father said, "Kirkman is my friend. When he could have made his escape with the other traders he decided on remaining with me, and sharing any dangers with me. He has thus identified himself with your missionary, and his life must, therefore, be as sacred as that of your missionary. I cannot deliver him over to you, and you shall not harm him except you first take my life."

Fortunately, the party were under the control of a chief well known to my father, and were not an armed rabble unwilling to listen to reason or argument. The chief said to his followers, "The missionary is right ; we will return." This decision was received with a little grumbling and dissatisfaction, but was eventually agreed to. The place of meeting was beside a little workshop ; the tools were coveted. One Kafir asked for a chisel, as he worked in brass

wire, and wanted it to cut the trinkets manufactured by him. Another was a smith, and would like a smith's file. These two articles were given to them, and the party returned as they came.

We returned to the house and had breakfast, but had hardly concluded the meal when a rabble of natives came to the front door, and amongst them was a man who some time before appeared to have been under religious impression, and had attended regularly at the station for instruction, but had for some time past discontinued his attendance. As this man stood before the door my mother said to him, "Well, Nyanyi, has it come to this? You were once inquiring after the truth, and now you are come to do violence to your teacher; is this good?" Nyanyi did not speak, but retired from the house, and was not again seen by us. The crowd for a while stood irresolute before the open door, undecided whether to enter or to follow Nyanyi, when an old hag, a witch-doctor, whose craft had been endangered by the teaching of the missionary, called out, "Cowards! are you to be frightened by the words of a woman? Follow me." Her hour of vengeance had now come. She was about to triumph over her enemy. Rushing into the house the first thing that took her attention was the table-cloth; this she snatched off the table, scattering the plates and cups upon the floor. The cloth was thrown out to the still hesitating crowd; one article after another followed, and then the house was filled by excited and furious savages, men and women, each trying to secure as much spoil as possible.

When the crowd first came to the door it had been arranged that Mr. Kirkman and his family and our younger children should retire to the bed-room, and I was placed at the door to prevent any one from entering.

The crowd was not long in taking everything out of the house, though altogether there was considerable spoil, Mr. Kirkman's stock-in-trade having been brought over on the previous day. Every room having been cleared, an attempt was made to enter the bed-room. I resisted with all my might, and as I was being dragged from my post, my father came to the rescue, saying to the assailants, "Every room in my house has been opened to you, and you have taken everything; in this room are my children, and no one shall enter it;" and he stood before the door. This had the desired effect. The object of the savages was plunder. They were not prepared to do violence to the missionary, and the room they could not enter without violence. They left the door. I was again placed in charge; and though other attempts were made to enter, my resistance was sufficient to keep all intruders out.

The house being now cleared, brass door-knobs were knocked off, and such things as had escaped notice when articles of more value were to be had, were now being gathered. Among other things, the gilt buttons on my waistcoat attracted the notice of one of the savages, and he must have them. The shortest way to get them

was to cut them off with his assegai. I must admit that I did not feel very comfortable with the sharp broad blade about my throat and breast; nevertheless, I submitted quietly. My mother having caught sight of the operation, and not knowing its object, but dreading the worst, interfered between me and the Kafir.

About midday there was a lull. The demoniac yells and shouts had ceased; there was no more plunder, and only about four or five armed Kafirs were prowling about the house to pick up anything which might have been overlooked, and I had left my post at the bed-room door, thinking that all danger was now past. One or two of the children had peeped out to see what had been done, all were getting tired of their confinement, when most injudiciously Mr. Kirkman walked out of the room. I heard a shout, "Here is Kirkman!" A rush was made at him by the Kafirs still in the house. One of them seized him by the throat, raised his arm to plunge an assegai into the good old man's heart; the blow was arrested; my mother had seized the uplifted weapon, and rushing between Kirkman and his assailant, pushed him away. Kirkman, who stood paralyzed, was thrust back into the room, and the door again closed upon him, and the Kafir retired, growling at his disappointment. After a while all the Kafirs left. We were again alone, and nothing occurred till evening, when it was decided that we should leave the station and proceed to Wesleyville. Our way lay for some distance through a hostile tribe, and it was deemed necessary to wait till darkness should favour our flight.

Preparations were now made for our departure; packets containing change of clothing were made up, and as soon as it was dark, we again knelt down together, thanksgivings were offered up for spared lives, with expressions of confidence that the Providence which had thus far preserved us would protect us to our journey's end. The prayer ended, we rose and left the mission-house.

The sad party consisted of my parents and six children, the youngest of whom was three years old, and Mr. and Mrs. Kirkman and two children. We had not proceeded far when we found that the bundles of clothing we carried were too much for us. The previous night's excitement and want of sleep, the fast during the day, for we had tasted nothing since breakfast, and the reaction after all the excitement, had so far weakened and exhausted us, that it was deemed necessary to cast away all encumbrances. All that we retained, and which we were not permitted to leave, were our Bibles—these we carried with us, and though now old and worn, are still preserved as mementos of the to us memorable scenes I have endeavoured to describe.

We had now a journey of thirty miles before us. Mr. Kirkman was weak and frail. Mrs. Kirkman had long suffered from ill health, and their youngest child was not more than four or five years of age. Under such circumstances our progress was slow and tedious, for it must be remembered that in those days there were no roads; and we

had to travel across country. Night seemed well advanced, and we were already weary, when we reached the Buffalo Drift, at the present site of Fort Murray, and were greatly refreshed by wading through the water. Here we passed by a large Kafir encampment. The camp-fires were burning brightly, and we heard the barking of their dogs.

I may here mention one of our party, whom I have not yet referred to, named Cadet, a black Newfoundland dog. This animal appeared quite to have appreciated and understood our position. As we moved along during the night, he kept the most vigilant watch—now in advance, then in the rear or on the sides—carefully inspecting every bush or place where a foe might lie concealed, never barking, but examining every suspicious object, often standing on his hind legs to get a better view. We feared he might betray us as we passed the Kafir camp, and bark in response to the Kafir dogs, but no sound came from him; and so for the whole night. On the previous night he had fought furiously with the robbers, sustaining severe blows from sticks and stones.

After getting well up the hill between Fort Murray and Mount Coke we laid down to rest for an hour under shelter of some bushes, Cadet meanwhile sitting at a short distance from us keeping watch. Proceeding on our journey we had got to the top of the hill near Mount Coke as the sun was rising. We had thus been the whole night in accomplishing a journey of nine or ten miles. Looking back from the high ground, we saw clouds of smoke arising from the station. The work of destruction was now complete—the station had been set on fire. In that fire perished a collection of information which my father had carefully gathered from every available source, and which at this period I deem a much greater loss than all the others then sustained.

The sun rose red and hazy with a fearful and insufferable blaze; the day was like one which is sometimes experienced when the heat at eight o'clock in the morning appears to have attained the oppressiveness of noon. We had felt the cravings of hunger during the cool of night, and the children cried for food; but now hunger was superseded by thirst; we were on the high land, and not a drop of water was to be had. My brother and I examined the kloofs to the right and left of the road; they were quite dry. As the sun ascended, the heat increased, and with it our thirst. The children cried for water. We had to take our turns in carrying the younger ones, and all were ready to drop with thirst. One after another wished to be left, as they could go no further. At first they were cheered by the promise that they would soon be at the Chalumna, and then they would get water; but as we crept wearily along the road, making little apparent progress, it seemed that the Chalumna would never be reached, and the prospect of getting water there was no longer able to stimulate exhausted nature to further efforts, and we sat down beneath the shade of some trees to rest. I need not follow our slow and weary

course to the river ; it was reached late in the afternoon, our burning thirst was quenched, and our troubles were forgotten for a while.

At the Chalumna we met some of the women who had fled two days before from the Buffalo. They hastily prepared us some food, and shortly before sunset we resumed our journey, greatly refreshed though still very weary. Soon after starting we fell in with a party of Tzatzoe's men, who had come to meet us. When they came up to us, my father said, "Let us kneel down and give thanks for our deliverance." Tzatzoe's men replied, "You can pray when you get to your journey's end ; there is no time now for prayer ; do you not see the enemy ?" (pointing out a large party of armed Kafirs coming towards us). However, the sacrifice of thanksgiving was offered up and joined in by full and grateful hearts, our escort meanwhile holding their assegais, listening to the prayer, and watching the enemy, who, before we rose from our knees, took a different direction. From this point in the cool of the evening, the children being carried, and the weary each supported by two stalwart natives, our journey was performed expeditiously, and at nine o'clock we halted at a Kafir village about a mile from Wesleyville. Here our wants were liberally and fully supplied with such food as the natives had. We all lay down in our clothes on the bare floor of the hut, and most of us did not awaken till the sun was high in the heavens on the following morning. All except myself appeared well and hearty the next morning, but I felt sore and stiff and feverish from the effects of thorns which I had got into my legs and feet in my flight and in crossing the high thorn fence—in the excitement of the two previous days I had not noticed the pain which must even then have been considerable.

Our next stage was a short one to Wesleyville. Here we were joyfully and kindly received by Mr. Dugmore, who was then packing up preparatory to leaving his station. The following day we left, now not on foot, but in a cart drawn by two oxen, which had been kindly placed at our disposal by Mr. R. Walker. The journey, first to the Beka and then on to Graham's Town, has incidents of its own, interesting enough to me but of no interest to others ; it is therefore not necessary to detail them ; and I would only add, that Mr. and Mrs. Kirkman died shortly after the events I have narrated. My brother fell during last war in the defence of his country. My parents, at a good old age, a short while since, within a year of each other, entered on their rest and their reward. I am now getting stiff and old, and am lame from a wound received in war twenty-two years since, and I feel that I would now have little hope of escape from an enemy, if escape depended on activity and fleetness of foot. The old house, repaired in 1837, was again burnt down in the war of 1846, after which it was found necessary to break down the walls which had twice been exposed to fire, and on the foundation stands the present Government-house in King William's Town. The peach tree into which I climbed to endeavour to ascertain the fate of my family is now no longer there,

and its old dry stump alone remains to mark the spot. The pomegranate bushes have now been trimmed into trees, and when my children last year gathered the ripe fruit from them, I told them that there I had found their grandmother and others who I had thought were dead. The deep pool along the river remains as of old, but the trees and shrubs which gave beauty to its margins and which afforded me a hiding place have disappeared, leaving now not even cover for a partridge. The old garden still remains with its pear, orange, and other trees, now nearly fifty years since they were planted there by my father's hand. The bush through which I fled has given place to the military reserve ; and where thirty-eight years since on the banks of the Buffalo, in the midst of gross darkness, lived a solitary missionary, now stands King William's Town, the third town in the Colony, with seven European churches and two Native chapels. What will the next thirty-eight years do ? My children may perhaps live to say.

Mabel's Story.

MY FRIEND, I thank you, but it cannot be.

I never thought to hear such words again ;

I never thought that any man would see

Beyond my faded face, which years and pain
Have worn and whitened, that I still had aught
Worth loving. But I cannot be your wife.

And much I wish that you had never sought

More than my heart can offer, for my life
Has been so sad and joyless that I cling

To your true friendship ; and there is not one
Whose kindly nature and strong soul can bring
Such rest unto my weary spirit, none

Whom more I trust and honour. Do you say

That is enough ? Ah, no ! believe me, no ;
Where lives are one, hearts should be one as they

I could not give my hand, and day by day
Feel that the love was wanting which alone

Makes marriage holy, or should make it so.

“ Who loved once, never loved at all,” *she* said

Whose love songs are the sweetest ever sung ;

But if the passion of our life is dead

And cannot be renewed ! tho' once it flung
A glory over all created things,

And dying left the world in shadow !—I

Loved once ; but now that memory only brings

Pity and wonder at such short-lived joy.

Some say that love makes idols for the heart
To fall and worship in its secret shrine,
Keeping the one most precious thing apart,
Making the human into the divine.
It was not so with me when Gerald Grey
Loved me and won my love ; I did not know
Till then what depth of feeling lay
Within my heart, as buds that sudden grow
To lovely flowers when smiled on by the sun ;
So I became more pitiful to grief,
To age more tender, and to those that shun
The careless eye, compassion or relief.
And nature was all glorious ; till that day
I ne'er had seen such beauty on the hills,
When the cloud shadows chased along in play,
Or caught the pleasant music of the rills,
Or heard with eyes bedimmed with happy tears
The love songs which the wood musician sings.
The glad heart every sound in nature cheers ;
Unto the sad alone it discord brings.

I think the whole world in that happy dream
Seemed full of Gerald. He was in my heart,
And everything I looked upon did seem
To give back of his graciousness a part.
So have you seen the yellow sunlight pour
Through painted windows, and the sombre ground
Would straight with glowing tints be flooded o'er,
Crimson, and gold, and purple all around.

And Gerald loved me. Ah ! he loved me well,
Whatever madness he was won to do :
When on my unsuspecting heart there fell
The blow that crushed it, his was broken too.

Some called him proud and passionate, one slow
An injury to forget ; deceit forgive.
I cannot tell if this was so. I know
His love and tenderness to me will live
Above all other memories in my heart.
Oh what a life of blessedness had been
Our lot if fate had forced us not apart,
Or poisonous tongues had never come between.

'Twas to the city he was called away
On a disputed will case. He should get,
He said with smiles, some news of me away.
His client was my cousin Margaret.

A thrill of dread went through me as I heard
These words; he saw the terror in my eyes,
And whispered many a fond and loving word;
But I was thinking if it would be wise
To warn him against Margaret. But then
She was a handsome woman, tall and fair;
And if we speak against a beauty, men
Think always we are jealous. He stood there
Looking so true, and loving me so well;
Why should I fear her? So I let him leave,
And said no word at all. I cannot tell—
It might have been as easy to deceive
His too believing nature had I tried
To sketch her character. I never knew
A girl like Margaret; she had a pride
In making what was false appear the true.
At school, 'twas her delight to plot and scheme,
Either for some advantage to be made,
Or to set friends at variance. It did seem
As if she could not eat her daily bread
Without intriguing. Think what she would be
When she was grown to stately womanhood,
With great blue eyes that said whatever she
Intended they should speak, and voice subdued
To low caressing tones that please the ear.
To me they always sounded false and thin,
And her great eyes were shallow, as the clear
Small pool a hollow shell within.
She had no heart, no conscience; did not care
For any pain to those she would deceive;
But when detected, said with careless air
She liked to see how much men would believe.

Ah me! my friend, to think my happiness
Was wrecked by such a thing, so full of guile!
I think I should have felt the sorrow less
Had she been nobler.

Let me pause awhile,
I seldom think about that time at all,
And now to speak of it brings back the pain
And fluttering of the heart which I may call
My many years companion. Nay, in vain
Shall I have said so much if I withhold
The rest. Fear not, it soon will pass away.
See how the clouds are tinged with living gold
That lie along the west, a sea of grey
They looked a minute since; so changes all.

I had one letter after Gerald went,
Full of the tenderest love in every line,
Then nothing ever more ; three times I sent
A wondering letter, but none answered mine.

One day, as with a careless eye I glanced
Along the columns of the "Morning News,"
Among the list of marriages, I chanced
On "Gerald Grey to Margaret de Rous."
I laughed aloud. 'Twas such a foolish thing,
For that it was a jest was plain to see.
My Gerald marry Margaret ! The King
Would just as soon have thought of marrying me.

I went to find his sister and my friend,
But when I saw her pitying face I knew
That all my fondest hopes were at an end.
With trembling lips I whispered "Is it true?"
She hid her face and wept. Without a word
I hurried to my mother. Strangely dead
To all impressions, I nor saw nor heard
And only longed to lay my heavy head
Upon her faithful breast, and speak no more.
I can remember nought that happened then :
The summer roses bloomed beside the door
When last the threshold I had crossed, but when
Again I passed, the roses all had died,
And yellow autumn leaves strewed all the ground.
Long weary weeks my mother watched beside,
Fearing for life, then dreading that the sound
Of Gerald's name might drive my struggling soul
Back into dull unconsciousness again.
I woke to recollection of the whole
And did not weep. I was too weak for pain
Of mind ; and then it seemed so long ago.
But as my strength increased, my sorrow grew
To bitter grief, and still I did not know
Why Gerald had been false and cruel too,
Until long afterwards, when home from sea
Came Willie, Margaret's brother. Long ago
Gerald had brought his wife home, but to me
She neither came nor sent. Why, you shall know.

Two days was Willie with them when he said
That he must visit Mabel. "I suppose,"
Said Gerald coldly, "you will soon be wed."
"Yes," answered Will, "my time of waiting grows
To a mere fraction now ; this voyage o'er,
Flora long promised to be my wife."

"Flora ! what Flora ? Is not Mabel Moore
 Pledged unto you ?" Then Willie, " All my life
 I have been fond of Mabel ; but more dear
 Is Flora, whom I hope to marry soon."
 Then with white face and stern drew Gerald near,
 And said with passion hoarse, " This shining moon
 Sees one of us a villain." "'Tis not I,"
 Said Will, " yourself, you best do know."
 Then from a little casket standing by
 Gerald drew forth a letter, long ago
 Written by me to Will, and to this line
 Pointing with trembling finger, " Do not fear
 That I shall change ; I promise to be thine."
 Then Willie laughed, " I know not how 'tis here,
 But we were children both when this was writ,
 And oft have laughed to think how different Fate
 Has planned our life to what we fashioned it."
 Then Gerald broke in roughly, " See the date."
 And Willie looked ; it was that very year.
 " Why," said he, grave at once, " What trick is this ?
 Where did you get the letter ? See you here
 The figures have been altered ; 'twas a miss
 If meant to injure me with Flora. Why
 This should have been I know not." Gerald heard
 And struck his hands together. " By a lie
 I have been fooled, and at a poisonous word
 Flung off the dearest, truest, and most kind
 That ever blest a man with wealth of love.
 Oh Mabel ! my lost Mabel ! mad and blind
 I ought to suffer ; but, my stricken dove,
 I pierced you to the heart !" Then Margaret came,
 With mocking malice shining in her eyes.
 " I heard you calling Mabel ; 'tis a name
 I thought you had forgotten ; you are wise
 Indeed to call upon your old love now."
 Then Gerald started up with eyes aflame,
 She saw the letter, saw his knitted brow,
 And knew her cheat was manifest. No shame
 Was hers ; she laughed and lightly said,
 " All's fair in love or war ; had your love been
 More strong for her, you would not have been here
 So soon to doubt her truth." Then in a keen
 Sharp voice of anguish, Gerald made reply,
 " *Because* I loved so much, I was so mad."
 And Margaret said, " Let past offences die,
 Forgive me for my little plot which had
 My happiness at stake, and I will be
 Jealous no more of Mabel." Then she came

Nearer, and would have taken his hand, but he
 Drew back and said with bitter scorn, his name
 Was hers, and all his wealth, but never more
 Forgiveness, or regard, or any trust.
 Willie, who had been silent, wondering o'er
 The words just spoken, said, "But if you must
 Have doubted Mabel, why wed Margaret,
 Not loving her?" Gerald no answer made.
 But she said mockingly, "My mind was set
 On marrying Gerald ; in his love betrayed,
 Or thinking he had been, he did not care
 Much for himself, and feared my heart would break ;
 And then she laughed, and with a careless air
 Went from the room.

My friend, there is not much more to be told.
 Sometimes I heard of Gerald as of one
 Devoted to his work, but stern and cold,
 Not mingling with his fellows. Once alone
 We met. I had been wandering on the shore
 And turning suddenly a jutting stone,
 Met Gerald face to face. Alas ! no more
 The perfect face and form which I had known :
 His cheeks were worn and haggard, and his eyes
 Hollow and dark : perchance in me he read
 The self-same signs, for pity and surprise
 Were in his looks. I would have turned and fled.
 "Forgive me, Mabel, oh forgive," he cried.
 I tried to speak, and could not, and the sun
 Seemed dark, and all the world beside
 Swimming around ; no word would come, not one.
 I bent my head and passed, but looking round
 Saw he had flung him down upon the sand,
 And pausing in my flight, I heard the sound
 Of stifled sobs. In all the world of woe
 There is no sound so pitiful to hear
 As a man's weeping, any man's ; but oh
 Those broken tears were Gerald's, still so dear.

I stood beside him, all my trembling gone,
 And my heart aching with a pity vast,
 For it was love and grief denied, in one.
 "Gerald," I said, "oh think not of the past.
 I do forgive, I have forgiven long,
 And I know all you suffered then ; and oh
 Do you forgive whatever fraud or wrong
 You may have had from *her*." Then bending low

In one swift moment in a mute caress,
I touched his hair and whispered a farewell,
With pale and trembling lips I tried to bless,
That the last word he heard from me might dwell
Like balm upon his spirit. Then I sped
Along the sands with loudly throbbing heart
And passionate rain of tears. I wildly said
That he was mine alone, why should we part
Who loved so well? That woman, who was she
To steal my love away,—mine, mine alone!
Yet all the time I knew that I should see
His face no more. This was the last wild moan.
My heart was tender, but my will was strong.
I told my mother all, and prayed her go
Where such chance meetings might not happen. Long
I suffered pain of heart, recovering slow.
We left that country far away, and came
Hither to dwell. Ah! friend, those tears forgive.
There is no love within my heart to blame.
But Gerald's fate was worse than mine,—to live
Always with one he loved not, nay despised.
As for my life, how passed, you, friend, have seen.
Not idly spent; the good I had I prized,
Nor vainly mourned for that which might have been:
But in my heart love never can arise
From the dead ashes where its image lies.

W. G.

Graham's Town.

Scientific Reasons for the Study of the Bushman Language.

BY W. H. I. BLEEK, PH. D.,

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THIRTY or forty years ago a philological knowledge of the Bushman language would have been a matter of a good deal of political importance in this Colony; for it would at once have decided the question brought into such loud and violent discussion by the publication of Dr. Philip's Researches, as to whether the Bushmen were originally Hottentots who had been robbed of their cattle by the Boers. A very slight knowledge of the two languages (Hottentot and Bushman) would at once have negatived this proposition. But the present attempt thoroughly to master the Bushman language, although it must be of benefit to those who will have to do with the Bushmen (a race who still hold the keys of that Interior beyond the

Orange River which is the unknown region of South Africa, and may, for all we know, be full of the richest treasures), has not been dictated by political, but by purely scientific motives. To understand this, it is necessary to throw a glance at the whole field of South African philological inquiry.

For the general science of comparative grammar, the languages spoken within or on the borders of this Colony are of the highest importance;—Kafir, as giving us the key to the great mass of kindred Negro (Prefix-pronominal) languages which fill almost the whole of South Africa, and extend at least as far to the north-west as Sierra Leone;—and Hottentot, as exhibiting the most primitive form known of that large tribe of languages which is distinguished by its Sex-denoting qualities, which fills North Africa, Europe, and part of Asia, which includes the languages of the most highly cultivated nations on earth, and which may be even of far greater extent than we have any idea of at present.

Whilst the languages to which the understanding of these two South African tongues gives us the best key comprise together about three-fifths of the languages known on earth, the remaining two-fifths are at present thrown together into one great class, mainly distinguished by its negative quality of not possessing the features belonging to either of the two other families. Both these families of languages, represented respectively in their most primitive forms by Kafir in the one case and by Hottentot in the other, possess classes of nouns originally dependent upon the concord of other parts of speech with certain portions of the nouns, *i. e.*, with the prefixes of the nouns in Kafir, and with the suffixes of the nouns in Hottentot. These classes of nouns had originally no reference to the distinctions of sex as observed in nature, but are purely grammatical; although natural distinctions, like that of sex, may have been later brought into some relation with them, as has been more or less done in the so-called Sex-denoting languages.

That large class of languages which, as yet, can neither be included among the Prefix-pronominal nor the Sex-denoting, is mainly distinguished by the characteristic of *not* possessing such grammatical classes (or genders) of nouns. The question now is, with regard to this great bulk of genderless languages, whether they have stripped off the grammatical genders (or grammatical classification of nouns based upon their concord), or whether they never possessed any. If the latter be the case, they must belong to a far earlier formation of language than either Kafir or Hottentot. If we want to solve this question, we must study those members of this genderless class of languages which appear to be least advanced in culture, and among these none is *primâ facie* scientifically more promising than the Bushman language.

The people speaking this language occupy the lowest known position with regard to civilization. By their want of all numerals beyond three, they show a low stage of mental arithmetical develop-

ment, only equalled, but not exceeded, by some Australian tribes. The Bushman language has the roughest and most difficult sounds met with in any known language on the face of the earth. Now, as it is a well-ascertained fact that the tendency in languages is always to throw off the sounds which are difficult of pronunciation, and to render the phonetical mechanism of the language smoother,—those languages which abound in uncouth and almost unpronounceable sounds must be presumed to have best retained the ancient phonetic features.

The clicking sounds are also met with in Hottentot, although there neither as numerous nor of as frequent employment; and this, together with a similarity in certain words in both languages, has led people to believe that these languages are nearly related to each other. This assumption is dispelled by a closer study, which shows that the grammatical structure of each of these two languages is entirely different. Yet this does not exclude the possibility that—like English and Latin, which are, notwithstanding their now entirely different grammatical arrangement, descended from one mother—Bushman and Hottentot may also have sprung from one source, at some very distant period. The solution of this question will probably not only throw light upon the origin of a good many of those languages now included in the genderless (or, as Professor Max Müller calls it, Turanian) class of languages, but will also elucidate early stages in the formation of language, and lay bare most primitive methods of structural arrangement and modes of thought.

And, if we leave out of question the great difference in the structure of the two languages, there is *prima facie* evidence of the probability of a common origin of the Bushman and Hottentot languages in the outward aspect of the two races, in many of their habits and customs, and, lastly, in their mythologies. Yet how both nations, if derived from a common stock, have become so dissimilar in their language, or how, if not related to each other, they have exerted so much mutual influence, can only be discovered by a careful comparison of the two languages, based upon a most intimate knowledge of each. Here a thorough knowledge of the Bushman language is an indispensable necessity for the future student of early South African history,—a history which precedes by many ages the written records, as well as the stone implements, to which the present study of prehistoric times is now mainly directed. “From the facts brought to light by Comparative Philology and Ethnology, a knowledge can be gained—superior in its certainty to that of the historical record—of the descent and mixture of the different nations inhabiting South Africa, their consanguinity with and influence upon each other, their gradual breaking up into several tribes, or the confluence of different tribes into one powerful nation,” &c.*

All South African philological and historical inquiry would be incomplete without a thorough understanding of Bushman. It is not as if Bushman were more important than either Kafir or Hottentot; but whilst missionary labours have furnished us with plenty of means for a knowledge of both of the latter languages, nothing but a short and very defective vocabulary has been the fruit of missionary work among the Bushmen. I had long hoped that some Society would take up this work, and whilst benefiting the Bushmen, also fill up this great gap in our philological knowledge of South Africa. But as there appeared to be no real prospect of the work being done in this manner, and as the Bushmen in this Colony seemed to be rapidly dying out, I thought that it was not right to neglect an opportunity which had offered itself for preserving what I could of the language and literature of this curious people. If I had not thought it of the highest importance to do this, I should not have deferred for its sake that work which is the main object of my life, the *Comparative Grammar of South African Languages*,—a work which I wished to proceed with as quickly as possible, but which has had to be laid aside for a time for the sake of these Bushman studies. I am glad to say that the Government, appreciating the importance of these studies, has given me every necessary facility, and has helped me with the expenses incurred by me in making them. The grants made for this purpose have been asked for, not as a reward for my labours, but merely in repayment of expenses which I am myself unable to afford.

I will now, in a few lines, put together the main points why Bushman studies are of primary importance.

Three kinds of Native languages are spoken within the borders of this Colony—

1. Kafir, belonging to the great family of Prefix-pronominal languages, which fill almost the whole of South Africa, and extend to the north-west at least as far as Sierra Leone;

2. Hottentot, the only known South African member of the very extensive Sex-denoting family which has spread itself over North Africa, Europe, and a great part of Asia;

3. Bushman, relationship unknown as yet, presenting outward features of the so-called genderless (or, as Max Müller calls it, Turanian) class, if related to Hottentot, so exceedingly metamorphosed as to be more different from it in its structure than English is from Latin; yet very primitive in its uncouth sounds and in certain structural features, whilst many others are evidently the result of processes of contraction, and of strong grammatical and phonetical changes, the explanation of which leads us back far into the former history of this original language. Mythology and many habits and customs of Bushmen are akin to those of the Hottentot race, &c.

Whilst in Kafir and the kindred languages of Setshuana and Otyihereró, as well as in Hottentot, a large amount of missionary literature exists, there is next to nothing in Bushman, and if this

language, and its very curious literature, is not to vanish almost unknown, the work must be done now. These have been my reasons for undertaking it, difficult as it was. As to the results, one can never predict those of any scientific work ; but although they are frequently very different from what one expects when one begins the work, yet in most instances they greatly exceed in real importance one's most sanguine expectations. This is especially the case in South Africa ; and from what I can at present see, I have no reason to doubt but that this will certainly be the case with regard to Bushman studies. The traditionary literature of this nation which has been collected has already proved far richer than our wildest imagination could have anticipated, and will throw an unexpected light upon the primitive stages of the mental life of nations of our own near kindred.

Serenade.

Good night, Love, good night, Love ; the mountains are sleeping
In silent repose on the breast of the lake ;
The bright stars above us are drowsily peeping,
While Beauty is sleeping, and Love roves awake.
Tho' dark be the shades in the forest before me,
And drearily echoes the wild dog's fierce whine,
Thy smile like a sunbeam still lingereth o'er me,
I hear but the tones of that sweet voice of thine.

Good night, Love, good night ; may sweet dreams fill thy slumbers,
And angels keep watch o'er the couch of thy rest.
Ah ! is there no charm in the music of numbers,
To waken, responsive, the love of thy breast ?
Yet, yet is it sweet, in the silence unbroken
To pour forth my sighs in the dew-laden air,
To murmur the love kept concealed and unspoken,
The love, the devotion, thou deign'st not to share.

B. M. R.

A Dagger Scene in the Old Political Council.

“Is this a dagger that I see before me?”—*Macbeth*.

THERE is an interesting manuscript in the possession of Mr. Jacobus le Sueur, of St. John's-street, describing a “scene” in the Executive Council in the days of Governor van de Graaff. Before giving the contents of the document it may be well to prove its authenticity.

It purports to be a declaration by Wm. F. van Reede van Oudtshoorn, made at the Cape of Good Hope on the 21st April, 1792. Over the signature is the word “getd.” (signed), which rendered it somewhat doubtful whether this was not merely a copy made by a clerk at a later date; but on comparing the manuscript with that of the Records of 1790—92 it appears that not only is the signature that of Baron van Oudtshoorn, but that the body of the instrument is in his handwriting.

If further evidence of its being a genuine copy by Van Oudtshoorn himself of an original probably forwarded to Holland were required, it may be found in the fact that the watermark on the paper is identical with that on the Records of 1790—92, viz., the Dutch lion rampant, with the words “Pro Patria” over the sceptre. The paper, though of the same texture with that of the Government documents, appears to have been made by a different manufacturer, for whereas that on which the “Thus done” of the Political is inscribed containing the initials of “J. H. en Zoonen,” our document bears the letters “G. R.” surmounted by a coronet or some such device, which is so far satisfactory as showing that Baron van Oudtshoorn, though a member of the Government, had his own stock of stationery for his private use.

The declaration runs thus:

“I, the undersigned, William Ferdinand van Reede van Oudtshoorn, member of the Political Council and Comptroller (*Dispenccies*) in the Government of the Cape of Good Hope, induced thereto, both by the request of the Cellar-master and my fellow-member in the said Council, Mr. Jacobus Johannes le Sueur, as well as by the love of truth, do declare—as true,

“That when at the Council meeting of the 2nd of July, 1790, warm disputes had taken place as to the suspending of a certain resolution and the annulling of another, both of which had been carried by the majority of votes duly and legally taken, His Excellency the Governor, Cornelis Jacob van de Graaff, cast in the teeth of those members of the Council who had constituted the majority that they were endeavouring to create cabals amongst the rest, and appeared to be striving to attack the authority entrusted to him, and to snatch the reins of Government out of his hands.

“That thereupon the Hon'ble le Sueur requested the said Governor that he would be pleased to refrain from making such serious charges against them, as he had already done on a previous

occasion. That the undersigned having in the meanwhile entered into conversation with the two secretaries with regard to the drafting of both the aforesaid resolutions, then heard his said Excellency the Governor ask the aforesaid Hon'ble le Sueur, 'What do you say—that I am a scoundrel (*schurk*)?' and thereto was answered, 'That I say not, noble Sir, but that I myself would be a scoundrel, and unworthy of occupying this chair, could such an accusation be proved against me;' and thereupon His Excellency the Governor replied, 'Sir, I shall have something more to say to you upon this matter.'

"That after the business had been finished, His Excellency the Governor several times called out to Mr. le Sueur to follow His Excellency to one of the neighbouring apartments.

"That thereupon the door of that apartment having been locked, a violent dispute was heard taking place by the assembled members of the Council who were still present, without their being able to comprehend the purport thereof.

"That shortly after the door was suddenly burst open by Mr. le Sueur, and His Honour having with difficulty—for he was held back by His Excellency the Governor, who had hold of his coat—got back in a very discomposed state into the Council Chamber, His Honour related to the Councillors that His Excellency the Governor had so far forgotten himself that Mr. le Sueur had in that apartment given him a challenge. That then His Excellency the Governor also having made his appearance, after some conversation as to what had taken place, drew his dagger and attacked the aforesaid Mr. le Sueur with such violence, that he had barely time to defend himself with his cane until he had the good fortune to seize His Excellency the Governor's dagger with his left hand, when he found himself exposed to the blows of His Excellency's cane, which were responded to with similar blows of his cane by Mr. le Sueur, until by reason of His Excellency the Governor constantly pressing forward with his naked weapon, Mr. le Sueur had the misfortune to stumble over one of the chairs standing at the end of the table, and fell across it, the consequence of which was that His Honour (Mr. le Sueur) was obliged to relinquish his hold on the dagger which he had hitherto grasped, and Mr. le Sueur would most certainly at that moment have fallen a sacrifice to the further violence of His Excellency the Governor had not His Honour Mr. Rhenius, who was standing nearest to them, rushed forward and forcibly held His Excellency the Governor's dagger, whereby His Honour (Mr. Rhenius) also received a slight wound between the thumb and the forefinger.

"The whole of this my aforesaid statement being the pure and perfect truth, I am at all times ready, when so required, to confirm the same by a solemn oath.

"Cape of Good Hope, the 21st April, 1792.

"(Sigd.) W. F. VAN REEDE VAN OUDTSHOORN."

Mr. Jacobus le Sueur, who is the grandson of the Johannes Jacobus le Sueur referred to above, besides the document in question, has also in his possession the cane with which his ancestor defended himself on the 2nd July, 1790. It is a Malacca, with a massively solid gold head, and was brought from Holland by the first Le Sueur, who came to the Cape as a clergyman of the Dutch Reformed Church. The cane is distinctly marked with several cuts, probably made by Van de Graaff's dagger.

On searching the Records of the Executive Council, they are found to bear out the "declaration" for Vol. I of 1790 contains a Minute to the following effect :

"Tuesday, 27th April, 1790.—In the forenoon, all present excepting Messrs. Gordon, Le Sueur, and De Wet (by reason of illness). The Governor communicates that His Excellency immediately after the unfortunate stranding of the little brig *Helena Louisa* in this harbour had ordered the Shipping-master to proceed in the matter in all respects as he deemed would best serve the interests of the East India Company, until the Governor shall have consulted the Administrator-General (Hoofd-Administrateur) as to what steps should be taken to stow the cargo, and that His Excellency had, with the concurrence of the said Hoofd-Administrateur (J. N. J. van Lynden), appointed a committee consisting of the Captains Christiaan van Veerden, François Duminy, Jan Kraay, and Klaas Keuken, accompanied by the chief ship-carpenter here, Meindert van Eyk, as well as the ship-carpenters of the other vessels in the Bay, viz., of the *Duyffe*, *Herre Johans*, *Pieter de Boere*, and *Hendrik Koopman*, to go on board the ship *Helena Louisa*, and under the supervision of the Shipping-master, Cornelis Cornelisz, to inspect what damage the ship had sustained, and report whether she could be repaired so as to proceed to Holland. The report of the committee is appended, and sets forth that the state of the ship is such as to make it very doubtful whether she can be rendered seaworthy, and moreover they foresee great difficulty in hauling her off the beach."

"From which report," says the marginal abstract of the subsequent proceedings, "it appearing that the preservation of the said ship *Helena Louisa* was rendered very doubtful, and that the expenses that would be incurred by the East India Company would be considerable, yet in order to make quite certain as to this point, it was resolved, upon the motion of Councillor Rhenius, that Councillors Jacobus Johannes le Sueur and William Ferdinand van Reede van Oudtshoorn be appointed to consult with the aforesaid committee about the arrangements and means of hauling the said ship off the beach."

Hinc illæ lachrymæ! Here was the head and front of their offending.

My Lord the Governor, invested with all the power and dignity that his Lords and Masters (Heere-Meesters), the Council of Seventeen, as well as the High Council of India, could bestow, had deemed proper to appoint a certain committee, and now here in his very den was he to be bearded by a resolution overhauling and amending

his *fat*! Appended to Governor Van de Graaff's signature to the Minutes of the 27th April, 1790, is the following note or protest :

"With regard to the little ship *Helena Louisa* many discussions and differences having arisen in the Council, which caused considerable dissensions amongst the members, it was deemed right to send informations and reports relative to this matter to the highly-esteemed Lords and Masters (Council of Seventeen), as well as to the High Indian Council ; and this having happened now fully three years ago, having no accurate recollection of everything that took place, nor knowing to what extent the Minutes made with regard to that subject are in accordance with the advice and votes of the members thereupon, the abovesigned agrees to the above resolutions, with exception only of that relating to the *Helena Louisa*. Dated 29th October, 1793."

This note was made exactly three years and a half. after the proceedings recorded in the Minute of Tuesday, the 27th April, 1790 ; which shows that though Van de Graaff ceased to be Governor in 1790 (he being then succeeded by Rhenius), yet he was in the Colony more than three years thereafter.

The members of the Executive in 1790 were the Governor, and Councillors Gordon, Commander of the Forces, Oloff Gotlieb de Wet, President of the Court of Justice, Johannes Jacobus le Sueur, Cellar-master, Rhenius, Fiscal, William Ferdinand van Reede van Oudtshoorn, Comptroller-General, and J. N. J. van Lynden, who, as we have already seen, was Administrator-General (Hoofd-Administrateur).

Now at the meeting of the 27th April, De Wet, Le Sueur, and Gordon were absent, the latter being in fact in a chronic state of absenteeism, for all the Minutes of that time, when stating the names of those present, refer to Gordon as "dempto." It follows, therefore, that the members present consisted of the Governor, Van Lynden, Rhenius, and Van Oudtshoorn ; and that the motion of Rhenius appointing Van Oudtshoorn and Le Sueur to consult with the Governor's "Marine" Committee must have been carried with, at all events, the tacit concurrence of His Excellency and Van Lynden. Its atrocity could therefore not have struck them till afterwards ; and so we find that not till Tuesday, the 11th of May, a fortnight after, do they give any sign of dissent. On that day Van Lynden hands in a long and verbose protest against the said resolution, objecting to it, among others, upon the grounds that the Governor was not bound to follow the decision of the majority of the Council, but merely to take their opinion and follow their advice in case he in his wisdom should deem it consistent with the interests of his Lords and Masters (Heeren-Meesters), and that, moreover, the majority who supported the motion of Rhenius were all related to each other by marriage ! (which was to some extent the case). In conclusion, Van Lynden protests that he does not feel himself bound by any such resolution, for he held a higher duty

to perform, which was to serve the highly-esteemed East India Company (hear ! hear ! Councillor van Lynden).

It may be as well to remark here, by way of explanation of this gushing protest, that Councillor van Lynden was a Hollander born, a mere creature of Van de Graaff's, and that he shortly afterwards became so unpopular that he was constrained to shake the South African dust from off his feet, and retire to his native land.

His protest was met by Councillors De Wet, Le Sueur, and Van Oudtshoorn both individually and collectively handing in their answering protests ; and there the matter rested for that day (11th May), though we may well imagine how, when matters had come to this pass, the parties to the dispute were beginning to regard each other with lowering brows and tightening jaws.

Then came the memorable Friday, the 2nd July, 1790, when the Governor at once opened the ball by again mooted the vexed question of the *Helena Louisa* Committee. The debate waxed loud and fierce,—*how* fierce the Minutes, calmly adhering to official facts, do not state ; merely recording that in the course of the discussion Mr. Le Sueur stated his opinion that “ a decision well and lawfully taken could not again be brought under discussion.”

But William Ferdinand van Reede van Oudtshoorn, in his declaration, the translation of which has been given above, does tell us to what lengths the contention was carried, and what a narrow escape the Cellar-master had from falling a victim to His Excellency's “ further violence.” The fact that the words “ a decision well and lawfully taken,” &c., used by the Baron in his declaration, are identical with those contained in the official report of “ the two secretaries,” may fairly be regarded as internal evidence, not only of the accuracy of his statements, but of their “ pure and perfect truthfulness.”

* * * * *

The days of Governor Cornelis van de Graaff were days of trouble, and the times were out of joint. To kings, governors, and rulers everywhere the lines were *not* falling in pleasant places. It is of that period that Carlyle writes, “ What sounds are these borne over the Atlantic—muffled, ominous, new in our centuries ? Boston Harbour is black with unexpected tea : behold a Pennsylvanian Congress gather ; and ere long on Bunker Hill Democracy announcing in rifle volleys, death-winged, under her Star Banner, to the tune of Yankee-doodle-doo, that she is born, and whirlwind-like will envelope the whole world ! ” The political atmosphere had become electric, and grown sultry and oppressive. The storm-clouds, long gathering over France, had burst at last, and the thunderbolts of that tempest that swept over her had indeed purified the air and set free much of the ozone of liberty, fraternity, equality, but had also, alas ! scattered ruin and desolation around her beautiful valleys. And even as far away as this Southern Cape, men heard the hundred-voiced echoes of that baleful storm, and saw on the distant horizon the lurid reflection of those forked flashes. Our little

Colony too was beginning to stir with those confusions and incongruities which preceded the birth of a new political life. The "list of the accusations against the Cape Government," framed in 1779, had been forwarded to Holland in charge of delegates Van Reenen, Artoys, Roos, and Heyns. The burghers of the "colony" of Swellendam, under the direction of a "turbulent fellow" named Louis A. Pisanie, had removed their landdrost, expelled the captain of cavalry named De Jager, and declared the Republic! And finally here we find Rhenius, Le Sueur, Van Oudtshoorn, and De Wet (Africans all) asserting their right to exercise a legitimate and constitutional influence in the political counsels of the land.

The sway of the Seventeen at the Cape was fast drawing to a close, and in 1790, the year in which Van de Graaff received orders to resign his appointment, the three Commissioners sent by the Stadtholder arrived from Holland, and—a consummation devoutly to be wished—came to wind up the affairs of that Company whose monopoly had so long, in our corner of the world as in others, destroyed commerce, repressed industry, and enslaved free citizens. In his history of the Colony from its discovery, Mr. Wilmot says:—"If we can believe the statements of a contemporary writer (Neethling), Governor Van de Graaff was an energetic and able ruler, whose exertions for the defence and prosperity of the Colony were thoroughly unappreciated by the Company." The incident related in this article may go far towards proving the Governor's energy and ability, but when it took the shape of slitting his Councillors' weasands, *they*, at least, could hardly be expected to appreciate His Excellency's exertions.

F. R.

Charades.*

No. I.

It flies the chambers Pomp and Luxury gild,
 To fill the prison-cells that tyrants build,
 It lurks in forests where the sun ne'er shines,
 Or in recesses of the deepest mines—
 Sister to Chaos. It reigned o'er the earth,
 Ere sun or moon or planet yet had birth.
 Mysterious, unknown, like some vast sea
 'Twill flow o'er worlds will then have ceased to be,
 When Time's last waves have rolled into Eternity.

* The solutions to these will appear in our next.

No. II.

My riddle begins where the novelist stops,
 Namely, when to his true love some gentleman pops.
 Her probable answer I'll give, but must mask
 In this fractional way: Take three-fourths of a task,
 And write out large, and clear, on your paper or slate;
 Then two-sevenths of mystery (a thing that I hate)
 And then you must get just two-thirds of a Pat,
 And two-sixths of a Palace must add unto that.
 This arranged, and divided and properly read,
 Was the answer you got from the lady you wed.

No. III.

At eve, when flow'rs their odours shed,
 My first seem ringing in my head,
 And then I press unto my heart
 My next, which when we last did part
 My whole bestowed in magic braid,
 Vowing to keep the troth she'd made.

No. IV.

Man's ready malice makes me still
 The deadly agent of his will,
 My harden'd nature, hollow heart,
 Fit me to take the tyrant's part.

No. V.

"Oh!" I sigh'd leaning back in my lonely chair,
 "Oh! when will my first who my second must wear
 "Come hither, my bachelor breakfast to share,
 "With bright smiles dispersing all sorrow and care?"

Then I stopped my sad sighs with a slice of fresh roll,
 And sweeten'd my tea from the brown sugar bowl;
 But all thoughts of my first fled like mist from my soul
 When the waiter came in with my nicely broiled whole.

No. VI.

My first I love with all my soul
 (Unless my first should prove my whole);
 To take it with my first is reckoned
 Unlucky omen for my second.

George Eliot.

II.

AS A POET.

IT is a peculiarity of the present age that the advanced thinkers are as much out of the reach of the unthinking and uneducated as those of the darkest of the Dark Ages were out of the reach of the few preserves of the sacred fire of real knowledge. The present is essentially a revolutionary and at the same time an orderly era—one of close scrutiny and precision in speculation and in science. The old ignorances and prejudices of the world are being rapidly swept together into the ash-pit of things unclean and unwholesome, and in their place are erected the real and enduring. It requires no very high order of mind to be a casuist, such as the Escobars and De Moines immortalized in the "Provincial Letters." Dialectical subtlety is only puzzling to the superficial and inattentive. On the other hand, the subtleties of scientific thought and scientific exposition require for their clear comprehension something of the capacity of the thinker and expositor himself. This accounts for the peculiarity mentioned in the first paragraph of this paper. The writers of the day who are destined to be regarded hereafter as the intellectual glory of the age are known to the masses in but a dim fashion, or not known at all. Nothing is more significant of this than the popular estimation of such English writers as Darwin, Professor Bain, and Herbert Spencer. The first of these names is associated in many minds with some absurd hypothesis about the development of human beings out of an inferior class of animals—on the face of it a profane, atheistical, and ridiculous notion, which the least educated is able to refute and the dullest to laugh to scorn! Professor Bain and Herbert Spencer are not known even by name to one out of a dozen "educated English gentlemen," and where their names are known, their works excite profound interest in the minds only of a few, the rest understanding little about the matter, and caring less. The gulf which separates the people from this class of philosophical speculators separates them also, though naturally in a smaller degree, from those novelists and poets who, in their spheres, form the literary complement of the grave and more elaborate expositors of philosophic truth. Whilst Herbert Spencer (using his name symbolically) is busy demonstrating the physical basis of psychological phenomena, George Eliot, applying his results, is tracking through the medium of Art actions to their motive springs; is weighing the influence of blood-inheritance upon the life of each individual of us; is laying bare the unconscious growth and workings of our emotional and intellectual being; is unravelling the whole net-work of human passions. She takes the torch out of the hands

of the abstract philosopher, and reveals to our spiritual eyes an ideal world constructed upon sternly scientific principles, as like the real around us as the reflection of a face in a mirror. It is the final test of the correctness of the deductions of the philosophers; for if their theories failed in practical demonstration, they would be worse than useless—they would be mischievous. It is, after all, the practical test of comparison and application which mostly determines the truth or falsity of all theory. George Eliot first accepts the results of scientific investigation and works upon them as a basis for the construction of her artistic edifices. There is not one character of her creation which, life-like as all her characters are, could not be shown to have been thus consciously elaborated according to the demonstrated laws of physical and psychical phenomena, and to be in closest harmony with the latest generalizations of philosophy. Nor does she debase the functions of her art or force it into unnatural or uncongenial spheres. Artistic harmony and perfection are ever before her. She has not reasonably laid herself open to the criticism made in the last century upon the French sculptors, namely, that upon their artistic work there was too obtrusive an indication of anatomical study. The sculptor deals with the outer form of man; the novelist and poet with the inner or spiritual form; and whilst neither the one nor the other—the objective or subjective—was ever perfectly or even approximately represented true to nature without close and accurate study of the figure imitated, it is undoubtedly no function of Art to represent mere anatomical diagrams or models, such as adorn the dissecting-rooms and lecture-halls of hospitals. Art should be true to nature, not merely in barren detail, but also in its wider and higher sweep; in its broader and nobler aspects; in its deeper and more mystical phases. Art should not merely copy Nature but interpret it. Here Art and Science join hands and stand together upon common ground, mutually aiding and supplementing one another. They become antagonistic only when forced out of their just and proper domains into those of some other of the federated provinces embraced within the limits of Universal Philosophy. Here George Eliot takes up her position, and respecting equally the claims of Science and Art, translates for us the hieroglyphics on the wall—interprets to us the mystical manner and meaning of our being. Is it surprising how little community of sentiment exists between the leaders of the present age and the multitude, or even between the multitude and the interpreter of those leaders? On the contrary, it has ever been so. Gradually the public mind will be educated to tutor itself in the school of thought wherein George Eliot teaches, herself sitting at the feet of the philosophical masters of the period, reverentially repeating their lessons to all such as choose, without money or without price, to enter in and become partakers of the kingdom of truth.

It is in order intelligibly to introduce my reading of George Eliot's character as Poet, that I have written this rather long introductory

assertation. Here I would beg the reader to call to mind his impression of Tennyson. The same causes which operate to render Mrs. Gaskell and Charles Kingsley more popular as novelists than George Eliot render the poetry of Tennyson, with its dainty step and graceful figure—its “femineness,” as it has been called—better known and more widely appreciated than that of the robust Robert Browning and George Eliot. In their hands a higher evolution of the poetic art has revealed itself. Tennyson, it is true, at times strikes a chord of profound symphony; at times, in a kind of reflex way, he gives forth an odour of scientific thought. This, however, is merely the accident of temporary association; and the scientific spirits, the sympathetic and systematic insight into the hidden depths of human nature, do not naturally belong to him any more than to his admirers. His average range of thought and execution is the delineation of a bloodless abstraction like King Arthur, or the artistic development of a mystical idea as “In Memoriam.” How different the impression left upon the mind by a study of the poetry of George Eliot! In all the writings of this authoress, it is noticeable that she never writes merely because her fingers itch. She writes ever with deliberate purpose and in deliberate manner, having something to say, and saying it as well as she can. There are no such trifles in her works as “Claribel,” “Lilian,” “Isabel,” “Mariana,” “Madeline,” “Adelmine,” “Oriana,” and a number more, the names of which alone are sufficient criticism and condemnation.

Let us, however, proceed to a more minute examination of some of the characteristics of George Eliot's poetry. And first, “The Spanish Gipsy.” In its external structure it is entitled to high rank as a work of art: regarded in its deeper and more permanent features, as an attempt to unravel the psychological difficulties presented by the subject, it stands unrivalled, perhaps in modern times. The semi-narrative, semi-dramatic form was, no doubt, chosen as affording greater scope for the treatment of the delicate and involved emotional and moral problems which it is the special purpose of the poem to deal with. Our first feeling in reference to a new work is naturally curiosity as to its general scope, meaning, and execution. This curiosity satisfied we turn, and, if “the game is worth the candle,” return to a deliberate examination of its component parts. On a first perusal “The Spanish Gipsy” fails, by reason of its very profundity and elaborateness, to impress the mind with its true value. The more closely it is searched into, analyzed, and pondered over, the more richly are our pains rewarded. In this poem, George Eliot appears to have resolved to bring her powers to the touchstone of extremest trial. Fedalma, a Gipsy maiden, with whom Don Silva, a noble Spaniard, is in love, is the heroine of the poem. She reciprocates her lover's passion after the manner of her nature, a nature delighting in the physical pleasure of living, sensitive to all external beauty, not racked or troubled with a doubting soul or inquisitive brain, loving Don Silva, therefore, because he loves her,

and it is pleasant to be loved because he is young, handsome, noble, and brave. He came to her and wooed her, and she opened her heart to him as naturally as an azalea opens to the sun. Don Silva's nature is very different to this. The best account of it that can be given is the author's own, as follows :—

Silva had doffed his mail, and with it all
 The heavier harness of his warlike cares,
 He had not seen Fedalma ; miser-like
 He hoarded through the hour a costlier joy
 By longing oft repressed. Now it was earned ;
 And with observance wonted he would send
 To ask admission. Spanish gentlemen
 Who wooed fair dames of noble ancestry
 Did homage with rich tunics and slashed sleeves
 And outward-surging linen's costly snow ;
 With brodered scarf transverse, and rosary
 Handsomely wrought to fit high-blooded prayer ;
 So hinting in how deep respect they held
 That self they threw before their lady's feet.
 And Silva—that Fedalma's rate should stand
 No jot below the highest, that her love
 Might seem to all the royal gift it was—
 Turned every trifle in his mien and garb
 To scrupulous language, uttering to the world
 That since she loved him he went carefully,
 Bearing a thing so precious in his hand.
 A man of high-wrought strain, fastidious
 In his acceptance, dreading all delight
 That speedy dies and turns to carrion :
 His senses much exacting, deep instilled
 With keen imagination's difficult needs ;—
 Like strong-limbed monsters studded o'er with eyes,
 Their hunger checked by overwhelming vision,
 Or that fierce lion in symbolic dreams
 Snatched from the ground by wings and new-endowed
 With a man's thought-propelled relenting heart,
 Silva was both the lion and the man ;
 First hesitating shrank, then fiercely sprang,
 Or having sprung, turned pallid at his deed
 And loosed the prize, paying his blood for nought.
 A nature half-transformed, with qualities
 That oft bewrayed each other, elements
 Not blent but struggling, breeding strange effects,
 Passing the reckoning of his friends or foes.
 Hearty and generous, grave and passionate ;
 With tidal moments of devoutest awe,
 Sinking anon to farthest ebb of doubt ;
 Deliberating even, till the sting
 Of a recurrent ardour made him rush
 Right against reasons that himself had drilled
 And marshalled painfully. *A spirit framed*
Too proudly special for obedience,
Too subtly pondering for mastery :
 Born of a goddess with a mortal sire,
 Heir of flesh-fettered, weak divinity,
 Doom-gifted with long resonant consciousness
 And perilous heightening of the sentient soul.

But look less curiously : *life itself*
May not express us all, may leave the worst,
And the best too, like tunes in mechanism
Never awakened.

This is the love and the manner of his loving. We behold him in love's first spring-tide, loving with all the proud passionateness of his proudly passionate disposition a girl whom he knows it will be more than distasteful for his friends that he should marry,—one who

Bears the marks
 Of races unbaptised, that never bowed
 Before the holy signs, were never moved
 By stirrings of the sacramental gifts"—

one of the race of the despised Zincali. Their opposition, however, but whets his passion and resolution to marry her. Stolen whilst yet an infant from her parents, Fedalma has been brought up in the house of Don Silva's mother. She is shortly to be made his bride. On the very afternoon, however, that the reader is first introduced to Don Silva, her Gipsy instincts have been so moved by the outdoor sights, the bright weather, and, above all, the music of a company of strolling players and dancers, that she has, with unpremeditated but irresistible impulse, struggled through the crowd and herself danced in a public place. The scene that follows between herself and Don Silva to be appreciated must be studied. It is too long to be transferred bodily to these pages. The transition of Don Silva's feelings from deep woundedness and astonishment, as when she admits that she has danced and he exclaims :

O God, it's true then !—true that you,
 A maiden nurtured as rare flowers are,
 The very air of heaven sifted fine
 Lest any mote should mar your purity,
 Have flung yourself out on the dusty way
 For common eyes to see your beauty soiled !
 You own it true—you danced upon the Praça ? "

—to the tender, half-pitying, half-reproachful, full-loving speeches he makes to her in the end, constitute one of those happy illustrations of character which belong to genius alone to represent. The direct simplicity of Fedalma's words and manner, and the impetuous flux and reflux of sensations undergone by Don Silva, gleam in the effect of contrast, as a diamond against a black velvet, and render plain to us more of their respective characters than could be conveyed by the most minute description.

Difficult and powerful as this scene is, it is yet surpassed by a later one, between Fedalma and her unexpectedly discovered father, Zarca, the Zincali chief. Here we reach the heart of the poem. Everything turns upon the influence of blood-inheritance, and the conviction that duty demands and justifies a sacrifice involving destruction of the happiness alike of Fedalma herself and also of her betrothed, Don Silva. Zarca's appeals, arguments, inducements, are

all based upon the necessity imposed upon her as a Zincoli. Gradually, by persuasion, invective, command; by the power of moral supremacy, a stronger nature binding and breaking down a weaker; by the excitement caused in her nature, latent instincts fanned into living flame, innate cravings for the freedom of her ancestors, asserting their mastery; gradually, she is *forced to resolve* that she will abandon her lover and attach herself to her father's tribe. She justifies to herself each slackening of her resolution to cleave to the life in which she has been brought up, and finally, when she can no longer retain a vestige of a grip upon her past mode of life, exclaims:

I will go!
 Father, I choose! I will not take a heaven
 Haunted by shrieks of far off misery:
 This deed and I have ripened with the hours;
 It is a part of me—a wakened thought
 That, rising like a giant, masters me
 And grows into a doom.

The interest of the story itself, as remarked, is altogether subordinate to the analytic probings of the soul for the roots of actions. That Fedalma eloped with her father—that Don Silva followed her, renounced his faith and joined her father's tribe, in order that he might have her renewed consent to become his wife—that he killed Zarca—that Fedalma would not then marry him—that they parted—is almost childishly simple, and is surpassed every day by amateur novelists in the *Family Herald* and *Young Ladies' Journal*, for striking coincidences, strained complications, and impossible rectifications, with the further advantage to the amateurs of *their* stories mostly ending satisfactorily, as with the marriage of the lovers, the rewarding of virtue, and the castigation of vice. What is important in this poem is what we are told concerning Don Silva's sensations on learning his loss, and how "free will" (as commonly understood) had nothing to do with his subsequent movements, any more than it had to do with Fedalma's movements, both being compelled to act as they did, not from free choice, but by the necessities of their respective natures. What is also important, though not so important, is that this lesson is beautified, illuminated, made attractive and soothing to the senses by a poetic art, so consummate that it is only by lifting this golden canopy completely off that we behold the secret mystery enclosed in it. We might with profit dwell through many pages more upon the beauties, the artistic and philosophical features, of this poem. But it is time to pass on.

"Armgar: a tragedy," which appeared in *Macmillan*, July, 1871, involves a totally different teaching. The poem itself is purely classical in conception and (allowance made for differences of age and country) in execution. The tragedy of antiquity originated in the delineation of a suffering or passion, and remained true to its first destination. Sometimes it is outward suffering, danger, and injury;

sometimes, rather inward; a fierce struggle of the soul, a grievous burthen on the spirit; but it is always *one passion*, in the highest sense of the word, which claims the sympathy of the audience.* And so it is in "Armgar." Armgar is puffed up with pride and self-satisfaction by reason of her accomplishment in music, and thereby deadened to the true relation which should subsist between men and men; she is rendered insensible of the claims upon each one of us by the humanity of which we each form part, and it is not till she has lost her gift of song that she recognizes that there are other duties to be performed besides the gratification of personal enjoyment. She commands our sympathy in her suffering under the calamity which drives her to the brink of madness at the first shock of its discovery. It is when she exclaims—

I was blind
With too much happiness: true vision comes
Only, it seems with sorrow,—

that our hearts throb in full sympathetic unison with hers. It is a favourite idea with George Eliot that a mortal death, as it were, is always necessary, even in this life, to precede a spiritual existence—that is to say, that calamity and suffering, followed by self-mastery, are the necessary precedents of noble living; and that faithfulness to the higher instincts of our nature, dictating honour and duty in their widest sense, constituting the first and highest of all laws divine and human, rise, phœnix-like, out of the ashes of the funeral pile of our baser nature. But without suffering we never can enter upon that best life which is before each one of us, the attainment of which unhappily is reserved for so few of us.

"The Legend of Jubal" appeared also in *Macmillan*, May, 1870. Music is George Eliot's medium of expression for the most ravishing and elevated of human emotions. She cannot touch a note of music without turning her heart round to the full blaze of the divine light. We have before us the image of the upturned face of Maggie Tulliver under the influence of Philip's music, with the touch upon it of things mysterious and holy. Through her eyes we perceive the unveiled spirit revelling in an ecstasy of divine intoxication. Armgar, too, is in Paradise when the sounds of music float around her. Elsewhere the same passionate delight in music manifests itself, but most distinctly in this poem. Jubal, discoverer of the "heart of music in the might of sound," returns to his brethren after long and distant wanderings,—

With glory on his head,
Such as low-slanting beams on corn waves spread."

and

'Mid the throng
Where the blank space was, poured a solemn song,
Touching his lyre to full harmonic throb
And measured pulse, with cadences that sob,

* Müller's History of the Literature of Ancient Greece,

Exult and cry, and search the utmost deep
 Where the dark sources of new passions sleep.
 Joy took the air, and took each breathing soul,
 Embracing them in one entranced whole,
 Yet thrilled each varying frame to various ends,
 As Spring new-waking through the creatures sends
 Or rage or tenderness ; more plenteous life
 Here breeding dread, and there fierce strife
 He who had lived through twice three centuries,
 Whose months monotonous, like trees on trees
 In hoary forests, stretched a backward maze,
 Dreamed himself dimly through the travelled days
 Till in clear light he paused, and felt the sun
 That warmed him when he was a little one ;
 Knew that true heaven, the recovered past,
 The dear small Known amid the Unknown vast,
 And in that heaven wept. But younger limbs
 Thrilled toward the future, that bright land which swims
 In western glory, isles and streams and bays,
 Where hidden pleasures float in golden haze.

In "The Spanish Gipsy" it is music that chiefly influences Fedalma to dance. So in "Jubal:"

And in all these the rhythmic influence,
 Sweetly o'ercharging the delighted sense,
 Flowed out in movements, like waves that spread
 Enlarging, till in tidal union led
 The youths and maidens both alike long-tressed,
 By grace-inspiring melody possessed,
 Rose in slow dance, with beauteous floating swerve
 Of limbs and hair, and many a melting curve
 Of ringed feet swayed by each close-linked palm :
 Then Jubal poured more rapture in his psalm,
 The dance fired music, music fired the dance,
 The glow diffusive lit each countenance,
 Till all the circling tribe arose and stood
 With glad yet awful shock of that mysterious good."

It is significant that, whilst philosophers are foreshadowing a purely emotional language, which, notwithstanding its present imperfection, we may expect will ultimately enable men vividly and completely to impress on each other all the feelings which they experience from moment to moment—and suggest that we may regard Music as an aid to the achievement of that higher happiness which it distinctly shadows forth,—and, therefore, declare that Music must take rank as the highest of the fine arts, as the one which more than any other ministers to human welfare,* George Eliot, in her capacity of poet and novelist, apparently advances the same theory. Upon this curious point much might be said, but an indication of the veiled meaning in her works is all that can be attempted in these papers on George Eliot.

This sustained effort to give popular expression to the truths of philosophic research it is which elevates George Eliot out of reach of

* Herbert Spencer, *Essays*, vol. I, p. 210 *et seq.*

"the many." For, let us understand, whilst many read her novels and poems, classing them roughly with such writings as those of Anthony Trollope and Edmund Yates, they see but the superficial aspects which are the least important of all the features of her works. It is only, comparatively speaking, the few who dive below the surface waters; and they are rewarded with pearls of great price for their trouble. Some there are, however, who come up from the depths with scared faces and trembling nerves. The things they have beheld are to them mysterious and very terrible. Some cry aloud that she is a false prophet, and laugh scornfully. Some say she is a messenger of evil: let her be cast out of the city and stoned. Others welcome her as the beneficent herald of a higher and a better humanity; when Liberty and Truth and Virtue will reign paramount; when Superstition, with all its terrors and the evils resulting from false belief, will be supplanted by an intelligent acknowledgment and adaptation to the truth that we do but live in—

The dear small Known amid the Unknown vast,

and when the purest joy of men will be in the joy of others, and the highest aim will be mutually to confer the blessings of peace and happiness upon each other. Call this what you will, the religion of humanity or simple materialism, it is a noble and worthy message, nobly and worthily delivered. It foreshadows the time when once again the chant, "On earth peace, good-will towards men," will resound through the air, this second time rising from earth to heaven, inaugurating a new era, and a better phase upon which humanity will have entered. Then shall duty be practically elevated into an absolute king of human life, and all ideal models shall be prostrated before a moral model, as in George Eliot's works they already are.

H. S. C.

*The Lion and the Elephant.**

ALTHOUGH this book is essentially a work of compilation, it is in the highest degree interesting and true to nature. There is a vigour and freshness about these records of sporting scenes that are truly charming; and after a breathless perusal of Andersson's posthumous writings, one is almost persuaded to follow in his footsteps, and see for ourselves the fierce denizens of South African forests and plains in enjoyment of their liberty. If, as colonists, we owe a special debt of gratitude to the bold and fearless men who have carried their rifles to the utmost verge of savagedom, and taught the untutored natives to respect the lives and properties of white traders in their midst; how

* "The Lion and the Elephant." By the late Charles John Andersson, edited by L. Lloyd.—Hurst and Blackett: London.

much the more do we not owe obligations to those who have opened up new paths of knowledge and extended our acquaintance with the laws and phenomena of daily life amongst the brute proprietors of so-called deserts and arid sands. It is through such men as Galton and Harris, Gordon Cumming, Green, and Andersson, that much of the interior of South Africa has been thrown open to the influence of heroic missionaries like Moffat and Livingstone. They came for sport,—they pleased themselves,—and no one said them nay,—but in their track follow trade and improved tillage of the soil; so that ultimately the curse of slavery will be rooted out of the land, and the house of bondage become an abomination even to the heathen. The why and the wherefore are not very far to seek, but the Lion and the Elephant have been the principal attraction; and if we would wish to study the habits of these terrible powers, we cannot do better than glance at the pages of Andersson's last work, and see for ourselves how exciting are the pursuit and destruction of big game.

The book is divided into two parts, and contains some capital drawings by Wolf. The early chapters deal with the habits of lions, the nature of their prey, their daring and mode of attack; but throughout the volume are interspersed thrilling anecdotes illustrative of the extreme danger and hardships attendant upon lion and elephant-hunting, and the best mode for evading their assaults at night. The tales told of the strength of these animals seem to be almost incredible; yet we see no reason for doubting the word of so careful and truthful a man as Andersson, and must only make the best use of our ears and eyes when thrown some day in the way of these ferocious brutes. To fit ourselves for this part, it would appear to be necessary to make nothing of hunger or fatigue; and if hunting on foot instead of on horseback, to despise, as the case might be, either the chilling night air, or the scorching rays of the sun.

“Words, however, can convey no adequate idea to the reader of the hardships and sufferings of the elephant-hunter on foot in the dry season of the year, and in regions where water is scarce. Indeed, experience alone can enable a man fully to understand the severity of the sport in which he takes so much delight. The sun blazing in a sky of brass heats the atmosphere to a state of suffocation, and the loose sandy soil to a blistering intensity that makes water! water! the incessant cry; but water, frequently half boiling, even when we could carry a decent supply with us, rarely allayed our burning thirst. Indeed, every fresh draught seemed merely to augment our ardent craving—often almost bordering on madness—for more of the precious liquid. A giddiness, a languor, a sense of oppression throughout the whole system, a choking sensation in the throat, a difficulty of speech, a fearful palpitation of the heart, and a nightmare feeling about the chest, were the frequent consequences of our excessive fatigues. I remember on one occasion when, after a long *running chase*, I had come to within one hundred and fifty yards of an elephant that I had seriously wounded, being so thoroughly exhausted

as to be unable to advance even a few steps farther to enable me to give it the *coup de grace*. As a consequence I was necessitated to rest for a few minutes, and when I had recovered sufficiently to renew the attack, I found to my great mortification that the creature had moved off, and was lost to me for ever."

Mr. Andersson, at page 340, gives a very vivid picture of the pleasure of shooting elephants at night, while lying in ambush in a "screen." In his opinion, a moonlight ambush by a pool frequented by numerous wild animals is worth all the other modes of enjoying a gun put together.

"In the first place, there is something mysterious and thrilling in finding oneself the secret and unsuspected spectator of the wild movements, habits, and propensities of the denizens of Nature's varied and wonderful menagerie; no high feeding, no prison-bar, no harsh and cruel keeper's voice having yet enervated, damped, or destroyed the elasticity, buoyancy, and frolicsomeness of animal life. Then the intense excitement between each expected arrival; the distant foot-fall, now heard distinctly rattling over a rugged surface, now gently vibrating on the strained ear as it treads over softer ground—it may be that of a small antelope, or an elephant, or a wild boar, or a rhinoceros, of a gnu or a giraffe, of a jackal or a lion. And what opportunities present themselves of observing the habits and peculiarities of each species, and even of individuals, to say nothing of the terrible battles that sometimes take place between animals when thus congregated, and which can so rarely be witnessed in the day time. I have certainly learnt more of the untamed life of savage beasts in a single night of such peregrinations, than during months of toilsome wanderings in the broad light of the sun."

Elsewhere he describes a furious charge made upon him by a dying rhinoceros, when in the act of giving her the *coup de grace*, and his narrow escape from death. As it was, he was knocked over and trampled upon by the brute, and his side seriously ripped up. But he had the satisfaction of ultimately slaying the monster, and its horn is now turned into a silver-edged bowl, and ornaments his widow's drawing-room table in Cape Town. Of the two, it seems quite undecided whether the elephant is not a more dangerous animal to deal with than the lion. Their chase requires much more caution and sagacity, and considerable preparations have to be entered upon before you can hope to come up with, or slay, the cunning old bull elephants. Here is Mr. Andersson's account:—

"On arriving at a pool which elephants are known, or suspected, to frequent for the purpose of slaking their thirst, the ground in the vicinity is carefully examined, and if there is evidence of these animals having recently been there, preparations are at once made, should they visit the water during the coming night, to attack them on the following morning, and on these occasions the natives in scores—nay in hundreds—follow the sportsman to his bivouac, which, for fear of alarming the elephants, is usually at some little distance from the pool. The natives commonly arrive about daybreak,

It is a strange sight to see these dusky and savage figures gliding with phantom-like steps through the forest—each equipped with a fire-brand, as a protection against the cold. It brings to one's mind the fable of Ulysses' visit to the dead. As the different parties arrive, fires are lighted, round which the barbarians group themselves, impatiently waiting the first signs of day. Great excitement prevails, but conversation is carried on in a whisper. As soon as it has become sufficiently light to distinguish the spoor of the elephant, one or two experienced 'trackers' are dispatched to examine the ground, and should their search prove satisfactory, a suppressed murmur of delight runs through the assembly. Springing to their feet, they all sling their well-stocked quivers across the shoulder, snatch up bow and javelin and take the field. At first there is often delay and difficulty in getting on the right spoor, caused by the elephants and other large game frequently wandering about a good deal, either before visiting the water or after quenching their thirst; but this difficulty overcome, off start the 'trackers' with the whole hunt at their heels at an astonishing pace—at times, in short, amounting to a run. This rapid pace is kept up so long as the atmosphere is moderately cool; but as the heat increases, the eagerness of the 'trackers' greatly diminishes, and you pursue your way slowly and mechanically.

"Noon has arrived. The sun is in his zenith. Its scorching rays descend vertically on your devoted head; the sand is so heated as to blister your feet, and not a breath of wind stirs the atmosphere, which is like that at the mouth of a heated furnace. You are seized with giddiness and a burning thirst, which your supply of half boiling water is insufficient to quench. You look anxiously around for some shady spot where to rest your aching head; but recollecting that success depends almost entirely upon your perseverance, you pursue your course with a painful and listless step. The elephants are at rest, but in another hour or two they will again be moving. Suddenly, and when almost ready to sink from the united influence of heat, thirst, and fatigue, a native who has been considerably in advance is seen running towards you. His looks bespeak important news 'The elephants surely!' you involuntarily exclaim. Yes, your surmises are correct. Joy is depicted on every countenance; heat, thirst, fatigue, all are forgotten in the absorbing thought that you are near the object of your pursuit.

"But you are still a mile or two distant from the animals, and a short halt is therefore made, partly in order to recover breath and to examine weapons, and partly to consult on the best mode of attack; and this being settled, you again push forward, taking great care to be under the wind of the elephant. The time that now elapses before coming in sight of the animals is one of intense interest. Not a word is spoken; you steal noiselessly on from bush to bush, and occasionally a savage ascends a conspicuous tree to reconnoitre. All at once, the man in advance comes to a stand-still, and pushing the branches cautiously aside points to some dark, gigantic, and immovable masses a short distance ahead. At first sight, their statue-

like and motionless appearance makes you almost question the reality. But the occasional flapping of the immense appendage—the ear—quickly dispels your doubts.

“The report of the gun is the signal for a general and confused rush of the whole herd; and should they unfortunately come your way, it requires great coolness and self-possession to guard against being trampled to death by the towering masses. They sweep past on these occasions with the violence of a tornado, carrying havoc and devastation in their paths.”

Our space prevents us from giving any fuller extracts from this interesting work, but as a product of a Cape Colonist, it will in every way thoroughly repay perusal. Copies of the volume are to be obtained of Messrs. Juta, Wale-street, and real lovers of sport would do well to secure them, as early as possible.

Coal in Basutoland.

THE following interesting, if not very important letters have been forwarded to us by Capt. Mills, the Under Colonial Secretary—who to our regret, as to everybody else's, has been compelled to proceed on sick-leave to Europe by the last mail steamer. His correspondent, Mr. Bright, has for many long years been a laborious and faithful worker in the field of South African development and exploration, and it gives us much pleasure now to publish, not merely his descriptive notes about these Basutoland coal-fields, but the diagrams as well accompanying them. The report of Mr. Wilson, the engineer of the Cape Town Gas Works, is appended. It speaks well for South African illumination, but we fear that the prospects of this coal for locomotion are not just quite so brilliant. “The coke,” says Mr. Wilson, “is of no value;” but coke means heat, and heat means power and locomotion and progress generally.—ED. C. M. M.

Basutoland, Maseru, 28th July, 1873.

MY DEAR MILLS,—In compliance with a wish formerly expressed by you, I now proceed to try and give a more succinct account than heretofore of the coal seam I examined a short time ago, about eight or nine miles south of Maseru, near the junction of the Little and Great Caledon Rivers.

This coal is not of any considerable value or importance in a commercial sense; indeed, it is only at all specially interesting in a *scientific* point of view, as furnishing some notion of the probable mode of occurrence of other, perhaps larger and richer, coal-fields which will sooner or later be discovered in this part of South Africa.

The seam occurs in a bed of light-red ferruginous sandstone and argillaceous shale, nearly, though not quite, horizontal, being somewhat tilted upwards towards D (*see the enclosed plans*) by a volcanic

trap dyke, which cuts the seam a little eastward of D, at right angles to a line of direction drawn from A to D. The dotted line H C (in the ground plan) represents this dyke.

I examined the seam at B, C, and D. It consists of bituminous shale, called *splint* by miners. The seam is about 13 ft. deep below the present surface at A, B, and C, and is about 12 in. thick. At A, B, and C the coal lies pretty nearly horizontally between conformable strata of porous, loose-grained sandstone—quartzose—and slightly tinged with oxide of iron. Here, however, differing from the mode of occurrence at D, the “splint” has a “casing-rock” or bedding both above and below, between it and the sandstone, of soft, argillaceous, coarsely-laminated, blueish-grey shale.

If the seam were not already exposed in the shallow kloofs at the points A, B, and C, and one had to sink a shaft upon it at each of these points, the following would be as nearly as possible the order of the formation:—

1. Surface topsoil, about 18 in. thick.
2. Loose, alluvial, arenaceous bed, composed of disintegrated sandstone (detritus), about 10 ft. thick.
3. Reddish (lightly-tinged) quartzose sandstone, about 2 ft. thick.
4. Light, blueish-grey argillaceous shale, 2 in. thick.
5. Bituminous coal-shale (splint), about 12 in. thick.
6. No. 4 repeated, about 6 in. thick.
7. No. 3 repeated, and which to an unknown depth forms the substratum or “bed-rock” of the whole formation.

The intermittent but long-continued action of water which has exposed the seam at A, B, and C has much impoverished the specimens of coal found open to view at these points. Nevertheless, on fracturing it at right angles to the plane of its lamination, the coal exhibits bright shining streaks (like polished jet) on the newly-broken edges of the laminæ, clearly indicating its bituminous quality.

On carefully separating some of the laminæ from each other, I plainly observed traces of small monocotyledons—of ferns, such as “pecopteris,” “neuropteris,” and “odontopteris obtusa,” but found no “calamites” at A, B, and C.

As before remarked, there is a slight dip of the strata (and of the seam) at A, B, C, and D towards the west, caused doubtless by an upheaval near the point D, where there is a greenstone (augitic) dyke right athwart the seam, in the situation and line of direction shown in the ground plan (attached) by the line H G.

It is remarkable, considering the bituminous nature of this “splint,” that the rocks encasing it are, as far as I could observe, nowhere tinged or in the slightest degree impregnated with carbonaceous or bituminous matter, but are as clean and free thereof as

if the seam were a bed of limestone, or of dolomite. This remark applies to the point D just as much as to the points A, B, and C.

After examining the seam at B and C, I proceeded to the point D, where the "splint" has again been denuded and exposed by the intermittent action of water in a short steep kloof, at a depth of about 4 ft. below the general average of the surrounding surface. This kloof is represented as a blue line passing through D (on the ground plan) and falling into the Little Caledon River at a distance of less than 100 yds. from that point.

At D the seam, where visible, lies at an elevation of about 100 ft. above B and C. And D being about three quarters of a mile distant from those points, the resulting angle of dip is nearly $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ towards west (or, more exactly, it is $1^{\circ} 26' 50''$ towards west) on the line of direction D, B, A.

The nature and quality of the "splint" at D is identical with that at B and C. But its mode of occurrence is somewhat different, the seam being here devoid of the light-blue argillaceous "casing-rock" which lines it on both the superior and inferior surfaces at B and C.

At D the order and description of the strata sinking from the surface would be as follows:—

1. Surface topsoil, about 1 ft. thick.
2. Loose arenaceous bed, about 2 ft. thick.
3. Dark-red quartzose sandstone, about 1 ft. thick.
4. The seam of "splint," about 1 ft. thick.
5. No. 3 repeated to unknown depth (bed-rock).

At D I did not observe any fern marks in the coal; but on walking down the kloof, about 20 yds. (or so) below D, I found a good many (at least twelve or fifteen) different short joints of "calamites" bedded in the sandstone rock, each specimen from $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to 1 in. broad, and from 1 in. to 2 in. long, scattered at short intervals (from 6 in. to 18 in. apart) over a space of about 3 yds. superficial.

Only one of these could (at the time) be broken out, as the said calamites occur on the surface of a large solid block of tabular sandstone (deeply bedded) *in situ*.

That these fossils *are* calamites there can, I think, be no doubt, as they exhibit in several instances the peculiar *cross-joints* (as well as the longitudinal flutings or "striæ") of those *antique vegetables*!

The trap-dyke near D, which is in the position indicated by the dotted line G H in the ground-plan, consists of an intensely indurated augitic greenstone, tinged with olivine. It is about 3 ft. broad, and has caused an upheaval of the strata about the axis G H, to an elevation of 100 ft. above the horizontal level at which they were originally deposited.

Whether the coal-seam which I have thus crudely attempted to describe is extensive or not is a matter impossible for me to decide

finally as yet. I can only say that in length, as far as I know at present, it extends from east to west at least $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles. What its breadth is I do not as yet know; not having found any places where the seam is so far denuded as to be exposed to view in a lateral direction from the line A, B, C, and D, so as to be able to form any correct idea of the breadth of the field.

Having analysed (as well as appliances in such a remote place as this would allow) the specimen I extracted from the coal-seam B, I find it yields, approximately, the following results:—

(a) Volatile matter	13
(b) Carbonaceous and bituminous matter	22
(c) Ash and residuum	65

Total					100

Hoping to be able ere long to give you some further account of of Basutoland coals and geology, &c.,

I have, &c.,

H. E. RICHARD BRIGHT.

P.S.—From reliable information received since the above was written, I have no doubt that this seam extends to the east of the Little Caledon River for at least another mile beyond the point D (in the direction of the line A, B, C, D, produced towards D D).

H. E. R. B.

Gas Works, 12th August, 1873.

C. MILLS, Esq., &c., &c., &c.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to report for the information of Government that the sample of coal from Basutoland is of a highly bituminous nature, yielding a rich gas, similar to some of the Cannel coals, but, like the “Boghead” Cannel, the coke is of no value, and the percentage of ash is very large, as will be seen by the following analysis:—

Volatile matter	34' 0	per cent.
Carbon	16'66	„
Ash	49'34	„

					100' 0	

I remain, &c.,

A. WILSON.



ROUGH
GROUND-PLAN.

{ A to B is about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.
 { B to C " " 20 yards.
 { C to D " " $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

{ The seam lies exposed to view at the points, A.B.C. & D.

{ HG (dotted line) shows the position and direction of a greenstone dyke.

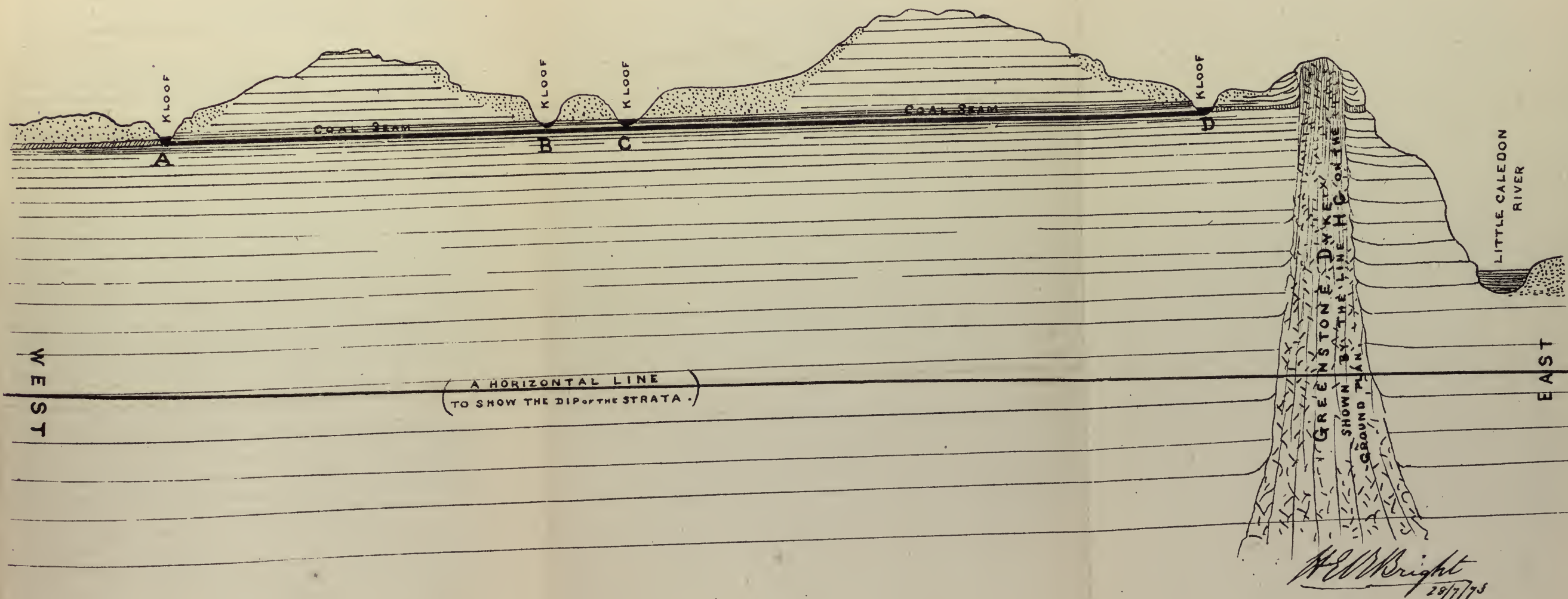
H. E. Wright
28/7/73.

DD Direction of Thaba Bosigo where other coal beds exist (so some of the natives report.)
H. E. W.

B

ROUGH
SECTION THROUGH THE
LINE A.B.C.D.
ON THE
GROUND PLAN.

{The straight lines represent sand-
-stone beds.
{The dotted spaces represent arena-
-ceous (recent) beds.
{The thick black line A.B.C.D. repre-
-sents the coal-seam, or "splint."



Missions and Missionaries.

"SEND me an article of some kind on Natives;" so writes the editor of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* to a friend on the Frontier. Not so fast, Mr. Editor. Articles for the *Cape Monthly* cannot be knocked off by the yard, much less articles on Natives, which are not the easiest to write. From the opinions of some labouring amongst them, that they are men with brains, souls, and feelings like our own, down to the opinion of the gentleman who stood up in a public meeting and said they were baboons, there are numberless shades of feeling and varieties of opinion respecting both them and the method in which they should be treated.

In attending Missionary Conferences and meetings of any kind, and in conversing with missionaries, one cannot help being struck by the fact that there are hardly any two missionary workers who are quite agreed on the exact manner in which work amongst the black races of this country is to be carried on. Every society also seems to differ more or less from other societies.

In talking to missionaries, to our mind their differences of treatment seem to generally resolve themselves into two methods. They either treat them as *Natives*, or niggers, if you like, or as men in the sense you speak of a European. The *Native* method appears to be, generally, that round huts and the old style of living are the best for natives as such, that missionaries need not always insist upon breeches and shirts, and that some customs which would not be tolerated amongst Europeans, such as "Uku Lobola" (the buying of wives), are proper and good for *Natives*. Of course, there are many modifications of this method, such as going in for breeches and combs, but not for square houses, or advocating the doing away with "Uku Lobola," but retaining the old style of living. The idea at the bottom of the whole, however, is—treat the Native as such, and avoid the falsehood of the European and baboon extremes.

There is, however, one inconsistency that strikes us in this, let us call it, Native method of working,—namely, that while those who hold it deem it not necessary that Natives should come up to European standards in houses, dress, or customs, they do hold that they should, morally and spiritually, come up to the very highest European ideal. Truth, honour, self-sacrifice, self-respect, modesty, and spirituality of mind are all looked for from a course of treatment that tends to foster the already materialistic leaning of the Native mind.

"Old bottles cannot contain new wine" is a Divine saying worthy of being sometimes remembered. But there is another school of missionary workers, that hold, also with many variations and modifications, that black men are men such as themselves, and capable of being stirred by the same emotions, affected by the same motives. Such workers say that it is impossible to graft Christianity upon heathenism; that the old garment won't stand the new patches, but

that the result will be a few rags of profession fluttering in the breeze. These men contend that, side by side with the spiritual revolution in the soul, there should go on an external revolution affecting the body. They also say that the fair genius of Christianity should not be expected to dwell in gloomy habitations rank with the memories of heathen abominations ; that if the white garment so dearly bought is to cover the soul, surely its servant, the body, should be clothed in clean and decent raiment ; and, lastly, that if they are to broadcast the good seed, they are also to as diligently plough up the briars and thorns of old ways, customs, and habits, that threaten to make all their sowing of no avail. It is the doctrine of this class that self-sacrifice is not so much to be preached to the Native as practised before him, and that in all dealings with Natives the missionary should be the man and the gentleman. To illustrate what is meant by treating Natives in a gentlemanly manner I will relate a true incident. Two friends walking along through some Native gardens and kraals were accidentally followed by a dog belonging to one of them that had a tendency to worry sheep. The dog disappeared into a field of Kafir corn and emerged in a little while with a bloody mouth. From the vicinity of a flock of sheep they conjectured he had been about his old tricks, and immediately sought for the carcass without, however, finding it. Still there was the bloody mouth and the dog's well-known tendency. No one was in sight, the price of sheep was high at the time, neither of the friends had long purses, and the Natives all round were heathens. They did not hesitate a moment, however, what to do. One of them went at once to the headman's hut, mentioned their suspicions, and offered to pay the full price of a sheep. A most courteous and gentlemanly answer was returned to the effect that the headman was extremely pleased at having been told ; that the thing might have been concealed from him, there being no witnesses ; that it was not certain the dog had killed a sheep ; and even if it was the case, it was an accident ; and, in short, payment was not to be mentioned. The headman laid particular stress upon his being told ; that fact seemed to make a very peculiar impression upon his mind.

To come back to our second school of missionaries. Their work is of necessity much slower than that of the other, especially when begun at the present day, after much of a different kind of work has been done. It would have been easier to knock down the old houses and uproot the old customs during the first fervour of missionary operations among the natives of this country than now, when a low type of Native Christianity has unfortunately prevailed for several years. Yet still, even now, it is the opinion of some that better late than never.

It would be true economy of mission time and labour if two years were allowed to newly-come missionaries, in which not only to learn the language, but also to acquaint themselves with the different Native questions and the different opinions of the two schools that have been mentioned. The advantage of this would be that they

would begin their work, properly so called, in no random fashion, but with their minds made up to a certain definite course of action in regard to many of the vexed questions of missionary work. The more hurry the less speed is true of this, as of all other work.

A piece of advice, as suitable to missionaries as to some other not very thorough-going mortals who have never aspired to that honourable title, is—"Never do things by halves." Judging from a medical paper that appeared in a late number of the *Kafir Express*, the present semi-civilization is exerting a very injurious effect on the physical well-being of the Native. It would seem as if in the physical world there can be no patching of old with new, but that it must be this or that. From this paper we gather that the round hut and sleeping mat demand the blanket and red clay, and that the semi-civilization style of one suit of European clothes along with the old way of living and sleeping tends only to the destruction of the race. We have also been much struck by an expression that fell from a Native when speaking of a case of domestic unhappiness. While lamenting the prevalence of such cases, he ascribed them to the half-and-half state in which they were living, and said that the young wives gave more trouble now-a-days from being so civilized that they could see and envy the superior happiness and domestic comfort of their white sisters, and yet were not civilized enough to understand what they must do to attain the like happiness and comfort.

In the same *Express* we were glad to notice a very thoughtful article—"Saturday Evening Musings, from the Note-book of a Missionary"—in which some of the difficulties in preaching to Natives were very ably stated. No intelligent hearer can listen long in Native churches without seeing that the difficulties are many and great. At the same time, a certain wonder comes to be felt if it would not be possible for Scotchmen to leave behind them with their native land the long prayers, longer sermons, and shorter catechism, or for Englishmen in similar fashion to leave endless liturgical repetitions with the "dim religious light" of ancient cathedrals, and pack their trunks with other matters than numberless folds of lawn and tawdry church ornaments.

The offspring of the present Scotch system of preaching is too often in South Africa conceited formalism, and of the English, shallow emotionalism. Where is that wonderful adaptive power that seemed inherent in the Gospel when first the command was given to preach it to all nations? Is a man, whatever race he preaches to, always to cast his services into the mould that suits the country he came from, and not the country he has come to? Would it not be possible to have short, earnest, and thoughtful sermons, shorter and more frequent prayers, and a real service of praise, instead of the discordant boomings and pipings known in a good many Native churches as hymn-singing?

In this present testing and inquiring age missions cannot hope to escape investigation. The inquiry seems to be beginning at Indian

missions. Is will not end there. The nineteenth century demands some better authority from missions for the way in which they are doing their work than that they have gone on in the same fashion for the last fifty years, or that their way suits Englishmen, or Scotchmen, or Germans. The question is not that; but does it suit Africans, and is the best method taken for doing the greatest amount of good to *them*?

FRONTIER.

Lord Elgin.*

SECOND NOTICE.

ALTHOUGH the disturbances which followed the passing of the "Rebellion Losses Bill" gradually subsided, the movement in favour of the annexation of Canada to the United States for some time gave Lord Elgin the greatest anxiety. By obtaining the repeal of the Navigation Laws and the settlement of the Reciprocity Treaty he quieted the colonists until "the powerful attraction of the great neighbouring republic had been counteracted and overcome by the more powerful attraction of self-government at home. The centrifugal force was no longer equal to the centripetal." But while zealously defending the principle of British connection in the Colony he was dismayed to find opposition from a quarter from which he least expected it; that a school of philosophic statesmen had arisen "strong in their own ability, and strengthened by the support of the Radical economists, according to whom it was to be expected and desired that every Colony enjoying constitutional government should aim at emancipating itself from allegiance to the mother-country, and forming itself into an independent republic." With such views he had no sympathy. His letters and despatches on this point are full of interest. He warmly protested against similar sentiments expressed in a speech by Lord John Russell. He writes to Earl Grey—

One thing is, however, indispensable to the success of this or any other system of colonial government. You must renounce the habit of telling the Colonies that the colonial is a provisional existence. You must allow them to believe that, without severing the bonds which unite them to Great Britain, they may attain the degree of perfection and of social and political development to which organized communities of free men have a right to aspire. * * * * Is not the question at issue a most momentous one? What is it indeed but this: Is the Queen of England to be the Sovereign of an Empire, growing, expanding, strengthening itself from age to age, striking its roots deep into fresh earth, and drawing new supplies of vitality from virgin soils? Or is she to be for all essential purposes of might and power, Monarch of Great Britain and Ireland merely—

*Letters and Journals of Lord Elgin, edited by Theodore Walrond, C.B., Second Edition, 1873.

her place and that of her line in the world's history determined by the productiveness of 12,000 square miles of a coal formation, which is being rapidly exhausted, and the duration of the social and political organization over which she presides dependent on the annual expatriation, with a view to its eventual alienization, of the surplus swarms of her born subjects ?

He strongly combats the idea that self-government is necessarily republican, and points out the great advantages which the monarchical system, as carried out in England and the Colonies, has over that of the United States.

His views of the position of a Governor of a Colony under Responsible Government are thus expressed in the closing words of the last despatch which he wrote from Quebec on December 18, 1854:—

I readily admit that the maintenance of the position and due influence of the Governor is one of the most critical problems that have to be solved in the adaptation of Parliamentary Government to the colonial system ; and that it is difficult to overestimate the importance which attaches to its satisfactory solution. As the Imperial Government and Parliament gradually withdraw from legislative interference, and from the exercise of patronage in Colonial affairs, the office of Governor tends to become, in the most emphatic sense of the term, the link which connects the mother-country and the Colony, and his influence the means by which harmony of action between the local and imperial authorities is to be preserved. It is not, however, in my humble judgment, by evincing an anxious desire to stretch to the utmost constitutional principles in his favour, but, on the contrary, by the frank acceptance of the conditions of the Parliamentary system, that this influence can be most surely extended and confirmed. Placed by his position above the strife of parties—holding office by a tenure less precarious than the Ministers who surround him—having no political interests to serve but that of the community whose affairs he is appointed to administer—his opinion cannot fail, when all cause for suspicion and jealousy is removed, to have great weight in the colonial councils, while he is set at liberty to constitute himself in an especial manner the patron of those larger and higher interests—such interests, for example, as those of education and of moral and material progress in all its branches, which, unlike the contests of party, unite instead of dividing the members of the body politic.

Lord Elgin quite concurred in the views respecting colonial defence which have now been almost universally adopted by English statesmen. He thought it clear that, as a general rule, the cost of this should fall on the Colony itself whenever it enjoyed self-government. But he strongly deprecated any wholesale withdrawal of British troops before the old notion—the “ axiom affirmed again and again by Secretaries of State and Governors, that England was bound to pay all expenses connected with the defence of the Colony ”—had lost its hold on men's minds, and a feeling of the responsibilities attaching to self-government had had time to grow up. He felt, however, “ that the system of relieving the colonists altogether from the duty of self-defence is attended with injurious effects upon themselves. It checks the growth of national and manly morals. Men seldom think anything worth preserving for which they are never asked to make a sacrifice.” He was in favour, therefore, of a cautious and gradual reduction of the number of British troops employed in Canada, and his last letters on the subject, written in 1853 to the

Duke of Newcastle, then Colonial Secretary, were occupied in recommending a continuance of the same quiet policy :—

It—he writes—further reductions are to be made, let them be effected in the same quiet way, without parade or the ostentatious adoption of new principles as applicable to the defence of colonies which are as exposed as Canada is, by reason of their connection with Great Britain, to the hazard of assaults from organized powers. Continue then, if you will pardon me for so freely tendering advice, to apply in the administration of our local affairs the principles of constitutional government frankly and fairly. Do not ask England to make unreasonable sacrifices for the colonists, but such sacrifices as are reasonable, on the hypothesis that the Colony is an exposed part of the Empire. Induce her if you can to make them generously and without appearing to grudge them. Let it be inferred from your language that there is in your opinion nothing in the nature of things to prevent the tie which connects the Mother Country and the Colony from being as enduring as that which unites the different states of the Union, and nothing in the nature of our very elastic institutions to prevent them from expanding so as to permit the free and healthy development of social, political, and national life in these young communities. By administering colonial affairs in this spirit you will find, I believe, even when you least profess to seek it, the true secret of the cheap defence of nations. If these communities are only truly attached to the connection and satisfied of its permanence (and, as respects the latter point, opinions here will be much influenced by the tone of statesmen at home) elements, of self-defence, not moral elements only, but material elements likewise, will spring up within them spontaneously as the products of movements from within not of pressure from without.

From the extracts we have given from these interesting letters and despatches it will be seen that the guiding principle of Lord Elgin's policy was to let the Colony have its own way in everything which was not contrary either to public morality or to some Imperial interest. In the contest which raged for many years as to the secularisation of the "Clergy Reserves," the result, which was, no doubt, contrary to his individual wishes, was still a signal triumph of the general principle of colonial self-government, and its victory more than outweighed to him the loss of any particular cause.

He induced the Government in 1854 to bring in a Bill to enable the Colonial Legislature to deal with the subject of rendering the Legislative Council elective. The measure was carried, with few dissentients, although vehemently denounced by Lord Derby in the House of Lords, who declared that "from the moment that you pass this constitution, the progress must be rapidly towards republicanism, if anything could be more really republican than this Bill." Upon this Mr. Walrond remarks: "The speaker of these words and the author of the measure to which they refer would probably have been alike surprised at the course which events have taken respecting the particular point then in question. For once the stream that sets towards democracy has been seen to take a backward direction; and the constitution of the Dominion of Canada has returned, as regards the Legislative Council, to the Conservative principle of nomination by the Crown."

In the United States Lord Elgin not only had the reputation of being a wise and liberal Governor, but he was regarded also by the

American people with an unusual amount of regard. On his part, though his cares were increased by threats, and more than threats, of interference on the part of "sympathisers" from some of the American States,—and he looked upon the likelihood of lawless inroad, not to speak of the possibility of lawful war, as affording solid reason for England's maintaining a body of troops in the Colony,—still he cordially acknowledged the friendliness of the Government in repressing the intemperate sympathies of certain of its citizens, and he did his utmost to encourage the freest and friendliest intercourse, in order that the inhabitants of the two countries should know and understand one another.

In 1854 he finally left Canada, and ample proof is given in Mr. Walrond's book of the cordial feeling which had grown up between the Colony and its Governor.

During his absence in Canada he had been raised to the British Peerage, and on taking his seat in the House of Lords he declined a seat in the Cabinet offered by Lord Palmerston, on the ground that after a long term of foreign service, during which he had necessarily held aloof from home politics, he thought it advisable, for the present at least, to remain independent. It was only very rarely that he took any part in the business of legislation. He evidently at this time had not joined either of the two parties in the State.

"He was," says Mr. Walrond, "in truth, still feeling his way through the mazes of home politics to which he had been so long a stranger, and from which, as he himself somewhat regretfully observed, those ancient landmarks of party had been removed, 'which, if not a wholly sufficient guide, are yet some sort of direction to wanderers in the political wilderness.' While he was still thus engaged, events were happening at the other end of the earth which were destined to divert into quite another channel the current of his life."

Localities.

No. II.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES AND PLACES.

"Your face my Thane, is as a book, where men may see strange matters."—*Macbeth*.

No order or method is pursued in giving these trifling Sketches of THE PAST; and no apology seems requisite should even old ideas and outlines be repeated—the Faces, Places, and Times in some instances being so remote—the writer deeming it requisite to draw into a focus, all that he has to say respecting the Cape, so that it may lie complete and compact together. For this purpose it is unavoidable that he should travel back a step or two, in order to pick up that

which is scattered, so that he may speak of subjects in the complex, before he runs further into detail, which when completed—as far as they go—will, it is hoped, form an approach to a consistent whole. With the Editor's permission, then, No. 2 will convey an idea (as witnessed in October, 1842) of THE FIRST IMPRESSION OF CAPE TOWN FROM TABLE BAY.

When a man leaves England the first time for the Cape, he sails with a load of prejudices and recollections in his pate, and it may be a weight of sorrows and forebodings in his heart. Nor will even the prospect of "*Good Hope*," or the successful "*saucy capers*" others may have "*cut*," or the most extravagant opinions of some, and his own host of brilliant expectations and anticipations derived from reputation, and the flaming and florid accounts of the poetical Pringle and kindred minstrels, deter him from casting "*a longing, lingering look behind*."

And as he travels by water and not by land, he pounces as it were suddenly upon the place; and all its beauties, faults, or blemishes crowd upon him at once. For by land he embraces the scenery, the customs, the characters, and the climate, as the clergy do their promotion, by *degrees*—every mile initiating him into some new feature or peculiarity—and thus he is prepared for every variation until he reaches his destiny. But not so by sea; for then his sight and thoughts are bounded and concentrated for the most part to clouds and water; sunshine and gloom; stars, moon, flying-fish, and "*Mother Carey's chickens*;" tales of the tar-barrel and "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," and the concentrated essence of the weakest gossip; and games at "*scratch-cradle*" and "*push-pin*."

We arrived at Table Bay exactly at 10 o'clock, London time, on Sunday the — of October, 1842, but the crazy old vessel was seen a long time before from the flag-staff observatory on the Lion's Rump, and communicated to the news-room by F. Carter or J. Keet,—the aforesaid flagstaff having been first erected on 1st September, 1821. Soon after anchoring, the Port Captain, Mr. J. Bance, was rowed up from the jetty by six men who came on board—not the men, but the Captain—to make certain inquiries, and perhaps to examine the bill of health. But the "*illustrious strangers*" not amounting to half a score (all sober and discreet individuals, and amongst whom no Admiral, Bishop or Governor) the Castle guns were silent, all formal ceremonies cut short, and matters passed off as quietly as a Quakers' meeting at Wellington in Somersetshire. Soon after this formal and customary visit, a mosquito fleet sailing about at a respectful distance (called boats) came flying as it were alongside; and first and foremost, anxious to be admitted, was a citizen to greet his mother and sister—

But when the kiss of love went round,
Alas! there was no kiss for—*Joe*.

It being our unpleasant position to have no friends to meet us, like

others, no kind brother or sister, or affectionate wife ; and so we had to finish the water, and commence the land journey alone, and discover and make our own nest without guide, counsellor, or adviser, to "*Hang the harp upon the willow*," for who can sing their own ditties in a strange land ? But still we were much amused at the number of "*Fannys*," "*Williams*," and "*Favourites*," and their craftsmen, all anxious to take us ashore at the least possible price, and in the safest and best manner. There was one called the "*Fairy*" (the man, not the boat), unceasing in its importunities and most liberal and tempting in its promises, to fetch us at any hour the next day—finding us resolved not to quit the vessel on a Sunday ; but on its arrival some little disagreement as to terms caused us to relinquish all fairy persuasions in favour of another, the owner of which was a tall, dark, gaunt American-looking steersman, with a large straw hat secured under the chin. There was also a merry-faced, cheerful looking man, whose boat was alongside. He had plump, round features, with a cloth cap and a small peak, that made his face look the fatter. He made up to and recognized every one, and "thought he must have seen them before." He shook hands with us most cordially but too roughly (it may be said painfully, like a soft corn under a cart-wheel), and "remembered having seen us somewhere," a piece of information little expected, and much surprised as to the extent of his memory ; for it was known to some folks this was the first time they had ever crossed the Atlantic ; and he did not appear like one who had travelled far north, except as to cunning and sagacity. But all this politeness and old acquaintanceship was affected in order to dispose of sundry ribs of lean beef, with a variety of strange-looking vegetables as accompaniments, such as small pale-looking carrots about the size of Her Majesty's fingers, green-looking *turnippy* kind of *somethings*, with their roots bent backwards and forming a focus at top,—thin-skinned, dirty-white, blue-looking potatoes,—and a basket of thick-skinned large oranges, three for twopence. This gentleman had also much tact—sometimes better than talent—and was shrewd enough to ferret out the captain's daughter, to give it an orange—to fondle and nurse it until he—the captain—had time enough to attend to his orders of "furnishing the meat for the ship of the prime cuts and quality, and of any kind at 2d. per lb.," with strong recommendations of another *gentleman* present. Here, then, was the grand secret of his liberality, foreknowledge, and friendship. To do business : for business *must* be done at the Cape. "Get money (*honestly* if you can) but get money" being the order of the day, not only southward, but all the world over, and at every point of the compass. And so, well the purveyor from the Shambles merited his reward ; he obtained his order, and left the "*ribs and trimmings*" he brought as samples, as a kind of *earnest* or beginning of business, thus fulfilling a merchant's bright era—"opening an account." The tall dark-looking Yankee aforesaid was also busy in distributing cards of private boarding and

lodging-houses, on wonderfully accommodating terms ; and called us on one side, and whispered in a private ear—presuming we were bachelors—as to the peculiarities and specialities of one that shall be nameless. He also led us a little further out of the way, to impart a *home* secret, that he seemed desirous the world should not hear : that is, “if we had anything in the shape of washing required, the current price was dreadfully high ; and indeed there were so many ‘*Indians coming*,’ he could not say whether we should get it done at any price, but his wife not having ‘*sold her mangle*,’ and as it was in full swing, he might undertake to oblige us to the fullest extent and on the shortest notice at 3s. 9d. per dozen, from neck to foot,” which great favour also we respectfully declined, being afterwards accommodated without regret or difficulty, and with satisfactory results, at 2s. 6d. “*Thinks I to myself, thinks I*,” these are the mosquitoes, the blood-suckers, the land sharks of the place ; and so we must keep our weather-eye open and button up our pockets. These are the destroyers and decoyers, the “mantraps and spring-guns” of British and foreign ports ; the sponges and the leeches that absorb and suck to the last drop, and then lead the way to the tronk and the police court.

When these intruders had left the ship, and after some hours’ stay with a dogged determination to do business—and take orders, with a perseverance and subtlety worthy of a better result—we had opportunities of looking around and watching the scene of future destiny.

How shall we describe the charming prospect and the beauty that stole in upon us ? Let Truth then tell her plain, unvarnished tale ; and who would not, if a faithful lover, run through fire or dirt to catch her ?

One vision of whose snowy feet
Is worth the labour of a life.

He who has been much at sea knows the pleasurable emotions that arise on the first sight of land after a protracted and monotonous voyage—and the one now alluded to extended over three months steamers not being very accessible. For notwithstanding the many pretty things that have been advanced by the poets and *lackadaisical* young ladies in *albums* and *scrap-books*, in “Poonah paintings” and frescoes to match, over a comfortable “*Wall’s End fire*,” with their feet on a Turkey rug, it is only necessary to place them out of the sight of land, and let them experience one slight taste of a breeze, “white squall,” or sudden lurch, to dispel many of the fancied charms, and to place their imagination and judgment on a more sober and rational footing. This would lead them to the sign of “*the case is altered*,” and induce them to darken and subdue many of their flaming and rosy tints.

Not leaving the vessel until Monday morning, opportunities were given of making many observations, and of recollecting “*first impressions of the Cape from Table Bay*,” the whole of the day before.

Of course, at the first glance we thought the greatest "*lion*" was the lion of Table Mountain: he certainly did look "*werry like a whale*"—that is, very like a lion. His forehead, nose, mouth, and chin seemed well defined, and his position natural and majestic; but as a symmetrical figure of course he looked out of all proportion: his back being far too long, as if intended to carry the whole of the 91st Regiment, with the officers at the head and tail. And we thought, woe betide the *high* gentleman at the flagstaff—the "observed of all observers" at his rump—the signalman—if he should at any time (being sick of lying so long) arise, shake his mane, and whisk his tail, make a spring forward and then crouch again into his old stately and solemn position! After this source of the "*Sublime*" (which Burke links with the "*Beautiful*" on its terrible rather than its fascinating side), simple and ordinary as the circumstance may appear, we were much pleased at the sight once again of a man on horseback: this implied humanity in activity on *terra firma*, with room and space for action. We were also greatly charmed with the merry shouts and prattling of children under the fortress wall, the happy sounds of the church-going bell, the flourish of trumpets from the barracks, and the fine burst of martial music playing before church time—"Hark, the bonny Christ-church bells," &c. Also the crowing of chanticleers—of which there appeared no scarcity, and led to the prospect of eggs being cheap and plentiful, presuming that hens were as prevalent—the barking of dogs and the screaming of the gulls and birds, dipping and flying around. All these fell sweetly upon the ear after so long a silence, and reminded we were not "*upon the Line*," nor "*in the Downs*," nor in "*the Bay of Biscay*," but Table Bay. We were much amused whilst observing the motions of the birds to find that the large and powerful were merely silent lookers on for a time, still gliding about; but on the instant they saw a small one dip, rise and fly off with a fish, they immediately with a scream pursued it, nor gave it any quarter until it had dropped its booty, which they quickly bore off before it descended to the deep. "*Thinks I to myself, thinks I*," do they follow suit in the city, and in the suburbs, and take lessons in life from these birds? Or have the gulls and the pigeons been taught in the commercial schools of humanity, and so the weak have to succumb to the strong, and "provide for their *bills*" as best they can, *flying to the banks* in cases of danger? If so, here's a lesson for us not to be too eager or too anxious in getting a fish, lest one more powerful or more hungry craftily come and snatch it away; for even a sprat may be too much for a *Salmon*, that knows the waters, its depths and shallows, ins and outs, and cares not what the bait is, nor heeds the hook, but runs all risks to seize a "gold fish."

But from Ornithology we were soon directed to more serious matters; and although the waters looked still and treacherous—and "*like a mill-pond*," when the *homely* phrase is intended to represent tranquillity and safety—we remembered hearing of "THE CAPE OF

STORMS," and found the historical truth on looking around, and were much struck with the wrecks and disasters on every side that had happened a short time before, to the unfortunate *Waterloo*,* the *Abercrombie Robinson*, the *John Bagshaw*, the *Mary Stewart*, and the *Thomas Sparks*,--in the latter they were pumping in order to make certain repairs. But still we could not but be pleased and hopeful at the number of merchant vessels lying in the bay, indicative of the flourishing state of the Colony, and of her imports and exports. After being satisfied with things on the water, a wider range was taken, and we were much delighted with the "*first impression*" of the whole town in the complex, so snugly nestled and protected, between the mountains, with a lion to look at and guard above, and water and fortresses to secure and keep at bay below, all hidden until we sailed round the point, and then breaking in upon us suddenly, like the uplifting of a curtain on some fairy drop-scene.

In running more into details, and from generals to particulars, we could not but notice with pleasant emotions the number of white and yellow-looking houses packed so closely, and looking like so many gold and silver fishes glittering in the sun—for it was full Spring time—with their low flat roofs, reminding of a Turkish city and the photographs of Jerusalem. Indeed, it seemed like one of those fanciful and imaginary towns that children busy and amuse themselves in erecting with their toys. And there was St. George's Church towering above the rest—for St. Mary's had not "raised the wind," nor was strong enough to mount in 1843—with its light and elegant structure and cupola, or rather succession of lanterns one above another, "*small by degrees and beautifully less*," with a golden ball and cross at the apex, somewhat after the model of *Beckford's Tower*, Landsdown Bath, but more fragile and shaky, and of cemented brick and not stone. And there we could see the Dutch Lutheran, and Reformed Churches, with their odd-looking heads and black nightcaps on; and the Government Gardens, and the trees along the Parade, looking dark, seedy, and sombre, and all driven on one side by the force of the South-east blow-pipes; and patches of dusty yet living green here and there, with small white cottages and villas dotting the hill-side and along the Green Point road, and the thousand and one slates and headstones sprinkled over the Malay cemetery above. And the long low white butchers' row or sham-bles, the reverse facing the waters, and their sanguinary deeds running into them near the old and new jetties, and the white gulls and other black and grey birds sitting along the boat edges and on scaffolding and woodwork—so solemn, silent, and stately, like the images on the Italian boards carried on the head for sale in Europe (only the boatmen did not think them pleasing, and wished them to Ichaboe, having to mop and clean after), and the windmills and detached houses and farms as far as the eye could reach on the left

* Matters *now* are greatly changed since the above sketch was taken.

towards Rondebosch, and the right to Botany Bay, disclosing from a thousand points of view, beauties varied, contrasted, and delightful, and almost in keeping with Sir John Dyer's famous "Prospect" from "*Grongar Hill*." But this is a bird's-eye view and afar off.

How painful then to quit the florid, and the kaleidoscope,—to let in ordinary daylight and dispel the moonbeams,—to rub the gold off the gingerbread, or to strip the gallery of its paintings and leave bare walls. But if truth is to be cherished it must be recorded, that on taking a glass to bring far things present, a sad reality was exhibited, and Bishop Heber's rhapsody of

Greenland's icy mountains
And Afric's *golden* shores

terribly destroyed and dispelled; for the approach and front view of Cape Town looked seedy and poverty-stricken, until you passed the landing, for the old tronk dead walls and rotten jetties gave no satisfactory foretaste of the many treasures within. Nor did even "*The Crown*," "*The Ship Tavern*," or "*The Globe Inn*" answer every expectation as to colonial restaurants.

But turning round from these dampers and drawbacks, and looking forward right and left, again the old charm was renewed, and a new scene burst upon the sight,—a long and almost interminable range of mountains in a blue mist, frowning one above another in the extreme distance. Amongst the rest (as it seemed) far to the left, with its white and chalky surface, lay Robben Island (why not Robbing?) once the resort and compulsive residence of Royal and Kafir rebels* and others who forget and commit themselves, and do not remember the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, but where it is worth while (if reputation err not) to commit some slight misdemeanour for the sake of a little rabbit-shooting, and to enjoy the hospitalities of the doctors, clergy, and principals of the refuge, and as forming a kind of Margate trip from Tower Stairs, and often as good an emetic.

W. L. SAMMONS.

* The Island at the present time is principally occupied by the unfortunate, and by the debilitated, mentally and bodily; and in rare instances by culprits or the refractory, for whom suitable gaols are erected.

A Literary Relic.

THE HON. R. GRAHAM, Esq., Collector of Customs, and grandson of the "Graham of Fintray," immortalized by Burns' four poetical epistles addressed to him, has recently received from Scotland an extremely interesting family relic, of which he has been good enough to let us have a perusal. It will be remembered that many of Burns' songs were set to music by Mr. Geo. Thomson, with whom, from Dumfries, the poet carried on an extensive correspondence. The "relic" we have referred to is a copy of the first publication of those Scottish airs, so set to music, and marked on the title-page with the endorsement of "Geo. Thomson," as being intended for "Mr. Burns." On the fly-leaf, following the title-page, is an inscription in Burns' own handwriting, as he presented the volume "to Miss Graham of Fintray," the daughter of his friend and benefactor. The date is 1794, two years before the poet's decease, and the handwriting is bold and strong as the tone of the address is refined and gentle. We transcribe it *verbatim*:—

"To Miss Graham of Fintray."

Here where the Scottish muse immortal lides,
 In tuneful strains and sacred numbers joined,
 Accept the Gift; though humble he who gives,
 Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind!
 So may no ruffian Feeling in thy breast,
 Discordant jar thy bosom chords among!
 But Peace attune thy gentle soul to rest;
 Or Love, ecstatic, wake his seraph song;
 Or Pity's notes in luxury of tears,
 As modest Want the tale of woe reveals;
 While Virtue, conscious, all the strain endears,
 And heaven-born Piety her sanction seals.

Robt. Burns.,

Dumfries, 31st January, 1794.

A further interest attaches to the book from the interlineated corrections made in manuscript by the poet, both in the letter press and the music pages. The first appears in the song of "Wandering Willie" as follows—the corrections being indicated by the lines in italics:—

Here away, there away, Wandering Willie,
 Here away, there away, haud awa hame;
 Come to my bosom, my ^{ae} ain only deary,
 Tell me thou bringst me my Willie the same.

Loud though the winter blew cauld on
 Winter winds blew loud and cauld at ^a our parting,
'Twas na the blast brought the tear in my e'e,
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e.

The slight alteration in the third line of the first stanza may possibly be appreciated only by a Scottish ear; but slight though it be, the improvement is marvellous. The value of the emendation in the second stanza is manifest at a glance.

So in another song, "Wild War's deadly Blast," we find the following:—

When wild War's deadly blast was blawn,
 And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
 And e'en again with pleasure beamed,
And mony a widow mourning,
 That had been bleared wi' mourning.

In such corrections as these we have a striking insight into the labour and art combined by which the Poet's *curioso felicitas* is finally secured.

Further on in the same piece we find the following emendation:—

I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
 I thought upon my Nancy,
And ay, I mind't,
 I thought upon the witching smile
 That caught my youthful fancy.

How marked an improvement that Doric correction effects, we must leave only to Doric ears and minds to appreciate.

Stone Implements.

THERE are perhaps few subjects that induce a greater amount of speculation and deep interest than that concerning stone implements. We necessarily associate them with the presence of man as the work of his hands, and when found in old civilized countries they can only be ascribed to the original savage inhabitants by whom those countries were occupied many centuries ago. They are curious as indicating that our ancestors were as rude and uncivilized as many of the lowest grade of savages at the present period to be found on the face of the earth, and it thence becomes a question with many, why should not the wild tribes of the present improve and advance in the arts and customs of civilized life? That is a question to be answered, but not by me, at all events. What I wish to consider is the theory advanced by geologists and antiquarians—that before Adam was, there were human beings on the earth, even countless ages before. This is a staggering proposition, and one about which I have always been sceptical. The facts of geology are convincing to the mind that the earth is of inconceivable age; even its most recent formations being beyond our powers of calculation, for we find in them the bones of extinct animals, and of such as must have existed even before the British Isles were detached from the Continent of Europe. Amongst these bones, however, there have been dug up the rudest forms of stone implements, such as, in fact, are now in use by some of the wild tribes of Southern Africa. Hence the conclusion that man was contemporary with animals that are only known to us by their petrified remains, and which must have lived long anterior to the creation of Adam. It may be asked, how came it that arrow and spear-

heads were mixed up in the same compost that contained the fossil bones of bears, and wolves, &c., that are shown to have been the proprietors of the caves in which some of these remains have been discovered? The only conceivable reason (if they are really the work of man) I would submit, is, that some of these animals or their prey may have been wounded and retained the hunter's weapon in their bodies until death. We cannot imagine that man and beast were then on more amicable terms than they are now, and, therefore, it is improbable that man shared the shelter of these caves with either bear or wolf, savage as he may have been.

That man was contemporary with the extinct animals above referred to I am not inclined, in the first place, to believe; and in the second place, I am not satisfied the so-called stone implements owed their origin to art, because I have seen numbers of them, the produce of nature's handiwork, and so have some of my friends who have been sufficiently observant to detect them *in situ* or barely detached from the parent rock. They are precisely similar to hundreds that are preserved in museums. They are, nevertheless, natural flakes detached from the angular prominences of igneous rocks exposed to atmospheric influence—such rocks are peculiarly subject to disintegration where exposed on the surface; and the manner of disintegration is by the shelling off of flakes of comparative thinness, and they appear to give way more particularly at the outer angles. The fragments thus dislodged are of a pyramidal or bayonet form, the inner face having a slightly bulbous section towards the base of the pyramid. These flakes are what some of the natives of this country use for the purpose of scraping and cutting the skins of animals. But it is evident that the Hottentots of the flats were more artistic, for well-formed and carefully chipped implements are to be found on the Cape Downs. My inference from these facts is that the use of stone for cutting instruments was suggested to savage man, because of their being so well adapted to his wants, and that in time or by accident he discovered that they might be improved and sharpened by chipping. Water-worn pebbles or boulders of hard stone were of course his ready hammers, and no more perfect tool for the purpose could be invented, because only a minute point of its surface could come in contact with the flake acted upon, and thus break off but a small chip at each stroke.

Much stress is laid on the fact that these rough stones have frequently been found on the same ground with the round hammers, and quantities of chips, in proof of their artificial character; but I think it much more likely that they are thus located as forming the raw material upon which some skilled artisan had to operate, for we can easily imagine that the art of dressing spear-heads, &c., was limited to a few individuals in each tribe, and by no means a universal accomplishment.

Many of the roughly-formed arrow or spear-heads are found at East London, in a bed of gravel under a bed of consolidated black sand four feet thick. The age of this formation, however recent geologically, must be very great, so much so that I can scarcely imagine that man had anything to do with the material of which it consists. The surfaces of the stones are all discoloured by oxidation,—a fact that, independent of their shape, clearly, distinguishes them from those of artificial structure, in which the exteriors are not discoloured, and exhibit no signs of oxidation, which nothing but long exposure to atmospheric influences could induce.

I have no doubt many who take an interest in matters of this kind will consider me a sort of heretic, and even go so far as to infer that I deny the existence of artificial stone implements. Such, however, is not the fact. I only wish to point out as the result of my own observation and that of others, that numbers of the so-called implements are formed by natural agencies, and are not the result of art; and being adapted to man's use, were in former times, as at the present day, employed as cutting tools. Man found them ready made to his hand, and in the progress of time rendered them more useful by artificial means.

It is thus that the natural flakes, the finished spear-heads, the chips, round hammers, and flattened anvils are so associated as to suggest the idea of local manufactories, which doubtless they were.

W. H. PIERS.

THE CAPE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

On the Geographical Distribution of Plants in South
Africa.

[BY ERNST MEYER.]

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES, BY H. BOLUS.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY THE TRANSLATOR.

THE following treatises were written by the late Ernst Meyer, Professor of Botany at the University of Königsberg, as the result of the investigation of a collection of South African plants made by J. F. Drège between the years 1826-1834.

In a former number of this Magazine (January, 1869) I have enumerated the chief of the many botanical collectors whom the floral riches of the country have allured to South Africa. Amongst them, the collection of Drège is to this day unrivalled for its extent and completeness; and, as will be seen from the account of the journeys of this indefatigable traveller and collector, probably no one has ever so completely explored every portion of the Colony in the search of material for the study of this or any other branch of natural history. It is this fact which lends to Drège's collection its especial value, and which enabled Meyer to write the suggestive treatise on the distribution of Cape plants and the leading characteristics of the flora, which precedes the "Zwei Pflanzen-Geographische Documente" of Drège.

As the knowledge of the species of plants which inhabit any country becomes more accurate, so does it become possible to trace their relations with those of other similarly known countries; and, in conjunction with the study of the physical conditions, past and present, of such countries, to ascertain the laws which govern the distribution of plants over the earth's surface. This study constitutes that branch of the science which is known as Geographical Botany, and which, in the hands of leading botanists, has of late years led to the most interesting results. To give an instance: the relations of the flora of England to that of the Continent are such that the

ancient connection of the island with the main land might have been inferred, quite independently of the geological evidence; for, while many plants are found on the Continent which do not occur in England, not one believed to be indigenous has been found in the latter which is not also found on the Continent, thus pointing clearly to a former continuity of area, and to the derivative character of the British flora. Similarly, Dr. Hooker, in his "Introduction to the Flora of Tasmania," tracing the connection between the floras of Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, the Cape, Kerguelen's Land, and Fuego, advances the brilliant hypothesis of the existence of a former Antarctic continent, probably of immense extent, and the home of a vast and peculiar flora, which has left in each of the countries above named descendants, seldom indeed identical in form, but so closely related as to tell of their common origin, even after the lapse of ages and the subsidence of continents.

Meyer's essay is the only published attempt to investigate the distribution of plants within this Colony; and this is a necessary preliminary to the extended study of the relations of the Cape flora to that of others. Into this latter view Meyer could only partially enter, because the knowledge of the floras of other and related countries was far from sufficiently complete to enable him to do so; but, as far as they go, his observations are most valuable, and must form the ground-work of any further investigation of this important subject.

These writings are, I believe, all of them out of print; and this, coupled with the facts of their having been published on the Continent, and in the Latin and German languages, has led me to think that it would be useful to botanical students, and possibly also prove an incentive to study to those who as yet merely take a general interest in the subject, if they were translated into English, and laid before colonial readers. This the kind permission of the editor of this Magazine has enabled me to do. I am sanguine enough to think that they will, in part, at least, possess some interest for the general reader. But others who may think them dry and unreadable will doubtless acknowledge that essays treating of a branch of science which, in so far as it relates to Cape plants, has been studied in Europe with so much assiduity and delight as to have thrown a sort of lustre over the Colony are worthy of being rendered permanently accessible to our youth by obtaining a place in the chief colonial periodical.

Having gone over some of the same ground as that traversed by Drège, and in some places (as near Graaff-Reinet, the Sneeuwbergen, &c.) having trodden, as it were, in his very footprints, I can bear witness to the scrupulous accuracy of his observations. It may interest some to know that, though nearly fifty years have elapsed since he first arrived here, Herr Drège is still alive, a hale and hearty old man, and resides at his native town of Altona, near Hamburg.

The translations will be divided into three parts. The first will

consist of the preface to the "Commentaries on Drège's distributed plants," and will give an account of the several journeys undertaken by Drège, and of the nature of his observations. The second will consist of a description of the division of South Africa into zones, regions, sub-regions, &c., with a brief account of the physical conditions and the salient botanical features of each. This follows the foregoing in the "Commentaries," and forms a most valuable contribution towards our knowledge of the physical geography of the Colony. The third part will be the "Einleitung," or introduction to the "Zwei Pflanzen-Geographische Documente" of Drège—two catalogues of the stations of South African plants found by the latter. This forms the essay on the geographical distribution of Cape plants, and the relation of our flora to those of other countries, and was published with a map appended, as a supplement to the *Flora* (a German botanical magazine) in 1843.

I.—*Preface to Ernst Meyer's "Commentaries on Drège's Distributed Plants."* Leipzig: 1835.

The plants enumerated in this little book, with others to be subsequently published, have been mostly described from specimens handed to me by my friend Johann Franz Drège, a native of Altona, on his return from various journeys through Southern Africa, when, together with his notes, he placed them in my hands for investigation. Only those are to be excepted which are marked by a prefixed star, and which have either been drawn from private sources or from the very rich herbarium of the Royal Gardens of Königsberg.

Drège bestowed eight years of unwearied labour in collecting these plants, and, in doing so, sought in preference those regions which, by their remoteness or inaccessibility, had been less explored by travellers, and were, in part, wholly new to students of natural history. These journeys, indeed, would be well worthy of a more extended notice; but, to keep within due limits, I must treat them briefly, and with only sufficient detail to render intelligible what follows on the subject of the native places of the plants. For this purpose there is nothing so useful as a map; and, therefore, I must beg reference to that lately published by Mr. J. Arrowsmith, and compiled from the best authorities, entitled "Map of the Cape of Good Hope, &c., &c. London: 1834."

Drège landed at the Cape of Good Hope in the month of March, 1826, and at once began to explore, not only the suburbs, but the whole district nearest Cape Town. In the month of August of the same year, he first started on a longer journey. He went through that desert tract called the Great Karoo, a province inhabited by cattle-farmers, stretching on both sides of the Nieuwveld and Winterveld Mountains, on the southern side of which it is called the Gouph and Camdeboo; and to the north, Nieuwveld, Winterveld, and Uitvlugt. Here, wandering hither and thither, he remained eight months. Thence again returning to Cape Town, he shortly afterwards removed his residence to the Paarl,* in the

* Long since erected into a separate district.—TR

district of Stellenbosch, and, by repeated journeys, thoroughly searched this as well as the other older districts of the Colony, during two years devoted to that purpose.

I must pass over these, for the sake of brevity, to mention another and more extensive journey which was commenced by Drège in May, 1829, in which he again travelled through the Great Karoo, but this time more to the southward, where run the roots of the Great Zwarteberg Mountains. It is hardly necessary for me to observe that, far from neglecting these mountains, he very carefully explored them, passing through them by various approaches. So in the third month he came to the Sunday's River and that region which is called Zwaartruggens. Then, in the course of his journey to the sources of that river, bending northward, he ascended the Sneeuwbergen and Rhenosterbergen; and then, returning to the lower regions, he took the Great Fish River as his guide, and descended into Albany, the easternmost district of the Colony, and the one most recently taken from the Kafir territories. After an absence of almost a year, he returned home by way of Uitenhage, Long Kloof, and Swellendam, under those extensive and intricate mountain ranges, the loftiest of which we have above called the Great Zwartebergen.

In the third journey, Drège encountered a more difficult region—the western shores of the Colony, dry and sandy before all others; and Little Namaqualand, the country of the Hottentots, which is separated from Great Namaqualand by the Gariep, the longest river of South Africa, although in its lower portion, where other rivers are usually the largest, it is not very wide, owing to the burning sun and the thirsty nature of the soil.* After completing a three months' journey through the regions on this side the mountains, he finally again touched this river, and, following it upward and downward, by dint of great exertion, crossed by a ford. Here the mountains of Great Namaqualand appeared in sight, and tempted our traveller forward. Yet in vain! for though this was the time of the year for the usual rains, as well here as in the Upper Gariep, yet during the month Drège was detained about the mouth not a drop of rain fell from the clear sky. Food for the cattle was wanting, and they languished and rapidly became weak. The fountains behind them dried up. No way of escape was open from the direst misfortune, except an immediate retreat, for which, however, water was wholly unobtainable during a space of two days' journey. Drège returned by the Khamiesbergen, Cederbergen, and the higher region of Onder Bokkeveld, which lies between them. Here the vegetation was for the most part out of flower, while it happened that as they went lower down the time of flowering was there scarcely begun; yet, nevertheless, the fruits of this

* Drège, so far as I remember, says:—Near the mouth the true channel of the river is about 3,000 paces wide; when the river is overflowing, which, however, he did not see, 18,000 paces; but in the dry time of the year the water stands in the middle of the channel scarcely more than 20 paces wide and 3 feet deep. To which we may add what the celebrated Burchell, who crossed the same river about 350 miles from its mouth, says respecting it:—"The average breadth of the Gariep, in this part of its course, may perhaps be more correctly stated at 350 yards during its lowest state; but when overflowing the banks, it may then probably be from a quarter of a mile to a mile wide." (*Trav.* I, p. 319.) It is not therefore surprising, though not quite true, that Lichtenstein should relate that the beautiful waters of the Gariep, exhausted by the sun and absorbed by the sands, are wholly unable to reach the ocean, and the greatest river of South Africa does not exist at its mouth.

unfortunate and interrupted journey were among the richest, as respects abundance and novelty, and were not even surpassed by those of a later journey, which I will now narrate.

An English physician, Dr. [Andrew] Smith, desirous of following up and investigating the way overland to Delagoa Bay, opened by his countrymen, Cowie and Green, easily persuaded Drège to accompany him. He therefore arrived in Albany by sea in July, 1831, joined his companion near the frontier, and entered Lower Kaffraria. Bounded on the right by the ocean, on the left by rugged chains of mountains, this country stretches lengthwise towards the north-east. It is crossed by numerous rivers, is covered with luxuriant grass, and inhabited by a people who were just at that time, indeed, very quiet and harmless; so that, excepting swollen rivers, nothing delayed the travellers, nor obliged them to diverge from their object, until they reached the Umgeni River, which enters the sea a little beyond Port Natal. Here the one was recalled by business, and obliged the other unwillingly to return with him. This was the more to be regretted, because Kaffraria afforded a large harvest of species, quite unexpected in that country. Of these, some, though very few, may be supposed to have had a colonial origin, others to have crossed from the island of Madagascar, from the East Indies, and others to have descended from Egypt. Drège, then returning, crossed the boundary of the Colony in January, 1832, and arrived home in the month of June.

The desire of exploration having, however, been increased rather than satisfied by this journey, Drège, after he had allowed himself a brief delay (not, however, idle) in Uitenhage and Albany, again undertook a journey to the northward. He crossed the Chumiebergen, and wandered amongst those lofty plains inhabited by the Tambookies,* situate about the tributaries of the Kei River, and the mountains which bound them on three sides. Not content with this, he traversed the Stormbergen, and penetrated even to the Nu-Gariep,† the southern branch of the Orange River. On the right, new mountains called the Wittebergen confronted him. These he ascended about the turn of the year, and discovered at length that, so far as known to Europeans, these constituted the loftiest range in South Africa, exceeding 8,000 feet in height. From this *ultima thule* of his travels, Drège returned through the colonial district of New Hantam, bounded by the Orange River, until he came to the Seacow River. This he followed upwards, and again reached the Sneeuwbergen, near its sources, in the beginning of March. Descending from these into the valley of the Sunday's River, he returned by the way of his former journey, and reached home in June, 1833.

Of lesser journeys which he made even up to the time of embarking on board the ship in which he returned to his native country, I will mention but one, which he made to the Olifant's River on the West Coast and the neighbouring mountains. Being a more favourable season, he succeeded, within a limited area and a short space of time, in obtaining a good many new species.

At last, in the beginning of 1834, not quite eight years after his arrival in Africa, Drège set sail, and left behind him that wild country, destitute

* Now the district of Queen's Town.—Tr.

† Now called the Orange River throughout.—Tr

of charms for others, yet not displeasing to him. He brought with him a rich store of plants, estimated at 8,000 species, of which a great part form new species, and not a few new genera. The dried specimens number about 200,000, which will shortly be distributed. The prices of these—a matter which is not within my province—will be found in a schedule on the cover of this book. But I cannot pass over without notice the astonishing floral riches which have been brought from so narrow and limited a field; yet more wonderful when we reflect how many more must have escaped the notice of one man, however observant! Thunberg brought from the Cape nearly 4,000 plants, of which, if I mistake not, I have found scarcely one half amongst Drège's plants. Others were collected by Burchell, by Zeyher, by Ecklon, and by many other very deserving collectors of this inexhaustible flora. The whole of these, it can scarcely be doubted, must amount to 12,000 species. In this vast number of different forms, Southern Africa far excels all other known regions.*

Yet, indeed, I hardly know whether Drège better merits our praise for having brought so great an abundance and variety of rare species, or for his accurate observations of the native places of plants, in respect of which, besides the advantage to botany, he has added so much to our geographical knowledge of the regions through which he travelled. He collected the same species not once only, but as often and wherever he found it he recorded the peculiarities of its habitat. He travelled as well through barren as through fertile regions, and at different times of the year, and collected in all with equal assiduity and diligence. In this, too, he was assisted by no mean judgment as to the variability of plants from their typical forms, which, unless there is time for a longer observation of living plants, is always somewhat uncertain. He also endeavoured to determine the temperature of the warm springs of the country, wherever he met with them, and the height of the land above the level of the sea. Indeed, so accustomed did he become to this constant measurement, that he acquired sufficient skill to be able to judge by the eye, in round numbers, the height of numerous stations of plants. But lest it should appear that these numbers are recorded throughout the book somewhat too arbitrarily for many native localities of plants, I have at the same time added, for those who prefer accurate measurements, tables showing the barometrical and thermometrical observations thus made. Drège, indeed, devoted particular care to this matter. His aim was to express the native stations of plants, so difficult to make out in that vast country, and in part never named either in books or maps, in such a manner as that the position of any might be instantly understood. For this purpose, he endeavoured to trace a more natural division of all the regions of the country traversed by him. These regions are indicated by certain numbers and letters which in this work appear appended to the stations of plants. The signification of these being committed to memory, it may be perceived at a glance, as far as the area of any plant is known, in what manner the species of each genus and the genera of each order are distributed; in short, what regions are deficient in what forms of plants, and what abound in them. The map drawn by Drège, after that of Arrowsmith, but in many respects corrected, will illustrate this division by coloured sections;

* See also the observations made on this subject by Schouw,—"Pflanzen-Geographie," p. 397.

but until it is so far completed that it may be published,* I shall endeavour so to define each division by a description at the end of this preface, that it will be an easy matter to delineate the boundaries upon one of Arrow-smith's maps.

I come now to my own share in this work, as to which I may be brief. I undertook to write commentaries on Drège's plants, not a flora of Southern Africa, since I think this can only be done when the illustrious De Candolle shall have published Burchell's plants, Ecklon and Zeyher theirs, and when I have completed those of Drège; hardly even then, unless the herbarium of Thunberg and that at Berlin are also diligently consulted. But my work is a commentary, in which what is known is passed over briefly and what is unknown is treated at greater length. Therefore I propose to continue as I have begun, upon the system of others, chiefly of the valuable Prodrômus of De Candolle, and where this fails me, by a careful investigation of each order of plants.

Some will doubtless consider that I have unduly reduced species and multiplied genera and orders; yet I hope there will not be wanting those who will carefully test either view. But I do not think that this is the place to discuss so difficult and perplexing a subject.

As far as I have been able, I have been careful to derive new names from the Greek.^o Those formerly given of which I could be certain I have jealously preserved; those of which I could be less so I have in some cases rejected, in others admitted; yet not arbitrarily, but judging of probabilities, for which, in every instance, it would be impossible to give reasons. One thing I wish to add, viz., that I regard the descriptions of Thunberg to be far better than they are generally considered. It is true that the parts of fructification are generally neglected, but they usually describe the habit so much the better; and where they seem to wander the furthest from nature, I would rather believe that wholly different plants have been afterwards substituted than that Thunberg has so greatly erred. I will not deny that, deceived by the similarity of species, he may sometimes have had before him one plant during diagnosis and another during description; but I believe the errors arising from this cause to be few. I must, however, conclude, lest I should weary my readers beyond measure.

ERNST MEYER.

Konigsberg, 1st December, 1835.

* It was not, in fact, published until 1843, when it was appended to the "Zwei Pflanzen-Geographische Documente," the introduction to which will form the third portion of these translations.—Tr.

(To be continued.)



Hope in God.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALFRED DE MUSSET.

God keeps his holy mysteries
Just on the outside of man's dream.

E. B. BROWNING.

From the heights of his doubt and despair, he saw the infinite, as we see the sea from a storm-beaten promontory. Religions, their glory and their decay, the human race, its pangs and its destiny, all that is sublime in the world, appeared there to him in a flash of lightning.

H. A. TAINE ON A. DE MUSSET.

While my heart is still tender and full of its youth,
Ere it yet bid adieu to the visions that fade,
I would hold to that wise ancient system of Truth
Which of calm Epicurus a demi-god made.
I would seek for some joys nor count too much on one ;
I would live with my fellows and love, like the rest ;
I would be what men are, and do what has been done,
And look up to the Heavens without vexing my breast.

'Tis in vain ;—for the Infinite troubles me still ;
And, in spite of myself, hope and fear are at hand ;
For it fills me with dread, let men say what they will,
To behold it for ever, yet not understand.
Pray what is the world, and for what had we birth,
If the Heavens must be veiled ere our spirits find rest ?
To pass by like a flock, with eyes fixed on the earth,
And all else to ignore ! Is this then to be blest ?
What ! cease to be man and thus lower one's soul !
I was born of a woman, unhappy or not,
And since Chance threw me here as a part of the whole,
I cannot escape from humanity's lot.

What do then ? “Enjoy,” pagan reasoning cries ;
“The gods are asleep, so make merry and die ;”
“Hope only,” the faith of the Christian replies ;
“Thou livest for ever, God watches on high.”
So between the two ways I am puzzled and tost.
I would fain turn aside and some sweeter path try,
But a secret voice whispers—“There too you are lost ;
For in presence of Heaven 'tis Believe or deny.”
And I think so in truth, for the spirits distrest,
From extreme to extreme, are thrown every way.

The indifferent are atheists only, at best ;
They would never repose if they doubted a day.
Then I yield, for the problem still harries my soul ;
I believe, and I hope, and I humble the knee ;
I have chosen my course, I would fain know the goal :
Now then what is my fate, and what am I to be ?

See me now in the hands of a terrible God,
More dread than all ills that e'er troubled our hearts ;
Lone, erring and frail, my sad way must be trod
'Neath the eyes of a witness that never departs.
He watches, he follows, he hears my heart beat ;
I offend, if its pulses too rapidly play :
If I leap in the gulf that now yawns at my feet,
For an hour, eternity only can pay.
My judge is a butcher, abiding his time.
Each thing is a snare, all old names are unknown ;
For love becomes sin, and all happiness crime,
And the work of the week a temptation alone.
Of the nature of man there is nothing remains ;
For remorse and for virtue no home in my soul :
I await the reward and escape from the pains ;
Fear only my guide, and Death only my goal.

But an infinite joy, they say, passingly sweet,
Awaits certain elect, who are—no one knows who !
Will you give back my life, if you've practised deceit ?
Will you open the Heavens, if you're speaking me true ?
Ah ! this land which your prophets have pictured in song,
If it really exist, is no more than a waste.
When their joy comes at last, they have suffered too long,
And you want them too pure,—these saints you make blest.
I am only a man, and I would not be less,
Nor attempt to be more.—Then with whom shall I stay ?
Since the priest gives me nothing my faith can confess,
Must I go to the scoffer to seek the right way ?

If my heart, thus beset, wearied out with its dream,
All athirst, to Reality utters its cry,—
As vain pleasures flow by, at the depth of the stream,
Such a loathing I find that I feel I must die.
Even at times when the mind harbours impious thought,
And to cure me of doubt I am fain to deny ;
Tho' the choice things of life in possession were brought,
All which man can desire and the world can supply ;—
Give me power and health, give me wealth without care,
Even love, our sole good here, love faithful and true ;
Let the idol of Hellas, Astarte the fair,
To embrace me return from her isles of the blue ;—

Could I pluck from the womb of the populous earth
 All the secrets of life and its force recondite,
 And from Protean matter evoke a new birth,
 A beauty unique, for my own sole delight ;—
 Could Lucretius and Horace both sit at my side,
 And with sage Epicurus, salute me as blest,—
 Those grand souls, to whom nature was fresh as a bride,
 Sing their scorn of the gods, love of pleasure and rest ;—
 I would say to them all,—“ But what now is it worth ?
 ’Tis too late ; I am pained ; this old world makes me sigh :
 For an Infinite Hope has swept over the earth ;
 And, in spite of ourselves, we must look to the sky.”

What remains ? For my spirit within me is stirred,
 The heart will not doubt nor the reason believe.
 The Christian gives terror, the atheist’s word,
 In despite of my senses, I cannot receive.
 The saints think I play but an impious part ;*
 The indifferent, at once, put me down for a fool.
 What friend then is left to speak peace to my heart ?
 What master will take a disciple to school ?

There exists, I am told, a philosophy still
 Which without revelation unravels the whole,
 Which can steer in the midst with a masterly skill,
 While the priest and the scoffer stand,—each at his pole.
 I agree. Let philosophers take up the ball,
 Who know how, without faith, to discover the truth.
 Feeble sophists, belief in themselves is their all :
 For what are their proofs and their power, in good sooth ?
 One shows me two principles ever at strife,
 Which both are eternal and conquer in turn. (1.)
 One—afar and alone, with a purposeless life,
 A God who requires not the incense we burn. (2.)
 Plato’s dreams I review and the Stagirite’s mind ;
 I listen, applaud, and then go on my way.
 The despots hold God for a tyrant I find ;
 They say God has republican leanings to-day.
 Pythagoras, Leibnitz, transfigure me quite.
 Descartes in the vortices leaves me alone.
 Montaigne’s introspection brings nothing to light.
 And Pascal flies trembling from ghosts of his own.
 Zeno robs me of feeling, and Pyrrho of eyes.
 Voltaire knocks down everything standing upright.
 Spinoza, to solve the impossible, tries,
 And finding no God, is pantheist, in spite.

(1) Manicheism.

(2) Theism.

The sophist of England makes man a machine. (3.)
But a German, completing philosophy's fall,
Comes forth from the fog at the close of the scene,
Proclaims Heaven a void, and proves nothing is all. (4.)

Behold then the wreck of the science of man !
After five thousand years both of travail and doubt ;
Perseverance and patience have done all they can,
And this last word of wisdom wipes everything out.
Ah ! poor fools, who explained the whole system of things ;
Weak brains, in so many ways taxing your skill ;
For ascending the Heavens you had yet need of wings ;
You were wanting in faith only, not in the will.

Your pride springs from wounds which no balm can make whole.
I pity you truly, you suffer as I :
For you know that sad thought which embitters the soul
When the Infinite prompts a wild shuddering cry.
Well ! Let us all pray,—and abjure, as we must,
All your infantile schemes and your labour for nought.
Since now your frail bodies have mouldered to dust,
I will kneel on your tombs and bear you on my thought.

Come thinkers of old and you dreamers to-day,
Come Christian, come pagan, come savant, come all ;
Believe me, the Voice of Hope cries when we pray ;
Then that God may give answer, to him let us call.
He is just, he is good, and forgiveness doth send.
Full much you have suffered, the rest is forgot.
If the Heavens be empty, we cannot offend ;
If One list to our cry, may he pity our lot !

O Thou whom none hath fully known,
And none in truth can e'er deny,
Give ear ! Thou by whose will alone
To-day I live, to-morrow die !

Thou dost in part thy face reveal,
Then wherefore make us doubt of thee ?
What mournful pleasure canst thou feel
In testing us with misery ?

As soon as man can raise the head,
He seems to see thee in the skies ;
Beneath his feet, creation spread
Forms a vast temple to his eyes.

(3) Locke. (4) Kant. In translation, more strictly speaking, Hegel.

And if to his own heart he turn,
He feels thy life within him glow ;
If tears should fall or love should burn,
It is his God who wills it so.

The noblest minds responsive move
With high ambition's holiest aim,—
That thine existence they may prove,
And teach mankind to spell thy name

Whate'er the mode in which we call,
Brahma or Jesus, Zeus or Lord,
Truth, Justice, Goodness,—one or all,
Thou only art the God ador'd.

The worst of all the sons of earth,
E'en from the heart, gives thanks to thee,
Soon as a ray of genial mirth
Illuminates his misery.

Thee the whole world doth glorify :
The bird sings to thee on its nest ;
And for one rain-drop from the sky
Millions of beings call thee blest.

Thou hast bestowed no gift in vain,
For we admire each thing we see :
While all creation swells the strain,
Thou wilt not scorn our bended knee.

Then why, by thy creating hand,
O Lord, was evil made so great,
That thought and virtue trembling stand
And groan beneath its awful weight?

And while so many things below
Proclaim the Deity above,
And seem to speak that we may know
A Father's goodness, power and love,

How is it, 'neath thy holy light,
We see such hideous deeds performed,—
Prayer dies, like wailing of the night,
On the sad lips thy love had warmed ?

Why do such discords jar the sense,
And break thy heavenly harmony ?
For what end—crime and pestilence ?
And O, Just God ! why must we die ?

How deep thy pity must have been,
When, weeping, with its good and ill,
I his fair, poor world at first was seen
Emerge from chaos at thy will !

Since thou hast made our grief so great,
We should not be allowed to see,
In looking on the Infinite,
Only some distant glimpse of thee.

Why must we dream or guess a God ?
Why is our way so sad and rough ?
For doubt has made the earth a sod ;
We see too much or not enough.

If man, thy creature, is too mean
And too unworthy to draw nigh,
Nature itself should prove a screen
To fold and hide thee from the eye.

Thy mighty power would still remain,
And we should feel its heavy blows ;
But evils then would give less pain,
Sweetened by ignorance and repose.

If all our sufferings and cries
Fail to approach thy majesty,
Guard thy lone grandeur from our eyes,
For ever close Immensity.

But if our bitter mortal pains
Can ever reach thy glorious throne,
If, even on the eternal plains,
Sometimes is heard a human moan,

Let the dark clouds at length be furl'd ;
Pierce the deep vault, inspire the dust ;
Lift up the veils which gird the world,
And show thyself, God good and just !

Then shalt thou find throughout the earth
An ardent love of faith alone ;
While men, made one by second birth,
Adoring fall, allegiance own ;

The tears, which once our vigour drew,
Which ran in rivers from the eye,
Like a light drop of morning dew,
Shall vanish in the sunlit sky ;

Thou shalt hear only notes of praise,
 In concert sweet of joy and love ;—
 A song like that the angels raise
 To fill the eternal Home above ;

In this grand chorus thou shalt see,—
 While our hosannas ring again,—
 That doubt and blasphemy will flee,
 And Death, the last great enemy,
 With final accents, cry Amen.

DIAMOND DIGGER.

Recollections of a Country Agent.

No. I.

HOW WE WOUND UP THE ESTATE.

I WAS sitting cozily before my dining-room fire one cold winter evening. I had been racking my brains late in my office that day in drawing a fifth codicil to a most complicated will for one of my farmer customers, a well-to-do old widower, who seemed to take a delight in “revoking” and “annulling,” at least once a year, what he had invariably declared to me the year before to be positively his *last* disposition.

Theodorus van Streep (better known as Doris van Streep) was now a widower for the last ten years or more, with an only child, a girl just out of her teens. He possessed a large, well-stocked farm, situated about thirty miles from the town where I had settled, and having no debts was able to live very comfortably. With an enlightenment which did credit to one of his class he had spared no expense in her education. She had turned out a really clever and accomplished young lady, and having good looks to boot, with a handsome settlement in prospect, bade fair to become one day what is termed in bachelor parlance “a most desirable girl.” Doris had latterly adopted two little orphan boys, sons of a deceased poor relation ; and with the view of giving *them* also a good education, had engaged the services of a “*Meester*,” in this case a respectable, well-educated young Englishman.

All this I may be supposed to have remarked in mental soliloquy, for I was enjoying in solitude the warmth of my colonial turf fire (we don’t burn coal or wood where I live), when a sudden, somewhat muffled knock at the door of my dining-room—I could not have heard the knocks at the front-door—drew from me a corresponding, though rather mutilated, *Kom binnen*. And who should it be ? Actually my friend Doris van Streep himself, as large as life, at this late hour of the night, and evidently just arrived from the country. He was dressed in a long drab overcoat, buttoned up so as almost to hide his nether garments, wore a white night-cap, and over it a

broad-brimmed felt hat, which he seldom, even in doors, took off. Tall and rather stately in appearance, with a round, ruddy face, expressive of a mixture of intelligence and "bonhommie," he was by no means a bad specimen of your first-class farmer. A stranger on seeing him approach would have been struck by a peculiar swinging motion, habitual to him, of his arms and legs, and which appeared to continue mechanically for a second or two after he was seated. This, though far from elegant, gave him an air of briskness and activity, qualities which he certainly possessed.

On coming up to me he shook me warmly by the hand. "Well Doris," said I, "what brings you here so late? Something about the last codicil, I suppose. I have finished it, and hope you won't 'revoke' it again, for at that rate," I added jocularly, "your will will one day be as voluminous as *á Brakel* or *Smytegeld*." To make this allusion of mine generally intelligible, I should add here that these are the titles of antiquated Dutch sermon books, once in universal use in the country—a practice still far from obsolete. Each discourse is so long that it takes *Paterfamilias* several Sundays to read it. The sermons were therefore conveniently divided by the reader at the bottom of a certain number of pages, very often at a comma or semicolon, or even at the middle of a word, as it happened, the subject being resumed again on the following Sunday, at the top of the next page.

"Well," said Doris, in reply, "I did not exactly come about the will, though, by-the-by, you may put the whole of it into the fire. I revoke it, codicils and all, and will make an entirely new will one day. The fact is, I am going to get married."

"Indeed you are!" I said with no little astonishment; "and who is the young lady who has hooked you at last?"

"Why," said he, "you see I am getting old. In a few years my daughter Hannie will get a husband, and I would then be left alone; and as my neighbour, Frans Dyssel, is dead, it struck me to ask his widow to marry me, and she has consented, and——"

"And what?" said I, as he appeared to come to a dead stop.

"Well," he answered, "I am in a fix" (he called it a *decadentie*), "and you must help me out of it."

To avoid prolixity, I shall for the present drop the dialogue and summarize what my friend Doris told me in explanation. When Doris obtained the consent of the widow to his marrying her, he lost no time in instructing the schoolmaster, whose name, by the way, was Henry Thompson, to write to Cape Town for a special licence for him, and Mr. Thompson was in due course informed that the licence would at once be transmitted to our magistrate. Thereupon the whole family—being Doris, his daughter, and the two little orphan boys, accompanied by the happy widow and the schoolmaster—left for our town in a handsome spring wagon, the intention of Doris being to have the marriage performed on the day after their arrival. He had hardly alighted from the wagon when, leaving the school-

master to do the amiable to the bride in escorting her to a friend's house (a perhaps pardonable want of gallantry on his part), he went straight to our magistrate to ascertain if all was right about the licence, and if so, at what hour they might appear before the Matrimonial Court next morning. It was already late in the evening, but Doris and the magistrate were on excellent terms, the more so as the latter now and then received presents of biltong, fresh butter, and other indigenous niceties from him; and he therefore did not scruple to pay this late visit at the magistrate's house on official business. Mr. F——, our magistrate, was one of the old school. He was enormously fat and very jolly looking, with a habitual humorous twinkle in his eye, and which, no doubt, came into full play when he saw Doris, and at once guessed his errand. The licence, of course, had come, and Mr. F—— assured his friend that there would be no obstacle—that all, in fact, would go as merry as the marriage bell that would be ringing them to church on the morrow. Just, however, as Doris was leaving, Mr. F——, as if casually, said, “By-the-by, your intended, I am aware, has no children, but *you* have a minor daughter. Of course, you have settled your estate, and have passed your *kinderbewijs*.”

And here I must come to a necessary but brief parenthesis, for the information of those to whom the matter may be new. According to our colonial law, no widower having a minor child (as was the case here) is allowed to remarry unless he can show, by a document from the proper authority, either that the maternal portion coming to his minor child has been duly paid into the Guardians' Fund, or, what is oftener done, that the amount has been secured by a bond, called a *kinderbewijs*. In either case a “liquidation account” must be previously framed, as is evident, for the purpose of ascertaining the exact amount of inheritance devolving upon the minor, and which, having thereupon been lodged as above, or secured by *kinderbewijs*, is to be paid over to such minor at majority.

When Mr. F—— spoke about the *kinderbewijs*, Doris's face fell, for he had never thought of this when he left home; in fact, he did not now remember if such a document had ever been passed. All he recollected was that no money had been sent to the Guardians' Fund. Without saying anything, he hurried away, and at once came to me for advice and assistance in the manner I have above described. And this was certainly an awkward fix to be in. The hitch, of course, was not irremediable, for in a couple of weeks' time the necessary document might be obtained from Cape Town, but the *delay* was what he chafed at and could not submit to—and not without reason. Unknown to his neighbours, to whom he wished to give a quiet surprise, he had suddenly come in with the widow to get married, and thereupon to bring her to his home, before hardly any one had heard of the event. The meditated surprise to his friends would now signally fail, for he would have to return home again to abide the receipt of the required document; while in the

meanwhile, alas! the news of his present failure would travel far and wide, with such additions and embellishments as country gossip is particularly distinguished for. And then there was a lady in the case. How would *she* like the turn of events, which would consign her once more, although for a time, to the scene of her widowhood, "like Patience on a monument?" For aught Doris could tell, this would be the very thing to decide her, a woman of spirit as he knew her to be, to break off the match, and thus doom him to continue for the rest of his life "in anti-connubial desolation." "If," therefore, "it were done, *were* it done, then it were well it were done quickly."

All this, *in purport* of course—besides Doris was a man of few and simple words—was what he answered me with when I advised him to postpone the marriage for a week or two, when I felt confident that all would be right.

Although I believed, from what I had gathered from him, that his late wife's estate had never been settled, I deemed it necessary to go into particulars, when I learned that shortly after he had lost his wife he employed Mr. A——, an agent who was then practising in our town (this being before my time), and who was now dead for some years, to do whatever was necessary to liquidate the estate, but from whom he had only received his appointment by the Master as executor testamentary, and which he said he had at home. We then parted for the night, I promising to see him again early the next morning, and do what I could. As soon as I was up the next day, I decided, as a sort of "forlorn hope," to go to the house which my predecessor, Mr. A——, had occupied, and which was now inhabited by his nephew, a Mr. Gundeling, who had served his uncle as clerk, and now kept a small shop (*smeerewinkeltje*), and from whom I learnt that the late Mr. A——, at his death, had left a large heap of papers which nobody had claimed, and which, years ago, had been deposited in a large basket (*ballast mandje*) on the loft, where they still were. Having briefly told Mr. Gundeling what I wanted, and promised him a handsome *douceur* should my search be successful, the basket was soon brought down. It had evidently not been disturbed since its contents were packed in it. A thick crust of dust—the silent working of years—covered the top, and, as may easily be conceived, made the task most uninviting. With the aid of Slinger, Mr. Gundeling's sable *factotum*, the basket was turned over, and a heap which seemed at least twice as large as basket and all covered the floor. As I have already stated, I looked upon my intended search as a sort of forlorn hope, but when I saw that a large number of the papers were tied up in bundles, and marked "*Estate of ———*" (with the respective names), I became excited, and soon felt almost as eager as if some priceless manuscript—the lost books of Livy, for instance—were within my probable grasp; and hurrah! I involuntarily exclaimed, when I clutched a bundle marked "Testate Estate of the late Anna Sophia Smit and surviving spouse, Theodorus van Streep." I was in such ecstasy

with my unlooked for discovery, that without noticing the astounded looks of Mr. A——'s nephew and his *factotum*, I bounded out of the shop and sallied to my office. I lost no time in opening the prized bundle, but what a disappointment! for I found it to contain only a copy of Doris's joint will with his late wife, a copy of the death notice, and two or three letters of trivial importance from Doris to Mr. A——. Nay, there was *one* document more, headed "Liquidation Account," with a due complement of ledger and pencil lines, but for the rest *all was blank!*

As we know more (I may be pardoned the truism) when we know the worst, however unpalatable, than when we are in a state of suspense and uncertainty, my discovery of the bundle was certainly a discovery in one direction: proof positive that, however good the late Mr. A——'s intentions were, the estate had never been liquidated at all, and that, therefore, everything beyond his appointment as executor, which Doris said he had, would have to be done *ab initio* before the required document, allowing him to re-marry, could be got.

"All this being unsatisfactory," as notaries declare stereotypely in their deeds of presentment, I now went to pay my promised matutinal visit to Doris, whom I found in loving proximity to the widow, at her friend's house, and drinking, as I judged from the late hour of the morning, his seventh cup of coffee. I had soon told them all about my search and its fruitless results. When I had finished, both he and the widow looked most woe-begone; and although I felt for them, their utter gloom—however natural it might look in young people—had an air of comicality in it which I could hardly resist. Of one thing I soon was assured, and was glad of it for Doris's sake,—though not yet married to him, she appeared determined to share with him the trouble which had so suddenly befallen them.

"Oh, speak to Mr. F——," she said, in almost winning confidence and simplicity. "I am sure he will give us the licence. My heart breaks when I look at my poor Doris, after all the trouble he has taken in bringing me here. Tell Mr. F—— that I will send him a nice lambskin blanket, which I have made with my own hands, and a fine eland skin, which my *overledene Frans* brought home the last time he was out hunting."

Of course I told her that our magistrate, however beholden as he no doubt was for all their nice presents, and however anxious to serve them, was too upright a man to do what the law did not allow him, and that their marrying before Doris's papers came back from Cape Town was simply impossible. I promised to see them again; and before leaving could not help noticing from where I sat the heaps of fat poultry, &c. (just ready for the cook) lying on the kitchen table, and surrounded by a profusion of "eyerkoekjes," "poffertjes," and other home-baked pastries, all so unsuspectingly, alas! brought in from the farm to lend *éclât* to the wedding.

On returning to my office, I found Mr. Gundeling there, evidently waiting for me. He had come, no doubt, to claim his expected

present, and it was, of course, no little disappointment to him when he learnt from me that the looked-for document was not in the bundle. "Perhaps," he said at last, as if not to shut out all hope for himself as to the promised gift, "the document may still be found amongst the papers I have at home," and suggested that I should make another search there, which I naturally declined, as I knew it would be looking for something which had never existed. He shook his head, and saying that he himself would look, left. Judge of my astonishment when, an hour after, he returned to my office, holding triumphantly in his hand a document, which ran thus: "I hereby certify that in conformity with Section 1 of Act No. 12 of 1856, the customary bond of Kinderbewys has been registered in this office in the estate of the late Anna Sophia Smit, showing an amount of £648 2s. 6d. due to the minor child." This document was dated Registrar of Deeds' Office, 13th September, 1857, and bore the well-known signature of the then Registrar of Deeds, J. C—. He told me that after rummaging for some time amongst the mass of papers at his house, he found the paper now brought lying loose amongst others. It had evidently fallen out of the bundle I had had. It was of no use my trying to explain to myself how I could have been so signally mistaken in my belief that no such paper could be found. *There* was the document, and my finding the blank liquidation account was still no absolute proof that such an account had not actually been forwarded to the Master, and that the one found by me was not a spare one intended to be filled in hereafter.

I immediately sent for Doris, to whom I at once communicated the unlooked-for news. His delight, as may be easily imagined, was unbounded; and he was just commencing his habitual swinging motion preparatory to rising from his chair to impart the joyful tidings to his bride, when the thought struck me to ask him in what year his wife had died. "In 1861," he answered. "Are you sure, Doris," I replied, looking at the Registrar of Deeds' certificate again. "Was it not some years earlier?" "Oh, no! I am quite positive," he said. "But why ask this question now?" "It is a matter of great importance," I said gravely and almost solemnly. "Well, if you wish to have proof," he rejoined, "look at the ring on my finger. It contains some of my late wife's hair, and has the date of her death inscribed in it." I looked and read "*6th May, 1861.*" "Then," I said, "this document is, I believe, a *forgery*, for it speaks of your late wife and is dated 1857." And now for the first time, by holding the paper up to the light, it became evident to me that the words "Anna Maria Smit" had been inserted where an erasure had been made; and Doris having told me, on my questioning him, that Mr. Gundeling had been to him, evidently after my unsuccessful hunt, and that Doris, in his eagerness to obtain the longed-for document, had offered to pay him 200 rixdollars if he found what was wanted, the whole truth flashed upon me. Gundeling, in all probability, had made a further search, stimulated by the tempting reward,

and had failed. Finding, however, in some other estate a document similar to the one required, the daring thought had struck him to erase the name and substitute that of Doris's late wife; and this he had done so cleverly—the forgery being facilitated by the greater part of the certificate being *printed*—that I should not have suspected anything, but for my not feeling quite satisfied as to the correctness of the date, from my general knowledge of Doris's affairs, and there-upon questioning him as I did.

And what was now to be done? It was for *me* this time to be “in a fix.”

“Leave the matter in my hands,” said Doris, thoughtfully, “and send for Gundeling.” In a few minutes he was in my office, when Doris at once taxed him with the forgery,—going into details from the data I had furnished. The fellow at first tried to look innocent, but soon commenced to tremble, blubbered out something about his anxiety to serve “Oom Doris,” and begged of him to return the paper. “Don’t you wish you may get it?” Doris said, in corresponding Dutch,—pressed his hat which he had on more firmly over his night-cap, rose from his chair while muttering something about “*Crimineel*,” walked in the direction of the front-door, and, turning suddenly round, threw the forged paper into my office grate fire. “And now,” he said, to Gundeling, “go and remember that Doris is too honest a man to avail himself in any way of your roguery.” Gundeling soon made himself scarce, and when we were seated again, I could not help admiring my friend’s fine principle in at once acting in the way he did.

“And now,” I said to Doris, “we have not budged an inch—we are exactly where we were at starting; and you will therefore yourself be the more persuaded to follow my advice by going back to the farm and waiting till your papers arrive from Cape Town. Come to me again in the afternoon, and we will go into the estate and draw up the necessary papers which I have to send away.” He himself saw that this was the only course, and promising to return after having arranged for his departure on the following morning, shook me dolefully by the hand. I watched him as he slowly wended his way to his quarters,—his arms and legs swinging more than usual in a manner expressive of the intensified workings of his mind.

It was now 11 o’clock in the morning, and as I had some business at the public offices, I went thither. The magistrate was alone in his private room, and the subject of Doris’s intended marriage was soon adverted to. I simply told Mr. F—— what we had decided on, and that Doris would return in a week or two. “But he is here with his whole family, and I have *two* special licences.” “Surely not both for *him*,” I replied. “No; but have you heard nothing about the other one? Doris was at my house last night, and said nothing about it. I gave him a slight hint, but he did not seem to understand me, and there was no time to say much to him, as he left

in a hurry." Thereupon Mr. F—— drew from his drawer first a special matrimonial licence for Doris and the widow, and then another for *Mr. Henry Thompson and Doris's daughter Johanna*. My head was fairly beginning to turn. This was certainly a day of surprises to me ; and here was a new element in the events of the morning, and of which I felt positive Doris knew nothing. A sudden idea struck me, and leaving rather abruptly, I went back to my office, where I immediately penned Mr. Thompson a note, politely requesting him to come and see me as soon as he conveniently could. He came at once, and his appearance and manner (I had not seen him before) immediately prepossessed me in his favour. The task I had imposed upon myself was a delicate one, the more so as I had a stranger before me. In a case like the present I deemed it best to come to the point at once ; so telling Mr. Thompson what I had just learnt at the magistrate's office, I begged him as a favour, and as a request not prompted by idle curiosity, to inform me whether he meant to avail himself at once of the special licence in *his* case, and of which, I added, I had not heard Doris make any mention.

"Although I have not the honour of knowing you, sir, except from report, I have every confidence," he said politely, "in your honour and discretion, and have therefore no hesitation in making you my confidant in what you may perhaps think a very foolish story. I am the youngest of six sons of a clergyman with a small living in Devonshire. My father's straitened means determined me as soon as I had completed my education to emigrate, and the Cape seemed to me a desirable spot for trying my fortunes. I arrived in the Colony about two years ago, when the glowing reports about the Diamond-fields induced me to try my luck there. In passing through your town on my way to the Fields, I met and was introduced to the young lady to whom we are now referring, she being then on a visit to one of her relations there. I had often heard of love at first sight, and I now believed in it. I resolved to offer her my hand as soon as fortune should favour me sufficiently. I worked hard and long at the Fields, but alas ! I met with no success. With some difficulty I returned to the Colony, and hearing on my way back that her father wanted a private teacher, I resolved to go to his farm and offer my services. I have now been with him for a year. My further acquaintance with the young lady ripened into deeper though silent affection, for though I believed that she loved me, I made no advances to her. I was poor and my self-pride would not allow of my marrying her with the semblance even of my doing so for the sake of the portion which could be expected to devolve upon her as the only child of a well-to-do parent. One day her father called me aside, with a significant look. I almost feared that he was going to speak to me about his daughter, but to my relief, though astonishment, he commissioned me to write for a matrimonial licence for him. Some days elapsed before an opportunity offered. In the meanwhile I received some home letters, from

one of which I learnt that an uncle of mine after whom I am named had died, leaving me a legacy of several hundred pounds. I was thus of a sudden lifted into a position for proposing to the daughter, and asking the father's consent, of which latter, indeed, I felt confident, from the marked regard with which he had, particularly of late, treated me. Unfortunately the young lady was from home at the time, on a visit to an uncle, and was still away when my letter to Cape Town had to be dispatched; and so, in my infatuation, and making sure that all would be satisfactorily arranged on her return, I boldly wrote for a licence for myself as well as for one for her father. My letter was hardly gone when I repented of my rashness, and I felt the more vexed with myself when a few days later I received another home letter, informing me that my uncle's will would in all likelihood be contested. For this last reason in particular I said nothing to her, nor to her father, on her return from her visit. As to my licence, which in my ignorance of such matters I believed would come direct to me, I had resolved simply to tear it up when I got it. How sadly I had miscalculated on that score my friend's reply from Cape Town, confirmed by what you have just now told me, has shown. There is, therefore, only *one* proper course open to me: to go to the magistrate at once, and with your kind assistance, on which I rely, to beg of him to return the document to Cape Town; and, after having deeply apologized to both father and daughter for my conduct, to leave my present abode, of which I am no longer worthy."

"Wait for half an hour before doing anything," I said, having listened to him with much interest. "I have my reasons for what I say, and can only now assure you that you will find your trust in me not misplaced."

He very reluctantly consented, and left. I immediately went to Doris's. By my looks he no doubt saw that I had something important to communicate. "Could I see your daughter and yourself for a few moments," I said. He looked surprised, naturally wondering why *she* should be one of the two. In a few moments we were together in an inner room.

"I have only just now ascertained," I commenced, addressing myself to Doris, as soon as we were alone, "that your teacher, Mr. Thompson, has a deep regard for one near and dear to you. The fact is, he is deeply in love with you, my young friend," I said, turning to the young lady, "and I am come to plead his cause." The crimson that suffused her maiden cheek at my abruptness made me feel really awkward at the moment, when after a pause Doris broke silence by saying "This is something unexpected. At another time I would have candidly admitted that I am very partial to him, but now that we have our troubles——. And why does he not come himself and speak to my daughter?" "He is too diffident," I said; and now turning to the young lady, I narrated to her faithfully what Mr. Thompson had imparted to me, deeming it no breach

of confidence in my endeavour to serve him. When I had finished, she having all the time listened with downcast head, I simply added "May he come?" After a pause she looked at me modestly and then at her father, as if scrutinizing his looks, and almost inaudibly whispered "Yes."

What I said to Mr. Thompson on seeing him again I need not here recount. Suffice it to say that when an hour afterwards I again called upon Doris, I found him and the widow and Mr. Thompson and his bride (for that she was such now their happy looks too clearly revealed) sitting closely together.

"Well, Doris," I said laughingly, "you will admit that your trip hither has, after all, not been a fruitless one; and, besides, all the fat poultry and the cakes which your intended has brought from her farm will still come in handy for your daughter's wedding-dinner." He half smiled at my remark, while the widow with a glance at the loaded kitchen table gave me such an unmistakable *sic vos non vobis* look, that I would have expected her to *speak* the very words had I but the faintest idea that she understood Latin.

"And now Doris," I said, "there is still a surprise for you, and though it is the last, it is not the least. I am come to tell you that you will, after all, be married to-day."

"What," said he, incredulously and half satirically, "has that fellow Gundeling been at work again?"

"No," I replied, seriously, "but does it not strike you that the moment your daughter marries she, *in law*, ceases to be a minor? From that instant, therefore, you no longer require a *kinderbewys* or a *certificate* to enable you to re-marry; and so, immediately after the young couple are made happy, you will get your special licence, as a matter of course."

"And my *Boedel Rekening*?" (liquidation account), he asked.

"I understand," I replied. "You have not been troubled about it these eleven years, and, take my word for it, never will be. So my advice simply is, settle a fair sum at once upon your daughter Johanna as her maternal portion, and this will in reality wind up the estate."

"Ouwe vriend," he said, rising from his chair and taking both my hands into his own, "I have always known you to be a *slimme kerel*, but to-day you have done as clever a thing as only an *Afrikaander* can do."

"And which he clearly could not have done," I added, looking slyly at Mr. Thompson, "if an *Englishman* had not helped him."

"Well, if you put it so," Doris replied, chucklingly, "then it was *I* again who helped the Englishman, for *I gave him my consent*."

"Which, clearly," I retorted, "you could not avoid doing; for had you refused, I would simply have explained to you what you know now, and rather than not get married to-day, you would have at once given in, and therefore you must admit that the moment I learnt that there were *two* licences, *I was sure of*

success ; but it is already 12 o'clock, and there is no time to be lost, so I shall at once see the Magistrate and the *Predikant* ; and while I am arranging everything for your appearance before the Matrimonial Court, and for the performance of the marriage ceremonies, you will have to get ready for the occasion ;" and leaving the couples in no little flutter, I at once proceeded upon my errand.

Although, strickly speaking, the marriage of the young couple should precede that of Doris and the widow, I succeeded in arranging that both marriages should take place simultaneously. Before the celebration, I effected the settlement of a sum, by way of maternal inheritance, upon the daughter (Doris came down handsomely) ; and when still hardly any one in our town knew of what was going on, the double matrimonial knots were tied, and invitations for the wedding-feast at 6 o'clock p.m. were sent round in all directions.

How happy the brides and bridegrooms looked that evening when their friends were assembled at the festive board around them—how the table groaned under all the dainties from the farm—how charmingly Mrs. Thompson sang in English in tasteful compliment to her happy partner—how "Alie Brand," "Daar woon een man aan Zwagershoek," "Jan stak zyn baas in die haverzak," and other Colonial Dutch songs added zest to the festivities, all culminating in music and dancing, I shall not enlarge upon, for having "Wound-up the Estate," it is but fitting that I should now wind up my story.

I shall, therefore, merely add here that Mr. Thompson in due course received his legacy, which, after all, was not contested, and that I often have the pleasure of spending a day at KLAVERFONTEIN, where Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and the old people live happily and prosperously together.



The Nigger of Table Bay.

On a moonlit night in Table Bay,
Our steamship anchor cast ;
She was safely docked at break of day,
And we all cried—"Land at last !"

Broad Table Mountain loomed in sight,
Like a wall by Titans made ;
And the coast was clear from left to right,
For no Table-cloth was laid.

Bold Africanders swarmed on deck ;
Passengers hurried ashore,
Some going in for the "Diamond spec,"
Some for the general store.

Men of all colours jostled and ran,
White, black, tawny, and bay ;—
English, Dutch, German, American,
Hottentot, Kafir, Malay.

The donkey-engines puff and creak,
They are shifting cargo and coal :
When suddenly rises a fearful shriek,
As of some departing soul.

A man has fallen into the hold,
Full fathom four he fell ;
Our hair stands up, our blood runs cold,—
That shriek is a funeral knell.

Among the engine-coal he lies,
As black as the sooty hull ;
'Tis ten to one that the darkey dies,
He has surely cracked his skull.

The mate runs forward to lend a hand,
And the doctor comes to see ;
But the dead man says in accents bland,
“ What for you meddle with me ? ”

He gives one turn, and without a frown,
He jumps up sound and whole :
Let the white man groan on his bed of down,
He laughs on a bed of coal.

He returns to his work and no word complains.
I can recommend his trick,
For a man like this must have some brains,
If his skull and skin are thick.

In the voyage of life you'll take your turn
In tumbling down the hatch ;
But it's ten to one, from my story learn,
You'll get off without a scratch.

So when pitying friends will have their say,
And passengers run to see,
Just ask, like the Nigger of Table Bay,
“ What for you meddle with me ? ”

DIAMOND DIGGER.

Art Galleries.

SOMETHING on Picture Galleries, as these exist on the Continent, may perhaps not prove unacceptable at the present time. We are as yet in the day of small things at the Cape as regards our Colonial Gallery, and cannot therefore be expected to rival, or even to claim an equal place with, any of the famous institutions abroad ; but as a nucleus has been formed and an excellent collection secured, and a strong public sympathy evoked on behalf of the South African Fine Arts Association, we may confidently trust that progress will be made, and ere long a suitable building erected within which to preserve and exhibit our present and future treasures of art. The liberal response by the Legislature and the country to the appeal put forth for pecuniary aid, to supplement the munificent bequest of a gentleman who aided the movement during his lifetime, has emboldened the committee to apply for a site whereon to erect the proposed building.

Now some there are who assert that we are an impulsive and volatile people,—that many good projects are started,—pushed forward for a time with commendable zeal and energy,—and then allowed to languish and die, until something new is presented, which in its turn undergoes the same quickening process, and this again is in due time also consigned to oblivion. It is supposed that this mercurial temperament is chiefly, if not altogether, attributable to atmospheric influence and the enervating character of our otherwise beautiful climate. Whatever may be the cause, we trust this assertion may now be disproved, and that the present movement will be altogether exceptional. Some, however, conceive that undertakings of this kind should be delayed until other and more pressing claims and works have been considered and completed, and then, having surplus means at our disposal, we may indulge in what they are pleased to call *this luxury*. To objectors of this class we reply that no season can be considered more opportune than the present. With prosperity all around us, and the University an established fact, we cannot afford to lag behind the rest of the world in the onward movement for intellectual progress ; and we will further point to the great and incalculable good effected in all civilized countries through the medium of Picture Galleries, and assure our friends that nearly every town of any commercial or political importance on the Continent, as well as in the United Kingdom, is proud to inform visitors of the existence of its Fine Arts collection, and to point to the building wherein these valuable works of Art are carefully preserved and exhibited.

Arrived at Munich, we enjoyed the view of its public buildings, churches, broad streets, squares, and pleasant park, as all these added to the beauty of the capital city of Bavaria ; but the chief enjoyment of the numerous English, American, and other visitors to this town

is centered in the two buildings called the Old and New Pinakothek *i.e.*, repository of pictures. The old gallery was erected in 1826, and, its exterior is adorned with twenty-four statues of celebrated painters; it is richly frescoed within and without, and contains upwards of 1,300 pictures arranged chronologically, and according to schools, in nine large saloons, lighted from above, and twenty-three small cabinets or rooms on the sides of these saloons. We have here the Italian, French, Spanish, Dutch, and Upper and Lower German schools, all beautifully arranged, and the display most captivating to the mind as well as the eye,—Michael Angelo, Correggio, Murillo, Ribera, Van Dyck, Rubens, Titian, Tintoretto, Raphael, Rembrandt, Dürer, and P. Veronese, with many other celebrated masters, presenting to our enraptured gaze, in different forms and with merits peculiar to each, their undying works. We bestow many a long and lingering look on this feast of good things, and the more and longer we continue to inspect so much the more do we learn to appreciate the beauty and to admire the skill and talent which could on a piece of canvas produce such life, expression, and grandeur.

The saloons are pretty well filled with an intelligent assembly of all classes; the visitors move slowly and noiselessly along; the connoisseur and the votary of art, the student and the master, as well as the inquirer and the casual spectator, of both sexes, each absorbed in the inspection of the work or subject selected for admiration or study, while not a few, armed with the weapons of an artist, are reproducing with a modern brush and touch the works of the ancient masters. This intellectual enjoyment is considerably enhanced by the fact that these treats or displays are known and felt to be few and far between, and that the collections of Munich, Dresden, Florence, and Rome are not only the most famous, but also the most eagerly and numerously visited by all in search of the beautiful, the elevating, and the noble.

It would be impossible within the compass of this notice to give anything like a detailed account of many of the famed works of Art, yet it may not be amiss to call attention to a few, which, owing to their intrinsic worth, should be named. We find "Reuben's Last Judgment," 19 by 15 feet, admired by all who are privileged to inspect and study its several parts. The great master has here displayed wonderful thought, power, and life, and has exhibited the fear and terror of the doomed, as well as the composure and joy of the saved, with wonderful effect. "Murillo's Beggar Boys," so truthful and lifelike, and with details so minute, correct, and charming, claim special attention, and are rightly considered to be treasures of Art, and so also are the portraits of Van Dyck. Nor can we bestow less praise on the works of the early Cologne school. These, as well as the rich treasures of Italian Art, are nearly all of a religious character and are many of them works which modern artists find it difficult to reproduce. We watched many an anxious and devoted student labouring before a work of Titian's, or Guercino's, or Tintoretto's,

or Raphael's, striving to inhale, if it were possible so to do, the spirit and power which produced the Madonna, the Assumption, or the Adoration of these inimitable masters, but we could not in every instance be assured that the copy, though beautiful and striking, was perfect, or in every detail an exact counterpart of the original.

The rise, progress, and present condition of the various schools of Art are taught in this Gallery both in the arrangement of the paintings and in their systematic classification, and the student is thus enabled to pursue his work with considerable pleasure and profit.

The new Gallery contains the works of modern artists, and of these the German school claimed our chief attention. Among these we noticed the work of Schorn, whose unfinished painting of the "Deluge," 18 by 23, is remarkable for the great descriptive power it contains; the figures being full length; and the artist, with his mind fixed on the words of Moses, which describe the day when all the springs of the heavens were opened, has endeavoured to produce and group in one all the circumstances connected with that awful catastrophe; the desperate groups collected on the highest rock vainly expecting assistance; the powerless chief with clenched hands threateningly raised towards the gloomy heavens, surrounded by his family and some devoted warriors; groups of women wringing their hands and calling upon the Ark (which is seen in the distance) for help; the servants of sin exhibiting at that awful moment their lustful, avaricious and carnal propensities; as also the desertion of parents by children, of husband by wife, each anxious to save his own life, with the redeeming feature, however, amid this general desperation and distress, of a mother's love which no waters can drown; in the foreground the priests are seen in white robes with the idols in their hands vainly trying to stay the flood, one raising his idol, another in despair casting the useless thing into the advancing waters,—all this being shown with so much life and beauty.

The "Destruction of Jerusalem," 18 by 21, by Kaulbach, is likewise replete with bold and masterly touches; but this, though representing Titus as advancing at the head of his legions, is more of an allegorical and prophetic character. The artist was, however, endued with a wonderful power of imagination, and the ease and grace with which he conveyed his ideas excite our wonder.

Scrandolph's work, 11 by 16, representing "Christ healing the Sick," is a rich and beautiful study; so also his other work of "Christ's Ascension." The landscape and portrait paintings are numerous, and most of them of more than ordinary merit.

The admission to this institution is free. This is not so with many of the other Galleries, and the attendance is therefore large; and, on the whole, so orderly and well behaved are the numerous and mixed visitors that it has not at any time been found necessary to curtail this privilege or to exact any fee for admission.

Irrespective of these two public Picture Galleries we were privileged to inspect one or two private ones, and were much charmed with one

containing a collection of paintings by modern artists, all Munich students ; the paintings were for sale as well as exhibition, and the price of each was fixed. Our attention was directed to one claiming special merit and treated by all as a very superior production. It represented Ignatius Loyola explaining his rules to a meeting of his followers ; the graceful figures, the life-like expression, keenness, penetration, and other characteristic qualities, were displayed with so much vividness that each object was a study in itself. The price of this painting was £600.

We learnt that this supply never failed, and that the demand for paintings never slackened. And indeed the Fine Arts could not be a drug in such a market. It flourishes amid an enlightened and educated people, who are always ready to patronize and reward every work or production of a deserving or instructive character. Such we hope it may one day be at the Cape. We desire to awaken a taste for the beautiful, the sublime, and the pure ; we long to call into existence the unknown talent and into active life the dormant skill of our colonial amateurs and artists, and we believe that these objects may be accomplished by the establishment of a Fine Arts Gallery.

But Dresden claims to possess a richer Gallery, and certainly there are good grounds for conceding this right to the capital of Saxony. With conveniences as great, and in an edifice adorned with handsome Corinthian columns and sculptured decorations, the finest collection of paintings in Germany is to be found in the Dresden Picture Gallery, where upwards of 2,000 paintings are exhibited in no less than seventy saloons and cabinets. The fame of her Picture Gallery restrained even the wrath of her foes, for Frederick the Great when laying in ruins the churches and streets of Dresden ordered his cannon to avoid the Picture Gallery, and he himself, as a conqueror, was content to visit the Gallery as a stranger ; and it is known that Napoleon the 1st likewise became the conservator of her pictures. All the finest works of the old masters are arranged in the two upper stories of the building, and of the Italian school it can truly be said that no collection out of Italy contains a finer Raphael, for his masterpiece, the "Madonna," is displayed to great advantage in a room which is exclusively occupied by this great work. Raphael's "Madonna di Son Sisto" is indeed the gem of the Gallery, it is so fixed on hinges as to be movable into any position for light or inspection, and comfortable seats around the room tempt the spectator to prolong his stay, and to admire this exquisite work of Art : the longer we gaze the more beautiful and enchanting the sight. We view Pope Sixtus, from whom the picture is named, on one side, gazing with pious and trembling awe upon the figure of the Virgin, who is soaring up to heaven bearing in her arms the Divine Child ; opposite to the Pope kneels St. Barbara—her youthful beauty and fervour contrast admirably with his aged form ; below this group are two angelic children, their countenances beaming with innocence and intelligence, their eyes upturned towards the central figures of the

picture ; the clouds enveloping the Virgin in her ascent are only after a long and steadfast gaze seen to be the lineaments of angelic forms, and the cherubic countenances contribute an additional charm to the whole, which is indescribable. A great artist has said that " the head of the Virgin is perhaps nearer the perfection of female beauty and elegance than anything in painting ; it is truly impressive and beautiful." This picture was purchased from a Convent at Piacenza for £8,000.

Holbein's "Madonna" is likewise a work of Art entitled to the occupation of an entire room.

Correggio's far-famed picture of the Virgin and Child in the Manger known by the name of *La Notte*—The Night—is a very valuable work. The arrangement of colour, effect, and sentiment is unrivalled, the supernatural light streaming from the form of the heavenly Child and illuminating the delighted face of the Virgin mother, who bends over her infant undazzled, while another female draws back veiling her eyes with her hand as if unable to endure the brightness ; far off through the gloom of night is seen the bursting of the morn along the eastern sky, typical of the day-spring from on high. Titian's "Tribute Money" is also a famous and most noted piece.

Of Italy it may with truth be said that there is the home of Art ; and Florence is rightly considered the great depository and faithful exhibitor of the rich treasures of Italian Art. A single visit to the beautiful collection in the famous Picture Gallery (Uffizi) at Florence is insufficient to satisfy even the most ordinary visitor : frequent inspections and study are needed to enable any one to form a just appreciation of the numerous—and many of them priceless—works of Art. Works of the highest class, as well of classic antiquity as of modern thought ; and not a few the most perfect creations of genius, are carefully arranged in the numerous rooms and corridors of this extensive building.

This taste for the Fine Arts—early awakened in Italy—has not been confined to a single town or district, but has permeated the whole country and graced her "with an immaculate charm." The magnificent paintings which decorate many of the churches and other public edifices, as well as those which adorn the dwellings of many of Rome's nobility, testify to the truth of this assertion. The Madonnas of an early period, as also the paintings in the Catacombs, unfold a change in the new period of Art, when, emerging from heathenism, the world became christianized, and then as higher ideas and nobler views were gradually imbibed and developed, Art rose and exercised a sway which resulted in the production of those works which we were privileged to view at Florence and Rome. The many and richly executed frescoes and other mural paintings in churches and several monasteries and religious houses display allegorical conceptions and poetical sentiments illustrative of the high intelligence and refinement of the artists ; and the luminous colouring as well as the sym-

metrical and harmonious composition of these paintings have a most captivating effect on all beholders.

The Sixtine Chapel in the Vatican at Rome affords a treat to the lover of mural paintings; the ceiling being decorated with a most magnificent display of pictorial art, the production of Michael Angelo. The idea of the work is the preparation of the world for the advent of Christ. The Creation, Fall, and Deluge, with the figures of the Prophets who predict the Messiah's advent, are all exquisitely represented: the frescoes on the walls representing parallel scenes from the Life of Christ and Moses, and on the Altar wall, which is 64 feet wide, the "Last Judgment" is represented; the whole interior being thus richly painted all around, forming one grand and instructive Picture Gallery; and when it is remembered that this building is 132 feet long and 45 feet wide, it will be seen that the labour bestowed on such a work could not have been of an insignificant character. It is said that Michael Angelo was engaged twenty-two months in finishing the frescoes on the ceiling.

To return, however, to the *Galleria degli Uffizi* of the Tuscan capital, admission to which is gratis. The gem of the whole Gallery is the *Tribuna*, an octagon saloon, in which is exhibited the rarest wonders of Art; the paintings, though few in number, form a magnificent and almost unparalleled collection, and the statues are remarkable specimens of ancient sculpture. Though it may appear almost impossible to single out any one painting in this collection of the Tribune as deserving of greater notice or admiration than another, yet we cannot omit to state that an indelible impression is left on the mind of the visitor on viewing Titian's "Venus," M. Angelo's "Holy Family," Dürer's "Adoration of the Magi," and Raphael's "Virgin of the Goldfinch."

All the schools are well represented in the numerous halls. The Italian, Dutch, French, German, Flemish, Tuscan, Venetian, and other paintings, as well as ancient and modern sculptures, fill a large space in this extensive Gallery. From this well-filled Gallery, with its vestibules, corridors, and halls, we proceed along another long corridor or passage to the Pitti Palace Gallery, where some 500 paintings of great value are exhibited. This collection is preserved in the lower apartments of the palace,—no longer the habitation of Royalty,—since Rome, and not Florence, is now the capital of Italy, in the halls of Venus, Apollo, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, &c. (so named from the superb frescoes which adorn the ceiling), and the master pieces of ancient and modern artists have apparently been selected to grace these splendid rooms.

Besides these two Galleries, Florence boasts of an Academy of Fine Arts, with its dozen halls of paintings, and also the Buonarroti Gallery, with its collection of objects of Fine Arts. There is likewise the Museum of St. Marco, formerly an ancient Dominican Convent, in which are shown the paintings and frescoes of men celebrated in literature and art. In fact, the supply of paintings and the exhibi-

tion of these in Florence are unequalled, and the number of students, copyists, and visitors in the various halls considerably larger than those we met elsewhere.

We cannot, however, conclude this cursory and rambling notice of some of the principal Continental Galleries without an allusion to the mural paintings in the former convent of *S. Maria della Grazie* at Milan. Here is seen the celebrated "Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci. The painting, through former neglect and ineffectual attempts to restore it by repainting, is gradually fading away; its present condition, however, does not debar the visitor from admiring the beauties displayed in a painting of such world-wide reputation. The attitude, position, and expression of the several figures are remarkably well conceived at the moment the words are supposed to have been spoken, "*Dico vobis quia unus vestrum me traditurus est.*" If we examine attentively each figure we perceive Bartholomew (the first figure on the left hand of the spectator), uncertain and doubtful about what he has heard, wants to be assured by Christ Himself and by no other. We then observe James the Just, who inquires with more calmness from those whom he thinks can inform him; Andrew is struck with wonder and amazement; Peter interrogates with threatening anger; Judas, amazed at being discovered, composes himself again with an ill-disguised deceit; John turns to Peter, who questions him, and leaves by this movement to be conspicuously seen the figure of our Redeemer. He, meek and grave, shows, and almost shades, his deep anguish, which however does not in the least alter his beauty, greatness, and majesty. James the Elder is horror-struck; Thomas swears to revenge himself; Philip protests his love; Matthew confirms sorrowfully our Redeemer; Thaddeus suspicious, and Simon doubts.

We have occupied more space and enlarged on details to a greater extent than was at first intended, and the only apology that can be offered for thus intruding in these pages is the importance of the subject, as well as the desire to see a taste for the Fine Arts awakened and cultivated in this country. And having heard what other countries have done, and still are doing, we hope our Colony will firmly establish its Fine Arts Gallery, and not allow this year to pass away without being able to record the fact that the foundation-stone of the building proposed to be erected had been well and truly laid.

D. T.

A Night on the Solway Firth.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"GENTLEMEN, the tide is rising."

Thus spake Peter the guide. He was dressed in a rough pilot coat, and had his trowsers rolled up above the knees, as if in the habit of wading. Leaning on the sill of the open window of the billiard-room at the little inn at Bowness, on the Solway, he was speaking to two gentlemen, who appeared to be too much interested in a game of billiards they were playing, to pay much attention to him; for several times he had warned them that it was "time to go," but they heeded him not.

Before the house, stretching far out to the westward, was a field of white sand, washed hard and even by the daily tide. On either side of this there were long low hills scantily covered with furze-bush and coarse grass. The hills on one side of the sand were English, on the other they were Scotch; so near were they to each other, however, that houses here and there could be distinctly seen on the opposite coast. At low water foot passengers walked safely across the almost dry bed of the estuary, provided they knew where to avoid the dangerous quick-sands; but at high tide the Firth became a tempestuous sea, and it was necessary to have a strong boat and strong arms to row you over; and more than one bold ferryman had perished in the attempt. Peter enjoyed the monopoly of guiding travellers over the sands at low water or during the half-flow, when it was perfectly safe for vehicles and horsemen, up to a certain point well understood by one of his experience; for there was a good deal of traffic in those days, before the railways were introduced, which now take the current of trade in another direction. Gretna Green was also in existence in those days, and furnished Peter with jobs that paid him better than any other (as he often remarked to his confidential friends); for you see, when a young gentleman had run away with a young lady in order to marry her all in a hurry, and had reached that part of the country, he was willing to give Peter any amount of money to help him over the border; leaving the postilion in the sky-blue jockey cap and jacket faced with silver, and the yellow post chaise, and the four horses covered with foam (that had brought them with the speed of lightning thus far) to return to Carlisle at their leisure.

Most people in that part of the country knew Peter Carruthers, who might be seen daily walking about with his telescope under his arm. Most people respected him too, indeed all except the coast-guardsmen; but that was easily accounted for. Peter disliked *them*,—if the truth must be told, he hated them thoroughly, and that is saying a good deal, seeing that he considered himself a good Christian;

but there were some illicit stills at work somewhere in Dumfriesshire, and Peter was very fond of Scotch whisky, thinking he had a perfect right to drink it without paying duty, and—— But it would fill a book if one attempted to describe all the squabbles he had with the revenue officers on this subject. Most part of his time was spent in trying to cheat them, and in assisting others to do so, by which amusement he managed to relieve the monotony of his humble vocation, wading patiently year after year backward and forward in the wet sand. Once or twice he was caught by the authorities engaged in doubtful transactions, when he was threatened with disagreeable consequences, but they let him off with a caution, and told him not to do so any more; but Peter would not promise this, which was contrary to his principles. After that he found it easier to drink as much as he could stagger under on the Scotch side of the Firth, with the feeling that the more he drank the more he cheated the excisemen, and this afforded him intense satisfaction, although it sometimes unfitted him for his duties. On the present occasion he was sober, and watching the state of the tide, keeping one eye on the still distant waters and the other on the travellers, who were on their way to take part in a greyhound coursing which was fixed to come off near Annan on the following day; so that it was necessary they should cross the ford that evening, and he was responsible for their safety. One of the gentlemen was a wealthy spirit merchant named Sinclair; but as there were others of the same family in the neighbourhood his friends called him familiarly “Brandy Sinclair” by way of distinction. He was a dashing kind of man, and kept a country house, and race-horses and thorough-bred greyhounds that sometimes won silver cups by their swiftness; these he displayed on the sideboard of his dining-room, the walls of which were hung with oil-painted portraits of his favourite animals. Oddly enough, he conferred the name of “Brandy” on some of them also. He had a beautiful racing mare called “Brandy,” and a greyhound likewise; these were both of a light-brown colour (resembling cognac) and with shining coats tenderly groomed and cared for. Mr. Sinclair’s dogs had to run at the coursing, and he had brought a friend with him from the Fells to see how well they could do it: this friend was accompanied by his little son Hubert, who was playing with the dogs and caressing them while the gentlemen finished their game, which they were reluctant to leave.

First Peter intimated to them that it was “low water.” Then, after a short interval, he had told them “it was time to go.” Now he said “the tide is rising:” to which Sinclair replied, with one eye shut and the other looking along his cue, “All right, Peter; have a drink, man.” Peter took the drink, nothing loath. After a little while he looked in at the window again, saying, “Come, sir, come; you know the mare’s *kittle* in the water and I’d like to be starting; if you were crossing on horseback you might take your own time; but it’s different with the gig, and the bairn, and the dogs, and a’; and it’s a long way to Ecclefechan.”

"Don't you trouble yourself about the mare," said Sinclair; "she goes like a lamb. There *was* a time when she was frisky enough, but her joints were not so stiff as they are now; that was before she submitted to the degradations of breechen and collar; but she's well broken into harness now, Peter, like her master."

"That may be, sir, but I wish you would come."

"Yes, we'll be with you directly; take another glass of whisky and I'll give you a toast: 'The King, and long life to him.'"

"No, thank you, sir; the de'il a bit will I drink to the King, he's too mean."

"O come now, Peter, you don't say so?"

"Yes, and I'll say it again! What business has he to charge a duty on the whisky a poor inan must take to keep the rheumatism away? Keeping those *Jackanapes* prowling about the beach like cats watching vermin. King's officers, indeed! I'm out of all patience with them, prying into the salmon-nets even!"

"Well Peter, if you fellows sail your boats over the nets at high water and drop certain little kegs into them, intended to be fished out as salmon at low-water, you must expect to be watched."

"Baugh!" said Peter, "I scorn such mean ways."

He then turned away with his temper somewhat out of plumb at the recollection of his wrongs, and sitting down on the door-step of the inn, moodily watched the sea approaching wave by wave, creeping over the furthest edge of the sand. Nearer to him were numerous strong stakes driven firmly in to hold the salmon-nets which were attached to them, and nearer still were the fishermen's boats drawn up on the shingly beach for safety; on these, which were bottom upwards, the shrimping nets were spread to dry. Presently he called the little boy and bade him sit down beside him, after which he lighted his pipe and resigned himself to a quiet smoke. Looking at Hubert with a patronizing air, he observed, "You're very young to be out greyhound coursing?"

"Not very," said the boy; "I shall be eight years of age next birthday."

Sending a long volume of smoke out of his mouth, Peter said, with a contemptuous puff-f-f, "What's eight?"

Hubert felt put down, and subsided.

In a few minutes Peter recommenced the conversation. "Where do you live when you are at hoame?"

"Throstle Hall," replied Hubert.

"Got any thing nice there?" asked Peter.

"Wild cherries and hazel-nuts," answered Hubert promptly.

"Got any *greaves* there?"

"Any what?" said Hubert.

"Dunna you understand English? I said gree-ves,—holes they put people into when they're *deed*."

"Oh, you mean *graves*."

"Very well, where's the difference? I was just thinking to my-

self what queer folks those must be who make what one may call hobbies of *greaves*. There's Mr. Wordsworth now, of Rydal Water,—you might have seen him here this morning with a party of gentlemen from London; they walked all the way from the Lakes and crossed at the full flow in auld Ralph's boat; and what do you think for? you'll never guess: just to look at Robert Burns' greave; and I heard one of them tell the Supervisor that he had made the *pilgrimage* (whatever that may be) three times; poor simple feule!"

"Perhaps he liked Robert Burns," Hubert ventured to remark.

"What's that got to do with it after people are dead and buried?"

"Perhaps he was sorry that he died," urged Hubert.

"Aye, aye, may be, may be; I never thought of that."

"Was Robert Burns a good man?" asked Hubert.

"Good? well—yes; just like me; *lish* and free in his ways, and he wore a pilot coat like this of mine, and a muffler. *Ola loave-in-days!* Many and many a time I've seen him walk up these very steps and call for his noggin, just as I do myself twenty times a day.

"I have a pilot coat, too," said Hubert; "I wear it when papa takes me to the fox-hunt at Patterdale."

"More shame for him, low be it spoken. You'd be a great deal better at home with your mammy learning your catechism."

Now Peter could neither read nor write, and had not the remotest idea what the catechism was like, but he had heard that it was a good thing for children to know, and he was anxious to show that he was up to the times.

"I *have* learned my catechism," said Hubert somewhat offended.

"Out with it then," said Peter sternly.

"What do you mean?"

"Say your catechism."

"Well, you ask me the questions then?"

"No, no, I'll have nothing to do with any questions: my mother used to say, 'ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies,' and a very good rule it is. Go on; I'm listening."

"I cannot unless some one asks me the questions."

"Then you don't know it."

"Yes I do."

"No you don't, I say."

"Well, I cannot remember it all, but I can repeat that part to you about love thy neighbour, with evil speaking, lying, and slander-ing."

Peter took the pipe from his mouth and cast a suspicious look on the boy's face, which was turned up to his, saying, "Look here, young master, you think I don't know what's what, but I'll show you differently. Them's bad words; and you're a wicked young *deevel*. I'll tell your dadda what ugly talk you are learning *trapsing* about the country with grown-up people and a' sorts."

"Please don't tell papa, Peter."

"Well, well, I won't then ; but you must not try to get over me."

In a conciliatory spirit Hubert presently asked, "Do you ever go coursing, Peter?"

"Aye, to be sure. I course the tide ; summer and winter alike, my sport is always in season. The waves of the Solway are *my* greyhounds. Look ! you see that silver line of water coming up out of the ocean, crawling over the sand like a snake ! Soon it will heave itself up and change into great hungry mouths that gnash their teeth as they open and shut, and smack their lips as they devour the land until there remains only a little point of sand down yonder, then they thrust out great foaming tongues and lick that up too : leaving nothing but raging sea between us and Scotland.

"Foaming tongues !" exclaimed Hubert with wide opened eyes.

"Yes, foaming tongues ; and that reminds me that unless we start at once they'll lick us up too. Come."

So saying, Peter rose and walked towards the conveyance which was just being brought round from stables by the ostler. Hubert called "Brandy" and "Flash," and the dogs bounded on to his neck nearly knocking him down : they were two beautiful creatures, and were fastened together by a leash. Peter lifted them up into the gig and then told Hubert to sit down between them, saying "that's the best place for you, my little man ; hold on by the dogs, and don't be *fistling* about. Your father and Mr. Sinclair are a venturesome pair, and there's no knowing what tricks they may play us ; but you listen to me ; hold on by the dogs."

Meanwhile the two gentlemen came out of the inn, having played several games for glasses of brandy, which they had "drunk on the premises," as the signboard said. They seated themselves in the gig and drove off.

When they had proceeded three fourths of their journey over the sands, they observed a strange object coming towards them, and were puzzled as to what it could possibly be ; for it resembled nothing in human shape.

"What on earth can it be?" exclaimed Sinclair.

"I'll warrant it's Willie Johnstone's *cuddy* crossing by itself with sacks of coal on its back," said Peter.

"Not it," retorted Sinclair ; "it goes on two legs whatever it turns out to be, man or friend ; but by all the bannocks Betty Bewly bakes I'll swear it's Jimmy Gillespie ! Holloa ! Jimmy, is that you?"

"Yes, sir, it's all that's left of me," said the new comer with a merry laugh on his face. He was a little man wading knee deep in the water, and had a suspicious-looking keg fastened on his back and a violin tied to the end of his walking-stick which he carried over his shoulder, and appeared to be about thirty years of age.

"How are you, Jimmy?—right glad to see you."

"Heartily, sir, thank you kindly, never better ; how's yoursel' ?

"Very well, thank you ; where do you hail from?"

"I've been doing a little mason's work at Annan for the last three

months, and am my way hame ; but they *would* make me play the fiddle at Elsie Graham's wedding yestereen, and that kept me."

"Oh, playing for the young folks to dance to, eh?"

"Faiks, you may weel say that. There were only three lads and three lasses, but they danced 'six reels' till a' was blue. *Loave*, but they did foot it merrily! And when they got tired of six reels and three reels, they went at the jigs, hammer and tongs; double shuffle and cut, and everything, till they fairly tired me out."

"What have you got in the keg, Jimmy?"

"A drop of whisky for some young friends of mine over there at the big school. I promised to bring them some when I came back."

"Bad for them, Jimmy, bad for them," replied Sinclair, who had taken rather too much himself that day.

"Jimmy Gillespie," said Peter (whose attention was aroused at the mention of the whisky), "you look out sharp; there's a new man from London over there, and 'new brooms sweep clean;' but I'll tell you how to manage him. It's his turn-in at tea-time to-night, and he always sits before the peat fire munging his oat-cake and dandling his babby on his knee, heading and tailing shrimps to amuse it and keep it quiet while his wife is darning the stockings. Mind you don't reach Bowness before dusk, when he will be snugly settled in his house, and then you can slip quietly past without fear of being caught."

While this conversation was going on, which caused the delay of a few minutes, the tide had been rolling up the Firth with great force, and casting driving spray over the mare's eyes and head which made her fidgety and restless, tossing her mane and pawing the water with her feet. "Stand still, Brandy!" her master called out loudly.

"Indeed, Mr. Sinclair," said Peter, "I think the mare has more sense than us a'; she wants to go on, and it's quite time; look at the state of the tide. Come, Brandy! good old lass," continued he, putting out his hand towards her rein in order to turn head in a more slanting direction away from the force of the waves. When he suddenly put forth his hand she was startled, and reared up on her hind legs, coming down again with a great splash into the water, which frightened her more than ever. "Wo! Brandy, wo!" said her master soothingly; "there now; steady! good old Brandy. Come now; up, up!" He shook the reins encouragingly, and tried to make her go, but she planted her feet firmly in the sand and stood quite still, staring at the raging tide with blood-shot eyes.

"For God's sake, move on, sir!" cried Peter; "give her the whip."

"She never needed a spur, and does not know the meaning of the whip," said Sinclair. "Up, good lass, up!"

But the spirit of obedience was scared away for ever; the mare seemed bewildered and stupid. Then her master raised his arm in a passion and whirling the withering thong above his head, brought it down upon her beautiful shoulders sharp and strong. Then she was seized with a sudden frenzy and plunged wildly

about, breaking the trace of the harness, and at the same moment she swerved round and upset the gig in deep water. Then arose a clamour of tongues and frantic yells, mingled with oaths, the roar of the waves rising over all. The mare was on her side helplessly striking upward with her hoofs, but that was soon over.

As soon as the men recovered their feet, the first anxious thoughts were for the boy, who had disappeared in the confusion of the accident and was nowhere to be seen. Greedily they scanned the water in every direction, but saw no signs of him or the dogs. Soon, however, Peter's practised eye discerned something floating at a little distance off, and to this he hastened, and found the two greyhounds paddling the water with their feet to keep themselves up; they were still fastened together but were struggling to get loose. He saw something clinging to one of them which appeared like sea-weed, but on coming quite close he found to his great joy that it was Hubert's flaxen hair drifting about in the wind; his arms were convulsively clasped round the slender neck of the greyhound and his head resting on the dog's shoulder. After a vigorous effort or two, Peter succeeded in drawing them to him (by the leash attached) into shallow water, and then his heart swelled with deep thankfulness.

"There's a good boy," said he, "for doing as you were bid. I knew you would be all right if you held on by the dogs. Don't cry; you're all right and safe as a trivet."

He need not have told Hubert not to cry; his blue eyes were closed, and his lips were silent. Peter lifted him tenderly up in his arms and shouted out frantically, "Run, Jimmy! run to John Bewley's and borrow some blankets! Lord have mercy upon us a'! The boy's drowned! he's drowned! Oh, deary me! Oh, deary me!"

CHAPTER II.

BETTY BEWLEY was an industrious, thrifty body, and was feeling rather tired after a busy washing day. The few articles of under-clothing worn by her family were made of stout unbleached calico, and according to her ideas, required a weekly scald to make them a good colour. She had just put them into a large boiler which she filled with cold water, and concluded her labours by putting more peat on the fire. The clothes were to remain in the boiler till the following morning, when she would hang them out to dry on the furze bushes, and bring them in (as she was in the habit of saying) "smelling as sweet as a daisy." Having finished her work for the day, she washed her face with soap-suds, causing it to shine like a rosy-cheeked doll, and when she had made herself tidy she sat down to her knitting, and was humming a tune to herself when the travellers arrived at her cottage carrying the boy between them. They laid him on the deal table and commenced to rub him all over, without being rewarded by any signs of returning circulation.

When Betty saw the little pale face and the pretty white hair entangled with sea-weed she uttered a piercing cry, and wringing her hands began to weep bitterly.

"Don't stand whinging there woman," said Peter in a reproachful voice, "but get us some warm water and we'll try what that will do."

"Aye, that will I," Betty replied cheerfully (wiping her eyes with the corner of her checked apron). "Set the poor darling in the boiler among the claes."

Seeing the men looking at one another with signs of hesitation on their countenances, she pushed them aside, and seizing the child in her strong arms plunged him into the boiler before they recovered from their surprise sufficiently to prevent her.

"Seize the woman!" the child's father called out frantically; "she has gone mad with the fright." At the same moment he rushed forward to rescue his son; but Betty held him as if in a vice, kicking out behind and inflicting bruises on his ankles with her wooden clogs. Peter tried to drag her away by the waist. "Stand off, or I'll mame you!" cried Betty. "Cannot you see that the water has scarcely got the chill off it yet? Give the bairn a chance, and let me bathe him with my warm hand, bless him! and bless him! Which on you will dare to tell his mother?"

Thus murmuring endearing nonsense that only the mouths of women can frame who have had children of their own, Betty Bewly fomented the child's cold limbs with some old garment that happened to be in the water; then they laid him once more on the table and rolled him gently to and fro. After a little while they discovered a faint pulse beating; the flickering light which had well-nigh been extinguished blazed up afresh. The boy was saved.

As soon as he could swallow, they made him drink whisky and milk, which sent him to sleep, and then Betty made up a nice bed on the "settle," upon which she laid him softly and covered him with her husband's plaid. Meanwhile, the men divested themselves of their wet garments, and hung them on the "horse" before the fire to dry; then they sat down and made a hearty supper of cheese and bannock and whisky and water (hot); after that, Sinclair and his friend rolled themselves in a blanket each, and stretched out their limbs on two other "settles" which stood in the apartment. As this article of furniture has never to the writer's knowledge been introduced at the Cape, and as it has now nearly gone out of fashion in Borderland, it may be as well to state that it was a long sofa made of rough deal and without cushions, much used in the north of England at the time of our story. Things are changed now in many ways. The "through train" from London to Edinburgh has carried civilizing influences along with it, for good or for evil. Ten years ago, the settles had patchwork-covered cushions upon them. Now, Betty Bewley's granddaughter wears high-heeled boots and a chignon, "all dressed in a Dolly Varden."

Peter and Jimmy sat by the fire warming their hands, neither of

them inclined to talk, but both being obliged to sit up waiting for the ebb of the tide in order to recross the Firth. They could hear the waves in full chorus and the wind howling down the chimney of the cottage, and sat silently listening. There came a knock to the door which startled them, and caused them to cry out "Who's there?"

"Me!" answered a voice.

"Who's *me* at this hour of the night? When a' decent folks sud be at hame?"

"Only me, Sandy Macintosh; let me in, the wind blows keen out here."

Peter rose and unbolted the door, when a very tall good-natured looking man entered. He had a plentiful supply of yellow hair bristling out under his Scotch bonnet, and a long stick in his hand with sets of notches cut in it; he was a cattle-drover and kept count of his animals by these notches.

"Well, to be sure, Sandy! who'd ha' thought o' seeing you? Come to the fire, man, and warm yourself, and gies your *crack*. What's yer news?"

"Mutton's down to nowt, and that gars me greet; if I'd known that before I left hame ye wad nae hae seen me here to-night at Ecclefechan."

"How's that, Sandy. Have you brought some stock down for the Liverpool market?"

"Aye, mair's the pity. Four hundred wethers, as grand as ever you clapped your eyes upon; I've just put them on board the steamer at Port Carlisle. Yes, four hundred," resumed he in a rueful voice, running his fingers down the notched stick, as a musician handles his flute when playing.

"Ah, well, hope for the best, man; hope for the best. Tak a drop of whisky to warm you." Jimmy got his keg and poured out a tumbler nearly full, which Sandy drank and then became communicative.

"Whissh! What's *that*?" he said, holding up a warning forefinger.

"Only the wind in the chimney," said Peter.

"Whissh! I tell ye it's nae the win'; it's the witch screaming again; it's a warning o' death for some of us. I heard that same scream the night auld Robbin Logan died. Hae nae ye niver heard o' the witch that was drowned i' the Solway lang syne in the days o' witches an' such like?"

"No," said the two men answering both at the same time.

"That shows ye don't study t' history o' yer country then; for I've seen it in print that a *real* witch was drowned just about here, and she's haunted these pairts ever since. You see, this was the way it happened. Some said she was uncanny and some said she was canny; sae they tied her to a stake at low water to see if the tide would cover her, which of course it did, and was proof enough that she was *uncanny*. When the waves came up to her neck she screamed, an' screamed, puir body—— Whissh! there it is again!"

Jimmy Gillespie laughed outright, loud and long, and tried to reason Sandy out of his superstition, but instead of being convinced Sandy turned sulky, and said, "Let's talk nae mair about it."

"Hae ye heard o' the dreadful doings of Burke and Hare?"* he resumed presently.

"Yes, indeed," answered Jimmy; "very shocking; everybody is talking about them. What a blessing it is to think they've caught the rascals! The children are all scared out of their wits in Cumberland, and dare not go to school for fear of Burke and Hare kidnapping them and selling them to the doctors to be cut up, and they're so frightened to go to bed at night that it's quite disagreeable. I hope the fellows will be hung; and sarve them right!"

"Hae ye no heerd the news?" said Sandy. "Burke has turned King's evidence, but it's a'most certain Hare will swing for it."

"Quite right, too," answered Jimmy; "it's awfu' to think o' a' the tales of horror one hears about them."

"Most horrible!" said Sandy in a solemn voice, shaking his head slowly. "Did ye heer aboot that poor gentleman they stale oot o' his grave and dragged away over the churchyard wall in his winding sheet? After that, they sold him to the doctors, who cut him up into shreds as fine as I'm cutting this tobacco."

"Shocking, indeed!" said Jimmy.

"An' hae ye heerd aboot the beautiful young lady whae they stale on the eve of her wedding day? Aye, they kidnapped her cummin frae kirk after dark, an' pulled her scarf teight roon her throat, like this" (suing the action to the word by taking hold of Jimmy's necktie) "until she was deed; then they set her bolt upright in a gig a'tween them, and drove her off to the doctor's with a thick green veil over her face, so that people cud nae see her pale features and her big eyes that were open, starting out of her head. Beautifu' eyes they tell me she had, like Black-eyed Susan."

"Dear! dear!" said Jimmy.

"And hae ye heerd aboot the twins?" Sandy went on breathlessly.

"No," replied Jimmy.

"Then I'll tell ye. There was a grand lady had twins; fine bairns as ever war born, a little girl an' a little boy, and they"——

Sandy was interrupted at this part of his exaggerated narrative by a scarcely audible sob proceeding from the settle where Hubert was supposed to be sleeping; the whisky and milk overpowered him for a time, but made him feverish and restless, so that he had been lying awake some time, and had heard most of the conversation. When Sandy came to the word "boy" in his dolorous story, the child could contain himself no longer, but cried piteously, "Oh, papa! take me home! take me home!"

* This was the time the "body-snatchers" were carrying on their horrible trade, before proper arrangements were made for supplying medical students with "subjects for dissection."

"There now!" said Jimmy, "we've wakened the boy. Hush! Hubert, your father's asleep; he'll take you home in the morning." But the boy's nerves had been shaken, and he would not be pacified, but continued to sob.

"Whissht!" said Sandy soothingly, "and Jimmie Gillespie sal play you a tune on his fiddle, an' I'll sing you a song. Gae to sleep like a wee mannie."

"What shall it be?" asked Jimmy, taking up his fiddle and looking at Sandy.

"Jock o' Hazeldeen, because it's slow," answered Sandy.

Jimmy sounded the key-note, and Sandy began—

"Why weep ye by"—

"Not so loud, Sandy," urged Jimmy. "Sing softly, man, an' he'll think it's his mother, an' dream of her an' keep quiet till morning."

Sandy made a fresh start:—

"Why weep ye by the tide, la-dy,
Why weep ye by the tâ-â-i-de!
I'll wed you to my youngest son,
An' ye sal be his bide.
An' ye sal be his bride, la-dy,
Sae comely to be se-e-e-n.
But O, she lat her tears doon fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldeen."

Hubert still continued to sob and moan, so Jimmy struck the key-note again, and nodded his head to Sandy.

"I canna recollect the other words," said Sandy.

"Never mind. Sing that o'er again."

Sandy did so, several times; every time he stopped Jimmy struck the first note again and nodded his head as a sign to go on. At length the sobbing ceased, and Hubert slept undisturbedly.

Glancing up at Sandy, Jimmy observed him nodding, nodding gracefully, until his head touched his shoulder; still he murmured the words of the song, keeping up the lilt on the first word "why," and drawling out the word "bride" to make it sound slow and soothing, but he was evidently asleep; therefore Jimmy sounded the key-note no more. As the pen forms the last two words it becomes endowed with the power of echoing them, and repeats "NO MORE." He rose and fastened his violin on to his walking-stick, as he was accustomed to carry it, and prepared for departure by waking up Peter (who had been asleep some time) and asking him to assist him in strapping the keg of whisky on his back. They then went out, closing the door noiselessly behind them.

They walked briskly out into the darkness, which mattered not to them, as they knew every foot of the way. Jimmy's heart was very light; he was on his way home to Nanny and the children, whom he had not seen for three months while he had been working at his

trade as a stone-mason at Annan. In his pocket was a nice little bag of half-crowns, nearly the whole of his wages for the three months ; for he had subsisted chiefly on oatmeal porridge on purpose to be able to take this bag of precious money home to Nanny. His heart was filled with merry thoughts. What "farings" he would buy the little ones at Abby Home Fair. What "pasch" eggs they would have for Easter.

Peter broke in upon his reveries. "Jimmy, I'm thinking you'd better bury that keg ; pity you did na slip by last night. Let's bury it in the sand, an' you can get it another time."

"Nonsense !" replied Jimmy ; "the keg's all right. I'm lighter of foot than the coastguardsmen ; besides they won't meddle with me ; they know I don't drink myself and won't suspect me as they do you."

"If you don't care for it yourself, why hamper yourself for the sake of other people ?"

"Well, you understand, when the frost is on the ground in winter and I cannot work at my trade as a mason, I often get a job at Marsh End Academy on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when Mr. Howard, the dancing master, comes from Wigton to teach the boys. It is easier for him to teach when he's not obliged to play the music himself, and I'm very thankful to be allowed to do it—for a' helps when a man has a small family to provide for."

"Truly," responded Peter.

"They've a fine school over there at Marsh End,—about three hundred altogether, big and little : they're fond of me, and like me to go there ; but some of them are rather wild, especially three or four young fellows from the West Indies, who have grown up there from children, and don't seem to understand how to obey those who are set in authority over them ; nice, kind young fellows they are, too, with plenty of money in their pockets. It is for them I am bringing the whisky."

"But that's against Marsh End rules, isn't it ?" asked Peter.

"Certainly it is ; but I promised to bring it a long time ago, and I always like to keep my word ; but this shall be the last time.

* * * * *

But here we are at Bowness, I declare ! What a thick mist there is this morning ! I didn't think we were so near the houses ; your way and mine lay differently now Peter Good-by."

"Good-by, Jimmy ; give my respects to your wife."

"Thank you, Peter ; good-by."

Jimmy's shortest way home led him over the wild, uninhabited sand-hills that stretched from Bowness to beyond Skinburness. Day-light was just breaking, but the driving mist rendered surrounding objects indistinct.

He was walking quickly along when a voice called out loudly, "Who's there ?" Jimmy quickened his pace. "Who's there ?" roared the voice. Jimmy began to run as fast as he could ; in doing so his violin made what he would have called a *nattling* little noise

rubbing against the walking-stick, and this directed the coastguardsman's quick ear to the place where he was. "Who's there?" repeated he. "If you don't stand, I'll fire!" Jimmy continued to run faster and faster. The man, suspecting there was some smuggling going on, but being unable to see anything for the mist, raised his gun to his shoulder and fired a random shot, with the intention of frightening whoever it might be, never dreaming of hitting any one. He then walked on towards the hamlet whistling a tune. The shrimp-catchers were all astir getting ready their nets. Old Danny Mann was yoking his donkey into a little Scotch cart which was full of flounders and shrimps and salmon that had been caught the night previously—these he was going to take to the nearest market. The coastguardsman gave him a letter to post for him, and assisted him to lift the baskets into his cart, chatting cheerily all the while, for he was a good-natured, kindly man; then he bought some fresh shrimps for his breakfast, and after tying them up in his red cotton handkerchief proceeded on his way.

* * * * *

When the sun arose in his strength, and gathered up the curtaining mists the rabbits ran in and out of their burrows and scuffled and played with each other, dotting about and showing their soft white tufts behind. The sand-martins came looking for food, and the larks were twittering all round the furze bushes. A skylark flew up from a hillock, but was startled by hearing a low moan which came from an unusual object lying on the grass. The bird was afraid to begin his song, and rose and fluttered about; then he came down on the grass and ran quite near to the object to try to find out what it was. Then he fluttered and rose again, and hung in the air with a tremulous motion. Then he burst into joyful melody. A fleeting spirit that was hovering near, joined in the rapturous music, and they rose together with a rush of wings, up, up, and away!

When the revenue officer had finished his breakfast, he took his telescope in his hand, and sauntered out. He too was startled on reaching the sand-hills; for there lay a man on his face, with his arms stretched out before him towards Skinburness. The officer approached with feelings of intense apprehension, and lifted him carefully up, then he laid him down again in deep sorrow, and turned to go in search of help, when he returned with such assistance as was needed.—The keg of whisky was unstrapped from the dead man's shoulders, and was duly confiscated to the Crown.

Charades.

SOLUTIONS to Charades in September Number :—(I) Darkness; (II) Ask my Papa; (III) Songstress; (IV) A Gun; (V) Herring; (VI) Misfortune.

Ja Ja and Oko Jumbo.*

It will be known that for a long time a war had been raging between King Oko Jumbo, of the Bonny river, and King Ja Ja, of the Opobo, whereby the trade in palm oil, ivory, ebony, &c., was almost at a stand-still. The British merchants in Liverpool requested our Government to interfere, and to endeavour to stop this war. So the *Rattlesnake*, Commodore J. G. Commerell, was ordered from the Cape last November, with all dispatch, to the Bonny. We had then off the river, the *Rattlesnake*; *Torch*, Capt. Dyer; *Coquette*, Lieut.-Commander Law; *Pioneer*, Lieut.-Commander H. W. Hill; and *Supply*, Navigating Lieut. Scriven. On Monday, 23rd December last, the *Pioneer* was ordered to proceed up the Bonny river with H.B.M. Consul, Mr. Chas. Livingstone (brother of the great traveller). We took the *Rattlesnake's* steam pinnace in tow. On anchoring off Bonny town, Mr. Livingstone proceeded in the pinnace to New Calabar river, to inquire whether King Amachree, King of New Calabar, and his chiefs, would act as arbitrators for Ja Ja, explaining to him that Ja Ja and Oko Jumbo had agreed to settle the war by arbitration. After some time (for niggers take a long time to consider), he said he and his chiefs would act as arbitrators for Ja Ja, and would be ready to go on board the *Pioneer* whenever she came for them. In the meantime we were inquiring when the Eukreka king and chiefs, who were to act as arbitrators for Oko Jumbo, would be ready. On the 25th (Christmas Day), the steam pinnace returned, and we proceeded out of the river, and anchored off the fair-way buoy, and communicated the intelligence to the Commodore. I need hardly say we did not pass a very merry Christmas, although Jack tried to make himself happy, if such a thing is possible on W. C. A. On the following day, H.M.S. *Coquette* left for Ascension, in tow of the *Supply*, having forty-nine cases of fever on board out of a crew of fifty-seven.

On the 30th we proceeded up the New Calabar river, to fetch King Amachree and chiefs. The consul and myself landed, and went to the palace, where we found King Amachree sitting in state, with about twenty of his wives around him. After giving us some *tombo* (a native wine made from the juice of the palm-tree), we informed him that we had come for him and his chiefs. The first words were,—“Well, Consul, we be no fit to come to-day. Suppose we come to-morrow?” Now, our time was precious (niggers have no idea of the value of time). However, after a long time he said if we would allow him one hour to say good-by to his wives, he would accompany us on board; but we knew the one hour he spoke of would be more like five hours. He sent word to his chiefs to get

* * The interesting narrative we here give consists of extracts from a private journal kept by Lieut. H. W. Hill, R.N., lately returned, after commanding H.M.S. *Pioneer* on the West Coast of Africa; and it relates to the “palaver” recently held on board that ship by Commodore Commerell, with regard to the Bonny and Opobo war.—Ed. C.M.M.

ready; and then, after the first hour was over, and we asked him to come on board, he said, "I must make 'Ju Ju' first," which consisted of going to his father's grave, and pouring a bottle of wine over different parts of it, and uttering incantations. This scene over, we thought perhaps we might get him off; but no, he must "go to 'Ju Ju' house, and make 'Ju Ju' with white men." The "Ju Ju" is a place filled with skulls, broken crockery of all patterns, toys of all descriptions, such as dolls, wooden horses, &c., got from the English traders. There we met the "Ju Ju" man, or medicine man: he uttered a lot of nonsense in his own language, and, after bowing to the old king, made a paste of white and red chalk, and put a straight line on the king's nose, and on Mr. Livingstone's and my own. A cross was then put on each hand of the same stuff, and then we were allowed out, it being understood that the *Pioneer* was then perfectly safe whilst the king and chiefs were on board, and could by no possible means go on top of a rock. We then thought that at last the king was really coming off with us; but half way to the boat he said, "Captain, I forget make 'Ju Ju' for my father." I told him he had already made it. He said, "Fashion of my country be make 'Ju Ju' twice." So we had to return again for more "Ju Ju." After this he would go and say good-by once more to his wives, and eventually we got him on board, with his chiefs, at 5:30 p.m., and got under way. It was dark before we got out of the river; so we had to anchor for the night, and King Amachree, twelve chiefs, and thirty-four attendants had to be provided with accommodation for sleeping. They all brought an enormous amount of luggage boxes, containing several suits of various coloured robes, &c. My cabin was occupied by the king and four of his chiefs; and as I did not care about that beautiful perfume called "Bouquet d'Afrique," I slept on deck. That evening I asked the king and two chiefs to dine with me. On soup being handed to His Majesty, he dispensed with the spoon, but soon lapped it up with his tongue. A knife and fork he also refused: fingers in his country were evidently made before knives and forks.

Next morning (Monday, 31st December) we weighed, and rejoined the *Rattlesnake*, off the Bonny, where we found the *Torch*; she had Oko Jumbo and chiefs on board, and the *Rattlesnake* had the Eukreka men. We had then to proceed in company with the other two ships to the Opobo river, where the "palaver" was to be held, as Ja Ja's "Ju Ju" would not allow of his leaving the Opobo river. (He has never been out of it in his life, and should he cross the bar of his own river he would die. Such is his superstition.) We all anchored off the mouth of the Opobo on the 1st day of January. Oko Jumbo and chiefs were then sent on board the *Pioneer*, also the Eukreka men, and we proceeded to cross the Opobo bar, which is not a particularly good one, it not having been surveyed. However, the little ship went over in safety. Now, it was deemed expedient that, should Ja Ja come on board, he should not see Oko Jumbo, as the only reason we went in on this day was to show Ja Ja that we

had the arbitrators with us all ready for the morrow. So we put Oko Jumbo and chiefs under hatches, so that they should not be seen. Ja Ja soon came on board. A fine man he was, standing over 6 ft. 2 in., and broad in proportion, with rather a pleasing countenance, and covered with gold and ivory. The very first words he uttered were,—“There be bad smell on board. I smell my enemy Oko Jumbo; but never mind,” he said, “I no be afraid of him,” and then he commenced laughing. So the Commodore told him that we should be ready for the “palaver” on the morrow, and that the *Pioneer* would cross the bar with all the chiefs, &c., on board, and come half way up to his town, and there he was to meet us. To this proposition he willingly agreed, and the *Pioneer* went outside again and distributed the chiefs, &c., for the night between the *Rattlesnake* and *Torch*.

On the following morning all the kings and chiefs were sent on board the *Pioneer*, and we weighed, and proceeded across the Opobo bar, and anchored about half way up the river from Ja Ja’s town. Shortly afterwards we saw the first of Ja Ja’s canoes coming round the point, and then another and another followed until the river appeared black with them. Ja Ja’s was the first to approach the ship, and a truly magnificent sight it was. It was a very large canoe, with a rocking horse (such as one sees in a nursery at home) for a figure-head, and paddled by one hundred warriors, fifty on each side. In the centre of the canoe was a high-backed gold chair, on which Ja Ja sat, with two slaves holding an enormous umbrella (more like a small tent in size), covered with gold lace, spangles, scalps, &c., and small bells round the edges. Behind this was an enormous pole, with a large red flag, with the words “King Ja Ja” upon it. The doctor man, or medicine man as he is called, was standing behind Ja Ja, going through the most wonderful contortions and yelling for the spirits to preserve Ja Ja, on his approaching his enemy, Oko Jumbo. The beautiful time that was kept with the paddles was wonderful; all put in the water as one, then taken out, and a turn round the head, a wild yell, and in again. It was, indeed, a fine sight. At last they came alongside with a shout that might have been heard miles off, and Ja Ja stepped on board the *Pioneer*. Now I must give a description of his dress. He was dressed in the full-dress uniform of a post captain; tail coat and epaulets, white trowsers and waistcoat, sword and cocked hat, white kid gloves, and kid boots. He had adorned his cocked hat with several large eagle’s feathers, and had put some extra gold lace down the front of his coat. He was received by the Commodore and staff, and then conducted to his seat. Soon after all his chiefs came in various costumes.

We had a long table on the quarter-deck, on one side of which sat the Eukreka chiefs, on the other the New Calabar chiefs, with King Amachree as president, dressed in scarlet robes, covered with gold. Behind the Eukreka men sat Oko Jumbo and chiefs, and the same way behind the New Calabar men sat Ja Ja and chiefs. The chattering and noise they all made was dreadful; we thought we would

never get them to begin business. At last, King George of Bonny (for there are two kings to Bonny river) commenced the opening speech. He is an educated nigger, and speaks English fairly. He was dressed in a swallow-tail black coat and trowsers, and a tall hat. Of course, all the talking was in their own language, and as soon as we saw them fairly under way, we left them to do it all as they wished. They kept interrupting one another, and we could not impress upon them the necessity of one man speaking at a time. At about two o'clock p.m. they wanted refreshments; but when table was laid, Ja Ja and Oko Jumbo would not eat in one another's presence; so the Bonny men had to clear away whilst Ja Ja ate, and *vice versa*. It was great fun to see them examining everything that was given them. They were all, with the exception of the Eukreka men, who are cannibals, really very fine-looking fellows. I must here state that neither Oko Jumbo nor his chiefs were dressed in any gaudy clothes; they simply wore their native dress. One of the Bonny chiefs, Ida Allisson by name, had a fine necklace of human teeth. At about six o'clock, the "palaver" was finished for that day, and Ja Ja returned to his town, whilst we weighed and went outside the river for the night, it being arranged to have another meeting on the following morning.

So we steamed in again in the morning, and Ja Ja came on board again, only this time he was dressed in a blue velvet gown, displaying a great amount of jewellery of European manufacture. He had a fine gold hunting watch, but could not read the time; so it could not have been of much use to him. I forgot to mention, on the first day, when every one of us was looking at Ja Ja in his swell dress, and he no doubt thought we were admiring him, he all of a sudden brought out of his waistcoat pocket a small red morocco leather case, and opening it produced a pair of fine gold spectacles. Taking out his cambric, he commenced cleaning each glass with the handkerchief between his finger and thumb, in the most approved style; then put them on, and looked round the company, of course thinking he would make a great impression, as he certainly did, for it was as much as we could do to keep from roaring with laughter, for it was bad enough to see a big nigger dressed as he was, but the spectacles were too much for us. Of course, he could not see a bit with them; so after having them on for a few minutes he returned them to the case, and we saw no more of them that day.

Much the same happened on the second day as the first, and the treaty was eventually drawn out by the arbitrators saying that the war between Bonny and Opobo was to stop, and that Ja Ja was to open certain markets for Oko Jumbo, and Oko Jumbo was to do the same for Ja Ja, allowing the palm-oil to pass through each other's country and canoes without being attacked. We went in again next morning to get the treaty signed, and then Prince George, of New Calabar, stood up, and calling on the Sun (which he faced) as a witness, gave the verdict of the arbitrators, using a bottle of wine, which

he threw about in all directions for "Ju Ju." Then, all having been signed, we took the Bonny, New Calabar, and Eukreka chiefs out, and put them on board the *Rattlesnake* and *Torch*, and entered the river again, to escort Ja Ja to his town, where, on his landing, we saluted him with eleven guns. He "dashed" (such is the coast term for making a present) the Commodore a bullock, and the consul and the captain of the *Pioneer* a goat each. I went on shore to see his town and his palace, and found him sitting in state, surrounded by his wives. We made "Ju Ju" together, and then went and saw his "Ju Ju" house, which is filled with human skulls, decorated in various ways. We left the river that night, and joined the other ships. In the evening we all weighed, and proceeded slowly towards the Bonny. At daylight we anchored, and all the New Calabar chiefs were sent on board the *Pioneer*, to be taken back to their town. We parted company from the *Rattlesnake* about 2 p.m., and proceeded up the river, saluting King Amachree on his landing with eleven guns. He then took us over his town again, and got up a war-dance for our benefit. It would be here quite impossible to describe anything about it. It was a sight worth seeing. Next morning we left the river, and proceeded to clean and re-paint the ship, for she was anything but nice after having had all these niggers on board for so long. On arriving off the Bonny, we found the Commodore had sailed for Cape Coast Castle, on his annual tour ; so we were left by ourselves.

Since the treaty was made between Oko Jumbo and Ja Ja, they have settled it again by their "country fash," as they call it,—namely, chopping "Ju Ju." It is a most barbarous thing, but I do not think it possible to stop these native practices. It is this:—As an everlasting ratification between Oko Jumbo and Ja Ja, Ja Ja provides a slave and sends him to Oko Jumbo. They then meet one another, with their principal wives and chiefs, and at about midnight proceed to the mouth of the river with this slave, and whilst he is firmly held by four men, a fifth takes a sharp knife, and cuts him down from the crown of the head to the centre, and the same behind. He then takes a hatchet, and literally chops him in two pieces, as a butcher would a sheep (only the sheep has the advantage of being free of pain whilst it is done, whereas this is all done to the man alive) ; then his arms and legs are cut off and thrown into the ebbing tide, whilst his trunk is given to the wives. Such is the fashion with these barbarians.

At present the trade goes on fairly. You will know that the soap, candles, &c., we all use are made from the palm-oil imported mostly from the West Coast, and it would be a serious thing were this trade entirely stopped. The traders receive very good salaries, but run great risks from the climate, and many die off in a very short time. The last epidemic, which broke out in April this year, has left but few. I think, taking all in all, it was worth a visit to the Coast to have seen The Palaver.

A Run for a Rogue.

ONE fine morning in December a few years back there was a great stir in Scotland Yard, London, which as every one knows, or ought to know, is the head-quarters of the Metropolitan Police ; in fact, the police business of the whole civilized world may be said to concentrate towards that locality. The senior partner in the well-known firm of Ruggles and Bullion had just come down for an interview with Mr. Wily, the head of the detective department, and the two were closeted together. The latter gentleman was universally acknowledged to be an ornament to the profession of which he was a member, sharp as a needle, with all his wits about him, and not to be baffled by what to others might appear the most insuperable difficulties. His powers of ferreting out and hunting down any unfortunate delinquent were unsurpassed ; and sooner or later he would swoop down on his prey with the unerring accuracy of a Red Indian. The business now in hand was of a serious nature,—Mr. Scroggins, one of the cashiers in the bank, had falsified his books, and by means of forgery had purloined no less a sum than six thousand five hundred pounds. His temporary absence of a day or two from the bank was overlooked on account of a neatly worded epistle notifying his inability to attend in consequence of indisposition, but at the end of a week personal inquiry was made at his place of abode, only to ascertain from his landlady that the gentleman in question went away three days before in a cab, and she had seen or heard nothing of him since. The good woman was evidently distressed in her mind, and plaintively insinuated that Mr. Scroggins' little account already amounted to nine pounds, in addition to which she had laid out three and sixpence for a bottle of cognac on his account the very afternoon of the day on which he vanished. His apartment failed to furnish any clue to his mysterious disappearance. There were sundry torn letters strewn upon the floor, and some articles of wearing apparel in an open trunk ; his luggage which he took with him in the cab being confined to one large-sized portmanteau. It was elicited from the landlady, after a good deal of beating about the bush, that Mr. Scroggins had often spoken of going to South Africa, and about a month since the servant girl had taken to the post office two letters addressed to some one in Cape Town, each of which bore a shilling stamp. With the name of the party she could not tax her memory. This was all the information that could be obtained, with the exception of finding on the mantel-piece a tariff of passage rates by the Union Company's steamers. These several little items were narrated by Mr. Ruggles, the head of the detective department drinking in every word, all the time scratching his head with a quill pen, and looking intensely wise. "Ah," he said, after musing for a few moments, "there is a bit of a rush to the Cape just now,—the land of diamonds, is it not ? The mail steamer too must have sailed the

day after that on which Mr. Scroggins so surreptitiously left his lodgings; at all events there is no harm inquiring at the office of the Company, where the passage money is paid." "Happy thought!" replied Mr. Ruggles, whose eyes sparkled as if he had got the culprit already in his grip. "Well, I leave it in your hands, Mr. Wily, and do the best you can for us. Good day."

An hour or so after the above conversation had taken place, Mr. Wily was in Leadenhall-street, at the office of the Union Steam-ship Company, a dingy looking apartment, and ornamented with two or three seedy-looking clerks, who sat on still seedier stools. Inquiries for an individual answering to Mr. Scroggins' appearance were met by a surly reply to the effect that there were too many applicants for passages just then to enable the identification of any particular person, but on the question being pressed, the office boy who was amusing himself by spoiling the Company's pens suddenly pricked up his ears, observing that he remembered a tall party with a white hat taking a first-class passage to the Cape, the circumstance having been pleasingly engrafted on his memory by his being tipped sixpence for calling a cab, which drove to the Waterloo Railway Station. So far so good. The lad's shrewdness was rewarded by another sixpenny donation, and Mr. Wily withdrew well pleased with the result of his investigations, and rubbing his little hands most vigorously. There was no doubt, putting all things together, that the absconding clerk had sailed from Southampton for the Cape by the steamer of the 4th of December. This much being tolerably certain, it was arranged that Mr. Wily himself should pursue the delinquent by the following steamer in the hopes of rescuing some of the plunder, or at all events of bringing the offender to justice. True, he had a fortnight's start, but the probabilities were that the attractions of the South African metropolis would certainly allure him for that length of time.

Mr. Scroggins was the very last man one would have suspected of being a thief, and for many years he had enjoyed the full confidence of his employers. He was a tall, handsome fellow, scrupulously particular touching his personal appearance, and of pleasing address. He was quite a lady's man; indeed, some of his female acquaintances adored him, and bestowed many an admiring glance at his elegant moustache and glossy head of hair. But under all this smooth and polished exterior there was something wrong, and though not the least suspicion rested upon him, he had for some time past carried on a system of petty peculation which escaped discovery. Thus things went on till he was determined to go in for something heavy, and so was led to appropriate no less a sum than between six and seven thousand pounds by means of forged acceptances and other frauds. The Cape of Good Hope was just at that time attracting a good deal of attention in England, and thinking doubtless that South Africa would be as good a place as any where else to elude detection and enjoy the proceeds of the robbery, he took his passage and made off without troubling to wish any one

good-by. There was a time in the history of Cape Town when the arrival of a stranger was an event of importance, but when the Diamond-fields were once set agoing, little heed was taken of new faces, so great was the flood of immigration from all four quarters of the globe. New lines of steamers were put on to meet the demand for passages, and every week brought a fresh instalment of eager, excited diamond seekers. Jews and Gentiles flocked thither,—men without a penny with which to bless themselves, and others with thousands ready to toss into the lap of speculation in full assurance that the venture would turn up trumps. Some had sold their very last stick of furniture to raise the wind for a passage to the Cape; some had given up certain and lucrative engagements in their thirst for sudden wealth; and some, heedless of all the consequences, had laid their hands on the property of others to gratify their desires. In this last category was Mr. Scroggins, who three and thirty days after leaving Southampton set foot on the shores of South Africa, in blissful ignorance of what was transpiring on the other side of the water. During the voyage he had been a great favourite, as folks who happily possess a well-lined purse usually are. The packet of vouchers for liquors supplied which was handed to him every week was always larger than that of any one else, and to use the words of a fellow-passenger, he spent his money “like a prince.” He flirted with the ladies till they positively got jealous of each other, and his agreeable manner and lively conversation won for him admirers on every hand. The little troubles and difficulties of landing over, and the scrutinizing glances of custom-house officers passed, Mr. Scroggins made his way for one of the hotels in town, which at the time of which I speak were uncommonly full. His mind was not as yet made up as to what course he should pursue, but ample funds are a preservative against much anxiety on this score. By his manner and general behaviour, he evidently intended the uninitiated public to think he was somebody, and a highly dignified and aristocratic bearing helped to aid the illusion that he was what is popularly termed “a heavy swell.” Friends were not long in being picked up and acquaintances formed in various directions, good, bad, and indifferent; and before he had trodden the streets of Cape Town a fortnight the subject of my narrative had gained the character of being a genial, jovial, rollicking fellow. When interrogated as to whence he came, who he was, and what he intended to do, he was as reticent as possible, and allowed little more insight into his private and personal affairs than that he was a near relative of some titled aristocrat in England, and tempted by the glowing accounts of the Cape supplied by the newspapers he had been induced to take a trip thither. Shortly after arrival a deposit of six thousand pounds was made in one of the Cape Town banks, which at once conferred a kind of status and position, for whatever moralists may say to the contrary, a handsome balance at your banker’s is the very best of credentials and an unfailing passport to carry one anywhere and everywhere through the world. Mr.

Scroggins liked hotel life, and certainly there is something excessively jolly about it, so long at least as you know your bill can be paid without difficulty,—a complete absence of all worry and anxiety, with ease, comfort, and enjoyment from the time you put your hand outside the bed-room door to reach a pair of well-polished boots to the time you take your candlestick in hand and retire again to rest. There is none of that wearing monotony so painfully manifest in other places of abode. Every day brings fresh faces, the topics of conversation are new and varied, added to which one gets all the latest scandal, gossip, and town talk, as they say of gin, “pure as run from the still.”

One day as Mr. Scroggins, who since his arrival in the Colony had assumed the name of Thomas Clarence, and altered his personal appearance as much as possible, was sitting in the parlour with a friend, the latter took up a copy of the *Times* which had that day arrived by a steamer. Having scanned through the news, he lazily perused the advertisements, and suddenly exclaimed, “By Jove! there has been another big robbery in the city—one hundred pounds reward.” Clarence, who was scarcely prepared for such a shock, turned as pale as death, but summoning all the self-possession possible to his aid, he did his best to coincide with his companion’s expression of surprise. It was fortunate for him that the reader was listless and lazy, too lazy, in fact, to read through the small type following the conspicuous announcement of the reward, for though Clarence was at the present time far from identical with the description given in the advertisement, unpleasant results might have followed had the general appearance of the rogue in question been critically discussed. The incident, nevertheless, awakened a new train of apprehensions in the mind of the delinquent, for it never before occurred to him that he might be tracked through the medium of the public press. It took but a short time to make up his mind to change quarters, and a favourable opportunity presenting itself, he removed to a village within fifty miles of Cape Town, in full confidence that he would find safety in suburban seclusion. Mrs. Martin was the proprietress of a first-class boarding-house, an institution which flourishes to a considerable extent in South Africa, and one from which it is said large profits accrue to those who are adept and skilful managers. The lady in question was pleased to receive none but “gentlemen,” a term which to her, however, was synonymous with a respectable appearance and an ability to pay their bills regularly week by week. She was scrupulously strict in the matter of rules and regulations, and failed not to express displeasure at any infringement of the discipline of her establishment. A certain individual once had the audacity to dwell in her house for six weeks, surreptitiously leaving at the end of that time and forgetting to make a settlement, but the joke had not been practised a second time. Whether from his good looks or his liberality in pecuniary matters, Clarence, *alias* Scroggins, soon became a favourite, and Mrs. Martin being a great admirer of anything above the level of ordinary humanity, paid great attention and

civility to her new boarder. It seemed, however, that he was to be for ever haunted with memories of his guilt, for whenever his landlady got more than ordinary chatty, it was her custom to regale her boarder with intelligence touching her erring child, who had brought disgrace on the noble scion of Martin by an extensive embezzlement, which unjustifiable proceeding he was expiating on the Breakwater. The relation of the painful circumstances always brought tears to her eyes, but she seemed to take comfort when sobbing out the words, "she felt sure Mr. Clarence could sympathize with her in her affliction." He did try to look sympathetic, but felt a kind of choking sensation, as if a rope was round his neck. What would he not have given if the stolen money could have been restored, and he be sitting on his old leather-covered stool in the counting-house of the Lombard-street bank. But the die was cast and the game must be played out to the bitter end. There were one or two other gentlemen boarders at the establishment, with one of whom Clarence had shortly after his arrival formed an intimate acquaintanceship. Through the latter he was introduced to several pleasant and agreeable families, where he soon made himself at home, bringing to his aid all those conversational and attractive qualities which so quickly make a man popular in society. At one of the houses thus visited he was on specially friendly terms, owing to the fact of his knowing one of the sons who was in England. The father, Mr. Melhuish, was a retired gentleman, living in a beautiful house a short distance from Wellington, and somehow or another, he contracted a great liking for the newly introduced individual. Now when a handsome gentleman is in the habit of frequenting almost daily a house where there is a pretty and amiable young lady, the fact that a tender passion is gradually developed can scarcely be wondered at, and it came to pass that in course of time Clarence and Miss Melhuish became extraordinarily fond of one another. Everything was in his favour, pecuniarily and otherwise, and had any one ventured to hint to the fond parent that his beloved daughter was affianced to a swindler, he would probably have bestowed upon them something more practical than profound contempt. As for presents, the lady was loaded with them, from pet canary birds to costly silk dresses, and every one knows that there is no surer road to curry favour than to be intensely liberal. Day by day his circle of acquaintances grew larger and larger; he was introduced into the very best society of which the neighbourhood could boast, and things went on as smoothly and hopefully as the most accomplished rogue could have wished.

Had Mr. Clarence been aware that while all his flirtation and pleasure was going on a detective was on his track, his equanimity of mind would possibly have been disturbed; but it was no less the fact that Mr. Wily had already been two or three months in the Colony without finding the person he wanted. He did not, for all that, despair, and being of a sanguine temperament and a great stickler for patience, felt convinced that the right man would turn

up in time. On several occasions he thought he was on the right scent, and once he went so far as to follow up a party for three days whom he suspected, only to find, after all, that he was most egregiously mistaken in his calculations. It would be very mortifying, thought Mr. Wily, after coming six thousand miles to catch a thief, if the gentleman should have chosen some other spot but South Africa ; but something told him that he was on the right spoor if the foot-prints of his victim were only a little more distinct. One day a lucky thought struck him : might not the party for whom he was on the look-out have placed the money in one of the banks ? True, bank-managers were, as a rule, scrupulously reticent as to their customers' affairs, but armed with credentials from Scotland Yard, and being in pursuit of a criminal, there could surely be no harm in pushing inquiry to the utmost at the various banking establishments. After a great deal of fumbling, and ferretting, and cross-questioning, Mr. Wily had the satisfaction at last of learning that some few months previous a gentleman who gave the name of Clarence had placed the sum of six thousand pounds in a certain bank, but as he had never made his appearance since, always drawing on the account by cheque, the manager was unable to afford a very accurate description of the customer. "Have you any cancelled cheques?" said the detective, upon which a number were produced, *l'affaire d'amour* having caused the interesting documents to flow in to the bank with unusual rapidity. Mr. Wily drew out his pocket book and proceeded to compare an autograph inscribed therein with the signature to the cheque. "They are uncommonly alike," he exclaimed ; "the upstrokes are a little thicker, that is all. Then I understand you are unaware where Mr. Clarence, as he represents himself to be, is staying." "Not the least replied the manager ; his cheques are always passed in by a second party." This was about all the information that could be fished out in this quarter ; but it was good, very good, said the smug-looking detective, and he ordered a bottle of the best claret with his twelve o'clock chop, by way of a thanksgiving for mercies hitherto vouchsafed. Putting this and that together, he felt morally certain his prey was not far off, and his fingers itched pretty considerably to tap a certain party on the shoulder and whisper a few knowing words into his ear.

Cape Town is a terrible place for gossip ; everybody knows everybody else's business, and if there is nothing else to form the small talk of the day, juicy morsels of scandal soon supply the want. An unmarried gentleman in company with a young lady is at once put down as a marriage affair ; if a thirsty individual ventures to cross the threshold of one of the hotels, he is at once reckoned up as an inveterate tippler. Invite a few friends to your house to spend a pleasant evening and partake of your hospitality, and scarcely is your front door shut, when the departing guests malign you on the score of undue extravagance and unkindly hint at unpaid bills. Mr. Wily happened to have taken up his abode at a place where all the local

gossip converged, and always kept his ears well open, with the view of picking up any stray crumbs of information which might prove of service to him in the professional business on which he was engaged. There were two middle-aged ladies whom Mr. Wiley had observed at the table d'hôte, and they recounted the most wonderful stories, and seemed to be in possession of the private history and affairs of half the families in the place. With parties like these the detective made it a sacred duty to be as agreeable as possible, and in such delightful company he managed to learn more than he would have probably done elsewhere in a twelvemonth. One day after dinner, the two Miss Tattlers were talking about a party to which they had been the night before, and as ill luck would have it the conversation principally centred on the very party for whom Mr. Wiley had been looking so long, and who had been one of the *invités*. "Foolish girl!" ejaculated one of the females, "what does she know of him, some adventurer perhaps; and to throw herself away in such a reckless manner!" "It struck me," chimed in the other, "that he is an empty-headed conceited coxcomb; in fact, I tried to evade dancing with him. I saw his lady-love kissing him in the passage,—you know what a demonstrative girl she is,—and he seemed quite angry because her arm ruffled the cosmetic on his sandy moustache." Mr. Wiley was amused at the tenor of the remarks made, but delighted on ascertaining that the subject of them was a Mr. Clarence. Further information was at his request gladly volunteered, and the Miss Tattlers with a glibness and fluency that could be scarcely equalled, gave such an accurate description that the detective exclaimed almost audibly, "the very man."

Mr. Clarence's matrimonial arrangements had not been long in coming to a climax, for a pretty girl with little brains had fallen in love with him and the sentiment was in its turn reciprocated, and in a week's time they were to be married. He was rarely troubled with the oppression of his guilt, and any qualms of conscience were very soon hushed to rest; and as to any fear of detection, nothing was further from his thoughts. His pursuer, however, was far closer than he expected, and one afternoon as the lovers were billing and cooing in the pleasant shades of a fine avenue of oak trees, they were being closely taken stock of by some one whose presence was of all men least suspected; the thief and the detective were not twenty yards apart! There was no mistaking the man in search of whom so many miles had been travelled, so many fruitless inquiries made, and so much anxiety manifested, and Mr. Wiley had arrived on the spot just in time to save the ruin and disgrace of two individuals instead of but one. Repairing to his hotel in the village he wrote the following note, addressing it to Mr. Clarence, Myrtle Lodge. "Mr. C. would oblige by calling at the hotel in the course of the evening, as the landlord wishes to see him." He was frequently there, a fact which had been previously ascertained, so that there would be nothing unusual or unexpected in his presence being requested. Mr. Wiley was one

of those unostentatious men who liked to do what business he had on hand as quietly as possible, not wishing to inflict needless pain or exposure, and with this object in view he preferred a quiet interview to pouncing down on his victim in an abrupt and official way. Mr. Clarence, in anticipation no doubt of a snug game at billiards or a hand at whist, made his appearance in due course, and was introduced by the landlord into the front sitting room, who, in accordance with instructions, quietly and unobserved turned the key on the outside. Giving a slight start he raised his hat, but the stranger without allowing any time for either party to experience any awkwardness, expressed a hope that any liberty he had taken would be excused, but hearing the gentleman intended to settle in the place he wished to offer him a very eligible property on terms which were excessively reasonable. Mr. Clarence was evidently taken rather aback, but unsuspectingly replied that he had not at present made up his mind as to where he should take up his abode, and must therefore beg to decline the offer. This however, served as a stepping stone to further conversation, and the detective plying his art in the most adept manner possible drew out by degrees all particulars concerning Mr. Clarence's pecuniary affairs, from which it was very apparent that a considerable hole had been made in the plunder with which he had made off. After playing with his prey for awhile much after the manner that an angler dallies with a fish or a cat with a mouse, he suddenly drew from his pocket a carte de visite and throwing it carelessly across the table, asked Mr. Clarence if he recognized the likeness. The latter took it up, but it immediately dropped from his hands. What followed may be better imagined than described. A dash was made for the door, but the trap had been well and carefully laid and all hope of retreat had been studiously cut off. The thief was powerless and exasperated; he felt that the game was up, that there was no escape, no hope. Dropping the flag of opposition, Mr. Clarence *alias* Mr. Scroggins, despairingly gave himself up to the detective, his only request being that he might be removed with all dispatch and secrecy from the neighbourhood. This was complied with, and in less than a week, without even a farewell to any of his South African friends, the rogue in careful custody was on his way back to the country whence he came.

But, some one will say "we never remembered to have seen anything about all this in the newspapers." Well, you see, colonial newspapers don't get hold of everything, even though the chief of them I believe is Argus-eyed.

An Irish Horse-fair.

IRELAND has long acquired an European celebrity for the hardiness, activity, and endurance of her breed of horses. For years back she has held the position of a favourite recruiting ground, not alone to the sister-kingdom, but also to many foreign nations, who send commission agents to attend her horse-fairs.

The Irish are essentially a horse-loving race, and there are but few farmers of the better class in certain districts who do not strive to rear a colt or two in the season, when after a rudimentary training and putting them to some light farm work, they are sent for sale as opportunity offers. During the progress of the Franco-German war one of the most dashing Uhlan reconnoitering adventures recorded was said to have been performed on an Irish hunter. Be this as it may, there was certainly a very heavy strain laid at that time on the resources of the Green Isle; large foreign orders kept up the prices, and so keen grew the competition that even the public conveyances were laid under contribution, as some chance visitor to the island frequently found to his inconvenience and discomfort.

Being desirous to visit one of the chief Hibernian emporiums from which the rough material in horse-flesh is turned out, we were glad to embrace an opportunity that offered of witnessing the scene in company of a competent guide.

Mr. Philip Brady (Phil, as he was commonly designated by his familiars) was a Milesian of repute, who enjoyed to a certain extent the confidence and patronage of a very considerable number of persons. Mr. Brady chiefly ministered to the wants of that numerous class in society whose adventures in search of a horse are more piquant to the looker-on than profitable to the purchaser; in short, he was what is termed in Ireland a "jockey." At this term the reader need not conjure up the vision of an exceedingly neat figure, resplendent in silk and undeniable tops, such as he may have seen flash past the post first on some English race-course. Nothing of the sort, for Mr. Brady was a conservative in many matters, and though the pursuit of his calling led him over the greater part of the United Kingdom, he still adhered, sometimes indeed with modifications, to what is, or was, the national costume, viz., a long loose frieze coat reaching to the knee, waistcoat adorned with fancy buttons, corduroy breeches meeting a thick pair of stockings, and terminating in stout shoes. Perhaps, indeed, he considered that the use of such habiliments enabled him the more effectively to assume his favourite character, viz., that of a simple countryman. Neither was it his habit to expose his person rashly on the back of the noble animal of which he was so consummate a judge; this office he strictly performed by deputy, though indeed he might occasionally be met with on some retired road in Ireland astride of a trusty steed, and heading a string of rough-coated country horses with straw-plaited tails and manes *en route* to some

neighbouring fair. But, withal, a keener, more detective eye than he possessed for the good or defective points of a horse it would be hard indeed to find. No surer hand ever passed lightly down their limbs, noting at a touch the seat of spavin, splint, or wind gall, while in match, pace, or action he was rarely deceived.

There were some indeed who hinted that the habit of constantly fishing in troubled waters had somewhat blunted Mr. Brady's sense of the value of truth, and indeed a few averred that he was quite imperceptible to that virtue; but who shall decide *when* the delicate line of demarcation which bounds commercial integrity has been slightly stretched or overstepped. At all events, the unhappy possessor of a Galway kicker must needs be a lenient judge. Anyhow, he satisfied his patrons; in fact, in many households the universal panacea applied when shortcomings of the stud were reported was—Send for Brady. Though I must concur in a belief expressed by a comrade that there was but small chance of his starving in a land where “screws were chape and cornits plinty.”

I had first the pleasure of making Mr. Brady's acquaintance near the drawbridge in the ancient city of Bristol, at the time he was suitably employed in superintending the landing of a shipment of horses from Cork and some months later on I remembered the interview when a friend requested me, if possible, to suit him in a horse while on a projected visit to the Emerald Isle; and I determined forthwith to enlist the good offices of Mr. B., than whom I was satisfied I could not find a more efficient guide.

I know of no fairer glimpse of Old England than that afforded to the passenger by the Bristol steamer, as she glides along past Nightingale Valley and the Clifton Downs on the surface of the tortuous Avon, nor of any better introduction to the green shores of Erin than when at the early dawn of a clear autumn morning Wicklow Head is seen looming on the bow, and the entire sea-board of that fair county gradually opens to view; and as the morning sun splashes with a rosy light the heather-clad crests of the Sugarloaf Mountains, far famed Dublin Bay is then decked in its brightest smiles. I have heard it remarked that increased prosperity has seemingly effaced much of the bright humour formerly credited to the lower order of Irish, and that the tourist of the present day need not expect as heretofore both locomotion and wit for his money. Be that as it may, there was no mistaking the Milesian vivacity and rich brogues of the army of porters and touts that swarmed on board the steamer as she hauled alongside the wharf, while as the North Wall is but a sort of rough offshoot from the noble line of quays which flank the Liffey, and consequently far removed from the usual haunts of cabs, a spirited contest ensued for the possession of a vehicle. Our stout, jovial commander surveyed the bustling scene from his vantage point on the paddle-box with exemplary coolness. “Oh! captain,” cried an excited lady encumbered with many band-boxes, and struggling bravely in the grasp of the stout porters who were

urging her onward, "Captain, I've only one box." "Faix, mum, it's glad I am you've that same," is the cheerful response. The public conveyances of Dublin City are, we must admit, whether in appearance, convenience, or horseing, decidedly below the average met with in European capitals; still we were glad to find that that abomination, the inside jaunting car, is now nearly extinct. Many of us may recall with a shudder our first introduction to that clumsy leather-covered box, badly hung as it was on a pair of wheels, the sickening smell of mouldy straw that pervaded the interior, into which the driver secured you with a triumphant bang, and the intricate manœuvre by which when arrived at its destination, the machine was backed to the pavement with a shock, that the crazy door generally resented by flying open, and the luckless fare was thence ejected in a manner more forcible than agreeable. But I am credibly informed that we are mainly indebted for the rarity of those machines to the difficulties experienced by the drivers in preventing certain venturesome spirits who derided municipal laws from quietly levanting from behind while *en route*, thus leaving the unconscious Jehu to solemnly pursue his profitless way with empty car to some far distant square or street.

I had arranged to meet Brady at the house of a friend in the north, and near to the town of C——, with whom, as one of his patrons, he also chanced to have business to transact. On arrival I found him engaged inspecting a showy chestnut horse about to be entrusted to his care for sale at the well-known horse-fair held at the neighbouring town on the following day. Mr. Brady laid out his future operations with all the grave care beseeeming a general about to enter on an important and difficult campaign. Drawing a well-thumbed volume from his pocket, which proved to be a list of the fairs held in rotation throughout the land, he marked out his destined route, having reference to the qualities of the goodly string of animals for sale and commissions to execute committed to his care.

The town of C—— itself, as regards size and population, can only claim to rank in the third class, and on ordinary days presents a dreary enough appearance, with its steep, narrow straggling streets composed for the most part of badly-built cottages, ill ventilated, confined, and generally dirty, so that the hapless traveller whose hard fate it might be to pass the night in either of its inns would probably exclaim with Sancho, "A blessing on the man who invented that selfsame thing called sleep; it covers a man all over like a cloak," and gladly hurry off by the earliest train in the morning. But for one day in each month C—— presents a scene of wild excitement, bustle, and confusion. Then a motley army of strangers drawn from all parts of the island, combined with representatives from England, Scotland, and the Continent, concentrate in and take possession of the little town; booths, tents, and temporary shelters for horses, hastily run up, extend over the flats, while up to noon of the eventful day a constantly increasing stream of Irish jaunting cars (each crammed

with six men and a driver), carts, and crowded cattle trains, flows into the place. Having wisely fortified ourselves with a hearty breakfast, we set out for the field of action, and early as was the hour, business in a quiet way was being rapidly transacted. Under Brady's guidance we pressed our way through the streets to an open space in the centre of the town, where the frieze-coated peasantry were closely packed, and as with the careless immovability of an Irish crowd they utterly refused to give way for the passage of vehicles and of snorting prancing horses, it was marvellous how, with the exception of an occasional knock over, accidents are avoided.

To the remote secret purlieus of the town, only known to the initiated, we penetrated, still to find King Horse reigning supreme, and undergoing his toilet with various other sorts of preparation prior to his *début* in public. Every byre, cowshed, and enclosure had, it was evident, been placed at the disposal of the equine race; horses, horses everywhere. Indeed, in one case we found an animal domesticated in a room on the ground-floor which bore unmistakable evidence of having at no distant date done duty as a bed-room.

Though many and various steeds were presented for our approval, Mr. Brady somewhat brusquely, and after a very short survey, repelled all advances. Sometimes, indeed, assuming his character of the simple country bumpkin, he would for a moment relax and gently play with the offered bait. "An' what might yer be axing for that purty colt, me man?" "Thoirty!" "Be japers, its chape any way. I'll warrant ye've rared him yersilf now?" "It's thrue for yer; sorra hand's turn has he done this saison at arl at arl, barrin the bit o' pratie gardin." "Well, well, it's the foin strong hocks he has, the craytur; it's a mortal pity they've a taste of a spauvin (spavin) in 'em, anyhow." And so with a knowing wink and shrug he'd pass on, to the discomfiture of the would-be seller.

But by mid-day there was a sensible lull in the business transacted; so leaving Phil to pursue his calling, my friend and I repaired to the principal inn, as it was evident that buyers and sellers alike were bent on refreshing the inner man prior to the impending work of the afternoon. However, it was one thing to wish for refreshment, another to get it, for though every hanger-on of the establishment had manifestly been pressed into the service, and truth to say were demeaning themselves with much vigour, yet they were evidently unable to meet the emergency. With some difficulty we elbowed our way along a crowded passage, and reaching the staircase endeavoured to gain the favoured regions above, but gave up the attempt on finding each step already occupied by a hungry man awaiting a vacancy at the luncheon table; which happy event was duly announced by a stout country wench bawling over the balustrade, "Shure, Mister Blake's away; two more of yiz can git a sate." A brief inspection of the lower premises where, in a closely-besieged pantry, two stout ladies with arms bared were turning out sandwiches in a wholesale manner, not having proved inviting, and, moreover, finding ourselves in bodily danger of

being scalded from the trays bearing tumblersful of steaming whisky punch, which were constantly passing to and fro, we strolled outside and consoled ourselves with a quiet cigar till Brady made his appearance. There was then no time to be lost, so we followed in the wake of the many who were crowding out to the fair-green.

The spectator who took his stand on the broad side-path which fringed the main road would command at a glance the main features of the show. Here they come, trooping down the road, walking, trotting, galloping, led and mounted, every class and description of the riding and driving horse, in every stage of fitness and condition, with here and there a sprinkling of neatly turned out animals from some gentleman's stable (a class not much patronized by the regular dealer, as he chiefly seeks an animal in low condition to make up well for future sale), while an open adjoining meadow with a few sod hurdles therein affords a sufficiently good trial-ground.

"Bay-horse!" The leader of the animal thus hailed pulls up instantly, and the possible purchaser is expected to satisfy himself on some salient points, such as height, age, and approximate price; to find himself mistaken in these later on in the deal, and thus squander the seller's time, is to subject the novice to a very possible torrent of abuse. Meanwhile a band of staunch friends have suddenly sprung up, who either loudly proclaim or in confidential whispers murmur the praises of the steed.

"Will he draw?"

"Bedad, that he will, and kindly."

An empty car or cart is speedily pressed into service, the animal is harnessed in a trice, and away they go down the green, half-a-dozen zealots hanging on behind to prove the horse's powers.

"And now for the vet.!"

At this announcement a gloom sometimes steals over the group, and some specious excuse may be made; but generally the proposal is agreed to readily enough, and the party troops off to where in a quiet corner of the fair a veterinary surgeon has established his temporary quarters.

A brief, rapid glance over the animal, a trot and walk down the road. "Quite sound, wind and limb, sir; five shillings," is a very general formula, and the steed is yours for better, for worse.

It is well known that fairs are a favourite medium for passing spurious bank-notes, nor can this be wondered at when considerable sums of money pass in a hurried manner through the hands of a great number of ignorant, illiterate peasants, in most cases personally unknown to each other; and towards the close of the day, as dealers from a distance, anxious to complete their orders for shipment, are less inclined to be critical, notes change hands rapidly, and a good many screws are also slipped off quietly.

But evening is coming on apace, and the bustle of hurried departure prevails everywhere. Strings of recently purchased horses defile through the narrow streets, and the fair green is well nigh deserted;

but Mr. Brady had not been able to execute his commission to his satisfaction, and we were preparing to quit the place empty-handed, when in a retired alley we stumbled on a group of men engaged in angry altercation, and clustered round a handsome bay filly; the cause of dispute was plain enough. It was evident that the sheepish country lad who now in great grief held the animal's head had fallen into the clutches of a band of horse copers, who having engaged to buy the filly on the boy's own terms early in the morning, and so induced him to stable her and thereby lose his market, now denied having offered a moiety of the purchase money.

"An' it's yersilf's the loieng villin," said the lad, "an' it's forty goold sov'rins ye bid me for the mare, an' how can I git back the night an' twinty long miles afore me?"

"An' it's yersilf's the loier," retorted the other; "an' more betoken, here's Pat Dempsey to sware by the vistments he hard me say——"

"Thrue for ye," here interposed Mr. Brady, gently insinuating himself into the dispute; "it's mighty loikly the honest man 'ud bid forty for that slip of a craytur," jerking his thumb contemptuously at the mare.

"No, in throth; so it's twinty-foive, or I'm off intirely," said the man, encouraged by this unlooked-for support.

"O, yer arf the bargain are yer," continued Phil, changing his tone, "bedad it's glad I am for that same, for yon's the loikliest filly I've seen this mony a day; and here's your money, me boy, in good Northern notes" (producing a roll and handing them to the astonished youngster), "and jist twist a lock of straw in the tail and take her up to the hotel, and bid 'em stand yer a glass from Phil Brady."

But the copers were in no mood to relinquish their prey so easily, and a row might have ensued had not Brady been well known in the place, and with many supporters at call; as it was, the matter ended in a mutual exchange of epithets of a most uncomplimentary nature.

I am bound to state that Mr. Brady's judgment was correct, and that her present owner would not now part with the filly for nigh double the amount of the purchase money.

A full autumn moon was pouring her soft rays on the narrow streets and crooked alleys of C—— as we cleared the last outlying cottages and drove along the now deserted fair-green, which basking peacefully in the silver moonlight gave small token of having but a few hours previous been conspicuous as the battle-field of an Irish horse-fair.

THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Present State and Future Prospects of the Kafirs.*

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

BY HON. C. BROWNEE, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

IN attempting to furnish such information as would enable those not personally acquainted with the Kafir race to form definite conceptions of their present state and future prospects, I have found it necessary to cast a brief retrospective glance at the past history of the Kafir tribes on our immediate border, in order that by a comparison of their past with their present condition it may be seen what progress has already been attained and what are the prospects of still further progress in the future ; and in doing so I have been unable to confine my remarks to those under my immediate charge, namely, the Gaika tribe, from the fact that they have sprung from the same stock as the other border tribes, and that for the last two hundred years the history of all has been inseparably intertwined.

The Gaikas are subdivided into the tribes of Anta, Gonyama, Macomo, Feni, and Xoxo, over whom Sandilli is paramount. Besides these, the remnants of the tribes of Botman, Stock, and Umhala have recently come into the district, and the total number is about 30,000.

The first Kafir tribe that crossed the Kei from the East was that of Tinde, the progenitor of the present Chief Zatzoe.† Tinde appears to have separated from the main tribe and to have crossed the Kei about 1650.

The Tindes have never been a large tribe. They were greatly reduced in 1856 and 1857 in consequence of the cattle-killing, and from various causes have not since recovered. Many of the tribe have embraced Christianity, and are improving and respectable

* A few days since, while looking through my old papers, I found one which at the direction of Government I had drawn up in 1867. This paper was printed in the proceedings of the Aborigines' Protection Society ; but as few of your readers can have seen it, and as it may prove interesting to some, and being as applicable to the present as to the time when it was written, I hand it over to you for publication, should you deem it worthy of a place in the *Cape Monthly*. With the exception of the introductory paragraph, and one or two small modifications, the paper remains unchanged.—C. B.

† Jan Zatzoe died about three years since.

members of the community; those who are still in heathenism are becoming daily more degraded and impoverished from their almost universal indulgence in ardent spirits.

The tribe of Umdange crossed the Kei about 1720. This tribe was very much broken up at the cattle-killing, when many of the Imidange went into the Colony, and are at present* living on Government land in the district of Uitenhage under Jona, the son of Botman. Peelton, one of the most prosperous stations in Kaffraria, is composed of converts from this tribe. Botman, its late chief, died last month,† at about one hundred years of age. He was famous in Kaffraria for his extraordinary power in debate and for his diplomatic tact. Botman is succeeded by his son Fandala, a man of low character, and who does not inherit his father's ability.

The Amambalu were the next to cross the Kei. Langa, their first chief, left the main line in the generation after Umdange. Stock is the present chief of this tribe.

The last great migration of the Kafirs across the Kei took place about 1740, when Kahabe, the son of Palo, crossed with what now constitutes the Gaikas and Dhlambis, and established his independence of his brother Galeka, who gave his name to the tribes over whom Kreli is now chief. The tribes which had previously crossed acknowledged Kahabe as paramount.

Umlau, the heir apparent to Kahabe, died during his father's lifetime, and Kahabe was killed in an expedition against the Tambookies, with most of his councillors and leading warriors, who refused to save themselves by flight, and who fell defending their chief after he was wounded. Gaika, his grandson and successor, was then still a child, and Dhlambi, the right-hand son of Kahabe, became regent.

During the long minority Dhlambi so far established his own power and influence, that when Gaika assumed the government Dhlambi rebelled, and obtaining the support of many of the tribe as well as the assistance of the Galekas, who wished to recover their supremacy over the Gaikas, he succeeded in driving Gaika over the Kieskama as far as the Konap River, established independence, and gave his name to the Dhlambis, of whom Umhala is now the chief.

In 1819, Dhlambi, with the Amagunakwebi tribe, under the prophet Lynx, attacked Graham's Town, where they were repulsed with great loss, driven across the Kieskama, and Gaika was recognized by the Colonial Government as paramount west of the Kei, but Dhlambi never became actually subject to his nephew Gaika, though nominally acknowledging his supremacy.

In 1819 the Rev. J. Brownlee settled as a missionary with Gaika. Others followed and laboured among the various Kafir tribes; and though they have succeeded in reclaiming numbers from heathenism, the Kafirs as a people have not yet embraced Christianity.

Gaika died in 1829, and was succeeded by his son, the present chief Sandilli, then eight years of age. Sututu, the mother of Sandilli,

* 1867. † October, 1867.

became regent, and Macomo and Tyali, the sons of Gaika, were appointed to assist her.

Shortly before the death of Gaika, his right-hand son Macomo was expelled from the Kat River in consequence of repeated acts of robbery by his people on the colonial farmers.

During the lifetime of Gaika it had been arranged that the Kafirs should vacate the country lying between the Fish River and Kieskama in order to prevent thefts of stock from the Colony, but this country was frequently reoccupied by Kafirs, who were from time to time ejected by colonial patrols when stock robberies became unusually numerous.

At the end of 1834 the chief Xoxo, a minor son of Gaika, was, in the neutral territory, slightly wounded by a colonial patrol, and Macomo made this a cause of war; but Tyali, to whom Xoxo was subordinate, objected to this course. Macomo, however, called out the Kafirs with the intention of attacking Fort Wilshire, our advanced military post on the Kieskama, expecting that the Cape Corps soldiers would mutiny and deliver the post into his hands; but as no mutiny took place, and as Macomo's force was fired on from the post when morning light disclosed it to the garrison, the Kafirs dispersed themselves into the Colony on the 24th December, 1834, carrying desolation through the frontier districts.

At the close of the war of 1835 Kaffraria to the Kei was proclaimed British territory, and was occupied by us, but was soon after restored to the Kafirs, who were also permitted to occupy the neutral territory. From 1837 to 1846 was the most disastrous period to the frontier settlers in the history of the Colony. Stock was swept off in droves by the Kafirs, herds were murdered, and the owners when going in pursuit were fired on by the robbers, and in some instances were killed. The Government endeavoured by various means to check this fearful state of things, without effect, and finally in 1846 Sir P. Maitland, the then Governor, was constrained to proclaim war against the Kafirs. At the close of this war, Kaffraria was again proclaimed British territory to the Kei, five hundred Kafirs were enrolled and organized under European officers as a native police, and the military greatly reduced. During the three years of peace, robberies from the Colony were almost unheard of, the power of the chiefs was greatly circumscribed, all their acts and decisions were liable to review, and, if found inconsistent with justice, to be reversed by Colonel Maclean and myself, the two commissioners placed over them.

The chiefs finding their power fast falling from them, and that, to a great degree, through the instrumentality of their own subjects, took advantage of the rising influence of a man named Umlanjani, who professed to be inspired and to have a message from God to the Kafirs. Umlanjani being supported and countenanced by the chiefs far and near, and having received deputations from Faku and Moshesh, the two most powerful chiefs beyond our borders, gradually

enlarged the scope of his communications to the people. The first announcement was that witchcraft was to be abandoned in order to secure a blessing on the Kafirs, and gradually success and invincibility in war were promised to the people who conformed to his instructions.

Sandilli was the chief supporter of Umlanjeni, and having been called by the Governor to appear before him and answer for his conduct, he refused to do so; he was therefore deposed from his authority. I was directed no longer to recognize him, but to transact business through his mother, Sutu. It was acknowledged by the tribe that this was simply a formal and temporary suspension of Sandilli's authority, for if Sutu were acknowledged, Sandilli would still virtually be retained in authority. At the same time a demand was made for the surrender of arms which had been used in an attack on the police. Sandilli, by the advice of Tyala and others of his chief councillors, would have complied with this demand, for though he had supported Umlanjeni, he became alarmed at the aspect of affairs. Macomo, however, interposed. He taunted Sandilli with cowardice, and urged him to hold out against the Government, saying, "In the last war it was said Macomo was mad, but in this war it shall be seen that Macomo is not mad." This led to the war of 1850-53, the longest and most disastrous in the annals of the Colony. Macomo is accountable for this war, as he was for the war of 1835.

The reasons for the disaffection which led to this war were, the suppression of the power of the chiefs, the loss of their income and patronage derivable from fines and confiscations, nothing having been substituted as an equivalent for this loss, as has since been done by Sir G. Grey.

In 1853 peace was concluded with the Gaikas, they were permitted to live west of the Kei, in British territory, so long as they conducted themselves peaceably and orderly, to the chiefs was conceded the right of ruling their people according to native laws, and the two British commissioners took the position of political agents, without the magisterial authority held by them previous to the war of 1850.

On the arrival of Sir G. Grey in the Colony, seeing the anomaly of chiefs in a British possession exercising independent powers and jurisdiction in opposition to the laws of the supreme Government, and seeing that this authority was an engine giving the chiefs great power for evil, he entered into a convention with them, by which they agreed to relinquish the authority conceded to them by Sir G. Cathcart, on condition of an annual subsidy being paid to them and their leading men.

In 1856 a young woman of Kreli's tribe named Nongaus professed to have received inspiration, and by converse with spirits to obtain intimation of what would take place. Her predictions created considerable sensation, and Kreli went in person to visit her; he pro-

fessed to be satisfied with her statements and sent formal announcements of the matter to the other chiefs. The revelation made to Nongaus was, that the corn should be cast away, (and it happened that during that season the harvests were unprecedentedly large) ; moreover, that the cattle were to be destroyed, and that when these two orders had been carried out, a new state of things should take place,—the dead of the Kafirs were to arise, all cattle would be restored to life, and the white man and Fingoes would be swept from the face of the earth, together with such Kafirs as should disobey the order.

Buku, Kreli's uncle, and second to Kreli in the tribe, and Gxabagxaba, the chief councilior, opposed the scheme, but Kreli was decided and carried his point ; and the only persons among the Galekas who saved their cattle were a few, who, being on the borders of the tribe, were thus enabled to make their escape. Buku after killing his cattle refused to leave his kraal, and he and his favourite wife perished together from starvation, and only three years since (*i.e.* in 1864) their bones were gathered and formally interred by their children. Gxabagxaba, after strongly opposing the cattle destruction, at length publicly announced his intention of obeying the mandate, not because he believed the prediction, but because it was the order of his chief, who had a right to his person and property, for his wealth and position had been obtained from Kreli and Kreli's father ; therefore at Kreli's order he relinquished all. The old man then destroyed his cattle ; immediately after this, he lost his reason, and died some months later at St. Mark's mission station, a raving maniac.

Of the chiefs on this side of the Kei, Macomo, Umhala, Pato, Botman, Stock, Oba, and Xoxo went heartily into the project, and did all in their power to second and support Kreli. Sandilli was at first favourable, but I was soon enabled to induce him to withdraw himself from the plot, and I established a strong organization of some of the leading men to oppose the movement. In the meanwhile, no effort was spared by the other chiefs to induce Sandilli to fall in with their plans, while the Kafirs generally assumed towards the Government a most defiant attitude.

Nongaus was not in the first instance instigated by Kreli, but, as in the case of Umlanjeni, Kreli appears to have endeavoured to turn the opportunity to account. The order at first was that cattle should be killed, and not that all should be destroyed, and thousands were killed throughout the whole of Kaffraria. The next order was that most of the cattle should be destroyed and only a few left to be swept off at the great day. As this order did not so much affect the masses as the wealthier classes, it was also generally obeyed, especially among the Galekas. The scheme having thus far gone on successfully, a third order was issued commanding the destruction of all cattle by a given day, but as Sandilli and an influential portion of the Gaikas still hesitated, the time was extended so as to include them.

Shortly after the beginning of the movement, Kreli received a message from the Chief Commissioner of British Kaffraria, to the effect that if he persisted in the course he was pursuing, measures would be taken to compel him to abandon it. Sir George Grey, however, disapproved of the message, and sent another to Kreli to say that so long as the movement was confined to his own country, and did not affect the tribes west of the Kei, who were British subjects, he should not be interfered with, but if by his orders and influence he brought ruin and suffering on British subjects, he should be held answerable for the consequences. On the receipt of the message from the Chief Commissioner, Kreli assembled a large meeting, and the message was discussed. He intimated to his people that war had been declared against him by the Government on a matter that did not concern them, and that if an expedition were sent into his country, it would be found that he had dogs that could bite; and this war would not be like former wars, when men, instead of fighting, had to run about and protect their cattle; now every man would be compelled to fight. This, I think, clearly explains the whole scheme, which was, that the Kafirs having on a certain date destroyed all their means of subsistence, should make a simultaneous and desperate onslaught on the Colony; and as they felt that the causes of their failures in past wars had been the want of united action, and the necessity of detailing a number of their fighting men to protect their stock, this scheme was adopted as admirably fitted to avoid these difficulties.

It seemed to me that the only course which could be adopted was to avoid all cause of collision, gain time, and if possible destroy that simultaneity of action which was indispensable to ensure success in such a bold venture. Although not very sanguine that I would be able to prevent Sandilli from ultimately killing, I did my utmost to raise a party adverse to the scheme, and to cause delays, and by meeting Sandilli almost daily, and counteracting the pressure and arguments brought to bear on him by Macomo and others, he was kept in a wavering condition until the fixed date and extension of time on account of the delay of the Gaikas already referred to had long passed. As no war could be made on the Colony without the consent and co-operation of the Gaikas who constitute the most warlike and powerful Kafir tribe, these delays prevented a collision.

At length when the cattle of the other tribes had already been destroyed, Macomo sent a report to Sandilli that he had seen two distinguished councillors of Gaika who had risen from the dead, and who informed him that the predictions were about to be fulfilled, and that Sandilli was to arise from the dust and save his life. This induced him finally to give way; but it was already too late, the other tribes were then broken and starving.

The most remarkable circumstance connected with the delusion was the earnestness with which most entered into it, regarding those opposed to the movement, with the most deadly animosity. The

differences arising in this matter caused estrangement between parents and children, between husbands and wives, and for the time severed all the ties of kindred and friendship, and in the end the awful tragedy was expiated by the destruction of 200,000 cattle and the death of 25,000 of the native population, chiefly women and children and aged persons. Many of those who survived the delusion were fed by Government and by private charity, and were eventually sent into the Colony for service; others dispersed themselves amongst the Tambookies and Amapondas, and among those of their countrymen who had not killed their cattle. The native locations in British Kuffraria in this way became almost depopulated, and were infested by bands of robbers and murderers. In order to check the evils arising from this state of matters, the vacant parts of Kaffraria were filled up with colonial farmers, while Kreli, as a punishment for the evils he had caused in Kaffraria, and for the evil contemplated against the Government, was, in accordance with the warning given him by Sir G. Grey, expelled from his country with the small remnant of his tribe, which had no longer any means of subsistence, except what could be obtained by robbery from the Colony, and from other natives.

The power of the chiefs appeared to have been entirely broken and destroyed; but in the course of three years the scattered Kafirs began to return to their chiefs, who now again see and feel their strength, and are using every effort to increase their adherents and strengthen their influence over them.

Sandilli, Anta, Oba, and Fynn, the present heads of the Gaika tribes, occupy the locations in which they were settled at the peace of 1853. The tribes of Botman and Macomo were entirely dispersed at the cattle-killing. Macomo was tried and convicted on a charge of causing the murder of a petty chief named Vusani, and he was banished for life to Robben Island;* Botman and the sons of Macomo have lately returned to the Gaika district with a number of their adherents.

Kreli, who was expelled from the country between the Kei and the Bashee, was permitted to return to it three years since, and a third of it, in extent about 1,000 square miles, was restored to him, while the remainder was allotted to Fingoes and Tambookies. The wisdom of this measure has been very much doubted, but it has clearly been much better for the Colony that this course has been adopted, than that the land in question should have been granted to Europeans, as was originally contemplated. The difficulty in granting the land to Europeans would have been our having Kreli on our borders, and his powerful influence personally, and as paramount chief of the Kafir tribes on the frontier, would ever have been exerted to obtain a footing in his forfeited country. Could he have been located in Nomansland, to which he at first

* He died there some six weeks ago.

assented, the difficulty would have been removed ; but as this project failed, and as Kreli then had no country of his own, but had found an asylum in the country of Moni, there is no doubt that sooner or later he would have made war on the Colony, with a view to recover his forfeited country.

It would be absurd to assert that Kreli is satisfied with the concession made to him, but at least he is in an infinitely better position than he was, and he has now a stake which he may forfeit by war ; then, war could hardly have placed him in a worse position than that he occupied.

A great difficulty has been removed by the location of a large number of Fingoes across the Kei. For some years past the colonial Fingo locations had become greatly overcrowded. The consequence was that the cattle from the locations frequently trespassed on private property, and the application of law to remedy the evil, caused constant irritation, and a chronic state of ill feeling existed in the minds of many, particularly of the young men, who did not regard the good of their position, but looked simply at the evil. Hence there was constant danger of a rising among them against Government, and had they been left as they were, many of them would have been found on Kreli's side whenever he chose to take up arms against us. Now the excessive population has been drawn off from the Fingo locations in the Colony ; those who did not relish the restraints of our laws have left ; they have now a fine country, and their remaining in possession depends entirely upon their faithfulness and adherence to the Colonial Government. As a rule, the Fingoes who have remained in the Colony are the better class, those who prefer British rule to that of their own chiefs, and many of them have purchased land from the Colonial Government. The Fingoes are now an element of strength to us ; formerly they were a source of great weakness and danger.

Having given a brief outline of the past of the frontier tribes up to the present time, it now remains for me to give a short sketch of some of their principal customs, and conclude with an expression of opinion as to their prospects.

The Kafirs, strictly speaking, are a pastoral people. When the missionaries first came among them, cultivation was carried on to but a very limited extent, and their only implement of husbandry was a two-bladed wooden spade. In those warlike days it was considered a degradation for a man to cultivate. At present, ploughs are coming into use, and the principal occupation of the women is to hoe their crops, in which they are generally assisted by the men.

The prevalent practice of paying cattle for wives is generally believed by Europeans to amount to a species of sale and slavery ; but this idea is far from the truth. While the reception of cattle for women is an evil, and an evil aggravated by polygamy, it is not regarded by the women in the light we view it. A woman often leaves her husband on the ground of his not

having paid for her, or his not having paid enough. When a Kafir has a plurality of wives, he distributes his property in certain proportions among them according to their positions, the property thus distributed forming the inheritance of their sons, and this property the husband does not dispose of, without consulting the wife who has an interest in it. At the death of the husband, should his children be minors, the wives become the chief guardians of their respective families so long as they do not re-marry, but they are removed from their trust should they abuse it, or return to their father's house. The husband having given cattle for his wife, her relatives have no interest in his property, and only the husband's family can be his heirs.

The position of women amongst the Kafirs is illustrated by the frequency of female regency among them, and those female regencies are usually times of prosperity to the tribe; for though the widow possesses the full power and authority of the chief, she is not so likely to be arbitrary and despotic, and is less likely than a man to do or permit anything which may bring her into collision with her neighbours. Moreover, her deputed authority being brief, and the continuance of her influence after her son comes of age depending upon the wisdom and propriety of her rule, she is rendered doubly careful in the discharge of her duty, and it may be added that two or three of the wisest councillors being appointed to act with her, and advise, she is not so likely to go wrong, as when an irresponsible chief and irresponsible councillors are at the head of affairs.

The Kafirs are essentially a superstitious race, their superstitions entering into all affairs of life, and forming a part of their laws, customs, and religion. They believe in benevolent and evil spiritual agencies, producing prosperity or adversity, health or sickness. These agencies are generally supposed to be the spirits of their ancestors, pleased or displeased with the acts of their descendants, and are to receive oblations or propitiatory sacrifices. It is believed that men acting often under the agency of evil spirits exercise an adverse influence on the affairs and life of others through witchcraft. There are doctors or priests who explain the various events which any individual may think strange and requiring interpretation, all serious cases of illness, all great calamities of whatever nature, are referred to these doctors, who explain the causes and suggest remedies. The doctors are women as frequently as men, and the profession is often hereditary. It is supposed that the doctor receives inspiration, and that chiefly from his or her ancestors, and this inspiration is frequently transmitted from father to son, but chiefly from mother to daughters, after the death of the parent. The initiation into the mysteries generally begins with illness or seclusion from society, and sometimes with a peculiarity in regard to food, or in other ways. In these cases the initiated are consulted, and if they think fit, the afflicted person is pronounced to be inspired, and being thus recognized may at will be consulted. Some of these persons rise to great

note and influence, others are seldom consulted. When the doctor is called in to give an explanation of any event, a crowd is gathered in a hut, and the doctor dances to time kept by shouting, whistling, and beating on a dry ox-hide, and is, during the dance worked up to a state of frenzy, is sometimes convulsed, at other times falls to the ground in a state of apparent insensibility, and during this state professes to receive a revelation, which is then announced. A few practise ventriloquism, and in this case the deluded crowd believe they hear the conversation between the doctor and the spirits. The doctor's delivery, like the responses of the Delphic oracle, generally has a double or ambiguous meaning, but sometimes the answer is direct and pointed; but whatever the result may be, a way of escape is left open.

Formerly in this country when a chief or person of rank was seriously ill, one or more persons were accused by the doctor of bewitching the invalid; the accused was at once seized, and all his property confiscated. Should he deny his guilt, he was tortured with heated stones, till an admission of guilt was extorted; failing the admission, the unfortunate wretch was tortured to death, but as torture was not regarded as any part of the punishment, the accused was, on an admission of guilt, either at once put to death by strangulation, or precipitation over a high cliff, or he was liberated. In the latter case he became an outcast, and generally left the tribe, and wherever he might be, he was ever afterwards an object of horror and suspicion, and was always liable to be again accused.

Now that under British rule torture and confiscation of property cannot be adopted, and as at least in some of the magistracies the accused may enter an action for defamation against the accuser, and obtain damages, the bewitcher is not named, but the doctor says "I could name him if I dared; but as I fear the Government, there is no help for the sufferer." In some cases the bewitcher, though not named, is referred to in such a manner that there can be no mistake as to his identity, and thus while the accused may have no action at law, he is shunned and despised as if actually named.

Witchcraft, in its various forms, is firmly believed in by all who have not embraced Christianity, and the influence exercised over the people by and through the doctors is almost incredible, and will continue so till the people are christianized, for those who have been partially civilized are quite as superstitious as those who have never come into contact with us. The chiefs in Kaffraria cling to the customs and superstitions of their race. Herein, and in the sacredness of their persons lies their strength, and it is yet greater than is generally believed. In the beginning of the present century, Lynx by his prophecies caused Dhlambi to triumph over Gaika his nephew, and superior. In 1850, Umlanjeni stirred up the Kafirs to fanaticism, and caused a rebellion against the Government by the Kafirs, only four years after their conquest. Uinhlakaza was made the instrument of the

delusion of 1856,—a moment unparalleled in the history of the world ; and when the immediate actors in this scene have passed away, it will appear to their successors that its failure was due to disobedience to the orders of the prophet.

Besides the doctors already described, there are four other classes, namely, those who profess to extract by manipulation extraneous substances, reptiles included, from the bodies of the diseased. Another class are those who profess to be able to cause rain to fall ; these are few ; and though they may rise to fame and wealth for a short period, their honour is very precarious. A third class are those who officiate in cases where any person, animal, or thing has been struck by lightning ; this is also a small class. The fourth and more numerous class are those who administer simples, and are employed in all cases of sickness, though the witch-doctors may be called in, but their fees and emoluments are not so high, as in the other classes.

Many of the customs of the Kafirs are to some extent identical with those prescribed to the Jews in the Pentateuch. At the birth of a child the mother is considered unclean till an animal has been sacrificed. At other periods women are also considered as unclean, and abstain from milk. Under certain conditions men are unclean,—circumcision is practised—but instead of being performed on the infant, it is carried out on youths, at from fifteen to eighteen years of age, and is the initiatory rite to all the privileges of manhood. Any one touching a corpse is unclean. The immediate relations of the deceased are unclean, and shaving the head is a sign of mourning. Hares are considered as unclean, and so were swine, when we first came into contact with the Kafirs, the back muscle of the thigh of a cow or ox is not eaten by men, but by uncircumcised boys, to whom nothing is unclean. The wants of the Kafirs unfortunately are few, and thousands of them live in what they regard as comfort, without labour and without property.

Each tribe in Kaffraria constitutes a great family, with the chief as head. Any member of the tribe may at any time go to reside at the chief's residence. There he is fed, and may receive a share of whatever fines and confiscations are taking place. The tribe is subdivided under petty chiefs and headmen, who have a number of kraals or villages under their care. They exercise rule and decide cases, but without power to confiscate property, or enforce decisions. The residences of these petty chiefs and headmen are the resort of the young men of the district, and here they are fed, and may occasionally receive a cow or goat in any case decided by the headman. A further subdivision consists in kraals, constituted of the chief or head of a family, with his immediate relatives and adherents. All in this community who have no property are fed and supported by the head of the kraal. A Kafir is thus not necessitated to labour for his food in ordinary seasons ; and the blanket, which is his only covering, and lasts for twelve months, may be obtained by begging from his more industrious or wealthy relatives ; and failing this, his

wants are often supplied from the flocks of the colonial farmers, without leave first had and obtained.

The missionaries who labour among the Kafirs impress upon them that idleness is a sin, and that industry is a part of christian duty; but while there are many honourable exceptions, as a rule those who have renounced heathenism are by no means what they should be in regard to industry.

While my sketch of the habits and customs of the Kafirs may be too long for this paper, much more might have been said. What has been stated will in some measure illustrate their relative position to us, and the difficulties we have in dealing with them. It has been shown that their normal state, before coming into contact with Europeans, was one of war and bloodshed. These wars were made chiefly for the acquisition of cattle. Now they obtain more stock by thefts from the Colony, without risks of war, than they ever obtained from each other by war; for one of the frequent wholesale robberies from the Colony, if committed by individuals of one tribe on those of another, would be sufficient cause for war.

The influence of the chiefs, especially when supported by superstition, has been illustrated; and though that influence has now been greatly reduced, it is still powerful, and beyond our borders large tribes exist, in which that influence is still unaffected, except to a small extent by missionary influence.

Thus the great evils with which we have to contend, are the constant thefts from the Colony, the influence of the chiefs, the power of superstition, and the indolent habits of the natives. Great inroads have been made on these evils by missionary influence, but in comparison to the mass of superstition and ignorance little has been done, and the process of elevation and enlightenment is slow and hard. Some thousands have renounced heathenism with all its superstitions and customs, even to the receiving and giving of cattle for wives. These people coming into a sort of antagonism with their chiefs on the matter of superstition and customs, the influence of the chiefs becomes lessened over them; and every war has found this party increased, and on our side. During the last war from December, 1850, to March, 1853, 1,500 of these people, belonging to the stations of the Revs. Brownlee, Ross, Birt, and Kropf, refused to join their chiefs, and assembled at King William's Town, and during the whole of that period, no case was brought before the magistrate against one of the 1,500. This fact is an honourable and indisputable testimony to the influence brought to bear on these people. During the fourteen (now twenty-one) years which have elapsed since the war, this influence has not been dormant, and if another war should now arise, it would be found that the number from these four stations had more than doubled; and the same may be said of the many other stations in Kaffraria. With time and peace their influence will extend, till the whole mass of heathenism is leavened by the beneficial effects of Christianity.

Heart and Head.

I honour him who stands for truth
And challenges the chartered lie ;
Who recks the right and not the ruth,
And calmly dares to do or die.

I hail the trenchant force of mind,
Which cuts a fond tradition down,
To face the foe that lurks behind,
Tho' church and world may sneer and frown.

I own the trained and patient skill
Which breaks thro' Nature's bolts and bars,
Or chains her subtle powers at will,
And weighs an atom or the stars ;

Which shows a System free from flaw,
One force in matter's Protean range,
And holds the clue of constant law,
Thro' all the sinuous paths of change.

Give Science, too, her meed of song,
And bid her run her lightning race ;
For Truth the Queen can do no wrong ;
Only her ministers are base,

Who take their grain of truth for all,
Their minds as measure of the world ;
Who slime our limits as they crawl,
Then in their little shells lie curl'd ;

Who put hypothesis for proof,
And bound the spirit by the sense,
And think one science warp and woof,
Of nescience and omniscience.

Experience only sifts the dust,
Love finds the jewels of the mine ;
Blind logic treads the purple must,
But intuition drinks the wine.

When Science has " the whole " defin'd,
I see outside the greater part :
The more I know the worth of mind,
I love the pure and tender heart.

Tho' sprung from some arboreal brute,
 Derived from an ascidian sac,
 The spawn of forces blind and mute,—
 My soul looks on as well as back,

Not what we were, but what we are,
 Nor what we are, but are to be ;—
 I deem these questions higher far
 Than endless genealogy.

And, when the spirit longs to soar,
 You count your formulæ as nought ;
 The fact that two and two are four
 Cures not the "malady of thought."

Our Father! serves to make you sport ;
 And yet you rear above the sod
 For "worship of the silent sort,"
 An altar to the unknown God.

"*The Heavens declare thy glory, Lord,*—
 "Is now a psalm quite out of date ;
 "The stellar voices but record
 "Hipparchus wise and Newton great."

'Thus one, who in his fevered dream,
 Takes pity on his friends at least ;
 So makes mankind the Great Supreme,
 And constitutes himself High Priest.*

"Within the world no God we trace,
 "A God outside can do no harm,
 "But keep Him in his proper place :"—
 Is this the creed so full of charm ?

Gladly the formless vast I'd roam,
 If this be all your science tells ;
 Thank God, your world is not my home,
 For in my soul he speaks and dwells.

I trust a loving, human heart ;
 The whip of scorn and satire's rod
 Are raised in vain ; not mine the smart :
 You will not break my faith in God.

Love stays the soul when doubts are rife ;
Faith on the dark still sheds her light ;
When sorrow sounds the depths of life,
Hope metes its length, and breadth, and height.

'Thro' human love I see divine,
And know the God you fail to prove,
By whom dust breathes and systems shine,
In whom we are, and live, and move.

DIAMOND DIGGER.

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*An Old Story Retold.\**

AT break of day on a summer morning in 1842, the inhabitants of the quiet and orderly town of ——— were aroused from their slumbers by the stentorian voice of a woman calling out in a wailing voice that her husband, Jacob R——, had shot himself. Her neighbours immediately rushed to her house, when she showed them the body of her husband lying on his bed in the usual position of one asleep ; there was the mark of a bullet wound on the upper part of his forehead, and under the skin of the chin on the opposite side of his face, as if the bullet had passed obliquely through his head, could be distinctly seen and felt the bullet itself. His arms rested across his chest, one hand (the right) holding the handle of a large horse pistol. The bed was not otherwise disarranged, and no signs of violence were anywhere observable. It was noticed that Mrs. R—— showed very little feeling after she had first called her neighbours together. She stated that being in the same bed with her husband she was suddenly roused from a sound sleep by the report of a pistol. On obtaining a light she found her husband in the state exactly as he then was. To the neighbours her account appeared so strange, and the circumstances under which they found the body so inconsistent with the supposition that the deceased had committed suicide, that their suspicions were awakened that there had been foul play ; the more so as they knew that his wife was a very violent woman, who had only shortly before induced her husband to become reconciled to her, and to live with her after having been separated from her for some time. The first step taken was to inform the field-cornet and clerk of the peace. The former, a very shrewd man, was very soon on the spot, and he, together with the clerk of the peace, commenced a searching investigation into the whole matter. It at once struck them as very strange that if the deceased had shot himself the pistol should be

\* The writer of this "Old Story Retold" says in a private note to the Editor :—"It is an account of a terrible murder committed by a man's wife and her paramour upon the husband. It happened in this town, and is true in the minutest particular. As the relatives of the parties are still alive, and in this neighbourhood, it is best, I think, to suppress their names, as well as that of the locality."

found across his chest, nor did it appear possible that at any rate with so large a pistol he could possibly have shot himself so that the bullet could enter at the top of his head and take the direction it had done. Upon examining the pistol it was found that it had not been fired out of for some time. Near the head of the bed there was a small hole in the wall about eighteen inches square, about six feet from the ground, which opened into the kitchen, that joined the bed-room. Upon going into the kitchen, immediately under this little window was found on the ground a round ring of moisture, as if a bucket had been turned upside down there, and the water running down the sides had caused the mark. A bucket standing close by was found to fit this mark, and upon the field-cornet standing on this he found that it just raised him to the height which would have enabled him with an ordinary pistol to have fired it so as to have struck a person lying as R—— was in bed on the spot where the bullet had entered, and that the course of the bullet would have been in the exact direction that the one had taken which had caused his death. The kitchen door opened into the orange grove. Upon examining the ground amongst the trees and in the garden, there was found the fresh spoor of a man's feet. The spoor had the appearance of being that of a man walking stealthily about for a considerable time; the marks were not those of booted feet, nor yet of one with veldschoens, nor bare feet either, but looked more like the marks of feet that had had rags wrapped round them for the purpose of disguise. These spoors were traced to within a few feet, and in the direction, of the kitchen door. Upon searching further down the centre walk of the garden, leading away from the house towards an unfrequented street at the foot of the garden where there was a gate, the same spoor was found, but as of a person running fast. After passing through this gate the spoor altered, as if boots had been put on to the same feet. These marks continued as of a man running down the street, under the shade of the trees, into the bed of the river. At this point the spoor altered again, and the same imprints were left as were seen under the orange trees at R——'s house. The same footmarks appeared for a considerable distance up the bed of the river, till opposite to a street in which was the house of a Mr. L——, who was known, for some time during the temporary separation of Mr. and Mrs. R——, to have been on very intimate terms with Mrs. R——. These spoors were traced up to within a few yards of L——'s door. On entering L——'s house, he was found about his usual occupations. Upon being told of R——'s death, he appeared to be much shocked. The field-cornet then told him that he had traced the foot-marks from R——'s house to his, and asked him if he had any men-servants about the place. He said yes, he had two, a Kafir and a Hottentot. These were taken to the spoors, and their footmarks compared with them. Their footmarks did not correspond. Those of the Hottentot were much smaller, and of the Kafir much larger and

of a different shape. The field-cornet then asked L—— to place his foot on the spoor mark ; but, as he had his boots on at the time, they did not agree. He then asked him to take his boots off, to compare the mark made without them. He then for the first time evinced confusion, and exclaimed,—“ You do not surely mean to suspect me of having had anything to do with this !” and hesitated to take his boots off. The field-cornet, however, insisted upon his complying. Upon taking off his boots, the socks were found covered with mud, and the marks made corresponded exactly with those up the river bed and under the orange trees at R——’s, even to the marks made by a hole in the heel of one of the socks, which in the fine sediment in the bed of the river had left the exact imprint of the skin of the heel, while the booted foot agreed exactly with the spoor down the street from the garden-gate to the river. He was then told that he must accompany the field-cornet to where the magistrate and the clerk of the peace were making an inquiry and inquest. A pistol which was found on the premises, and which had very recently been discharged, was taken possession of. Upon asking the prisoner whether he had left home the previous evening, he replied, no ; that he had gone to bed at nine, at the same time that his children had done, and had not risen till the morning. One of his daughters, however, corrected him in this statement, and reminded her father that, after they had gone to bed, he had got up, and had remained away an hour or more.

The result of the inquiry was that both Mrs. R—— and L—— were taken into custody, and tried at the ensuing circuit court for the murder of R——. At the trial it was proved that before Mr. and Mrs. R—— had separated, they had continual disagreements ; that upon one occasion she had put some poison, obtained from some Malay people, in his *soopie* bottle, with the view of poisoning him, but that he, being on his guard, had detected a peculiar flavour in the brandy, and had thrown it away, and charged his wife with evil intentions towards him. It was proved that while she was separated from her husband she had become very intimate with L——, and had declared her readiness to marry him as soon as she could obtain a separation ; also, that immediately after their apparent reconciliation, brought about by her urgent solicitation, she had got her husband to make his will in her favour. The bullet extracted from the wound was found to be exactly the weight of that to fit L——’s pistol, and not at all agreeing with what would have been suitable for the pistol found on the body of the murdered man. Traces of laudanum were also found in the dregs of the glass out of which R—— had taken his last *soopie* or dram.

The evidence, though purely circumstantial, was, in the opinion of the jury, so strong against the prisoners, that they were convicted and sentenced to death. A few days before that fixed upon for their execution, they endeavoured to make their escape ; but, being foiled in this, they each made a voluntary confession, in which they



admitted their guilt. It appears that Mrs. R—— had induced her husband, on the afternoon previous to his death, to drink freely, and had drugged his brandy with laudanum; that when he was soundly asleep, she, at a signal tap by L—— at the little window leading into the kitchen named, had opened the window for him, lit a candle, and stood between its light and her husband's eyes to prevent his being awake while L—— shot him through the head. L—— made his escape, and Mrs. R—— arranged matters as they were found in the morning. They were both hanged, and lie buried side by side at one of the cross roads at one of the main entrances to this town.

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## The Nile.

BY SIR THOMAS MACLEAR, F.R.S.

UNDER the head "News from Sir Samuel Baker" is published a letter from that gentleman to Lord Warnccliffe, wherein there is the following paragraph:—"The Albert Nyanza and the Tanganyika lakes are not two, but are the same sheet of water. Livingstone has the honour of discovering the Nile source in the streams that feed lake Liemba from the south."

If lakes Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza are the *same sheet* of water, a distance of some 230 geographical miles must have been explored since Baker's discovery of the latter in March, 1864. That the lakes are *connected* there cannot be the slightest doubt, but there is no reason for supposing that Baker is personally acquainted with the matter, his operations in 1864, also on the late occasion, were confined to the north end of Albert Nyanza, the most southerly limit being about latitude  $1^{\circ} 15'$  north of the equator.

While waiting for the confirmation or the contrary of the present report, I propose with your permission to place before the public the few known geographical facts, also the relative levels of the lakes derived from the observed temperatures of boiling water at each, calculated by me from data supplied by Dr. Livingstone, and the information given in the appendix to the second volume of Baker's "Albert Nyanza."

When Livingstone was detained at Ujiji in the year 1869, in daily expectation of supplies from Zanzibar, he "watched for three months the majestic flow of Tanganyika to the north by means of miles of conservæ and other aquatic plants, the water of inflowing rivers being at once bent away in the same direction." This is strong testimony in favour of a northward current, and of a probable outlet somewhere north of Ujiji. To search for the outlet he embarked with Mr. Stanley in a canoe in November, 1871, and threaded the east shore, down to the north end of the lake, where he found the combined streams of the Lusize and Ruanda flowing *into*,

not out of, the lake. From his astronomical observations the latitude of this ingress opening is  $3^{\circ} 18' 54''$  S. The party returned along the west shore of the lake as far as the island Muzimu, then crossed to the east shore, which they examined to nearly  $6^{\circ}$  south. (A clear chart of their course is given in Stanley's book, page 475.) At the north end of the lake the natives reported a waterfall as existing between Tanganyika and another lake north of it. (See *Cape Monthly Magazine* for October, 1872, for Livingstone's interesting letter, dated Ujiji, 17th November, 1871.)

Referring to Sir Samuel Baker's "Albert Nyanza," vol. 2, page 103, he observed the water horizon of the lake, from the summit of a cliff 1,500 feet high in latitude  $1^{\circ} 14'$  north. The visible distance due to 1,500 feet is about 44 geographical miles, which subtracted from  $1^{\circ} 14'$  leaves  $0^{\circ} 30'$  north, the latitude of the visible horizon. Beyond this southward, Baker had no personal knowledge. Comparing  $0^{\circ} 30'$  north with  $3^{\circ} 18' 54''$  south, the distance in latitude from the north end of Tanganyika is 229 geographical miles. From the summit of the cliff, Baker noted in the western direction, with the assistance of a telescope, two waterfalls descending from the Blue Mountains, and the natives assured him that very many streams, varying in size, descended the mountains on all sides into the lake. And at Karagwe, which could not be less than about two degrees south latitude, the lake was reported to turn suddenly to the west, and to continue in that direction for an unknown distance (p. 101). In dealing with the altitudes of the lakes above the sea, it is necessary to enter into somewhat lengthy details, for which I need not apologize, as the subject is of vast importance in geographical and inland hydrographical investigation, particularly at the present time in Africa.

Sir Samuel Baker's water-boil experiment was made on Albert Nyanza in latitude  $1^{\circ} 14'$  north, on the 14th March, 1864. (See "Albert Nyanza," vol. 2, appendix, pages 371-374.)

Dr. Livingstone's on lake Tanganyika was made near Ujiji, in latitude  $4^{\circ} 55' 43''$  south, on the 20th of July, 1869, as communicated to me by letter.

The difference in latitude between the stations is about 370 geographical miles, and for the present inquiry their longitudes may be regarded as coincident. The observations were :—

|                                                     |                 |
|-----------------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Tanganyika, temperature of boiling point, mean =    | $207^{\circ}65$ |
| „ of the air mean =                                 | $81^{\circ}$    |
| Albert Nyanza, temperature of boiling point, mean = | $207^{\circ}8$  |
| „ of the air mean =                                 | $84^{\circ}$    |

The approach of these numbers to equality is remarkable ; but a discovery after Mr. Dunkin had calculated Baker's observations on the assumption of no error of the thermometer destroyed the equality. Dunkin's result was 2,448 feet for the height of the Albert Nyanza water above the sea. On the 9th of November,

1865, Baker's thermometer "was taken to Mr. Casella, who tested its accuracy by trying its boiling point, in nearly the same manner as Mr. Baker had made his observations. The result by two independent observers was, that the boiling point had increased its reading by  $0^{\circ}75$  in  $4\frac{3}{4}$  years, or  $0^{\circ}172$  yearly (assuming that it was correct in March, 1861). On the 23rd November, 1865, the thermometer was again tested by Mr. Baker at the Kew observatory. The observation was made under the same conditions as those near the Albert Nyanza as nearly as possible to make it by immersion in boiling water. The result gave the thermometer  $0^{\circ}80$  too much at the boiling point." Then, assuming the error to have increased uniformly with time, a proportional part of it for the date, March 14, 1864, equivalent to 272 feet, was applied as a correction to Dunkin's 2,448, making 2,720 feet, which has been adopted by Baker as the height of the Albert Nyanza water above the sea level.

The infirmity of thermometers which increases their scale-readings is a treacherous element in temperature measurements. The thermometers employed by Baker and Livingstone were supplied by Casella, one of the most justly celebrated makers in modern times. With respect to Livingstone's apparatus he informed me by letter, dated February 4, 1867, written at lake Liemba, as follows:—"I have three small aneroids, but no mercurial barometer, and four boiling-point thermometers; they were all very carefully packed, no comparison certificates. I took observations of both at the sea-level, and if I get them back safely will compare them at the first station. Now I compare them with the boiling-water points." Then follow his experiments with critical remarks on Casella's small portable apparatus, and with "*steady brisk* ebullition in pots containing a gallon of water not overflowing," which he prefers to the other. He gives  $207^{\circ}6$  boiling point, temperature of the air  $83^{\circ}$  at lake Liemba, and water  $204^{\circ}0$ , air  $70^{\circ}$  on the plateau above. From this statement I conclude that all his subsequent boiling-point experiments elsewhere were made with the thermometer bulb *immersed* in the boiling water. Baker's thermometer was assumed to have been free from error in March, 1861: his boiling-point experiment on Albert Nyanza was made on March 14, 1864. Livingstone received his apparatus about the latter end of 1865 or beginning of 1866, and his Tanganyika boiling-point experiment came off on July 20, 1869; therefore the intervals are about equal. Upon the whole, considering the similarity of circumstances with respect to instruments, experiments, &c., and that the difference of relative heights is the important question, the safest course will be to calculate direct from the observed temperatures at each station, also for comparison the corrected scale readings, regarding the relative intervals as equal.

#### FORMULA EMPLOYED.

Height in feet =  $60309 (\log. 30 - \log. e) \times f$ . Where  $e$  expresses the elasticity of vapour according to Regnault's tables,  $f$  a factor

depending upon the mean temperature of the air; ( $\frac{1}{459} = .002033$  for one degree of Fahr. thermometer), to which are added a small correction for the decrease of gravity above the sea-level, and for centrifugal force corresponding to the latitude.

The results from the *observed* thermometer readings before quoted are:—

|                                                |            |
|------------------------------------------------|------------|
| Height of Tanganyika water above the sea-level | 2,514 feet |
| Do. Albert Nyanza „ „                          | 2,440 „    |
| Tanganyika higher than Albert Nyanza           | 74 „       |

The results from the *corrected* readings:—

|                                                        |             |
|--------------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| Height of Tanganyika water above the sea-level         | 2,816 feet* |
| Do. Albert Nyanza „ „                                  | 2,744 „     |
| Tanganyika higher than Albert Nyanza                   | 72 „        |
| Distance between the stations, 370 geographical miles. |             |

With regard to the just remark in the late report, “Livingstone has the honour of discovering the Nile source in the streams that feed lake Liemba from the south.” (Livingstone’s name of the lake is adopted.) This is the first lake he encountered on descending from the high land to the valley of the Nile, on February 2, 1867. Four rivers enter this lake. From its north end the outflow river joins the south end of Tanganyika. By Livingstone’s boiling-point experiment, already quoted, the surface of its water is higher than the surface of Tanganyika about 38 feet, and 2,000 feet lower than the plateau behind or to the south.

Lake Bengweolo, about three degrees westward, is the most southern of the lakes, but the exclusive claim of the Nile to its water remains in abeyance pending Livingstone’s present investigations.

In conclusion, I beg attention to the following. Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza are fresh water lakes, bordered here and there by brackish water swamps. Baker describes how salt is procured at the latter by extraction from the soil. Livingstone has mentioned the brackish swamps bordering the former. Now, brackish water holds more or less of common salt (chloride of sodium) in solution; therefore a higher temperature is required to boil it than is needed to boil pure water, and the latter only is contemplated in the calculation of heights. Hence the construction of the hypsometer, by which the thermometer bulb is held in the *steam* as it emerges from the boiling surface, which steam is pure water in a state of vapour of the temperature of pure boiling water.

The number for September of “Ocean Highways” has reached the Cape, wherein there is a further notice of Sir Samuel Baker’s brilliant military and slave suppression operations; also the following explanation regarding lakes Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza. “He

\* “Burton’s Lake Regions in Central Africa,” vol. 2, page 139, states, “By B.P. thermometer, the altitude of the Tanganyika is 1,850 feet above the sea-level.” This number is in defect nearly 1,000 feet, and no doubt is a typographical error.



received positive intelligence from Uganda, and from the merchants of Karagwe, that the Albert Nyanza and Tanganyike were one lake, which is known to the people of Uganda as the *M'wootan N'zigà*. He conversed with merchants who had come to Unyoro from Karagwe in boats, and who reported that Ujiji was well known to be on the *M'wootan N'zigà*. They stated that they could travel by boat from Ujiji to the northern end of Albert Nyanza, but that portions were very narrow and intricate, there probably being islands and floating vegetation in the narrow passes." This is not incompatible with the discovery by Livingstone and Stanley, that the combined Rusizi and Ruanda run into lake Tanganyika, since they appear to emerge from the mountains immediately to the north, and in common with the many other streams that enter the lake obey the laws of gravity. With regard to the efflux from Tanganyika having as yet escaped detection, we should bear in mind that the water surface for many hundred miles is nearly on a level, and extensively screened here and there by rank vegetation.

T. M.

October 1, 1873.

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### The Watermaid's Cave.

## A KAFIR LEGEND.

Where the lofty "Intsintse" waves high overhead  
 Its thorn-covered branches and blossoms of red,  
 And the yellowwood's foliage, silver'd with spring,  
 Gives a shade for the shrill-voiced wild parrot's tired wing;  
 There sheer 'neath the "Noysboom" which o'er it is hung,  
 So straight its dead leaves in the waters are flung;  
 Steep, grim from the river, its base in the wave,  
 Is the krantz which o'er-arches the Watermaid's Cave.

Dark, dark is that cave, though the waters are clear,  
 And the date-tree beside it seems drooping with fear;  
 No sunbeam e'er falls on that crystal-bright wave,  
 No zephyr e'er ventures his pinions to lave,  
 No swift skimming bird in those waters will dip,  
 No timid-eyed bush-buck its surface will sip,  
 Not above it the rock-climbing dassie will creep,  
 Nor before it the awe-stricken fishes dare leap;  
 But only the watery mirror to break

Is seen the swift track of the dark water-snake ;  
He only dares float in the crystal-bright wave,  
That mirrors the krantz and the Watermaid's Cave.

The sunset tints fade and the evening dew's fall,  
And the cattle are housed in Umgolomban's kraal,  
And the dusky skinned maids in the huts brightly glance,  
Or sing and clap hands while the warriors dance.  
But why is such gloom on Umdevané's face ?  
Devané, the gay, first in dance or in chase ?  
But old Golomban spoke, " Oh Devané, my son,  
Not a word have you said since the milking was done ;  
Unshaken the calabash sits by your side,  
The mealies untasted, the buck-meat untried,  
And high-breasted Miaseh in vain rolls her eyes,  
You mark not her glances, you heed not her sighs."  
" My father," young Devané roused him and said,  
" While the sun thro' the branches shone straight over head,  
This morning the forest I wandered along,  
Till attracted and led by the honey bird's song,  
Down krantzes I clamber'd, through bushes I prest,  
Till at last near the river he gave me the nest  
In a krantz which hangs over the Watermaid's Cave."  
—" Go on," said Umgangca the old, looking grave.  
" The bees' nest I found not, 'twas under the brink  
Of the crag, and my heart seem'd within me to shrink ;  
My name, softly uttered, came plain on my ear  
From under the krantzes ; I shudder'd with fear,  
I fled in wild terror, nor dared to return,  
And since, in my bosom, my heart seems to burn."  
" Alas !" said Umquira the sage and the old,  
" Alas ! Umdevané, why wert thou so bold ?  
What is all the wild honey the krantzes e'er gave,  
To entice thee to roam near the Watermaid's Cave ?  
Golomban, watch thy son,—nay, fast bind him with ropes  
Till the sun of to-morrow is hid by the slopes ;  
Should the Watermaid call him again to her Cave,  
Umdevan may not stop till he plunge in the wave."

The morning is come, and the sun is on high,  
And the cool breeze drives slow the thin clouds o'er the sky,

Devané with reins to a tree-stump is tied,  
And his friends, watching, sit in the shade by his side.  
But warm grows the day as mounts higher the sun,  
And in slumber the watchers are wrapt one by one,  
And a graceful young maiden draws bashfully near ;  
'Tis Miaseh, the one to Devané most dear.  
"Miaseh, my loved one, come sit by my side,  
Not long shall it be ere I make thee my bride ;  
Come sit by my side while I whisper of love,  
But this cord first, which checks our embraces, remove.  
Nay, fear not to loose it ; while near me thou art,  
A tie far far stronger is fixed to my heart."  
With love-thrilling fingers she loosens the band,  
And round her soft neck quickly steals the freed hand.  
But hark !—what sweet voice softly sounds from the river,  
"Devané ! Devané !" She feels his nerves quiver.  
"Oh my love ! my Devané ! oh heed not that sound !  
See, I am beside thee, my arms clasp thee round !"  
He heeds not—he hears not ! he leaps from the ground,  
He tears those soft arms from their clinging embrace,  
And springs like a greyhound let loose to the chase ;  
He snaps the vain bands that encircle him still,  
And swift as the whirlwind he flies down the hill.  
Now start from their slumbers the watchers in vain,  
They pursue his swift flight thro' the valley and plain ;  
In vain are their shouts, their entreaties unheard,  
He speeds on before them as swift as a bird ;  
The slow and the swift are alike left behind,  
Till nought save his footprints they're able to find,  
And the last print Umdevané's foot ever gave,  
Dents the sand right in front of the Watermaid's Cave.

One line from that footprint, of bubbles and foam,  
Straight crosses the stream to the Watermaid's home,  
Straight over that sunless and crystal-bright river,  
Which on each side is calm and unruffled as ever,  
But in uneasy motion yet tosses the wave,  
Which bathes the dark sides of the Watermaid's Cave.

B. M. R.

*4th October.*

# On the Geographical Distribution of Plants in South Africa,

BY ERNST MEYER.

TRANSLATED WITH NOTES, BY H. BOLUS.

## II.

### DIVISION OF SOUTH AFRICA,

TO ILLUSTRATE THE NATIVE PLACES OF PLANTS, AND A GEOGRAPHICO-BOTANICAL MAP TO BE ADDED TO THE WORK.

It is observed in the excellent works of Lichtenstein and Ritter, that South Africa, by the alternation of mountain chains and plains, is so formed that those who seek to go inland from the Cape of Good Hope ascend by three steps, as it were, to an interior and greatly elevated region. On which account it might be supposed that it would be most fitly divided into an Upper, Intermediate, and Lower Region. But, since the Lower Region is not only very extensive, but has a three-fold character, corresponding to its three compass-bearings, Drège considered a division of the whole into five Regions to be more reasonable.

#### I. UPPER REGION.

This lies between about  $30^{\circ}$ — $32^{\circ}$  S. latitude and  $22^{\circ}$ — $28^{\circ}$  E. longitude reckoning from Greenwich, as we shall do throughout. How far it may extend towards the north we do not sufficiently know, nor does it concern us. Drège did not cross the Orange River, which, therefore, we may regard as its boundary. To the south it is bounded by continuous ranges of mountains, called (beginning from the west) Roggeveldsbergen, Nieuwveldbergen, Winterveldbergen, the Sneeuwbergen, and, in part, the Rhenosterbergen; also the Zuurbergen, which, that they may not be confounded with the other range of the same name, we will call New Hantam Zuurberg, since they belong to that district;—lastly the Stormbergen, which at length join the Wittebergen. All of these ranges were passed over by Drège, except the Roggeveldbergen and the Zuurbergen. But, in order to avoid the separation of natural districts by an artificial division, it is necessary that, disregarding the watersheds, we add to this Region that elevated district between the Stormberg and Chumieberg, belonging to the Tambookies,\* notwithstanding that its waters are carried to the sea by the Kei River in a south-westerly direction. Again, this Upper Region stretches further in length than Drège proceeded; wherefore we may regard it just as if it did not extend beyond the Wittebergen on the east, or the Nieuwveld on the west.

Generally, this Region reaches an elevation of from 3,000 to 8,000 feet above the sea; yet this must not be held to be inconsistent with the fact that individual mountains of the Intermediate Region attain a height of more than 3,000 feet. The eastern part is the loftiest, and at the

\* Now the district of Queen's Town.—Tr.



same time nearer to the sea ; the western portion is more level, and towards the north and north-west, it slopes gradually to the Orange River, which receives all the streams of this Region. In the months of July, August, and September, the mountains are covered with continuous snows, occasionally also the hills, and, though more rarely, in part even the plains. In summer very frequent and heavy rains occur. The time of flowering commences in the month of November after the melting of the snows, and lasts rather longer than in the subjacent districts.

We may distinguish four subdivisions of this Region : the Eastern, on both sides the Stormbergen ; the Western, which passes into Roggeveld ; the Northern, or New Hantam ; and, lastly, the Southern, occupied almost entirely by the Rhenosterbergen and Sneeuwbergen.

#### I. A. EASTERN DISTRICT.

To this belong, first of all, the Witteberg mountains explored by Drège between about  $30-31^{\circ}$  S. and  $27-28^{\circ}$  E., although to the east, or rather north-east, they seem to extend much further and to increase more and more in magnitude. Next, belongs that hilly and greatly elevated plain about the Stormberg spruit (Stormberg River of Arrowsmith), which runs from the northern side of the Stormbergen towards the Orange River. Then the Stormberg mountains themselves, passing towards the west into the Zuurbergen, and towards the north-east joining the Wittebergen, in such manner that after running for some distance side by side, they unite near the sources of the Kraai River and become one range. Next, the hilly plain of Tambookieland (Queen's Town) commencing from the southern slopes of Stormbergen. This plain is shut in on the west by the Bamboesbergen, on the south by the Chumiebergen, and is only open to the eastward where the Klaas Smits River, Zwart Kei River, Klipplaat River, and the other confluent of the Kei, flow towards the latter. From this plain rise the detached mountains Wildschutsberg, Lostafelberg, and the Twee Tafelbergen. Lastly, the Katberg cannot be separated from this District on account of the similarity of its soil and climate, forming, as it were, a very southern promontory of the Chumiebergen, jutting, not into the sea, but into the Lower Region.

The Winterberg mountain, probably the loftiest peak of the Chumieberg range, rises about 6,000 feet, Lostafelberg 6,200 feet, Stormberg 6,000 feet, and the Wittebergen from 7,500 to 8,000 feet above the sea. They rise, however, from a somewhat elevated base. The Orange River itself, where it leaves the Wittebergen, has an altitude of 4,300 feet. Tambookie-land varies in altitude from 3,000 to 4,000 feet. The whole District is abundantly watered, fertile in grasses (*Andropogon* and its allies), but destitute of trees. The acacia is almost wholly absent ; for though it here and there attains a height of 3,000 to 4,000 feet, it only does so in sheltered valleys. In its place the banks of the river are lined with willows. There are in this district scarcely any forests, such being rare everywhere in South Africa, and only occurring on mountain slopes averted from the sun.\* The Katberg, which projects itself in the Lower Region,

\* Surely the hygrometrical condition of the atmosphere has more influence on the growth of forests than the absence or presence of the direct rays of the sun. A truer explanation of the fact is probably to be found in the circumstance that the sides of our mountains which are averted from the sun are those which are turned towards the moist sea-breezes.—  
T<sub>R</sub>,

is an exception, its front being crowned with a forest unequalled in magnitude.

#### I. B. NORTHERN DISTRICT.

This district is conterminous with the former on the west, near the Stormberg Spruit. On the north it is bounded by the Orange River, on the south by the Zuurbergen and Rhenosterbergen. Towards the west it extends as far as the Sea-cow River, beyond which Drège did not penetrate on this side. It is narrowed in the centre by the Zuurbergen, which here stretch towards the north, and is opened out on both sides, chiefly towards the west, yet much less than is the case with the previous District. The tract known as New Hantam fills the greater part of this District, although, being here broader or there narrower, it is not everywhere conterminous with it. It is more level than the Eastern District of this Region, having a general elevation of about 4,000 feet, with mountains rising here and there to 6,000 feet; it is less copiously watered, on which account the heat is less temperate.

#### I. C. SOUTHERN DISTRICT.

This district embraces the dry and sterile Rhenosterbergen and Sneeuwbergen which here unite like a knot, both rising from a level of about 3,500 feet.\* The former are of a moderate height, but the latter are, with the exception of the Wittebergen, the loftiest in South Africa. The peak called "Compassberg" by the geographers, and "Spitzkop" by the colonists, rises to a height of 7,200 feet.†

#### I. D. WESTERN DISTRICT.

This district is for the greater part a dry and carroid‡ plain, from 3,000 to 4,000 feet in height, and nowhere rising into mountains more than 5,000 feet high. It rarely snows in winter,§ but summer rains are frequent. Amongst grasses the Andropogons begin to thin out, and this is always the case where a well-watered district gradually inclines to the carroid character. The upper course of the Buffel R. separates Uitsvlugt from the Sneeuwbergen, though this District may be considered as including the roots of those mountains which pass beyond the river. The Winterveld adjoins this on the westward (not on the other side, as Arrow-smith's map erroneously shows it); then comes Nieuwveld; and lastly, Roggeveld, unvisited by Drège.

\* This refers to the height of the Northern base; the base on the Southern side is about 2,500 feet.—Tr.

† It is a somewhat singular fact that the height of this remarkable peak has never been accurately determined, though it is easy of access, and has been frequently ascended; and not only this, but also that the different estimates made of its height should differ so widely. In most maps it is put down at 10,250 feet; in Hall's at 10,000; while Drège, as we see, states it as 7,200 feet. The latter is generally so accurate that I hesitate to call in question what he apparently puts forward without a doubt. Nevertheless, I believe it to be incorrect. I have ascended the mountain several times, but unfortunately never with a barometer, or even a trustworthy aneroid. Judging from the appearance of neighbouring mountains of which the height is known (near Graaff-Reinet), aided by a somewhat rough estimate by means of boiling water, I consider the height to be about 8,500 feet.—Tr.

‡ Respecting the nature of the regions which in South Africa are called Karroo, see Lichtenstein's Travels I, p. 195 *et seq.*

§ A little more to the westward, in the tracts known as Middle and Onder Roggeveld, which Drège did not visit, Lichtenstein states the snow to be so frequent that the colonists seek the lower country in the winter.—Travels I, 157, 167.

## II. INTERMEDIATE REGION.

This is that Region which we have before spoken of as the step by which the ascent is made from the Lower to the Upper Region. Yet we must not fall into the error of thinking it too extensive. In the whole of Eastern South Africa it is clearly wanting. For there, the Upper Region, at the Katberg, slopes down so steeply to the Lower, as to preclude the existence of any intermediate portion. But to the left (west) of the Katberg, where the Upper Region suddenly recedes in a wide curve, the Intermediate Region commences, and extends in a straight line westward through seven degrees of longitude. Then bending backward, it passes northward beyond our present knowledge. Its boundaries are, therefore, on the east, the Bamboesbergen and the hills lying between these and the Uitenhage Zuurberg (not to be confounded with the Zuurberg of New Hantam which belong to the Upper Region); on the south, the Elandsberg and Rietberg,\* and next that very long mountain range called Great Zwarteberg, by which the Great Karroo is separated from the coast districts of George and Swellendam; on the west, the Roodezandbergen and Cederbergen, with others crossing obliquely; and, lastly, on the north, the loftier New Hantam Zuurberg, followed by the Sneeuwbergen, Winterveldbergen, and Roggeveldbergen. These latter, sloping to the north, in common with the whole Region, pass into regions unknown to Drège, and therefore cannot be further described.

In general, this Region (except the mountains which bound it, and run into it here and there, sometimes even dividing it) is more level, reaching a mean altitude of 1,500 to 2,000 feet. The mountains themselves scarcely rise above 5,000 feet. Water, whether from rain or springs, is very scarce. In winter it seldom rains; in spring, that is in September or October, rain is less rare; in summer more frequent, but is not so every year, nor everywhere. In consequence, the flowering season varies from November to February,† happening differently in different parts of the Region, and is of very short continuance.

According to Drège, we may distinguish six Districts; and beginning with the more important we may call the first that of the "Fish River," which runs through it; the second, from its name, "Camdeboo;" the third, from the hills by which it is crowded, "Zwartruggens;" the fourth, "Koup" [Gouph], though usually understood in a less extended sense; the fifth, "Great Zwartebergen," from the chain of mountains of that name which in part adjoin, and in part run into it; the sixth and last, "the Great Karroo." To these, other Districts not visited by Drège may at some future time be added.

## II. A. FISH RIVER DISTRICT.

This District extends on both sides of the river as far as the hills called Little Bruintjes Hoogte, which we may regard as belonging to the Lower

\* It would have been more correct to say the Zuurbergen, which continue far westward, and which Drège doubtless meant. The Elandsberg and Rietberg are a range of hills of less importance running north of the Zuurbergen.—Tr.

† Over a considerable part of this Region, probably over the whole, the flowering season is of longer continuance, and may be said to range from the beginning of October to the middle of April, according to the rain-fall. But it is to be observed that many of the plants of this Region have, in good seasons, a double flowering season, October and March—April, either of which is omitted in time of drought.—Tr.

Region. This is its southern boundary. On the east and south it is bounded by the Chumiebergen, Bamboesbergen, New Hantam Zuurbergen, Rhenosterbergen, and Sneeuwberg, being thus pushed up, as we have said, by a wide curve into the Upper Region. On the west it is succeeded by the Camdeboo and Zwartruggens Districts, without any very certain boundary, not far from the Sunday's River, but without touching that stream. It is here and there somewhat level and carroid in character, but for the most part hilly and grassy. In the middle of the river's course it reaches a height of 3,000 feet; lower down, it sinks to 2,500 feet; above, on the mountain slopes, it reaches 4,000 feet. But these latter belong to the Upper Region.

## II. B. CAMDEBOO DISTRICT.

This District descends, as it were, into a plain, southward from the Sneeuwbergen and Winterveldbergen, the spurs of which are here called the Camdeboosbergen; and this plain constitutes the greater part of the District. Towards the east it extends a little beyond the Sunday's River; on the south it gradually passes into the Zwartruggens District. On the west it reaches as far as the Gouph District, where the Kareiga River may be regarded as the boundary of both. In altitude the District therefore varies, rising gradually from 2,000 feet in the south to 4,500 feet in its northern portion.

## II. C. ZWART RUGGENS DISTRICT.

This District is, on the north, conterminous with the previous one. On the east it is bounded by the Fish River District and that of Lower Albany,\* between which and this District flows the Sunday's River. On the south it terminates where the roots of the Rietberg and Elandsberg begin. On the west it passes gradually, like the preceding District into the Gouph, the Kareiga River being taken as the boundary. The altitude of the District varies from 2,000 to 3,000 feet, being lower near the river. It is almost wholly of a carroid character, and abounds in aloes and leafless euphorbias.

## II. D. GOUPH DISTRICT.

This District does not lie (as in Arrowsmith's map) on both sides of the Nieuwveld mountains, but only on the southern side; that tract on the northern side being what we have above spoken of as the Nieuwveld. On the east the District is separated from the Camdeboo and Zwartruggens Districts by the Kareiga River; and on the west we may regard the Dweka River as separating it from the Great Karroo. On the southward, lastly, it is carried by Drège, on account of the similarity of the soil, as far as the furthest spurs of the Great Zwartebergen. As he himself observes, this District might perhaps be more correctly divided into two, the southern one level, and the northern one including the southern slopes of the Nieuwveld mountains. In the meantime there seems no reason to object to their being considered as one, since, in this case, the floras of plain and mountain differ less than is commonly the case elsewhere.

\* The district here called by that name must be understood in a much more extended sense than that in which it is now used.—TR.



The plain varies from 2,000 to 3,000 feet in height ; the mountains rise to from 4,000 to 5,000 feet. With the exception of the latter, the whole District is carroid ; being here level and there more hilly ; and is everywhere, as in the Great Karroo, covered for vast tracts with *Mesembryanthemum spinosum*.

## II. E. GREAT ZWARTEBERG DISTRICT.

By the Great Zwarteberg District is not to be understood the whole of those mountains, but only their northern slopes, together with those of the Rietberg and Elandsberg [Zuurbergen] and their roots running northward into the plain. So that this District constitutes a narrow band, dividing the level Districts Gouph and Zwartuggens from the lower and more southern country. The greater part of this District is therefore composed of the northern slopes of the mountains abovenamed. But other mountains also belong here, lying more to the northward, lower and less connected, amongst which are Kendo, Aasvogelberg, Blydenberg, Schoorsteen-berg, &c. Further, are here and there interposed various hills and carroid plains ; whence it arises that this District is characterized by a great variety of plants. The plain from which the mountains rise ranges from 1,500 to 2,000 feet in height ; the tops of the mountains themselves reaching to 5,000 feet.

## II. F. GREAT KARROO DISTRICT.

This District is that vast plain, interrupted by low hills, which stretches from the Dweka River to the Roodezandbergen on the west. On the southward, like the whole of the Intermediate Region, it is bounded by the Great Zwartebergen, which are separated by the Hex River from the Roodezandbergen. Towards the north it seems to pass gradually into another district of this region which was not visited by Drège. Probably it would be not incorrect to place the boundary where the streams flow to the southward on one side, and to the north-west on the other. The height varies between 2,400 and 3,200 feet. A large part of this district is occupied by *Mesembryanthemum spinosum*, growing socially.\*

## III. LOWER REGION (WESTERN SECTION).

As we have said above, the whole of the Lower Region, which girds the Upper and Intermediate Regions like a half circle, has a tripartite division, on account of the extent and variety of its natural divisions. We may begin with the western section, which extends through nearly six degrees of latitude between the Intermediate Region and the western coast, from the mouth of the Orange River down to False Bay, where it runs into the sea, in the two lofty promontories on either side known as the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Hanglip.

The whole of this section is far from subject to the same climatic conditions. For, throughout the whole of South Africa, it scarcely anywhere rains more copiously or more frequently than near the promontory of the Cape of Good Hope. Whereas, the further you go hence towards the northward along the west coast, the more the winter rains diminish, and

\* Burchell observed the same plant growing very extensively in the Bokkeveld Karroo and the Middle Roggeveld, and Lichtenstein in Onder Roggeveld, not far from the Hantam mountains,

at length almost wholly cease, without any corresponding increase of summer rains. Hence, on the further boundary of this Region, near the mouth of the Orange River, there is the greatest scarcity of rain. The plants of this section mostly begin to flower in September, about a month before those of the southern coast ; respecting which more will be said presently.

This section of the Lower Region consists in part of mountains, sometimes reaching 5,000 feet in height, but less continuous than on the southern coast, through which the rivers of the Intermediate Region flow in an oblique course (from S.E. to N.W.) ; in part, of sandy sterile plains parallel with the sea-shore ; and, in part, of lands lying between the mountains and the sea-shore, of so varying a character as to be referred with difficulty to either. Hence arises a second series of five Districts, and these again, lastly, will be followed by a third series of sub-Districts.

### III. A. MOUNTAINS AND ELEVATED PLAINS ADJOINING THE INTERMEDIATE REGION.

The eastern slope of these mountains, with the level tracts adjoining them on the eastward, would perhaps be more rightly allotted to the Intermediate Region. But since they are too far distant from those parts of that Region, which, as we have indicated above, were better explored by Drège, and could only be placed on its furthest boundary, it may be desirable to treat of them here.

#### III. A, a. *Kamiesbergen and Ellenboogsfonteinsberg.*

The Kamiesbergen, near the boundary of the Colony, rising from a base of about 2,000 feet reach to a height of 5,000 feet above the sea. A little further from these towards the west is the detached mountain Ellenboogsfonteinsberg, lower, but in other respects similar to them. Here, plants which are very frequent on this coast further southward are wholly absent, or occur only rarely. Amongst these we may name *Restiaceae*, *Santalaceae*, *Thymelaceae*, *Proteaceae*, *Selaginiae*, *Stilbeae*, *Ericaceae*, *Bruniaceae*, *Geraniaceae*, *Oxalideae*, and *Diosmeae*. Grassy plains are therefore more common, though elsewhere in this region less frequent, and it is similar in this respect, on account of the abundance of *Andropogoneae*, to those of the Upper Region, whereas *Avenaceae* and *Festucaceae* are the common forms elsewhere in this section.

#### III. A, b. *Bosjesmans Karroo.*

This sub-District is a carroid plain from 2,000 to 3,500 feet in height being lower towards the Doorn River, and extends from the back of the Kamiesbergen towards the south-east. Hereafter, perhaps, it should be added to the Intermediate Region, meantime it may remain here. It is very dry, and destitute of grassy fields and of many plants which, as we have said, generally abound in other parts of this Region.

#### III. A, c. *Onder Bokkeveld and Maskamma.*

This is composed of flattened mountains or elevated plains, from 1,000 to 2,600 feet in height, of which one scarcely differs from another. The greater part is carroid, and this sub-District should, perhaps, more correctly be included in the Intermediate Region. But on the western slope of the

mountains, *Restiaceae* and other plants above referred to are found in abundance, and the rhenosterbosch [*Elytropappus Rhinocerotis*] begins here and there to grow socially. *Toxicodendron Capense*, Th. [*Hyænanche globosa*, Lamb], a tree almost exclusively confined to this district, gives its name to the Giftberg, which belongs to Maskamma.

### III. A, d. *Cederbergen, Biedouw, and Piquetberg.*

This sub-District includes chiefly the Cederbergen, rising to a height of 5,000 feet, and the mountains joined to them stretching from south to north between the Groote and Klein Doorn Rivers. On account of the similarity of its soil and flora we may add the Piquetberg, a detached mountain rising from the plain nearer to the sea. Lastly, we include that more level tract on the other side the mountain situate on both sides of the Groote Doorn River, which again seems to pass into the Intermediate Region. Of this latter, the part on this side of the river is called Biedouw, a name which is not found in Arrowsmith's map, though it appears in Burchell's and others. The flora of this differs less from that of the following sub-Districts.

### III. A, c. *Winterboeksberg, with the continuous mountain range to Cape Hanglip; and including Paarlberg and Table Mountain.*

Where the Cederbergen cease towards the south, on the left of the Olifants River, another range of mountains begins on the right, and stretches in one continuous chain, but not everywhere under the same name, as far as Cape Hanglip. On the northern part it is called Winterhocksberg; then, successively, Drakensteenbergh, Franschehocksberg, Hottentotshollandberg, and lastly, Hanglip. To the west of this chain rise the detached mountains Paarlberg and Table Mountain, possessing almost the same flora. This mountainous region enjoys an abundance of water throughout almost the whole year, and excels in the variety of its plants. Here also are chiefly found those plants which go to make up what is so commonly known as the "Cape Flora," such as the *Diosmeae*, *Bruniaceae*, *Ericaceae*, *Penæaceae*, *Proteaceae*, *Thymeleae*, *Santalaceae*, *Restiaceae*, and others.

### III. B. LITTLE NAMAQUALAND.

Thus far respecting the mountains. Now, before descending to the sea-shore, we must speak of the hilly districts which, marked III B, III C, III D, lie between the mountains and the shore, though they also are in part almost mountains, and in part pass into plains. They are three in number: 1st. Little Namaqualand of the Hottentots, which, since the boundaries of the Colony have lately been again extended, is included by the Orange and Koussie [Buffels] Rivers. 2nd. The colonial district of the same name which extends from the Koussie [Buffels] to the Olifants River. The 3rd separated from the last by a wide sandy plain, begins near the Piquetberg, and is continued through the Cape and Stellenbosch districts as far as False Bay.

The first of these, of which we will now speak, is from 1,500 to 3,500 feet in height, excepting on the sea-shore and the parts near to it; here hilly, and there more level, and of a dry and carroid character. Nevertheless, in the valleys of the higher portion, which is called "Kaus" or "Keis," the rhe-



# KARTE von SUD = AFRICA

nach L Arrowsmith's new Map from the Cape of good Hope 1834 entworfen von I. F. Drège.



Lithographed by Saul Solomon & Co. Cape Town.





nosterbosch, that index of a more fertile and thoroughly moist soil, begins to appear; and grain, as in every region where this is found, is successfully grown. Between this portion and the Koussie (Buffels) River, *Artbratherum brevifolium*, Nees, is found growing abundantly; a grass affording a pleasant nutriment alike to sheep, ants, and Bushmen.\* *Restiaceae*, however, *Proteaceae*, *Ericaceae*, and other plants of the more southern districts of this region, are clearly wanting.

Near the lower part of the Orange River the district is very much depressed in height, but continues its carroid character, so that the sand, which almost everywhere covers the western shore, here grows very narrow, but at length further down again extends more widely. Whence it seems unnecessary to distinguish this as a separate district on that account. Towards the east rise mountains from 3,000 to 4,000 feet in height, not yet shown on any maps, which are so rugged and precipitous that the ascent from Little Namaqualand to the Upper Region can only be effected by long and tedious windings. Drège, however, considers that this range takes its rise from that elevated tract called "Kaus," and is continued across the Orange River into that chain of mountains which we have mentioned in the preface as having been seen by Drège from a distance.

There are many places, worth noting as being stations where plants were collected, although many of them are erroneously marked or altogether omitted in the best maps, but it would take too long to enumerate them here. We may merely mention that the place Silberfontein, often marked as a plant station, is erroneously placed in Arrowsmith's map within the colonial boundary, not far from the Lilyfontein mission station; whereas it really lies on the other side of the Koussie (Buffels) River, about seventeen miles further north, and beyond the limits of the Colony.

### III. C. COLONIAL LITTLE NAMAQUALAND.

On the eastward this district is bounded by the Kamiesbergen and Karreebergen, which latter Drège did not visit. On the west it is separated from the sea by a sandy desert. Its river boundaries on the north and south have been already mentioned. It is more hilly than the preceding, from 800 to 2,000 feet in height, less carroid in character, and more fertile in rhenosterbosch. The plants which have been stated to be wanting in that are also deficient here. But in general the flora is very different.

### III. D. HILLY PART OF STELLENBOSCH AND CAPE.

This district begins between the mountains Piquetberg and Kardouwberg, and is cut off from the preceding by a wide break, which is filled up by the widening sand of the sea shore. It lies under that long chain of mountains which we have referred to above as continuing from Winterhocksberg to Cape Hanglip. On the west it is bounded by the sandy region to be described below (under III. E, b.)

Of the same general character, though separated by sandy plains, are the roots of Table Mountain. Whence we may better treat of them as separate sub-Districts.

\* It is also a grass upon which cattle rapidly fatten. The ants collect the ripe ears, of which they are robbed by the Bushmen.

III. D, a. *Sub-District between Piquetberg and False Bay.*

Here at length the *rhénostérobosch* grows very copiously, yet not so crowded together but that various grasses, *Irideae*, *Orchideae*, *Oxalideae*, *Cyphiae*, *Microlomata*, and other smaller plants, are enabled to grow immediately with it. This sub-District does not rise above 1,000 feet, on which account the higher portions were referred to the mountainous district (III. A, c.) And therefore the mountains Kanonenberg, Dassenberg, Tygerberg, and others, which do not exceed 1,000 feet, belong to this sub-District rather than to that.

III. D, b. *Roots of Table Mountain.*

We may here take the same altitude above the sea. Here the *rhénostérobosch* seems to have been put to flight by the plough, not to have been originally wanting. But to this sub-District, the silver tree (*Leucadendron argenteum*, R. Br.) peculiarly belongs, and is very impatient of altitude.

## III. E. SANDY DISTRICT.

There remain those sandy plains girding almost the whole shore of South Africa, but of varying width in different portions. From the Olifants River towards the north, Drège only touched them at the mouth of the Orange River. He therefore explored them the more carefully between the Olifants River and the Cape of Good Hope. Here other shrubs take the place of the *rhénostérobosch*, which avoids a sandy soil. These are, in part, plants of the orders *Diosmeae*, *Polygaleae*, *Ericaceae*, *Proteaceae*, *Thymeleae*, and others; and partly of various bulbous and tuberous-rooted plants which spring up rapidly after the winter rains, expanding the most beautiful flowers, but wither very quickly, and immediately pass away. There are, however, two sub-Districts, the one extending from the Olifants River to the Berg River, the other from thence to the Cape of Good Hope.

III. E, a. *Sandy Sub-District between Olifants River and Berg River.*

This is of very wide extent. Rising from the shore towards the east, it gradually attains an elevation of 1,000 feet, and touches the Maskamma, Nardouwberg, and Cederbergen. In the more southern part, by the intervention of the Piquetberg, it becomes very narrow, and passes into the following—

III. E, b. *Sandy Sub-District, Berg River to Cape of Good Hope.*

Distinct from the mountains and from the hilly district (III. D, a), this sub-District scarcely attains a height of 400 feet. It surrounds Table Mountain, with the mountains and hills adjacent to it, as if these formed an island rising out of this sandy plain into the air,

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Epigram to Annie.

I vow'd I'd love you while the streams did flow,
I vow'd I'd love you while the flow'rs did blow.
My vows I'm quit, that no one can deny,
Now flow'rs are wither'd and now streams are dry.

Charades.

I.

Just fancy a ball-room well-lighted and bright
 And well filled, while outside 'tis a clear moon-light night;
 And a lady and partner stray, warm from the dance,
 They are come for a "spoon," you can see at a glance,
 For his whisker is sweeping her ringleted hair,
 And my first's whisper'd sounds fill the soft dewy air.

They stray through the garden half hid by the rose,
 While beside them my whole in its brilliancy glows;
 But see—at the window—that long, dismal face—
 Rejected and jealous—I pity his case;
 But at supper my second shall comfort his soul,
 And we'll send him to sleep with the juice of my whole.

II.

My first, if you're clever, you here may trace,
 And my whole might, perhaps, be said of your face;
 Although I must add, just to check your high pride,
 That it surely would be by my second denied.

III.

I'm neither water, earth, nor air,
 Yet gaze at each, you'll find me there;
 I float the wave, I ride the breeze;
 At night I sleep on moveless trees,
 Or in the bosom of the rose
 I sink in silent, sweet repose.

By day in golden light I soar,
 My floral fav'rites hov'ring o'er;
 I'm colour'd like the rainbow's arc,
 Yet oft my hue is grey and dark;
 Nay, more,—reverse me, and you'll see
 I am what ladies wish to be.

IV.

My whole leads a life by ill-luck doubly cursed
 In this country, although it a fine one 'is reckon'd;
 For his crops are too frequently spoiled by my first,
 While himself and his cattle are plagued by my second.

A few Words about Cape "Spooked," or Ghosts.

It is strange that amongst our South African farming population there should be so much superstitious fear of "spooked," or ghosts. They don't seem ashamed of their weakness in this respect either. Scarcely one you meet but can tell you of some marvellous circumstance in their own experience or in that of some member of their family which confirms them in their belief in the appearance at times of these supernatural agencies. Some of these tales are flimsy enough, and can be accounted for easily as being the result of natural causes; others are not so lightly disposed of.

It is a very common thing for it to be said that at some particular spot on a road, generally a dark, lonely drift, or near a place where a murder has been committed, that it "spooks." They'll tell you that it is not unusual at such a place for all your oxen to become suddenly outspanned by some unknown means; for a wheel to come off your wagon, or a rumbling noise to be heard as of numbers of wagons going along when none are near. A fire will be seen which, upon close examination, is nowhere to be found. At times, horses on passing a particular bush shy violently; or the spirit of the murdered victim is known to haunt in *propria persona* the scene of his death in the old orthodox style.

I remember once, when living in the country some years ago, that a farmer came to our homestead shortly after dark, one cold winter night, to ask for shelter. He was a strong, healthy young fellow, some six feet two in height. When bed-time came, I took him to his room, a comfortable little chamber with a door opening into the dining-room. "But surely, oom," said he, "I'm not going to sleep alone in that room!" "Of course, you are," I replied. "Oh! do, if you please, oom, my lieve oom, let that little boy," pointing to a lad about eight years of age, "sleep with me, for I shall never close my eyes if alone; I'm al te bang voor spooked." Little Jim, not liking the companionship, our friend was left to himself to do the best he could. In the morning we found that the bed had never been used. He must quietly have waited till we were all asleep, and then crept gently out and rode off.

Starting one morning early from a farm-house in the Uitsluis, I was told that I should in an hour or so pass a spot where a cruel murder had been committed upon an old Hottentot woman. She, it appears, had been shot by a man who was travelling that road, as she was resting in the shade of a bush, leaning on her bundle which was tied to her back. The man's story was that he had mistaken her for an ostrich on its nest. However that may be, no one, I was told, ever passed that spot without some disaster happening to him. I was on horseback, and was warned by my host that my horse, when I got near the spot, would be sure to shy,—or otherwise, perhaps, behave as Balaam's ass did. I jogged along, however, quietly, and

had forgotten all about the warning, when suddenly, and without any notice, my horse, which was a remarkably quiet one, began to plunge and kick out behind most violently. With great difficulty I quieted the animal sufficiently to enable me to dismount. The poor creature quivered all over with fear. On looking about, I found that I was at the very spot of which I had been warned, as a few yards out of the road was the very bush where the old woman had rested and been shot,—some old rags and skins from her pack lying about. Well, I was fairly puzzled now, and a sort of awe crept over me. I was in a fair way to become a convert to a belief in ghosts. On approaching my horse to re-mount (for while standing still he seemed to get over his fear), I saw what explained the whole matter,—a large "wacht-
een-beetje" bush had got entangled in the long tail of my horse, which, pricking his hind legs as it dangled about at his heels, had caused his lively "pas seul" and perturbation.

One more ghost story, and I've done.

Some years ago a limb of the law who used to go the circuit with our judges, and was unmercifully bantered by his friends for his fear of ghosts, while travelling came at sundown to a farm homestead, not far from this, occupied by a family which was notorious for its more than ordinary dread of meeting with ghosts. Upon asking if he could be accommodated for the night, he was told yes, if he didn't mind sleeping in a room in which two young men of the family, brothers, also slept. "Oh no," said our friend, "that will suit me exactly, for I never, if I can help it, sleep in a room by myself." When bed-time came, Sarel and Abram turned into their double bed in one corner of the room, leaving another in the opposite corner for their visitor; a little table stood near the head of this bed, and on it the candle. Now, Lex was an inveterate smoker, and had acquired the very objectionable habit of smoking in bed before going to sleep. Prepared for bed, with his back turned towards the brothers, and unseen by them, he lit a cigar at the candle before puffing it out, and then turned in. Lying on his back, his mind, while smoking, occupied with gloomy thoughts, he had taken but a few whiffs, when Sarel's attention was attracted by what seemed to him like the eye of some evil spirit in the corner in which Lex's bed was. Nudging his brother quietly, he whispered to him to look at the strange object: "Wat zou dit wees," he inquired under his breath. "It looks like the eye of some goblin; but it can't be, either; there's only one eye." "Oh!" said Abram, after venturing several other conjectures, as a happy thought appeared to strike him, and gave him great relief by the satisfactory manner in which it accounted for the phenomenon, "I'll tell you what it is. Old Lex has blown the candle out, and what we see there is the smouldering wick. It will smell very unpleasantly; I'll quietly get up and pinch it out." So saying, making as little noise as possible, he rose, and groping his way in the dark, taking aim as well as he could for the light, so as to get the offending wick between his finger and thumb; but, instead of the wick, he suddenly grasped

some horrid thing by the throat, which uttered such an unearthly yell, and rushed, as he thought, at him. Horror-struck with the belief that he had come in contact with an evil spirit, with a cry of agonizing terror he staggered back, and fell to the ground in a swoon. Sarel, hearing the cries of terror and the thud of the fall, covered his head with the bed-clothes, and there remained "perdu" for some time, daring scarcely to breathe. After remaining so for a considerable time, and hearing no further noise, he mustered courage to emerge from his hiding place, and managed (trembling) to light a candle. On the ground, in the middle of the room, lay his brother, just recovering his senses, but with horror depicted on his countenance, while Lex came cautiously creeping from under his bed. Mutual explanations followed, by which it appeared that Lex, while quietly smoking his cigar and thinking of goblins and ghosts, suddenly found his throat grasped, as he thought, by the enemy of man; and, struggling from his hated embrace, bundled out of bed to the nearest shelter he could find; while Abram, expecting that he would come in contact with nothing more formidable than a home-made mutton dip, found suddenly that he had got hold of nothing less, he thought, than Old Nick himself, and *hinc illæ lachrymæ*.

NEMO.

"The Wind passeth over it."

I saw the snow-capt mountain, upon whose rugged side
 Clung Lebanon's tall cedars, from age to age its pride.
 The wind passed over it, and, towering as of yore,
 Its peaks defied the tempest—its cedars were no more.

I saw the midnight heavens with fiery globes ablaze,
 The starry orbs that circle within the boundless maze;
 Then looked on wealth and honour, yea, all that men adore:
 The wind passed over them—and these things were no more.

I looked on hills and valleys, on field and forest-glade;
 I saw the marble crumble, the fairest flowers fade.
 And last I looked on man; he reigned on sea and shore:
 The wind passed over him—and he too was no more.

R.

After the Flemish.

Old Times at the Cape.

GOVERNOR VAN NOOT.

ABOUT a year had elapsed before a new Governor for the Cape of Good Hope was found by the East India Company, and on his arrival, Heer Johann De la Fontaine, the "man of the happy face," became again Lieutenant-Governor, "Mynheer de Tweede." The name of the new Governor was Noot, and he brought with him much trouble to this beautiful Cape of Good Hope; but as will be seen from the sequel, he plunged himself into an agony of soul, from which may God in His great mercy save us all.* He was a malicious, gloomy, self-willed, and brutal man. He well knew how to put on a friendly face at times, but the kinder he seemed the less could he be trusted. Besides all these bad qualities, he was envious and dreadfully greedy. As soon as the ship he was in arrived in the harbour and the anchor was cast, he summoned the ship's head surgeon and ordered him to prepare a plaster upon black silk and put it upon his right eye. "Noble sir," exclaimed the doctor, "I was not aware that there was anything wrong with your eye; allow me to examine it that I may prepare the plaster suitably." "Hold your tongue!" said the Governor, "and put the plaster on." The doctor prepared a harmless plaster and fixed it over his right eye, as desired, and with this on the Governor landed. Everybody thought he had only one eye, and had lost the other in battle. After three days he summoned the ship's doctor again, and ordered him to remove the plaster to the left eye. During this time the Governor behaved in a very friendly, polite, and kind manner to every one. But again after three days he summoned the doctor and ordered him to take off the plaster from his left eye. He then walked up to the window and said, "It is all right now, for I can see perfectly well;" and certainly from that moment his conduct showed that he saw more, or tried to see more, than many an honest man wished. But chiefly did he direct his malicious designs against Heer De la Fontaine, who had held the reins of Government during the interregnum. As constantly happens when Governments are changed, flatterers and backbiters may have tried to make friends with the new Governor by blackening and taking away Heer De la Fontaine's character, and so turned Van Noot against him. In consequence of this, Van Noot spared no trouble or means to entrap "Mynheer de Tweede," and tried to find out that he had been guilty of some cheating or fraud. He found out in an underhand manner that Herr Allemann had been the acting Governor's trusted agent, and that through him he had had many opportunities of deriving benefits from the estates of the

NOTE BY TRANSLATOR.—Much of this chapter has already appeared in a translation by the late Mr. Thompson, but as he has only skimmed off the cream of this memoir, it was judged better to give a literal translation of it in these pages.

East India Company. Herr Allemann was obliged to appear before the Governor, who tried first by all sorts of promises and then by severe threats to force something out of him to the disadvantage of Heer De la Fontaine. But all in vain: Allemann would confess nothing, and as he knew of nothing to confess against him, he defended his friend most warmly and most sincerely. Governor Van Noot was very angry at this, and flying into a terrible passion said to poor Allemann with a stormy countenance and loud voice, "How dare you speak to me at all, sir! much less in the way you have been doing!" "Noble sir," answered Allemann calmly, "you questioned me, so I was obliged to answer you. I dare to come before my God in prayer and speak to him there; why should I not speak to you when you put questions to me?" "A man from the guard!" screamed the Governor from the window. A corporal immediately ran up—Herr Allemann was obliged to go under arrest to the guard-house, and was locked up in the common soldiers' room, whilst by the Governor's orders, the corporal went to the Secretary's office to direct him to make out an order whereby poor Allemann was to be packed off to Batavia as a sailor by the next homeward-bound ship. Gracious God! what a terrible thunder-clap was this to the ears of an honest man! To be degraded from this honour to the lowest race of men, to live amongst a set of wicked, reckless sailors, and to perform the hardest work possible was a terrible prospect. As to climbing up the mast to unfurl the sails, he could never do it on account of a wound in his right hand. All the Company's servants, citizens, even the ladies, and above all, Miss Albetjie Mayboom, were horrified at the news. Our readers will remember how badly Miss Albetjie had treated poor Allemann once, but now so shocked was she at the news that a vein had to be opened to prevent a severe illness from coming on. Nobody dared attempt to speak with Allemann,—nobody dared to send him any nice food to eat; he was obliged to be contented with the bad food from the garrison kitchen.

It was lucky for him that the vessel lying in the roadstead was not yet ready; so he had time through another man to provide himself with an outfit and set his other affairs in order. Everything that went on in the guard-house was seen by Governor Van Noot from his window, and even during the night the sergeant in charge of Allemann was ordered to give information of all that went on.

But news was conveyed to him that a certain gentleman in the Government, and mentioned before, had spoken for him to the captain of the ship he was to sail in, so that he should work during the voyage it is true, but as a sergeant, called "ship's commander of the soldiers." This gentleman had also written for him to the Government of Batavia, to the Major-General, and to the Council, so that he might soon after his arrival expect to be raised to a higher post. Herr Allemann never failed in his courage and firmness. Like a true Christian, he said always, "God's will be done." He had his

head, so to say, put straight upon his shoulders, and under his third button-hole beat a heart full of rectitude. As long as he remained in arrest, the evening hours from ten to twelve o'clock were the most enjoyable. The sergeant in charge and he himself sat down under the shadow of the castle gate in the gloom, smoked a pipe of tobacco together, drank a flask of wine, and enjoyed a hearty supper sent by some friend, who dared not venture to send it in open day. And so eight days dragged their weary length along, when the scene suddenly and unexpectedly changed.

Soon after Heer Governor Van Noot received in Holland his appointment to the Government of the Cape of Good Hope, he made up his mind immediately after his arrival to make a journey through the whole country as far as it was inhabited by Europeans, to see for himself everything that was going on. So he had a tent made, which was very handsome, large, and roomy. It had a pavilion and somewhat resembled the sort of tents used by our Generals in the field. This he took with him to his new Government, and when he had safely landed at the Cape of Good Hope and all his possessions had been taken out of the ship, his tent was also brought on shore. The Governor had never seen it pitched in Holland, and was anxious to have an opportunity of admiring it. So one day he made up his mind to have it pitched near the gate, between the Castle and the Half-moon Battery, in order to admire it and to let it stand two or three days to be aired. He ordered some sailors to bring it out; the Governor himself went to the spot accompanied by the officer on guard, Lieutenant Rhenius. But who was going to put it up? The sailors had never seen such a thing in their lives, and the soldiers present had never been in the field nor seen a tent pitched. For several hours the Quarter-master and his men tried all they could to put things in order, but all in vain. The Governor swore frightfully, and called upon all the evil spirits in hell, but none came to pitch the tent. Lieutenant Rhenius slipped away behind the Governor's back, to the guard-house, and beckoning to Allemann, quickly whispered "Can you pitch such a tent?" "Oh yes," said Allemann. At once Lieutenant Rhenius stepped forward to the Governor like one who has been struck with a sudden thought, "Noble sir, I know of some one who can pitch the tent, but as he has fallen under your displeasure, I dare not mention his name." "Who is it?" asked the Governor. "It is Sergeant Allemann, who is under arrest; he has been in the Prussian service, and will, I am sure, know how to do this work." "Let him come here." Allemann was called. He stepped respectfully forward with his hat in his hand, and was asked if he could be trusted with such a work. "Oh, I can do it with very little trouble," he answered, and throwing his hat aside he put the poles through the top holes of the pavilion, set the vanes on the top of them, made fast the storm lines to the iron stanchions, raised up the poles with the pavilion, fixed the lines in the ground with pegs, spread out the pavilion with tent pins, hung

the lined sides by their hooks in the slings, fastened them below with their pins ; and there stood the tent, a fine sight to behold. The Governor first walked round on the outside, then went inside, and was so highly pleased with it that he ordered it to be left there for several days. Then he returned to Government-house, ordering Allemann to follow him. Allemann followed him into his room, and when he had sent away his people he turned to Allemann and said to him, " Will you serve me as truly and faithfully as you did Heer De la Fontaine ? " Allemann gave him this answer, " Noble Governor, whose bread I eat, his song I sing. " " You have spoken well, sir ; give me your hand, " said the Governor. " You are no longer under arrest ; go to the Governor's guard ; you are now my sergeant, and the present sergeant will take your post at the Schuur. You know that I am anxious to make a tour through the country ; you must go with me ; take care that the saddles and boots for the men are prepared in time. Besides this, I will permit you to dine every day with my butler ; and when you have finished your meal to-day, come back to me and receive my commands. " Allemann humbly thanked the Governor for his graciousness, and betook himself again to the guard-house to tell Lieutenant Rhenius of what had happened. The Governor saw out of the window Allemann going across to the guard-house, so, recollecting his mistake, he threw open the window and called out " A man from the guard ! " The man came quickly across and the Governor called to him, " Tell the officer on duty that Herr Allemann has been released from arrest. " Herr Allemann turned round and made a deep bow to the Governor, went to thank Lieutenant Rhenius, his kind friend, reported himself to the Governor's guard, took over the sergeant's blue uniform, ornamented with double stripes of broad gold lace on the pockets and cuffs, and became sergeant of the Governor's guard, which was announced the same evening at roll-call, and whereat the whole of the Cape would rejoice greatly. So after that day Allemann, in company with the Governor's two trumpeters, dined always with the butler, and at first sent in a slave immediately after that meal was over to announce him to the Governor. But after a time, the Governor ordered him to come in when he liked unannounced, and daily gave him some new commission, which Allemann executed most satisfactorily. One day after the saddles and boots for the guard had been delivered, and Mr. Allemann had reported this to the Governor, he informed him at the same time that neither the two trumpeters, nor the corporal, nor any of the twelve guardsmen who were to accompany him on his journey could ride ; the most of them had never crossed a horse's back in their lives, and knew nothing about feeding, saddling, grooming, and managing their steeds. If, therefore, he could get the Governor's permission to do so, he would take them daily to the Governor's stables and teach them riding and everything connected with it. The Governor asked Mr. Allemann if he understood riding professionally, and when the latter answered that he had

already served the King of Prussia as lieutenant in a cavalry regiment, it seemed as if the Governor had been struck with something quite unexpectedly, and from that moment he manifested on every occasion great esteem for Herr Allemann. He permitted him also, according to the request made, to use the Company's horses daily, provided this was done in the forenoon, so that the guard could be at hand if required in the afternoon, for it must be borne in mind that whenever the Governor went out he was attended by the sergeant and corporal with twelve men.

We will now leave Allemann on the eve of starting on the expedition up the country with the Governor.

G. R.

Sunrise in the Desert

"Arabian fables true
If true here only."

(Vide Milton's "Paradise Lost," Book 4.)

The sun uprising o'er the brown Karoo
Unfolds fantastic shapes and visions new.
His wizard glass a dim enchantment lending
Earth, sea, and sky in wild confusion blending.
While shimmering heat soon quivers o'er the plain,
And broken mirage loosens fancy's rein.
Lo ! stony monsters from the mountains leap
And shapes unearthly hang in azure deep ;
See yon, with gaping jaws and tail upcurled,
Some Titan visitant from distant world ;
While Hippogriffs and Centaurs tend his flight
And pour confusion on the astonished sight.
Yield here, Geology, thy dreams outdone,
By huge chimeras, offspring of the sun.
Think not thy Saurian pigmies can compare
With fleeting forms in Afric's lurid air ;
But mark, what now these wonders all transcends,
A living Genie from the plain ascends !
See ! there a second, there a third up spring
As loos'd from vessel seal'd by Judah's king.*
Like airy columns drap'd in film they rise,
And circling sweep the plain and mount the skies,
Like dancing Dervishes they waltz, they twist,
Curvetting hither, thither as they list,
Till pirouetting to their heart's desire
In the blue vault at length their forms retire,
And leave the gazer rapt in blank amaze
At Nature's gambols, and God's mystic ways.

KOPJE.

* Vide "Arabian Nights."

Platjie Windvogel's Interview with the Gentleman in Black.

ANY one at all intimately acquainted with the aboriginal Hottentot races of this country knows that they have in their native character a great deal of wit and natural humour. They have a keen sense of the ridiculous ; their power of mimicry, too, is astonishing, particularly in youth. As the race is fast disappearing, it has sometimes occurred to me that it might be worth while jotting down some of their legends and tales ; and one occurs to me at this moment, which I will endeavour to give as nearly as possible in the words of Platjie, a diminutive specimen of the race, who was the leader to our span of oxen on a journey into the far interior of this country some years ago. He used to keep us in roars of laughter around the bivouac fire of an evening, while we were coaxing the kettle to boil, or carefully superintending the "doing" of the "karbonatjie."

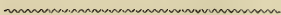
"Has Baas ever seen the devil?" he suddenly began, after staring for some time at vacancy with a serious expression, while toasting his toes and the palms of his hands at the glowing thornwood fire one cold winter night, and while master and men sat around. "No, Platjie," I replied, "neither have you, nor any other man." "Don't say so, Baas," he said ; "*I have* ; and I'll tell you all about it, and will leave you to say whether my encounter could possibly have been with any other personage." I give his account as nearly as I can translate them from his own words.

"I had had a hard day's work at springbuck shooting with my old 'babijaan bout' in the Graaff-Reinet flats one hot summer's day, with but poor success,—the game being terribly shy and wary of being approached, so that it was very difficult to get within range,—the more so that there was no cover higher than a karroo bush anywhere about. Towards sundown, having as yet shot nothing, I saw a clump of five or six bucks grazing quietly some half a mile off. I found a little slood deep enough for me to lie hidden in, and I thought that if I could conceal myself there for a time, as the buck were quietly grazing towards me, they might in a little time come near enough to me to place 'a blue bean' amongst them by the aid of my old 'roer.' I had sat some considerable time, and grew weary of doing nothing ; it was getting chilly, when I bethought me of my marrow bone dagga pipe. As the wind blew *from* the buck *towards* me, there was no danger of the smell from the fumes scaring the game off. I smoked for some time. The tobacco and dagga were both good, and, being unusually strong, were beginning to affect my head ; when, just as it was getting dark, and the cry of the 'dikkop' and night-owl was heard, while the bats swept about after their dainty morsels, just as it was getting, as I thought, too dark for me to have any further chance at the buck, I saw in the shade of the slood an object slowly moving towards me ; at the same time I heard the

melancholy cry of a jackal, and thought that the object I saw must be one of these night prowlers out on his rambles. Watching him carefully, with the view of giving him a warm reception when he got nearer to me, I began to see that I was mistaken, and that it was, as I thought, a black goat,—and yet not exactly that, either, for I saw that it had a man's head. It suddenly rushed on my mind that this could be none other than the devil himself. My heart began to beat violently, and I quaked with fear; there was no chance of escape for me, and there was nothing for it but to brave it out as best I could. As he came up to me, I saw plainly that it was none other. 'Dag, neef,' he said, holding out his disgusting 'boks pootje' to me, by way of a hand to shake. 'Dag, oom,' I gasped out, not to give offence, my struggling breath and beating heart almost shaking me off my legs. 'What is neef doing here?' he asked. 'I'm watching for those bucks,' I jerked out as I best could. 'So! But what is that,' he inquired, 'that you have in your mouth?' 'Only my pipe that I am smoking, uncle,' I replied. 'Then just give me a whif too, will you, old broer?' Taking the pipe out of my mouth to hand it to him, I found that in my fear I had allowed it to go out, so that when my unwelcome visitor drew at it no smoke came. 'Stop a bit, uncle,' I said; 'this is my tontel doos,' pointing to my gun; 'I'll just strike a light for you in a minute with it.' Now, I knew that there was a 'flukse schoot loopers' in it, as a charge which I had meant to have hailed in amongst the bucks if I had got a chance at close quarters with them; and I jumped at the opportunity I thought I had happily got of putting an end to the Evil One for ever. Putting the muzzle of the gun into the bowl of the pipe, I told him that when I struck a light at the other end, pointing to the trigger, he was to draw in his breath, he having the pipe in his mouth, and so light it. Just as I put the muzzle of the gun on the bowl of the pipe I depressed the stock as I drew the trigger, so as to point the barrel straight at his head. Click! bang!! went the gun with a tremendous report, and I heard his skull crack as the slugs crashed it, as I thought, to a jelly; but lo! to my surprise, when the smoke had cleared away, he quietly taking the pipe out of his mouth, with his two hoofs squeezed his head into shape again, and exclaimed, while he rubbed his mouth with his 'poot,' 'Good gracious! alamanties! wat versterke tabak!' (what strong tobacco).

"Now," said Platjie, "do you mean to tell me that any one but the devil could have done that?"

Without a smile on his face he thus ended his story, and pretended to be very much offended when I told him I thought he had been romancing, or that it was all a dream.



Ncedané's Sorrow.

A KAFIR'S LOVE-TALE.

Needy Knife-grinder ! whither are you going ?
Rough is your road, your wheel is out of order,
Bleak blows the blast—your hat has got a hole in it.
So have your breeches,

“ Son of my father, tell me, oh Ncedané,
Why is your face so gloomy in the starlight ?
Why is your voice so obstinately silent ?
Tell me, Ncedané.

“ While the tired oxen steadily together
Drag thro' the sands the lofty-piled wool-wagon,
And the Baas slumbers in the tent behind us,
Tell me thy sorrow.”

“ Friend, the voice is still when the heart is heavy ;
Grief ever throws its shadow on the features.
Listen, Zenane, son of my father,
Listen,—I'll tell you.

“ While the tired oxen steadily together
Drag thro' the sands the lofty-piled wool-wagon,
And the Baas slumbers in the tent behind us,
I'll tell you my story.

“ Tell me, Zenane, tell me, have you seen her,
Big-eyed Nomente, loveliest of maidens,
Loveliest maiden 'mongst all the Amakosa,—
Say, have you seen her ?

“ Timid her glance as is the startled bushbuck's,
Bright are her cheeks as shining yellow mealies,
Graceful her step as Oribes in the valleys
Playing together.

“ White are her teeth as snow upon the mountains,
Sweet is her breath as scent of evening flowers,
Red are her lips as outspread wings of Lories
In dark kloofs flying.

“ But she is gone ; for ever I have lost her ;
That's why my face is gloomy in the starlight,
That's why my voice is obstinately silent.”

“ Oh !” groaned Zenane.

- "Where the Kariëga rolls his crystal waters,
Thro' grassy slopes and under rocky krantzies,
Haunts of the vulture and the bounding duyker,
There first I met her.
- "There, herding calves, I wander'd thro' the valleys,
Eat the sweet gcokum, drank the sparkling fountain,
While by my side ran (oftentimes I thrashed her)
Little Nomente.
- "Happiness lasts not. Soon those days were over ;
She went to service, I became a leader ;
Then first I missed her." "Go on," said Zenane,
"Go on ; I listen."
- "Then, when I missed her, then I found I loved her,
She had gone to town ; soon I left the wagons,
Followed her to town, and ran about for 'tickeys ;'
Soon got a master.
- "Then, oh Zenane, then you should have seen me
Walking on Sunday alone with my Nomente,
Dressed in black cloth, with boots of shining leather :
But I had rivals.
- "Jacob was one, and Tom he was another ;
Tom was a groom, and got the best of wages,
Wore lots of clothes, and rode his master's horses,
Passing her daily.
- "One day the rascal mocked me to Nomente,
Said that I dared not mount the horse he rode on.
Like a fool, I mounted, and tumbled off before her,
Bruised myself sorely.
- "Still she preferred me before all the others ;
So one day I told her I was going to leave her,
Going a boy, but as a man returning
To take her from her father.
- "So for two years in Kafirland I tarried,
Then for some months I work'd about the country,
Saving my 'gelt' to buy the dowry cattle."
"Go on ; I listen."
- "Hard all that winter I worked among the farmers,
Then in the summer reap'd the waving forage,
Bought not a *soupie*, denied myself tobacco,—
All for Nomente.

“Then with two cows I hastened to her father,
 He took them, and promised to wait for the remainder,
 Then young Nomente, smiling like a fountain,
 Promised to love me.

“But it takes long to buy ten cows with wages.
 While I was working, comes old Umgalané,
 Looks on Nomente, looks upon and loves her
 Ripening beauties.

“Rich is Umgalane, rich and old and ugly,
 Three are his wives, his cattle fat and many,—
 He takes ten fat cows, and gives them to her father,—
 Gets my Nomente.

“Ah! Poor Nomente! vain are your entreaties,
 Vain the large tears from those bright eyes fast dripping,
 Vain are the sobs that heave your swelling bosom—
 Stern is your father.

“Coldly he gives you up to Umgalané,
 Sternly he tells you the bargain is completed;
 Umgalané's friends have forced you to his dwelling—
 Poor, lost Nomente!

“Twice has she fled for safety and protection,
 Once to her father's—driven back with kerries—
 Once to her mistress—but her ‘husband’ claimed her,—
 That was no shelter.

“Oh! the strange laws the white men have for Kafirs,
 One law for black men, another for the English;
 Why not one law for whites and blacks together?”
 “True!” said Zenane.

“White man may love, and take the girl he chooses,
 Sticks may not strike her, wealth not buy her from him,
 I, being black, must see my girl torn from me,
 No laws will help me.

“But if I kill this vile old Umgalané,
 Or steal some cows to buy her back with cattle,
 Then see how quick the white man's laws are on me!”
 “True!” said Zenane.

“I, young and strong, with hands for honest labour,
 Because I have got no stock of stolen cattle,
 The girl I have loved, the girl who long has loved me,
 Must yield to another.

"She a girl of twenty, decent and a Christian,
He a fierce old savage, brutal and ill-temper'd,
Three old jealous women, longing to torment her :
Oh ! my poor Nomente !

"This is why my face is gloomy in the starlight,
This is why my voice is obstinately silent ;
Son of my father, now you know my sorrow."
"Oh !" groaned Zenane.

23rd September.

B. M. R.

Health and Happiness.

A LAY SERMON.

IT is the boast of every Frenchman that France is the centre of civilization ; that her sons are equally distinguished in science and art, as in glory and war. The German is proud of his phlegm and philosophy, and drowns all his worries in his pipe and his book. The Briton alone is content to enjoy what others create ; and is the chief consumer of literary, artistic, and manufactured productions all over the world. All that is glorious, spirit-stirring, and beautiful for the eye and inner sense is his by right of purchase and education. The best of his nation are ever eager in their search after truth and excellence of all kinds. There is no poetry to beat the poetry most popular and the widest accepted in England. Even the lower orders have a reverence for things ancient, lovely, and of good report. Their manliness and love of fair-play, and scorn for meanness, injustice, and tyranny extend to all classes. Their very mode of conducting business and trade has become a model for all nations to imitate. Thus, and so much for the parent countries ; but how is it with their offspring ? We have within our veins French, Teutonic, and Anglo-Saxon blood ; but what has become of the qualities inherent in those races of men. It seems to me as if our moral and mental fibre have been reduced to pulp by removal to a warm climate ; and that the first aim of every colonist is to seek a refuge from trouble and care by giving himself up to laziness and falsehood. Comparatively but few have either the stamina or the moral courage to stand up vigorously for the truth ; to court it laboriously ; to worship it openly ; to proclaim it in high places ; and diffuse its light over dark and degraded natures. Here we have a beautiful country ; a Capuan climate, glorious landscapes, a fruitful soil, and a hardy, good-tempered, off-coloured peasantry ; and yet what have we, the descendants of mighty men, done in the last one hundred years to foster a great nation, or add to the real happiness of those who dwell so humbly within our gates ? Are our merchants happy, are our farmers contented, are their daughters and sons gentle and wise ? Are we really on the

high road to a healthy liberty of the subject? On the contrary, it appears to me as if we cared for nothing but saving money, avoiding trouble, and living as *meanly* as we can. These are strong terms: they are meant to be strong. As a colonist, addressing brother colonists, I think, both in private and in public life, we shuffle off our responsibilities a great deal too readily, and don't care two straws about our share in the formation of public opinion. We have none of that sensitiveness and innate right feeling that elsewhere keeps so many from doing dirty or questionable actions; none of that horror of lying, and cheating, and insolvency, that is the salt of public and private character in England; none of that love for doing a thing well and thoroughly, that is the test of a good Christian; for, as George Herbert says,—

“A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that, and the action fine.”

Here, on the contrary, we scamp our work sadly. Our lower tradesmen and mechanics, and general servants require to be anxiously watched; and nowhere do you see, as a rule, more wretched work for your money's worth than throughout the Cape Colony. The labourer is not worthy of his hire, and the root of his worthlessness is because he is an habitual and a shameless liar. Now, literature and art are full of illustrations as to the mode and manner in which men can lie to themselves, their fellow-creatures, and their God; but I question if people deal in untruths anywhere so shamelessly as they do in South Africa. And this not alone amongst the poor and degraded; but amongst those who ought to know better, and who need to be told of it from every pulpit available.

Here, at all events, in pursuit of national happiness and health, we have a great social evil to contend with, which it behoves every man or woman, with the slightest personal influence, to do his or her utmost to root out of the community. It is of slavish origin, no doubt, and has been kept alive by fear and association with native races; but it has a leprous taint about it, that threatens to overwhelm us as with a plague. It meets us everywhere; on the farm, in the veldt, on the mart, in the shops; dulling the mirror of a tradesman's honesty, and making his oaths less sacred than his interests or scales. Now there are some faults, says Ruskin, “slight in the sight of love, some errors slight in the estimate of wisdom; but truth forgives no insult, and endures no stain. We do not enough consider this; nor enough dread the slight and continual occasion of offence against her. We are too much in the habit of looking at falsehood in its darkest associations, and through the colour of its worst purposes. That indignation which we profess to feel at deceit absolute is indeed only at deceit malicious. We resent calumny, hypocrisy, and treachery, because *they harm us*,—not because they are *untrue*. Take the detraction and the mischief from the untruth, and we are little

offended by it ; turn it into praise, and we may be pleased with it. And yet it is not calumny nor treachery that does the largest sum of mischief in the world ; they are continually crushed, and are felt only in being conquered. But it is the glistening and softly spoken lie ; the amiable fallacy ; the patriotic lie of the historian, the provident lie of the politician, the zealous lie of the partisan, the merciful lie of the friend, and the careless lie of each man to himself that cast that black mystery over humanity, through which we thank any man who pierces, as we would thank one who dug a well in the desert ; happy that the thirst for truth still remains with us, even when we have wilfully left the fountains of it." Unless, therefore, we succeed in awakening a love for truth, we can scarcely hope for much progress or happiness in social matters. At present we are overridden by custom, carelessness, caprice,—and are ashamed to testify to the truth that is in us. We are afraid to be natural, and cannot enjoy simple pleasures, and therefore forego the greatest privilege under the sun ; the right of doing what is just and good in our own sight and the sight of God, to His great glory and praise.

What, then, is the aim and goal of our ambition ? Is it to grow nobler, purer, wiser, of higher social repute ? Or is it to amass money for the sake of money, and the increased comforts and sense of self-importance that falsely are supposed to appertain to wealth ? Are we shaping our lives with our own hands ? Or are we just drifting like dead leaves upon the current, content to be borne along without any effort of our own ? Is nothing to come out of the many noble thoughts and high-souled aspirations that literature affords, except contemptuous neglect ? Or do we ever mean to stir up a national existence, and breathe and live, and have our being as creatures worthy of life and intellectual freedom ? When all is said and done, "man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long." The lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life are of such brief duration, that neither happiness nor health can spring from their gratification, even if you have the means of indulging your will ; and if you have them not, the constant worrying desire to possess money deadens our moral senses, and drives us into by-paths that are neither cleanly nor straight. Well may Emile Souvestre exclaim :

"And why this insatiable thirst for riches ? Does one drink more because one drinks out of a larger glass ? Whence comes this dread of all men for *mediocrity*, the fertile mother of repose and liberty ? Ah ! *that* is the evil of all others against which education, public and private, ought to protect us. *That* cured, how many treasons avoided ? How many villainies the less ? What a chain of disorder and crime for ever broken ! We give prizes to charity, to self-sacrifice,—let us give them, above all, to *moderation*, for it is the grand virtue of society. When it does not create the others, it takes their place."

To learn, then, to be moderate and temperate in our tastes, as a

source of happiness and health, is a matter within the reach of the poorest. It requires no special education, no long apprenticeship to the workshops of the world, to make us masters of our own liberties, and heirs of the riches that dwell in the mind. Situate as we are, we are in no danger of being overridden by a shoddy aristocracy or Brummagem lords; but we are in danger of sinking to very low levels *as a people*, unless we cling more closely to the staff of literature and art, and try to elevate ourselves above the petty surroundings of a colonial life by the alchemy of mental culture and refinement. For what are books but the printed experiences of men in every branch of human knowledge? And how can we know the value of these records unless we test them by the inward light of our own intelligence and wit? To know ourselves thoroughly is not given to all; but to whomsoever it is given to know but a portion of the human heart, to him also will be given the power of suitable expression. Thus poetry, painting, and sculpture, and even tragedy and music, have their highest manifestation in keen and subtle intellects, who dream dreams, and leave it to a sympathetic audience to interpret the pathos and harmony of their midnight reveries. If we have no sympathy, we can have no love; and if we have no love, we are but miserable creatures indeed. To these, "a primrose by the river's brim is a simple primrose, and nothing more." Their natures give no responsive thrill as the great mystery of life, under all its conditions, is being unfolded and laid bare for their instruction and delight. Colour, warmth, sound are barren names, whose histories are writ in an unknown tongue, and the alphabet of whose language has never been unravelled. For these, the noblest picture is but a blotch of paint; a gorgeous sunset, a trial to the sight. Like Aladdin of old, they move in a garden where all the flowers and fruits are as precious stones, if the enchanter's wand has unsealed their eyes; but where the baser visitors find only rubbish and glass. Until our eyes and hearts have been opened to the ineffable beauty of this wondrous world of ours, with all its wealth of harmonious combination in hill and valley, flower and tree, what matters it how many books and galleries have been passed in review and idly conned. In the shifting scenes of earth and sky, our truest pleasure resides in the power of grasping and reading the beauty and grace that underlie all nature's laws; and this is a power that we can never possess unless we subject ourselves to mental discipline, and learn to be simple and true.

* * * * *

I believe we shall never take a rational pride in this beautiful country until we master the leading principles of art, and eschew the vicious course of excitement so widely adopted by all classes. At present our ignorance of art generally is our only excuse for not tasting nobler food. Nothing but compulsory free education will ever touch the roots of our great social evils—intemperance and lust; and when this has been fairly started as a great national regenerator,

we may reasonably hope that the eye will be gratified as well as the heart and brain, and that simple pleasures will surpass in attractiveness the allurements of vice. Some day, no doubt, we shall have a picture gallery worthy the name; but while we can afford to wait for the growth of colonial painters, we cannot afford to wait much longer for the encouragement of a love for painting and art, that is now held everywhere to be inseparable from a liberal education.

The shadow of Table Mountain seems to overawe the 30,000 inhabitants of the city at its base, and blights the growth of æsthetic sympathies and artistic delights. The rising and setting of the sun; the play of light and shade upon the hills and clouds; the fantastic forms of vapour torn by wind; and the intricate delicate beauty of vegetable and insect life swarming around us,—all these and a hundred other delights are entirely lost upon the bulk of the population. They prefer to live like insects,—to eat and drink, to sleep and dance; and it is a crying shame that we have not tried to rouse them sooner out of their barbarous mode of living.

To secure the happiness and health of the greatest number is the duty of all,—and this can best be done by cultivating the mind. The growth of literature and art has not been forced in any country; but it has been fostered by all nations who see that brute force is the meanest of all forces, and that sensual enjoyments are debasing and spendthrift. The time, however, has now arrived when national interests require that education must be imposed upon all, to lessen crime, abate taxation, and enlist each combatant soul on the side of peace and happiness. But, as I have elsewhere said, many of us think of education as a useful thing; but only as we might think it in a dream. We do not grasp, as a truth that affects ourselves, the fact that education means less crime, less vice, less helplessness, less pauperism, less brutishness, and more of everything that makes society tranquil, prosperous, and wise. If this were grasped, as we grasp other truths in our waking moments, the tide of public opinion would speedily rise high enough to demolish, with an irresistible sweep, the crowd of puny but still effective obstacles which sectarian prejudices, and vicious religious prejudices, and official prejudices so blindly and perversely interpose. The example set us by Australia is very instructive upon this point. With a country not much better than our own, and with antecedents not half so respectable, the Australians have steadily set their children to wipe away the stain which poverty and crime had stamped upon their parentage. Where once the degraded convict cursed the soil, there are now to be found fair cities, with splendid churches and schools, and colleges, and even galleries and universities,—all of them the growth of free institutions, and paid for by private exertion, munificent public endowment, as well as private gifts. The towns are well supplied by local artists and handicraftsmen; the people are prosperous and contented; and the constant influx of new blood into the colony has kept alive strong family affection in cousins thousands of miles apart; while only lately

the electric cable has drawn the brain power of Europe within a day's reach of all. Here, then, we see the direct advantage of education to colonists. It puts them in possession of everything that can soothe their otherwise rough surroundings, and enables them to spend their money in furtherance of schemes that are directly concerned in their own immediate advancement. If they had not had the sense to spend their money thus, they never would have succeeded in building up an empire that bids fair to equal anything that has arisen from republican institutions elsewhere. The genius of this empire will not be for military glory, or increase of boundary, but for the development of the soil and the sons of that soil. At the Antipodes will rise another England, free of the mistakes that have hampered the old country; and unburdened by taxes and national debts, that are the mournful monuments of continental wars and ignorant expenditure of blood and coin in other people's quarrels. With no aristocracy to worship, and free of Junker lords, a colonist, fairly educated by the State, ought to be the freest and happiest of men,—free because he is not bound to worship blood, and happy because he can fitly enjoy his money's worth on worthy objects and aims, without fear of Mrs. Grundy.

So too with Prussia, once the smallest of foreign States, and now the acknowledged head of the great Germanic tribes. If her arms have triumphed everywhere, it is not because they are set in motion by an Emperor or a Bismarck; but because they have been handled and used with great intelligence by the cultured rank and file of the nation. It is to Germany then, with her compulsory system of State education, that the whole world looks for instruction in war and the arts of peace; and for the realization of such Utopian dreams as national unity and national happiness. It is in these thickly-peopled and not very rich German States that we see the poorest workman in full enjoyment of artistic treasures, that are a maze and a mystery to many a noble lord or London magnate. With an eye for colour and for good work they heartily discuss the gems of their galleries, and can see and enjoy thoroughly for a few pence what a few of our richest men can only at the utmost *possess*, and can but seldom enjoy. For the tendency of wealth is to reduce and degrade brain force. The power of purchase is made to override the power of selection and choice; and money, before long, will prove the devil's wages for the abolition and negation of all genius and national honour. Hence we feel the positive necessity of keeping wealth in its proper place, as the handmaid and not the mistress of literature and art. For if happiness and health mean absence of disturbing causes, they also mean no offence to the eye or ear, the heart or brain. And yet it is painful to see what a number of eyesores are constantly being called into being by the undue influence of filthy lucre upon servile minds. One of the first things that struck me on my return from England was the want of neatness and finish about everything colonial. If I may so express myself, the pictures all seemed to be in want of

frames; the hedges were ragged; the fences broken; and there was an air of sordid neglect about the prettiest estates, strangely at variance with the neatness and comfort one meets with in Europe. In the buildings there was no harmony of design; the eye was fatigued by the sameness of everything; and none but the natives seemed to have any love for colour, or hatred of whitewash. Dung-heaps, and dirt, and dust were strangely familiar objects in the landscape; while over all was spread an air of insufferable *ennui* and boredom, as if there was "nothing new and nothing true, and it didn't much matter."

For what, then, do we care? If not for glory or politics, or music or art, is it riches or trade? Well, suppose we become a very wealthy community—*cui bono*! Our rich men will become richer; but what about our poor men when they attain to wealth. Question, if you like, the use of money to a poor man, and still you will find that the *nouveaux riches* spend the largest fortunes with the greatest ease,—though neither wisely nor well. Perhaps, according to our lights, they even spend it badly; but do we spend our own fortunes so much the more usefully that we can afford to blame them for their ignorant abuse of money? Seeing that we live up to no very high ideal, is it strange that they too are gross in the gratification of their senses? Knowing nothing of taste, thinking little of feeling, scarcely lifted above their fellows by the power to read and write, they love to live like fighting-cocks, and at the close retire to a dung-hill to die. If they have earned their money by hard work, the process has been too gradual to turn their heads; but still they are true to their order, and either spend or continue to hoard. Now, it seems to me that more money is made here by pinching and saving than by extra exertion in work,—and hence we spend but little except on the necessities of life. Our wives, of course, have their own peculiar views as to what is meant by the term "necessary,"—and would be quite content for us to do all the saving, if they might be allowed to direct the spending! Well, suppose for once we meet their wishes, and how is the money got rid of? Is it in charity? In extra refinement or culture? In increased home comforts and domestic happiness? Or is it in dress, and jewellery, and plate?—in ill-concealed display?—in pretentious finery and extravagance? Here and there we may hear of accomplished women delighting a small circle by their talents, or spending their fortunes in the cause of gospel truth and education; but the bulk of women—sympathetic, good-hearted, and God-fearing women too—are absolutely fettered within a narrow round of conventional duties, and cannot move with freedom and ease, because they know not how.

The cure for this is plain. The girls of the future must be thoroughly well educated and sensibly brought up! There is nothing in a woman's frame to keep her from exercise or to injure her by exposure. Her natural desire to excel will save her from those excesses which spring from boisterous animal spirits; and with im-

proved health, resulting from early athletic exercises, she will have a more powerful home influence than at present obtains. It is especially in the adornment of homes that girlhood would then find its highest achievement. The resources of literature and art would in early life be thoroughly instilled into their minds; and their natural capacity for decoration and quiet tastes would be thoroughly developed, and made to bear fruit in them as mothers and wives. Our social life will never yield a full crop of happiness and health, unless we cultivate and develop woman's natural faculty for improving our point of view. In her power of directing our opinions rightly she has a greater claim upon public respect than in her equally potent gift of attracting us to our doom. While we smile and smile at all her attractive little ways, and follow her leading blindly, we might just as well set her upon a higher altar, and accept her oracles from a higher point of view. To give pleasure is a woman's chief object in life. To receive pleasure is the great aim of modern existence; and provided these points are not unduly pressed in the struggle for life, I can well conceive that the highest good will always be the outcome of every exertion and privation honestly made for the pleasure and happiness of others.

And, after all, what greater pleasure can we possibly enjoy than the society of well-bred, intelligent, healthy young women? If males and females were taught the same subjects side by side in youth, many social wrongs would quickly wither and disappear. None of us grow evil or good in a day. It is by association with each other in early life that we shall best eradicate the seeds of sin and passion, and cause adult life to bloom with innocence and purity. In America, the physical health of women is degenerating, not because of their high mental culture, but because they neglect the body too much. Their brains are too active, and they overstrain themselves to physical exhaustion by the very fire and fury of their wills reacting on their frames. Now, there is no need of this with us. Let the State and the Church but arouse themselves to the wants of the people, and education will do for the female mind what the introduction of good blood has done everywhere for the improvement of stock. What we want is not so much "blue stockingism" as the infusion of gameness into woman's nature,—a quiet determination in all things to struggle bravely to the end; and the possession of so much of the blood of a high-spirited and well-bred horse as is involved in the retention of all the higher qualities of docility, beauty, intelligence, and perfect sympathy with the objects of the trainer and owner.

In concluding this homily, let me draw my readers' attention to a little poem of Lowell's, which brings out so well the contrast between the two forces constantly at work in human affairs, and illustrates so beautifully the tempers which should underlie all action in them, that I am sure they will thank me for quoting it here. It is called "Above and Below."

ABOVE.

O dwellers in the valley land,
 Who in deep twilight grope and cower,
 Till the slow mountain's dial-hand
 Shortens to noon's triumphant hour,—
 While ye sit idle, do ye think
 The Lord's great work sits idle too,
 That light dare not o'erleap the brink
 Of morn, because it is dark with you ?

Though yet your valleys skulk in night,
 In God's ripe field the day is cried,
 And reapers, with their sickles bright,
 Troop, singing, down the mountain side ;
 Come up and feel what health there is
 In the frank Dawn's delighted eyes,
 As, bending with a pitying kiss,
 The night-shed tears of earth she dries.

The Lord wants reapers ; oh, mount up,
 Before Night comes, and cries " Too late !"
 Stay not for taking scrip or cup,
 The Master hungers while ye wait ;
 'Tis from these heights alone your eyes
 The advancing spears of day may see,
 Which o'er the Eastern hill-tops rise
 To break your long captivity.

BELOW

Lone watcher on the mountain height !
 It is right precious to behold
 The first long surf of climbing light
 Flood all the thirsty East with gold ;
 But we who in the twilight sit
 Know also that the day is nigh,
 Seeing thy shining forehead lit
 With his inspiring prophecy.

Thou hast thine office : we have ours :
 God lacks not early service here,
 But what are thine *eleventh* hours
 He counts with us as morning cheer :
 One day for Him is long enough,
 And when He giveth work to do,
 The bruised reed is amply tough
 To pierce the shield of error through.

But not the less do thou aspire
 Light's earlier messages to teach,
 Keep back no syllable of fire—
 Plunge deep the rowels of thy speech,
 Yet God deems not thine æried flight
 More worthy than our twilight dim—
 For brave obedience, too, is Light,
 And following that is finding *Him*.

The Willow Leaves.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME TASTU.

The air was clear ;—one last autumnal day
Took, as it quitted us, the crown away
 From oak and pine ;
The sun, the season, and my life I saw
All, all at once before my eyes withdraw
 In ordered line.

Beside an aged trunk, reclined at ease,
I strove the brooding presence to appease
 Of luckless days ;
On the cold wave, or the still verdant ground,
The withered leaves that fell without a sound
 Deep musings raise.

From the old willow that above me hung
My listless hand with frolic purpose wrung
 A tender shoot ;
Then stripping from it all its flimsy pride,
I followed with my eyes adown the tide
 Its onward route.

A little space I watched its even course,
Like a small boat borne by the current's force,
 Scarce seen to move ;
Sudden a ripple flung it to the bank ;
Tho' light the shock, the hapless venture sank ;—
 My fears I prove !

Poor and fantastic mockery of my pain !
From each thin waif I would the mystic chain
 Of life divine !
Let's see, said I, unto the floating leaf,
What issues wait my lot, for joy or grief,
 If linked to thine.

A leaf new-blown I threw upon the wave,
Testing the lot a firm expectance gave
 My faithful lyre ;
In vain ! The thing I hoped was not to be ;
A gust arose—behold my counsels flee
 And heart's desire.

Upon that stream, that saw my hopes decay,
 And all my cunning purpose borne away
 Before the blast,
 Shall I unto the faithless wave remand
 A wish more dear?—No, no; my timid hand
 Recoils aghast.

Wroth with itself, my poor weak heart in vain
 Strove to shake off its sullen load of pain,
 A secret dread;
 Fears come unquestioned to the troubled soul;
 They bade dark clouds of boding import roll
 Above my head.

My hand let fall the sapling to the ground;
 Lonely I took my way in thought profound
 Reluctantly;
 And in the right way fancy's restless tide
 Went back to those prophetic leaves beside
 The willow-tree.

J. G.

Concerning Women.

THERE is a movement at present exciting much attention at home, which is rarely mentioned in colonial newspapers, and, except to point a joke, as seldom spoken about in colonial society. We refer to what is commonly called "The Woman's Right" movement.

We cannot help thinking that the simple style of living, and want of first-class schools and colleges for girls, has something to do with this lack of interest. Colonial wives and daughters have, more especially in the country, a very different life from that of their more or less (according to taste) favoured sisters at home. In a large family in the country, where soap, candles, underclothing, dresses, and coats have all to be made in the house, and in addition the mother has to be head nurse and the daughters have to do all the finer housework, there is no chance of even three or four girls leading an idle or a useless life. No young man, also, would be afraid of marrying any young lady with such capable hands, even if he had only that favourite joke of *Punch*, £200 a year. Another thing that must be said for our girls is, that they do not expect to begin where their mothers ended, and we think are contented with a much humbler beginning in the way of house and furniture than would content a home girl belonging to the same class.

Besides, there is a constant influx of young men into the Colony, and not that steady outflow which is so characteristic of home life. These reasons, combined, tend to prevent the growth of that large class of single women which is such a marked social feature in the mother country. To the lack of colleges and first-class schools for

girls we must trace the want of intellectual stimulus and ambition which has given rise to one side of this movement at home ; yet would it not be well if there was a little more of this among our capable girls, and if their heads got as much training as their hands ? When one wanders from household matters it is occasionally a little difficult to get subjects of conversation, and to be shut up in a house without books during a tract of rainy weather is not an experience one likes to repeat.

What is this movement that is giving rise to so much discussion at home ? Having myself rather vague ideas on the subject, and labouring under the impression that it was some rampagious women, wanting to wear coats and pantaloons, put M.D. after their names, and mount platform and pulpit indiscriminately, that were exciting all this talk and discussion, I thought it was well to get a hold of some of the literature of the subject and decide for myself on the merits of the case.

I was, I confess, surprised when the true view of the subject dawned on my mind. It seemed to be simply this—women claiming a right to live either materially or mentally.

There are a large number of women in the United Kingdom who *must* work for their bread, and *never* will have a home or home sphere in which to work. To such it is surely a bitter mockery to say, "Home is your place, go back to it." What these women claim as their particular right is, to be allowed to enter any employment suitable to their strength and that will afford them a moderate subsistence, instead of being forced, if ladies, to become governesses, however unfit for the post, or, if belonging to a humbler rank, to take the needle, with the slow death which trying to live by it entails.

These workers also claim that as there must be a large number of women workers, there should be some way of getting trained for different kinds of work, as men are, so that they may not be always obliged to take subordinate situations at the smallest amount of pay that can keep body and soul together. These women cannot help arguing that instead of this rant about women's working independently blunting men's chivalrous feeling, it would be true chivalry in men to give them fair-play both in training and choice of work, and that it is the reverse to shove these weaker must-be workers, and often bread-winners for others, to the wall. If men will not show to the worker rather than beggar the courtesy they would do to the lady, let them at least give fair-play. So say and so plead our honest working women.

But there is our second class, who claim a right to live intellectually ; what have they to say for themselves ? There is no doubt that in this class the principal offenders are to be found. They, with the clever heads and fluent tongues, are the voice of the first class. Not having to work for dear life, they have time to look about them and consider how best they may lighten the lot of the must-be workers ; and so they are always found in the front of the battle, and the epithets hurled at them are certainly the reverse of complimentary.

We have said that these women claim to live intellectually, and so they actually do. The unfortunates have perhaps, by one of those great natural laws the working of which is so perplexing, inherited from a clever father a brain and mind considerably above the average. By another natural law, that clever brain will not lie dormant, but craves work, and threatens if refused to take a terrible revenge. How many doctors could tell us if they liked about mysterious nervous cases beyond their power to cure? How many unfortunate women have schooled themselves with superhuman patience to a quiet home life with no aim or purpose, because people told them it was the proper life for women to lead? They schooled their hearts, but the brain was beyond their power. A day came at last when friends talked of a mysterious providence; but some of these, more plain than pleasant folks, remarked, "It is only a wonder her brain stood it so long; she might have lived a happy and useful life, poor thing!" There are others of a more determined cast, who having once tasted what it is to have full work, when deprived of it by friends or force of circumstances take to narcotics as the only way of getting into a quiet and, as people call it, a womanly frame of mind. It is the right of a woman who, by no fault of her own, has been born with the gift of intellect, at least so the woman thinks, to claim life for it. Fair-play and no favour is all that she asks. If not soured by opposition or made masculine by having to fight every inch of her way, the intellectual woman will repay society for the help it has afforded her, by raising the tone of any circle in which she may move; and perhaps some fashionable doctor will lack a nervous patient or perchance some churchyard a quiet sleeper who might have been a busy worker in life's highway but for this to a woman often fatal though unsought gift of intellect.

There is a third class of women, however, that also put in a woman's right,—not to live materially, she may not need to do that,—nor to live intellectually, for she may not have brain power for that,—but to live for others in the wide sense of Christ's answer to the question, "Who is my neighbour?" Such women claim their right to live morally and spiritually for the world's needs. Tell them home is their sphere, they will answer, "True; but it is not to nestle warm and safe in a home of our own, but to teach the many women who know not the word, or even the idea how to make one." Fair-play and a little slackening of conventional bonds is again asked by this third class, so that they may be able to do to the utmost the work that God has opened their eyes to see lying around, or calling to them from some distant corner of the land,—some training that so they may understand in some measure this mysterious compound of soul and body called human nature that they are going to try and help, and not maim the one to save the other or hinder the one to help the other. If there is naught unwomanly in doing such work, there is surely naught unwomanly in seeking to have the skill to do it aright.

It has been said that all this clamour about women's rights is

tending to give us masculine women, not at all the right sort for wives and mothers. Somehow or other, wives and mothers don't seem to have changed much in the last dozen years, and babies are not a bit uglier or more precocious.

This clamour, as it is called, is only the nineteenth century taking off the hatches, and a long smothered cry finding its way into the upper regions. Life and freedom are all that is asked. Is there not room for a granting of them? As to how, when a woman has many sides, the developing of them all fully and freely can make her masculine is a little puzzling, although we can dimly understand that seeking to dwarf her intellectually and develop her domestically may lead a clever woman to dislike cookery and sewing, and overrate mere headwork. But the undomestic girls of the period, with their long milliner's bills, do not belong to any of the three classes we have just mentioned. On running over a list of some fashionable parties and balls, where the dresses seem to have gone to the utmost limit vanity and fashionable milliners could devise, we lighted upon a scientific *conversazione*; almost all present belonged to the literary world, *dress not at all notable*.

There is no doubt that there are strong-minded women who have done much to disgust people with the whole subject by their intemperate action and rash speeches. These are the women who talk of its being easier to do certain professional work than nurse a sick or fretting child all day. In all things they ape the masculine as much as possible,—exalt celibacy and depreciate marriage. Women of this class forget that the strength of their sex lies not in an ill-fitting masculinity, but in developing to the utmost God's gift to their womanliness. A lady doctor (and as such creatures are in existence we need not ignore them) will succeed in her part of the profession just as she is both the woman and the doctor,—the woman full of womanly wiles to soothe or coax the refractory little patient, well skilled in baby language and nursery rhymes. A motherly womanliness it must be, too, that will win the story of her aches and ails from that defiantly shy growing girl, and be therefore able to put a stop to some incipient mischief that is slowly sapping the bright girl life. There is a place for womanly doctors, and if we get the right kind, society will be the gainer; but we want no jackdaws in borrowed plumes.

If women would only be true to themselves, and just frankly acknowledge that to be a wife and mother in the true sense of the words is the highest position that a woman can occupy, no education can be too thorough, no training too extensive to enable her to fill such a position aright.

To none except a mother is given the shaping of immortal beings, and at the same time the key to unlock their minds and hearts. How many that have to work among "other people's children," as the saying is, make terrible mistakes, and, as regards education, often fatal blunders, for want of this mother's key. And whose presence is it that seems to come between the grown-up son and the foul fiend of

temptation? Is it not his mother's? She is his ideal of womanhood, and well for him if it has been a high and worthy one.

Before men a man will try to appear whole, however far wrong things may be going with him, and however broken, mentally or morally, he may really be. If such a man have a true wife, it is before her he doffs the mask, and it is to her gentle ministry he surrenders the tired body and weary mind. He may have done wrong and be suffering for it; but he knows well that she will divine his self-blame, and not heap on that blame of others which more often makes us defiant than repentant. Ay, but a man in this state does not want the girl of the period, with her folly and frippery, nor the woman of the period, who speaks as if she were addressing a social science meeting and wears a frock coat. No; he craves a certain old-fashioned woman, with a quiet voice and soft step, who can understand his trouble, and if he have brought it on himself, while not excusing the sin can yet have an almost god-like pity for the sinner. Who says that such work as this, bearing and training immortal souls, and being the one to whom in all pain and sin and trouble a man will turn, is not the highest and most god-like a woman can do?

But how many women must suffer for the sin of Mother Eve by never attaining the highest place or being able to do the best work a woman can put her hand to under the sun. Modern society is not the Garden of Eden, and we must look at things as they are, and not as God intended them to be. The working women of England count by the thousand; let them be recognized, and sufficient provision made for them, so that it may never come to be a woman's question, "Which shall I sacrifice, body or soul?" Let our gifted women, who must be workers because that in them there is a hidden fire, have free scope and the best training and education we can give them; but let them not part with their womanliness, for, whether they know it or not, it is their strength. Let them also beware of the serpent, who would fain make of them second Eves and use their talents to draw men still farther from God by that insidious "Hath God said?"

Let us give some encouragement to our would-be working women, who perchance have given up all chance of individual happiness so that others may gain thereby. The needs of society and the world are great and their help-meets are wanted everywhere. But a word of warning and advice. Nondescripts in frock-coats, with hard manners, and neither the strength of the one sex nor the softness of the other, are not wanted, except by themselves and *Punch*; neither are resuscitations of the Middle Ages in ugly caps and gowns; nor yet another class, the sickly sentimental, who, because a man has made a bad use of this life, would give him a crown in the next, and who would supersede the catechism answer to the question, "Who made you?" by Topsy's, "Spects I growed."

What the age does want are good, capable, motherly women, to whom the little ones run and the bruised and broken in the great battle of life instinctively turn.

Charade.

Près des femmes je suis, on ne peut mieux posé
 Elles me doivent tant ! A tromper je les aide,
 Je soutiens ce qui tombe, affermis ce qui cède ;
 L'angle le plus aigu, l'os le mieux accusé
 En contour délicat, par mes soins, se transforme.
 Je prête à tout défaut une élégante forme.
 En mes replis savants je cache des secrets
 Que voudraient pénétrer bien des yeux indiscrets.
 L'illusion vaut mieux, crois moi, lecteur, et tache
 De savoir qui je suis, mais non ce que je cache.

L.

Wynberg, October, 1873.

TRANSLATION.

Near the fair ones my place is—no place could be better—
 They owe me so much ! In each fraud their abettor,
 What would fall I support, I make firm what would yield ;
 The sharpest of angles, the bone most revealed,
 By my aid to a delicate outline gives place,
 And each very defect wears an elegant grace.
 In the cunningest folds I the secrets conceal
 Which indiscreet eyes fain would have me reveal.
 Illusion is better, believe me :—then try,
 Not to know what I hide, but to guess who am I ?

A. W. C.

THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Two Years on Inaccessible.

[ABOUT midway between the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn, in the South Atlantic ocean, are situated the strangely isolated group of peaked volcanic islands, Tristan d'Acunha, Inaccessible, and Nightingale. My first acquaintance with them dates something like a quarter of a century ago. Voyaging then in the good bark *Earl of Ripon*, one of our passengers, the Rev. W. F. Taylor, now of Mossel Bay, was specially commissioned by the S. P. G. to officiate as a chaplain or missionary of the English Church on the only island of the three then inhabited, Tristan d'Acunha. Our skipper had promised to do his best to land the chaplain at his destination—without being positively bound to do so. For three days we cruised about the latitudes and longitudes indicated on the charts without discovering anything more resembling land than the merest Cape Fly-aways of clouds. Various theories were started to account for our mystification. One was that all previous surveys of the place must have been wrong: another and a more probable one was that Tristan, though nine thousand feet in height, being after all no better than a volcanic island, had been volcanically swallowed up—at which our friend the chaplain seemed horrified considerably, and would have been so in reality hadn't his exhaustless stores of philosophy come unto his aid. I remember well how on the evening of the third day of our exploration the skipper most reluctantly ordered the ship's head to be turned eastward for the Cape; and just as the sun was setting our friend the expectant chaplain was gazing wistfully westward in the direction of that setting sun, which as Chance, or Fate, or Providence would have it, came straight down upon the conical peak of Tristan nine thousand feet in height and at the very least quite ninety miles away. How we promptly changed our course, sped back for Tristan—our reverend friend's destination, which was reached by the forenoon of next day—landed him there, and made acquaintance with old Governor Glass, whose name revived the memories of the good old times of Lord Charles Somerset and other celebrities at the Cape of Good Hope—it booteth not to tell. It must suffice to say that after landing our friend and companion on Tristan we steered round the western extremity of the

island ; and, urged on more swiftly than we cared for by a close-reefed topsail breeze from the nor'-west, we were speeding past Tristan on the south of it ; saw Inaccessible and Nightingale like dim gaunt solitary spectres in the ocean some twenty miles still further to the southward ; and in the most unexpected fashion getting under the lee of Tristan found ourselves becalmed and setting steadily by a current inwards upon an inevitably destructive iron-bound coast. How from this all but certain destruction we escaped it is unnecessary now to tell. But our impressions on that occasion were such as kept the neighbouring isles of Nightingale and Inaccessible in very vivid remembrance ever since. I bring the isle of Inaccessible especially into the prominent notice of the readers of the *Magazine* now in connection with the expedition of H.M.St. *Challenger*. In a sketch written by Commander Maclear, and published in the *Argus* of the 1st November, descriptive of the recent cruising of that vessel, the following passage appeared :—"On passing the islands of Tristan d'Acunha, advantage was taken of a calm to make a thorough examination and survey of the group—Tristan d'Acunha, Inaccessible Island, and Nightingale Island. On Inaccessible Island were two Germans who had been living a very Robinson Crusoe life for two years. They had first come to the island in hope of killing a quantity of seal ; but had lost their boat and had failed in their enterprise. The account of their lives would be the foundation of a good story for another De Foe." Thanks to the kindness of one of the officers of the *Challenger*, the account of these Crusoes' lives—so much desiderated by Commander Maclear—is herewith supplied ; and I only hope that some South African De Foe may arise with gifts and powers sufficient to enable him to do justice to the extremely interesting narratives and observations which are here appended in their original yet graphic simplicity, as they were taken down from the lips of the adventurers themselves.—ED. C.M.M.]

The Story of Gustav Stoltenhoff (the Younger).

Born near Aix-la-Chapelle in 1852, I was educated for a year and a half at the German Seamen's School in Hamburg, from 1868 to 1869, when I went on my first voyage to the River Plate in a Hamburg vessel, the *Wilhelmina*, as an apprentice, returning *viâ* Bahia with a cargo of sugar, which was discharged at Bristol the same year. I returned home, and remained the winter of 1869. In the spring of 1870 I joined another Hamburg vessel as ordinary seaman. She was bound to Pernambuco for sugar, which was taken to Greenock, the Franco-German war having commenced. At Greenock the crew were discharged ; but not being old enough to serve in the German navy, I was not sent back to Hamburg. On 1st August, 1870, at Greenock, I joined the English ship *Beacon Light*, belonging to St. John's, Newfound-

land, Capt. Fry, about to sail for Rangoon. I shipped as ordinary seaman. The cargo consisted of coal, and whilst on the passage out the coals caught fire. We were then, so the captain told us, between six and seven hundred miles to the north-west of Tristan d'Acunha. For three days all hands were engaged pumping water into the ship, and clearing her again; the hatches being closed, and precaution taken to prevent air getting to the cargo. During this time the ship was nearing Tristan with a fair wind, going about six knots. On the third day the hatches blew up about seven o'clock in the evening; the second mate being carried overboard with the main hatch, on which he was standing at the moment of the explosion. All the crew who were near the hatches were more or less burnt. The boats had been prepared and provisioned ready to leave the ship, and about 7 a.m. they were got out. The first, long-boat, successfully,—in this the captain, cook, steward, and I think two men. I was placed in this boat, being ill at the time from the effects of a fall from aloft. The long-boat was veered astern, and the next and smaller boat hoisted out. In doing this one of the tackles slipped, the boat fell into the water and swamped; one of the three men in her being drowned. One other boat remained, a dingy. She was lifted over the stern by some of the crew who got into her, and from her joined us in the long-boat. All counted, the crew consisted of eighteen; two were drowned, and the remaining sixteen were stowed in one boat. The captain steered south-east for Tristan, the boat being under a jib and reefed mainsail; the weather squally and rainy, and a rough sea. Leaving the ship on Friday evening,—the morning of Saturday brought fine weather, and our clothes were dried. In the boat there was a sufficiency of provisions, but not a large quantity of water. The wine in the boat was not touched. Saturday morning and evening we received a portion of raw ham and biscuit; but only a small cup of water. The wind falling light more sail was made, and our blankets used as studding sails. On Sunday afternoon, about 4 p.m., we sighted Tristan, distant, the captain said, thirty miles. Sunday night was fine, and the following morning early, about 6 a.m., we saw a boat coming round the point to our assistance. She contained five or six of the islanders, and they towed us into the large sandy beach on the left of the settlement. On landing every attention was shown to us, and we were quartered by twos amongst the different families. I was with Thomas Glass, and was well fed. My shipmates were equally fortunate. We helped the islanders in their daily occupations, such as planting potatoes, &c. After eight days' stay an American whaling bark called, and took away our carpenter and one of the other men. As she was cruising, and not bound for a port, the remainder of us did not ship,—and no objection to our remaining was made, to my knowledge, by the islanders. Two or three days later two more American whalers called for refreshments, and on the eighteenth day of our stay the English ship *Northfleet*, Capt. Oates, bound to Aden with coal, hove to off the

settlement, and we all went off in boats to her. Arrangements were made with Capt. Oates to take us all to Aden; and, after staying two hours, the ship sailed with us. We had taken our blankets to the *Northfleet*; but gave our boat and all the clothes we could spare to the islanders.

The *Northfleet*, on her voyage to Aden, sprung a leak,—and in bad weather we were obliged to use the pumps frequently. We arrived at Aden in about six or seven weeks; and here I shipped in the English steamer *Mima Thomas*, and went to Bombay, returning to Trieste and Havre. At Havre I was discharged, and rejoined Frederick at Aix-la-Chapelle.

Frederick was unable to return to his old position as clerk in a merchant's office, and I was anxious to go to sea again. I had learnt at Tristan that 1,700 seals had been captured in the season of 1869, at the neighbouring island Nightingale; and, eventually, we both decided to pay a visit to Tristan, and try our fortunes in seal-hunting.

The Story of Frederick Stoltenhoff (the Elder).

Born in Moscow, of German parents, cloth dyers by trade, in 1846, at the outbreak of the Franco-German war I was employed as a clerk in a merchant's office at Aix-la-Chapelle. I was called on by the Government to serve with the German army, being attached to the 15th division of the second army,—and by the following Christmas I reached the position of second lieutenant. After taking part in the siege of Metz and Thionville, the battalion I served in was detached south to join General Werder's army. At the finish of the campaign I was discharged and returned home.

In June, 1871, my younger brother Gustav returned home from Tristan d'Acunha, where he landed with the crew of a St. John's (Newfoundland) vessel, the *Beacon Light*, which had been lost by fire about three hundred miles to the north-west of Tristan. The crew were taken from the island by the *Northfleet* (the ship afterwards sunk off Dungeness), and carried to Aden, from whence Gustav, having joined an English steamer, came to Germany.

My brother's account of the life at Tristan, and his desire to return there, led me to join him in a venture to the island,—not with a view to remaining there by settling; but to endeavour to realize a sum by seal-hunting and barter. With this view, after making preparation, we left Southampton for St. Helena in the English steamer *Northam*, in August, 1871, and were landed there the following month. On the 6th November we left St. Helena in an American whaler, the *Java*, Captain Manter, hailing from New Bedford, bound on a cruise in the South Atlantic. We shipped as passengers, and were to have been landed at Tristan. During the passage across, the captain's account of the settlers at the island, and the probable

reception we should meet with from them, was in direct opposition to my brother's description of the place and people, after a stay of eighteen days only. Capt. Manter described Inaccessible Island as a fertile place, with a valley running up from the beach on the west side; and that the island itself and the next (Nightingale) were the seats of a seal and sea-elephant fishery. His knowledge was derived, so he said, from several visits to Inaccessible Island, where he had landed and seen both pigs and goats. Eventually my brother and I decided to try our fortunes at Inaccessible Island, and we were landed there by the whaler's boats on 27th November, 1871. We had with us a whale-boat (old), bought at St. Helena, with mast, sail, and oars, two hundred pounds rice, two hundred pounds flour, one hundred pounds biscuit, twenty pounds coffee, ten pounds tea, thirty pounds sugar, one barrel coarse salt (afterwards washed away), thirty pounds block salt, and a small quantity of pepper, eight pounds tobacco, fourteen empty barrels for oil, five bottles of hollands, six bottles of Cape wine, six bottles of vinegar, some epsom salts (the only medicine). We each had two blankets, some shoes and boots, and our ordinary clothes. The captain of the whaler sold us a lantern and a bottle of oil; but we had no candles. For lighting purposes we had six dozen boxes Bryant and May's matches. A wheelbarrow, two spades and a shovel, two pickaxes, kettle, frying-pan, two sauce-pans, and eating utensils. For arms, we were in possession of a short Enfield muzzle-loading rifle, an old German fowling-piece, two and a half pounds powder (and to this the mate of the whaler added one pound of blasting powder), two hundred bullets, and enough lead with which we made one hundred bullets more, four sheath knives (such as are used by sailors), a saw, a few nails, hammer, two chisels, some twine, two or three gimlets, a door, three spars for a roof, and a glazed sash for a window, two iron buckets. Our clothes were in chests; and we brought covers which were easily filled with bird's feathers, and made good beds. On 27th November, 1871, we came ashore on the west side of the island, the whaler leaving in a quarter of an hour's time, after giving us a few potatoes for seed,—and we had brought with us seeds of nearly all the common garden vegetables. A bitch and three pups accompanied us.

My brother at once started in search of goats or pigs, climbing, by aid of the tussack grass the side of the cliff to the top of the island. He was too tired to return that night, and failed to shoot any game. The next day he rejoined me, and we built a hut for shelter. The whaler's crew had hauled our boat up for us. After a day's rest we both in company went after game and shot a pig, and saw but failed to get near any goats. Four days after landing we received a visit from sixteen men, in two boats, from Tristan d'Acunha,—which island was cleared of men with the exception of two. The sealing season had set in, and this was their yearly visit, hastened after learning from the captain of the *Java* that we had landed and were in possession of four boxes and letters from St.

Helena for the islanders. The *Java*, after leaving us, had been becalmed off Tristan, and during the night a boat had come off to her to procure supplies. The captain of the *Java*, so the men told me, declined to barter with them, being so short a time from port.

As soon as our goods were housed, it was our intention to take advantage of the first southerly wind and fine weather to visit Tristan, and deliver the four boxes, letters, and messages from the relatives of the islanders living at St. Helena. The two boats landed at the north side of Inaccessible Island, and the men came round in their boats to meet us. Their stay, it being late in the afternoon, extended over an hour only, and during this time they behaved very well to us, and offered assistance, teaching us how to build huts from the tussack grass. The next morning we received another visit from a dozen of them who had been in search of goats and crossed the island by land. These men helped us to build a small hut. They also explained that the position we had taken was bad, and advised us to shift to the north side of the island. Bad weather prevented any further intercourse for a couple of days; after which my brother and I crossed the hills to the north side, and were shown the road down the cliff by one of the party, and the position of our future home. We returned to our first position the next day. Up to this time the Tristan people thought that we were going to return to their island with them, and showed good feeling to us. Our goods were fetched to the north side by one of their boats during their ten days' stay, and we ourselves lived there with them for two days. Being anxious to obtain a cow, a heifer, and a young bull, I made arrangements with Green to bring them over, if possible, and this he agreed to do about Christmas. After a stay of nine or ten days the Tristan men left for their island; they had procured only one seal.

This brings us to the commencement of December, 1871. We at once set about building a house, cleared some ground, planted our seeds and potatoes, and made preparation for staying some time on the island. It was summer, with fine weather as a rule; a splendid supply of water fell down the side of the mountain, within a hundred yards of our hut, and firewood was easily procured in the wood alongside of us. The seals were landing in different spots, it being the pupping season, and we were able to procure nineteen; the skins were afterwards sold, and we were not able to make any quantity of oil. Three sea-elephants were ashore on the north side when the men from Tristan landed, but they were not captured. Our first house failed to stand the rain, the pitch of the roof being too little. This necessitated its being pulled down, and we shifted our quarters a little nearer the waterfall, our water supply. Up to this time, although hard work was necessary, we had experienced no hardships; but our supplies of rice, flour, and biscuit were rapidly disappearing. Working below every day we were not able to climb the cliff in search of pigs or goats, and thus supplement our first supply of provisions.

The middle of January saw the end of the regular sealing season. In seal-hunting around the island our whale-boat, which was too heavy for two men to handle, was damaged in landing in the surf; but was yet serviceable by aid of constant bailing. We had seen nothing of our neighbours; and only a few ships passed within sight of the island, without stopping. In the beginning of April, 1872, the tussack by which we had ascended the cliff close to the house caught fire, whilst we were clearing the ground below by burning, and all the tussack on the north side was destroyed. Our means of reaching game being thus cut off, and winter approaching, it became imperative to begin laying in provisions. With this view we cut the whale-boat in halves, and, discarding the worse portion, succeeded in making a smaller boat, which would float in fine weather. To this specimen of naval architecture we gave the name of *Sea Cart*! By aid of the boat a visit was made to the west side of the island, whence we could climb to the plateau; and shooting two goats we salted them down. A fat pig also assisted our store, by furnishing a bucket of fat for frying potatoes; the carcase of the pig was too heavy for our boat when laden with the other supplies. The meat of the wild goats we found to be most delicate and finely flavoured. In November, 1871, the number of goats we counted to be twenty-three, chiefly rams. Of these, three were shot by the Tristan people, six were shot by us, and fourteen remained during the winter. The number of wild pigs was great; the boars, although of different sizes, standing in some cases as high as a sheep. Their food, other than roots and grass, is furnished in endless quantity by the birds and their eggs, of which an immense number are consumed by them. The meat of the boar is rank and uneatable; that of the sows wholesome and good. On 14th May, 1872 (by our reckoning), an English ship came in sight; we lighted a fire, and attracted the attention of her crew. The *Sea Cart* was not in a condition to go off to the vessel, and the look of the surf on the beach prevented the captain from attempting to land; and to our regret and disappointment the vessel made sail again and passed on. At Tristan d'Acunha her master reported that he had seen two people and a large square-sterned black boat on the beach, but that no one came off. Had we been able to communicate with this vessel, it was not our intention to leave the island if we could have obtained supplies. The winter set in in June, the month following; but was never very severe, although we experienced a lot of rain, and heavy gales generally from the north-west. It never froze on the level of the sea; but during a strong gale from the south-east the *Sea Cart* was washed off the beach and broken up. In May our first and only crop of potatoes obtained that year was dug, and during the following months some of the other vegetables were fit for food. Unable to reach the plateau, after the loss of the boat, our store of provisions was soon so reduced, although husbanded with care, that we were obliged to diminish our allowance daily to a quantity just sufficient to maintain

life; and at the middle of August we were little better than skeletons. The male penguins, forming part of a rookery about half a mile from our hut, had landed at the end of July; and in the middle of August, when it became almost a necessity to resort to killing them for sustenance, the females came ashore, laid their eggs a fortnight later on the nests already formed or built by their lords, and we were only too glad to avail ourselves of this supply of food. The day previous to the penguins laying we had eaten our last potato, and were without any supply of provisions whatever. The only other birds within our reach were the night-birds, and a few thrushes and canaries; of these the thrushes only were fit for food. In the first week of September, 1872, we were glad enough to sight a French bark, which hove to off our beach, and whose captain landed after seeing our signals. We shipped in her our nineteen seal skins; and, in return for a lot of eggs, her captain gave us about sixty pounds of biscuit and a couple of pounds of tobacco. Fearing the weather, the captain of this vessel did not land again, and we could not obtain any further supply. The bark was bound to the East Indies, and had she arrived a fortnight sooner both my brother and myself would certainly have been most glad to quit our habitation. A fortnight on a diet of eggs *ad libitum* had so far restored our strength that we decided yet to remain. During the next month our food consisted of eggs and the biscuit from the French vessel. In October, 1872, on the 20th, a schooner (fore and aft) was seen standing in towards the island. She proved to be the *Themis*, a schooner making sealing voyages amongst the islands in the South Atlantic, from the Cape of Good Hope. A gale of wind drove her to sea for two days, when she returned and communicated, landing six men and boys, in a boat from Tristan d'Acunha. The captain of the schooner, who landed with them, was civil, and offered me some salt pork and biscuit; we accepted about thirty pounds of the former and a small quantity of the latter. The schooner sailed the same day. Both of us were anxious to take passage in her, and intended to have done so on her return in a few weeks' time, when her captain stated he would revisit the island. The interim was to have been spent in trapping seal, the season for which had commenced. Indeed, the next day we obtained the finest skin of our collection. Although civil in making us a present of pork and biscuit, to which was added two pounds of tobacco, the captain of the *Themis* declined to barter except for seal skins, and of these we were unfortunately not possessed. The men of Tristan had come over, they stated, to see what we were doing; but they had not availed themselves of the opportunity by the schooner of sending the cattle promised, and they excused themselves in different ways for not having brought them in their own boats. Several small articles were appropriated by our visitors during their stay of half a day, when they returned to the schooner and left the island. No goats or pigs were shot by them, and they promised another visit in a fortnight. During the next few days we

worked hard to catch seals, with which to pay our passage to the Cape on the return of the *Themis*. The *Themis* never returned, and we were doomed to disappointment. At the end of October our supply of penguin eggs failed, and we were compelled to seek another source of subsistence. On the 10th of November, our supply of biscuit and pork being exhausted, and the weather being very calm and fine, my brother and I swam around the nearest point to the eastward, with our blankets, the rifle, and a spare suit of clothes,—the latter with our powder, matches, and kettle in one of the oil casks. Stopping the night at the foot of the cliff, the next morning we both mounted by aid of the tussack grass to the plateau, and went over to the west side, and descended to the vicinity of our first abode. Here we built a hut, and having shot a pig, enjoyed a feast of fresh meat. The next day I shot a goat, on which, with the meat of six others subsequently killed by me, we lived till the 10th December. The goats I found had increased to nineteen during the winter. Returning on the 10th December to our house, we arrived at the conclusion that our stay on the island would be prolonged, and repaired our thatch, weeded the garden, gathered the early potatoes, planted, and put things in order.

I have omitted to state that in fine weather, in summer, we fished from our boat with good success, and after her loss, from a rock to which we waded at low water, and thus changed our diet. In winter time the occasions on which it was possible to fish did not exceed three or four times; the weather and surf preventing our reaching the rock, and the fish avoided the beach during heavy seas.

Whilst on the west side during this month we were visited by an American whaler (schooner), who sent in two boats to fish, and from her we procured five pounds of tobacco, three shirts, twenty-five pounds of flour, and six or seven pounds of molasses, in return for six small seal skins. The *Themis* was expected, or we should have gone away in this schooner. On the 19th December we were aroused by firing and shouting, to find our Tristan neighbours once more among us. They had spent nine days on the west side of the island, had procured forty seals and one sea-elephant; and two seals from Nightingale Island, where they had spent a couple of days. One of our casks on the west side they had taken to stow blubber in, and we received a small quantity of flour in exchange. After staying half an hour they left, telling us that the *Themis* would visit Tristan the following month, and afterwards Inaccessible Island. Although anxious to leave, I was not desirous, except as a last resource, to go to Tristan; and buoyed up by the hope, again revived, of an early visit from the *Themis*, my brother and I remained on the island. This was the last communication with us until the arrival of the *Challenger*, ten months afterwards. The Tristan men, during their nine days' stay, had shot eight of the remaining twelve goats, and expressed their regret openly that they had not been able to shoot the other four.

The *Themis* we saw at Tristan in January, but no visit was paid to us.

About 22nd January I swam around the point again, mounted the cliff, and succeeded in shooting four pigs. From these two buckets of fat were filled. I saw the four goats, but refrained from shooting them. The hams of the pigs I threw over the cliff to my brother. On this occasion I remained eight days on the hills, paying a visit to the hut on the west side every night to sleep. At this time the albatrosses and sea-birds were laying on the top of the island, and their eggs formed a portion of my food. The young sea birds were also palatable.

On 1st February, the day after I rejoined my brother, a boat came across from Tristan, landed on the west side, and her crew shot or took away the only remaining four goats; for what reason it is difficult to say, as there is an abundance of food of every description, including sheep, at Tristan. Their object appeared to us to be to drive us from the island. After a detention of a day, by bad weather, the boat returned to Tristan without communicating with us; indeed, they endeavoured to avoid being seen, or so it appeared to us, who were in a measure unable to communicate with them. February passed quietly; we were living on potatoes and vegetables from our clearings, mixed with fat.

In March, our fat and potatoes being expended, another visit around the point was made by both of us in company. We discovered the loss of the goats; but shot several pigs, and lived on the west side for a fortnight. During this time, on our excursions to the top of the island, we built on the summit a small hut of tussack grass, large enough to hold one. The petrels had landed in November, and their young in April formed a capital addition to our food. It was now decided that I should remain at the top to secure a supply of pig's fat sufficient for the winter, whilst my brother lived below and collected in a barrel the fat thrown down to him by me. After killing a pig, the hide with the fat attached was rolled up, secured by pieces of hide, and thrown over the cliff. The want of salt prevented our salting down the meat. Tobacco now failed us, and its want was much felt, both of us being heavy smokers.

My brother, on separating from me to live below, had taken three young pigs which we had managed to catch, by running them down. Secured to our barrel they were towed round the point and safely landed, although nearly drowned *en route*. These were placed in an enclosure and carefully tended,* being kept for a possible dearth during winter. The pigs being small it was possible, by means of a rope, to lower them down the most difficult places, and carry them down to easier ones. My sojourn on the top of the island came to an end with the last days of April. Returning to my brother, we lived on petrels and potatoes until the end of May. A supply of two

* The pigs were fed on grass and green stuff generally, and penguin eggs when in season.

live pigs which I had brought down with me met a watery grave in my endeavour to weather the point with them in tow. I was fortunate enough, notwithstanding the surf, to get ashore without serious injury.

Finding the supply of potatoes insufficient for the winter, on 8th June I again visited the top of the island, remaining there until the 18th August. Before parting company from my brother we decided to shift quarters for the winter a little further from the waterfall, and succeeded in building a house which stood during the bad weather, and in which we were living until quitting the island.

The month of June I spent in our hut at the top, that of July in a cave,—the latter the better habitation during cold weather. I saw my brother nearly every day, and, unless prevented by a high wind or high surf, we could hold a sort of conversation. Gustav, whilst below, saw a large iron ship, filled with people, pass within a mile of the hut. This happened during the first lull after a heavy gale with thick weather. When seen, the crew were employed making sail to clear the island.

During this winter we suffered no great privation, always having enough to eat, although consisting of pig's flesh only. Of flour, rice, potatoes, or vegetables, I was destitute. I had a little tea; no tobacco. My brother was no better off. As soon as the penguins began to lay we set to work collecting their eggs, and were living on them, chiefly fried in pig's fat, when the *Challenger* hove in sight. At this time I had left my rifle with about fifty rounds of ammunition in the cave; although the piece had burst in two places, it was still in a sufficiently good condition to shoot a pig. The fowling-piece burst, and was of little use except as a blow-pipe to freshen up the fire. Our knives we had lost amongst the high grass, and the saw furnished steel enough for half a dozen knives in their place. We placed the saw in a fire and cut off the knives with our chisel, hardening the iron; then placed it in a handle, and it was ready for use. Our clothes were still in wearable order; boots and shoes we were in want of, although mocassins had taken their place. The medicine, providentially, had not been required; neither of us was sick a day. Eight or nine pounds of coffee was still left, and about one pound of tea; four bottles of vinegar remained, but their contents were spoiled. When together the days on which we were confined to our hut by rain passed heavily. Our library consisting of eight books and an atlas, their contents are well known by us both.*

When met by the *Challenger* our time reckoning was one day wrong,—this error, I suspect, occurred soon after our landing.†

* A German Natural History, Schoedler; an atlas, German; Charles O'Malley; Capt. Morrell's (American) four voyages, in 1 vol.; two Monthly Magazines of old date; Hamlet, Coriolanus, with French notes; Schiller's Poems in German.

† On the occasion of our last communicating with the Tristan people the difference existing in the days of the week, as calculated by us, was discovered; but neither party could settle which was in the right.

The dogs left us for the penguin rookery, in spite of our efforts to secure them with ropes near the hut. They killed a large number of penguins, and became very wild and savage, paying no attention to us; one of them appearing mad, we shot all three.

To mount to the top of the island on the west side was comparatively easy; the tussack grass was not necessary to aid the climber; the ascent being made easier by the existence of two or three ledges, on which a rest could be procured whilst walking along their extent. The lowest ledge might have been about twenty acres, the higher ones decreasing into mere shelves. The top of the island, over which we could roam for game, was about four miles in diameter, almost round; but the ground was much cut up by ravines and valleys. The whole top was covered with a poor sort of grass and sedge and trees blown down by the winter gales; the sheltered spots only being wooded by live timber, and that of a small description.

Close to the ridge, on the north side, there was a long valley, through which the water of the cascade ran, and here was situated my hut; the cave was on a ledge lower down, on the north-east side.

To mount to the ridge on the east side, after swimming the point, great exertion and caution were necessary. Without the aid of the tussack grass it would have been impossible to mount; and even with this, an hour and a half's hard work with hands and feet, and at times teeth, was required. The height of the ridge was about 1,200 feet.

On the north side, the beach to which we were confined was about a mile in extreme length, and from three hundred yards on the right to two hundred yards on the left. Our hut was on the left, the narrowest part; but this was chosen on account of the nearness of the water.

Habits of Birds.

Penguins.—The largest rookery of bi-crested penguins is found on the beach at the north side of the island, and there are several smaller rookeries on other parts. So far as I have learnt, the bi-crested is the only description of penguin found on these islands. The males commence to arrive in small numbers in the last week of July, first singly or in small bodies, and then in larger numbers; all in good condition and very fat. The males arrived daily for a fortnight, and then a couple of days intervened, on which there appeared to be no arrivals. After landing the males first lay about the shore and tussack grass, asleep nearly all their time,—lazy and fat. They then commenced preparing nests for the females. As a rule, these nests were built with the stalks of the tussack grass found lying rotting on the ground. These nests are made round in shape, and some of them reach as high as five or six inches,—the generality being from two to three inches in height and about a foot in diameter. Other birds are employed in scraping a round hole, about an inch deep and four or five inches in diameter, from the ground. This is done by

the male lying on its belly, scratching the ground with its strong feet, and then, turning in all directions, a circular shape is given to the hole. After the interval of a couple of days, on the 12th or 13th August, the females come ashore in bodies of six or seven, and the instant they land they make their way into the tussack grass, and, I think, they then pair. Fighting at this time is incessantly going on. None of the penguins ever go to the water, although a few of them appear occasionally to wash in the surf. A fortnight later the female commences laying her eggs, never leaving the shore. Never more than three are laid; the rule seems to be two eggs. Both male and female assist in keeping the eggs warm, although the female only plucks out feathers from her belly to make a hatching spot in which to cover the eggs. The change of sitter is made with great care, the two birds sidling up to one another so closely that the egg is visible for a moment only when the change is made. The hatching takes place in about six weeks. A peculiarity is observed, the penguins leaving their eggs exposed a couple of days before sitting on them. One or other of the parents now is frequently at sea for a short time in search of food, which they vomit into the beaks of the young birds. In December young and old leave for the water, and almost all disappear for a fortnight; at the end of this time the moulting season commences. They spread themselves about more than usually now, and some may be seen in what would appear inaccessible spots. They remain ashore until the middle of April, when all take their departure. This event took place at night on both the years we spent on the island; in the evening the penguins were with us, the next morning not one was to be seen, except two or three in sick quarters. I have passed many hours in studying their habits, and have been struck with the evident joy evinced at the return ashore of a mate, flapping each other with their wings and caressing each other in an unmistakable manner. After landing on the beach they are careful to remain a time on the stones, cleaning and drying their feathers before going to the rookery. In bad weather, with a heavy surf, this landing is no easy matter; the penguins watch for a heavy breaker and endeavour to land in it, avoiding the crest,—and if taken off by the backwash, they dive at the moment the next wave breaks, and are carried ashore by it. I have been unable to distinguish any difference in their cry, which appears to be always in the same note. When relieved from sitting on the eggs the penguin goes into the water with the greatest satisfaction, and may be seen rolling over and cleaning itself, using both wings and feet for this purpose. When procuring food for their young they enter the water and disappear immediately on their errand. They appear to be very fond of fresh water to drink, scraping the drops from their feathers with their beaks during rain; they also drink salt water. When procuring food they nearly always work in parties; I have seldom seen single penguins at this time, either landing or going afloat. There is no difference in size between the male and female

penguins, but the former has a stronger beak. The roads, apparently left clear for highways, are really only places where water runs down. There are always main entrances to the rookery ; but on these nests are to be found. They invariably travel by the same roads to and from the water, although the rookery may extend a very long distance on either side. Penguin eggs are palatable.

Albatross.—Of these only one kind visited Inaccessible Island. I do not include the molly-mawk. This bird lands the latter half of November, when they appear singly, and alight at the top of the island. The men of Tristan stated that there were no albatross on their island ; and I saw none near Nightingale Island, nor any of the known signs of their visiting it. The albatross avoids the tussack grass or places from which it would be difficult to rise, and builds a nest (circular) about eight inches high, broader at the bottom than at the top, and made of grass and mud, availing itself of the rain, which softens the soil and provides them with mortar. The earth is hammered down on the nest with the flat side of the beak, and the nests give one the idea of a lot of round forts, with the addition of a ditch during wet weather ; the top of the nest is slightly concave ; on this the bird, after laying a single egg, takes its position. The male albatross is larger than the female, and the back of its body to the neck is white, whilst the female is white and dark grey, mottled. The nest being made ready by both birds (I am not sure of this), in the middle of January the female lays its solitary egg, which takes nine weeks in hatching. The wild pigs consume a large number both of the eggs and birds. I estimate that not more than two hundred pairs of albatrosses visited the island. They go away the beginning of July, and are not again seen until November. The eggs are good. The birds go to sea fishing daily.

Molly-mawk.—The nest of this bird is smaller and higher than that of the albatross proper. Its shape is a little different, resembling a cylinder. They arrive in the beginning of August, and leave in the end of March or commencement of April. The solitary egg is white, as in the case of the albatross, but smaller ; it is in all respects like a hen's egg when eaten. The molly-mawk builds ordinarily in swampy places ; but in Nightingale Island they were found amongst the penguins, and in the middle of the tussack. They run some distance with expanded wings before rising, and in the tussack grass, I imagine, must make for the nearest open. The egg is laid in the commencement of October, and takes eight weeks to incubate ; these birds are exceedingly tame, even when sitting. They feed their young until they are fat and able to take care of themselves, when the parents leave the young bird in the nest and go to sea. The offspring is afterwards driven by hunger to shift for itself. They utter a curious cry, and snap their beaks on recognizing a mate in the air in the bird's scream, and commence bowing on their nests in a curious way. The difference between the male and female I don't know. No more than one egg is ever laid.

The Pieu.—This is the name given by the Tristan people to a large sea-bird, lead colour, about the size of a molly-mawk. Its cry is very shrill, and different from that of any of the other birds. Its habits are like those of the molly-mawk; but it builds in the cliffs and ledges of the precipices, choosing the spot most difficult of access for man. The nest is like that of the albatross. The egg, a single one, is white, with a ring of red spots on the thicker end. The eye of this bird is half surrounded by a white semi-circle, giving it a savage appearance. It lands and leaves with the molly-mawk. Their number is small.

Sea-hen.—This bird is always on the island. It generally lays two eggs in October, and the young are hatched in a month or five weeks. The nest is an ordinary nest on the ground.

Petrel.—A blue petrel frequents the island, about the size of a pigeon. They land in immense numbers in the beginning of September, going afloat from day-dawn to sunset daily, and quitting the island in the first week of October. From this until the first days of November none are seen. On their return to the shore the female immediately lays a single egg in a hole in the ground. These holes are made by the birds scratching them out with their feet during their visit; the eggs are laid in them on the second visit. The holes are generally sufficiently deep to enable the bird to get quite out of sight, and at times they are even more than the length of a man's arm from the entrance. The young are hatched in the beginning of December. I fancy the parents take turns daily in sitting on the egg. The old birds remain on the island until the beginning of May, at which time the young are very fat and full-grown. The young begin to leave the last week in May, and on the 28th they had all left the island. This bird has a strong smell, and even this is extended to the egg, which has a peculiar flavour; in boiling, the white of the egg becomes cartilaginous, as with the albatross's. We never ate the old birds; but the young birds, like all other young of sea-birds, we found good food. On landing, the males have furious fights for the possession of the female, which sits quietly looking from its hole at the quarrel; the successful bird at once becomes the favoured one. (A similar peculiarity has been observed amongst seals.) The egg is quite white; size of a duck's egg, but longer.

Terns.—The red-legged red-beaked tern is always about the island. In fine weather they are absent for a day or two at times; but always return at the approach of heavy weather. They build their nest in holes on the cliff, and on small ledges in inaccessible places. They lay one egg only in January. At birth, and for some time, the young bird is quite different in appearance from the parents. It has black eyes and a black beak, and its body is black and white, or grey and white, speckled. The change of the colour of the parents is a gradual one. They are not in great numbers. Their egg is white with red spots all over it, about the size of a pigeon's egg. They feed on "sardines," preferring the gold sort. In ordinary gales

they may be seen searching for food, flying close to the crest of the breakers, outside the kelp. In heavy gales they remain on the beach, and only occasionally go afloat. Once, during a very heavy gale, they were unable to remain in their nests, and took shelter on the ground and around our hut. I have seen frequently one bird bring a fish in its mouth, and divide it with its mate on shore, although not during sitting time. The young bird nourished on fish brought ashore whole.

Noddy—Called by the Tristans wood-pigeon. This bird comes ashore about the middle of September. In the middle of November the nest is built of sticks, leaves, &c., in the branches of the trees. One egg only is laid, and this is hatched in January. The young resemble the old. The egg is almost identical with that of the tern, both in size and colour, the red spots only are a little larger. They bring fish ashore to their young. They leave the island in the latter half of April. They build all over the island. Their call is very like that of a crow.

Night-birds (Petrels).—Of these there are two sorts; the broad-billed petrel (*Prion vittatus*) and the narrow-billed bird. The broad-billed bird is about the same colour as the red-legged tern. The broad-billed is the larger, and prefers the tussack-grass in which to burrow; whilst the narrow-billed is more frequently found in the wood. Many of them are found in the deserted nests of the petrels, and others scratch out deep holes extending some distance below the ground. They are always present on the island. The narrow-billed birds hatch their young in February (at least I have found young just hatched in this month). I have never seen the young of the broad-billed petrel, and I do not know the difference in the egg. Both lay only one egg. During the day these birds remain in their holes, and after dark come out, and are found during the first half of the night flying about the island; they then go to sea, and at dawn return to their holes. The broad-billed bird has a very plaintive cry, easily distinguished; the other has a loud twitter. The sea-hens are their great enemies, and woe betide the unfortunate night-bird found out after daybreak. I do not know much of this bird's habits. The larger of Mr. Moseley's two specimens I have never found at Inaccessible Island.

Thrush—Is always on the island. I have always found only two eggs in their nest, although a man of the *Challenger* found three young birds at Nightingale. They lay in the beginning of October, and the young are hatched in thirteen or fourteen days. The egg is greenish, with dark-brown spots like that of a blackbird. These birds breed twice a year, and in the month of May (middle of winter) I found young birds in their nest, which are found in the tussack grass, two or three feet from the ground.

Canaries—Build in January on the ground, in which month the young (generally two) are hatched. Their egg is exactly like that of a European canary.

Blackbird. --I have never seen a nest, nor a young bird, nor an egg. I am almost sure they build under large stones. The birds I have seen were the size of a black chicken of two or three days' old, and resembled it,—black legs and a black bill, eyes ruby colour, beak slender and long; the head is very small. It has wings, but the long feathers are wanting. It runs along the ground like a partridge, and is found living on insects and seeds, &c., amongst the ferns and high grass, especially in and near woody places. I have seen two together, although not sure they were male and female; one was quite black and larger than the other, which had a few very small grey spots on the wing. It is only necessary to shout or make a noise near any of them to hear them chirp, and they come nearer to ascertain the cause of the noise. They have an enemy in the thrush. There are a good many on the island, but I have not closely observed their habits. They are very shy and easily hidden.

Thirteen varieties of birds on Inaccessible Island. No reptiles, lizards, or snakes seen; the only four-footed animals being the pigs and goats. Of the former there are a large number; of the latter none (as I have written) now remain.

Trees.—Only one sort. On the top of the island, in exposed places, it crawls along the ground; in sheltered spots it grows in an ordinary manner. It is always green.

The Great Sea Serpent.

SOME years ago the world was startled by the publication of a report by the captain of a merchantman, that he and some of his men had seen a monstrous serpent out in mid-ocean. It happened at night, unfortunately, so that very little more could be made out by them than that the beast was of very great length, had a long neck and mane, and a head like a horse, with a great bunch of something like sea-weed at the top of it. I believe the first idea suggested by this story was,—whether this said captain was a Transatlantic poet, gifted with marvellous notions, or whether the tale was a clumsy English hoax, picked up by a penny-a-liner. It proved, however, to be nothing of the kind, for the captain swore solemnly to the truth of the facts stated, and was corroborated by one or two of his men. The general public wondered; but no naturalist would believe the story, for in his opinion it could be no more than a fantastical illusion of light and shade at the midnight hour, in combination with a line of porpoises, and possibly the interesting relation of a “flesh-creeping” “hair-standing” ghost adventure, by which the imagination was prepared for any such extravagance,—for it must be remembered, as an excuse for such a theory, that sea-going men are not such sceptics as landsmen in regard to the spirit world. The learned naturalists

strove very hard to account for the assertion that so wonderful a monster could, without their knowledge or belief (aye, or authority either), venture to make its appearance before so insignificant an audience as three merchant seamen; it was absurd and ridiculous; and if they could honestly have done so, they would probably, like our friend the eminent geologist, Mr. Gregory, have saddled an ostrich to explain the phenomenon. I say honestly, because I am sure there was no fear of over-stocking the market, and there was therefore no material interest to protect.

After a time, when the subject of the sea-serpent was no longer a matter of dispute or consideration, another astounding thunder-clap came upon the world, more potent than the first tale of the sea-serpent. This time no less a personage than the commander of a man-of-war, together with the officers and men of the watch, had distinctly seen the huge thing pass them, with oh! such big eyes! Here there was no room for scientific scepticism; no naturalist could (perhaps dare not) refuse the testimony of so many intelligent and educated men, well-trained to the habit of observation in all departments of science.

They had seen and described that which was unknown to science, except it could be the supposed extinct plesiosaurus of the geologists. It was useless now to suggest that the phenomenon was the floating mast of a wrecked ship covered with sea-weed, or a long line of porpoises. A living thing of unknown character in the sea there was, and it could no longer be denied,—but what was it? None could tell, only that it moved like a snake.

Again the interest in the subject subsided, and nothing more was heard of it until his lordship, the sea-serpent, was seen coming into Table Bay in the day time, by many persons at Green Point, and was fired at by Dr. Wehr more than once, but without success,—and, whether wounded or not, it disappeared, to the disappointment of many.

Now, then, it is clear that there is some snake-like animal in the sea, of very considerable length and peculiar physiognomy, and which has not been recognized by naturalists, from the descriptions given of it on the occasions above mentioned. But when seen in Table Bay, I am surprised it was not recognized by some of our fishermen and sailors,—for, as far as I can ascertain, it is no new thing to them, and is known under the name of ribbon-fish.

I have seen four specimens of the ribbon-fish (*gymnetrus*), only one of which was perfect; it is now in the S. A. Museum, and measures only seven feet two inches in length and about two inches at its greatest depth; it is flat-sided, and has a long dorsal fin extending the whole length of its back, round the tip of its hinder extremity (for it has no distinct tail), and along the under side to about one-third of its length. The head somewhat resembles in profile that of the silver-fish in its normal state; but, if slightly pressed laterally above the eyes, a long snout or sucker is protruded, which then gives

the semblance of a horse's head. The eyes are very large indeed, and there are a few long spines proceeding from the back of the head, bending gracefully backward like a plume. The body, head, and eyes are like burnished silver, minutely tuberculated like the back of an electrotpe, and is certainly very beautiful; this was caught at night at Rogge Bay. Another was previously caught there, but was so mutilated and broken, that it was useless as a specimen. It was fifteen feet long, and the tail end was wanting. The spines at the back of the head formed quite a long and full plume, having a slightly rose tint. I thought this a large specimen; but was somewhat surprised to find that a young man who brought the spirits of wine to preserve my small specimen in at once not only recognized it as the ribbon-fish, but said he had seen some the length of the Museum work-shop,—say from fifty to sixty feet long; and, as I understood him, it was when out sealing at the islands that he had seen them.

Beyond the bony plates of the head, this fish is without bone; its skeleton is cartilaginous, and its flesh is semi-transparent like that of a smelt, though perhaps more inclining to blubber than anything else.

Such I believe to be the awe-inspiring sea-serpent, which is no less a curiosity when known to be a veritable fish.

HENRY W. PIERS.

On the Geographical Distribution of Plants in South Africa.

[BY ERNST MEYER.]

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES, BY H. BOLUS.

III.

IV. LOWER REGION (SOUTHERN SECTION).

BOUNDED on the south by the sea, and on the north by that long chain of mountains, the Great Zwarteberg, which we have before described as the threshold of the Intermediate Region, this part of the Lower Region forms a narrow strip, stretching from the Hottentots' Holland Mountains up to the grassy hills of Albany, which commence a little beyond the Sunday's River, within the district of Uitenhage. In the middle of this section another range of mountains rises, called, in the westernmost part, Hexriviersbergen, then Swellendambergen, or Little Zwarteberg, and lastly, where the Gouritz River passes through them to the sea, Outeniquasbergen. On the westward, near the Hex River, it unites with the other range of the Great Zwarteberg, but towards the east it constantly, but very gradually, trends towards the sea, narrowing the level shore, until it terminates not far from Cape St. Francis. Between these two is a third range, only a third part as long, yet by no means small, called on the west Kammanassiebergen, in the middle Kongabergen, and on the

east Winterpeak, which last rises where the Kammanassie River joins the Olifant's River (the other branch of the Gouritz River), so that the whole of this section of the Lower Region, except the mountains and the sea-shore, consists of a very long valley, which on the western side is simple, but towards the east becomes bifurcate. The coast district is in this section much narrower than on the western coast, and in the Outeniqua-land and Zitzikamma sub-district, where the mountains approach the sea, becomes very narrow.

The winter rains rapidly diminish throughout this whole section as we go eastward; but the summer rains, on the other hand, become more frequent, which difference becomes most apparent in the neighbourhood of Swellendam; whence it follows that the time of flowering is a little later than in the western section of this Region, and is included in the months of October, November, and December.

We may divide this section into mountainous, hilly, and plain districts; and these, again, into convenient sub-districts, as before.

IV. A. MOUNTAINOUS DISTRICT.

Under this we do not include all the mountains of this district, but chiefly those of the lower range, nearer to the sea, for the northern side of the upper range has already been referred to the Intermediate Region; and the southern side, together with the middle range, was but very slightly examined by Drège. On this account it appears unnecessary to distinguish several mountain districts.

The roots of the range of mountains indicated, as far as they belong here, have a general elevation of about 800 feet above the sea, though their peaks rise between 4,000 and 5,000 feet. The further it stretches eastward, the more copiously does it become covered with grass. But this, nevertheless, does not prevent the occurrence of those forms of plants which are common on the mountains next the western coast, although they are here less frequent.

IV. B. HILLY DISTRICTS.

To these belong those tracts which can scarcely be included in the mountainous or coast districts, although they are not wholly wanting either in mountains or plains. It will suffice to distinguish three sub-districts. The first consists of hills and smaller mountains, conterminous with the mountains of the western coast; the second, which we may call Breede River, from the stream of that name; and the last, which lies between the ranges of the Great and Little Zwartebergen.

IV. B, a. *Sub-district of Lowry's Pass.*

This Pass, formerly called Hottentots' Holland Kloof, forms the passage from the western to the southern section of the Lower Region. Here, therefore, only belongs its eastern slope, together with the lesser mountains and rocky hills nearer to the east, viz.: Houwhoek, Donkerhoek, Ezelsjagt, and others. The height varies from 500 to 2,000 feet above the level of the sea.

IV. B, b. *Sub-district of Breede River.*

To this we assign first the valley of the Breede River itself, except about its sources, which run down from the Intermediate Region. Above, it

is called Roodezand, and then spread out to the right, Boschjesveld ; and from here it widens out still further into the district of Swellendam. Next, belongs here the valley of the Zondereind River which joins the Breede River ; but the sources, descending from the Intermediate Region, are again to be excepted. Next, the parts about Caledon, together with the solitary mountain Zwarteberg, between Caledon and Zondereind River. Lastly, the hilly tract between Swellendam and the Gouritz River ; yet, nevertheless, the whole coast district from Cape Hanglip as far as the Gouritz River must not be included herein.

The natural character of this sub-district is not by any means uniform. The height varies from 200 to 1,000 feet. The Boschjesveld is almost wholly carroid ; but from Swellendam eastward grassy plains become more frequent. In general, however, the flora of this sub-district differs but little from that described under III, D. ; and the Rhenosterbosch here also predominates over other plants.

IV. B, c. *Sub-district between the Mountains.*

This consists of three principal valleys, whose waters, both from the east and west, meet in the middle, and would form a lake, were it not for the Gouritz River, lower down, completely cuts the mountain chain, and falls through by a straight line to the sea. The western* valley, which lies between the Great and Little Zwartebergen, is called Tradouw or Kanaland ; that one of the two eastern valleys which lies to the left, between Kammanassieberg and Great Zwarteberg, is called, from the river which flows through it, Olifants River ; and the long one on the right, between Kammanassieberg and Outeniquasberg, is called Langkloof. This is, indeed, the longest of all ; the waters from it flowing to the westward by the Kammanassie River and Olifant's River to the Gouritz River, and to the eastward by the Konga River and Kromme River, into the Gamtoos River. The height of this sub-district varies from 1,000 to 3,000 feet. Here again, but not further, the luxuriant growth of the Rhenosterbosch gives promise to the farmer of abundant crops.

IV. COAST DISTRICT.

This southern coast district differs considerably from that on the western side. For the most part the soil is clayey, mixed with lime, and not with sand. The shore is hilly rather than level, and near the mountains is covered with the loftiest forests of which the Colony can boast. We may distinguish two sub-districts, the first of which extends from Cape Hanglip to the Gouritz River ; the other more eastern, of which one-half is called Outeniqua, the other still further east called Zitzikamma, and including in part the lower portion of the district of Uitenhage.

IV. C, a. *Sub-district between Hanglip and Gouritz River.*

This lies between the sub-district described under IV. B, b. and the sea. It nowhere exceeds 800 feet in height, and is partly level and in part hilly, the latter portions being often calcareous, as, for instance, near Potberg, and the mouth of the Zoetemelk's River. The land is somewhat destitute of springs, and forests are wholly wanting.

* In the original, by an evident misprint, this is termed the eastern valley.—Tr.

IV. C, b. *Sub-district Outeniqua and Zitzikamma.*

This is bounded on the west by the Gouritz River, and on the east by the Kromme River, lying adjacent to the Outeniquasbergen, by which it is narrowed more and more on the eastward as these approach the sea. It is well supplied with springs and well watered grass-lands. There are also shady forests, which, however, scarcely rise above 1,000 feet on the mountain sides. These consist of trees of very various species of the orders *Coniferae* (*Podocarpus*), *Laurineae*, *Oleineae*, *Rhamnaceae*, and others, amongst which it is difficult to say which, if any, predominate over the others.

IV. C, c. *Sub-district Uitenhage.*

We may use the name of this colonial division to indicate this sub-district because the two are nearly conterminous. On the north it extends to the Rietberg and Elandsberg,* which we have before noticed under II. C. On the east it is bounded by the Zuurbergen and the Addo Heights, where the eastern section of the Lower Region begins. On the west it is narrowed by the Cockscomb, and pushes itself on either side of the adjacent valleys described under the letters IV. B, c., until it reaches the Kromme River, where it is terminated by the Zitzikamma sub-district. It is, therefore, wider than the other coast districts, and rises higher, but not more than 1,500 feet. The surface and the formation of the soil are variable and unequal, being sandy or calcareous, or more frequently clayey, and bush and meadow are intermingled.

V. LOWER REGION (EASTERN SECTION).

This section, which we call the eastern, extends from Algoa Bay towards the north-east, through Albany, the furthest district of the Colony, and through the intervening Neutral Territory† as far as Kaffraria, where our ignorance of the country is the only limit that can be assigned to it. On the south-west it is bounded by the Sunday's River, and further on by the Zuurbergen and the Addo Heights. On the south-east is the sea, and on the north and north-east it is shut in by the mountains of the Upper Region.

I can say nothing respecting its general altitude, since Drège did not examine the country beyond the Keiskamma River, except in the very narrowest part of this section, not far from the sea. I may, however, add a few words respecting the climate. There are scarcely any winter rains. The rains generally commence about September or October; but the heaviest rainfall is usually in December or January. Near Port Natal, where it is said that scarcely any rain falls from May to September, still the annual rainfall is probably not less than near Cape Town. It follows from this that the flowering season is later, and does not begin before November, but lasts longer, continuing about four months.

That which we have been accustomed to call the "Cape Flora" becomes gradually changed as we proceed eastward through this section of

* Intended for the western part of the Zuurbergen. See *ante*, —Tr.

† Now the districts of Fort Beaufort, Alice, Peddie, &c. —Tr.

the Lower Region,* and the flora acquires at length just such a degree of resemblance to those of the island of Madagascar, the Mascarene islands, and others even more remote, that in each case I should hesitate to decide whether there were more similarity or divergence, and therefore pass on at once to speak of the districts, of which it will suffice to distinguish three.

V. A. DISTRICT BETWEEN SUNDAY'S RIVER AND KEISKAMMA RIVER.

This consists of the district of Albany and the Neutral Territory [Fort Beaufort and Victoria East]. On the north lie the Chumie and Katbergen, by which the Upper Region is reached. On the west it lies adjacent to the three districts described under II. A, II. C, and IV. C, c. On the south is a coast district, not visited by Drège, but probably not different. Since the Intermediate Region, as we have said above, is here wanting, the Lower Region here rises a little higher than elsewhere, reaching an altitude of 3,000 feet; whatever portions exceed this belong to the Upper Region. The surface is varied, consisting of plains, hills, and mountains, for the most part covered with grass. The moister valleys are clothed with forests, and the hills with woods and thickets.

V. B. DISTRICT BETWEEN THE KEISKAMMA AND OMSAMCABA RIVERS.

This district belongs to the Amakosa and Amaponda Kafirs; the former inhabiting the portion between the Keiskamma and the Omtata; and the latter between the Omtata and Omsamcaba. The Amatembu, or Tambookies, also in part reside along the Omtata. The rivers here are numerous, but for the most part short, flowing through grassy hills. These vary in height from 500 to 3,000 feet, and Drège's path lay amongst them, neither touching the sea on his right nor the mountains on his left hand.

V. C. DISTRICT BETWEEN THE OMSAMCABA AND OMGENI RIVERS.

This district is inhabited near Port Natal, and beyond, by the Zulu Kafirs. As Drège only travelled along the sea-shore, it is easy to understand why he found very different plants from those of the preceding district, although we cannot be certain that these are wanting. Amongst others, he found here *Trichilia*, *Turraea*, *Banisteria*, *Corchorus*, *Guilandina*, *Osbeckia*, *Barringtonia*, *Rhizophora*, *Plumiera*, *Strychnos*, *Avicennia*, *Pistia*, *Hyphaene*, &c. Very few of these occur within the Colony. The whole district is abundantly watered; the height where Drège passed nowhere exceeded 800 feet.

* On this subject Dr. C. F. Ecklon observes:—"It seems that the Winterhoek Mountains (Uitenhage district) form the limits of what may be called the *Cape Flora*, and which distinguishes itself so much by its representatives *Protea*, *Erica*, &c.; whilst that by which it is supplanted may be called the flora of Kaffraria. In it appear several tropical forms; for instance, *Schotia*, *Cassia*, *Acacia*, *Capparis*, *Hibiscus*, *Sida*, *Ocoba*, *Bignoniaceae*, *Plumbago*, parasitical *Orchideae*, *Zamia*, *Dioscorea*, *Sansevieria*, *Scævola*, *Croton*, *Loranthus*, *Acanthaceae*, and *Gardenia*."—*On the Flora of Uitenhage*, *South African Quarterly Journal* for 1830, p. 359.

HEIGHTS OF PLACES IN SOUTH AFRICA,

DEDUCED BY J. F. DREGE FROM BAROMETRICAL OBSERVATIONS.

[These observations were made by Drège for the purpose of showing the heights of the various regions and districts through which he travelled and collected plants. They are, therefore, arranged in an order corresponding to that of the preceding description. He states that they were compared with observations made by Polemann in Cape Town between May, 1822, and August, 1826, at a height of forty feet above the sea, and that the mean of these observations formed the basis of his. It does not appear, therefore, that simultaneous observations were conducted at any fixed station or stations of which the height was known; and hence, excepting in places where Drège was able to make repeated and numerous observations, no great degree of accuracy could be expected. As an illustration, however, of his work, I may mention that the height of Graaff-Reinet has been fixed at 2,476 feet. Drège, from sixteen observations in nine days, puts it down as 2,400 feet. Other places in the neighbourhood are equally near. Drège gives the date and hours of observation, the temperature, and the height of the barometer; but I have not thought it necessary to reprint these, having merely added the number of observations from which each height was deduced.—Tr.]

I. A.

STATION.	No. of Obs.	Height.
1. Katberg, southern slope, the steep road through the forest	5	3660
2. Katberg, the spot known from the old trunk of a yellowwood tree, as geelhoutboom ..	1	4815
3. Katberg flat, with pools of water	1	4680
4. Ditto, northern slope, in a wide valley thinly covered with bush	1	4090
5. Shiloh, on Klipplaat River	16	3550
6. Plain between Shiloh and Lostafelberg ..	1	4300
7. Zwart Kei River, near Lostafelberg	1	4130
8. Ditto, near De Beer's Place	1	4060
9. Ditto, near Neethling's, Niemand's, and Labuscayne's	1	4050
10. Klaas Smit's River, near Burger Smit's ..	1	4070
11. Ditto, near Durand's	1	4455
12. Ditto, near the roots of the Stormberg at De Beer's	1	4500
13. Stormbergspruit, near the highest farm ..	1	5190
14. Ditto, at Louw Erasmus'	1	5030
15. Gaatje, in Klein Buffelsvlei	1	4760
16. Mooiplaats, at Steph. Erasmus'	2	4790
17. Orange River, near Aliwal North	1	4295
18. Buffelsvlei, at Petrus de Wet's, not far from hot springs	6	4420

I. B.

19. Broekpoort farm	1	290
20. Leeuwfontein, Achter Zuurberg	2	610
21. Slengerfontein, New Hantam,	1	4610

	STATION,					No. of Obs.	Height.
22. Colesberg, town of	1	4430
23. Wonderheuvel, farm	1	4760

I, C.

24. Oudeberg, on the Sneeuwberg, near Graaff-Reinet, at the highest part of the public road	2	3730
25. Poortje, Sneeuwbergen	1	4060
26. Riviértje, outspan place	1	3850
27. Nieuwkerkshoogte, outspan place	1	4070
28. Zuurplaats, P. van der Merwe	3	4235
29. Matjesgoedpoort, outspan	2	4180
30. Kriegersbaken, the highest farm in this part of Sneeuwberg	4	4500
31. Fountain under Compassberg	1	4850
32. Cephaniespoort, farm	1	4395
33. Outspan place between Cephaniespoort and Grootvlei on the Rhenosterberg	1	4060
34. Grootvallei, on ditto	1	3940
35. Rietvallei, on ditto	1	3930

II, A.

36. Grootvallei, on the Brak River in Achter Sneeuwbergen	2	3310
37. Paulsriver, farm on that river	1	3070
38. Cradock, town of	1	2840

II, B.

39. Graaff-Reinet, town of	16	2400
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II, C.

40. Verschfontein	1	2400
41. Kleinfontein	2	2525
42. Outspan-place between Kleinfontein and Allemanskraal	1	2920
43. Allemanskraal	1	2560
44. Sunday's River, where the road between Graaff-Reinet and Sunday's River first touches it	1	1790
45. Sunday's River, outspan-place near Bluekrantz	1	1680

II, E.

46. Klaarstroom, foot of the Zwartebergen	9	2440
47. Vrolyk, ditto	1	2425
48. Toverwater, ditto	1	1525
49. Plain between Aasvogelberg and Witpoort	1	2150
50. Zwanepoelspoort, by the river in the middle of the valley	1	1910
51. Straat, outspan-place	1	2945
52. Dauw, ditto	1	2745
53. Konstapel, ditto	1	3060
54. Pietermeintjesfontein, outspan-place	1	3180

	STATION.				No. of Obs.	Height
55. Matjesfontein, outspan-place	I	2975
56. Buffelriver	ditto	I	2630
57. Geelbek	ditto	I	2715
58. Jakhalsfontein	ditto	I	2380

III, A, a.

59. Elleboogsfontein, farm	2	2660
60. Roodeberg, near Ezelsfontein	I	5150
61. Ezelskop, near the following	I	4940
62. Ezelsfontein, farm	5	3740
63. Foot of Ezelskop, looking towards Leliefontein					2	4200
64. Krakeelkraal, outspan-place	3	3575
65. Kuil, ditto	2	3365
66. Pedroskloof, farm	I	3210

III, A, b.

67. Doorn River, just above Stinkfontein	3	1220
68. Nieuwefontein, farm between Lieslap and Bokkraal	I	2865
69. Platberg, outspan-place	I	3485
70. Hartebest River, outspan between Kougoed-vlakte and Kamiesberg	I	3390

III, A, c.

71. Uienvallei, farm	I	2160
72. Groen River, Nieuwhoudt's place in Onder-bokkeveld	2	2590
73. Floris Koetze's place	I	2460
74. Bokfontein, farm	I	2590

III, A, d.

75. Pakhuis	I	1795
76. Groot Doorn River Drift, between Biedouw and Moedverlooren	I	770
77. Biedouw, Frans Lubbe's	I	1075
78. Honigvallei, farm	2	2915
79. Blaauberg, between Boschkloof and Honigvallei, 600 feet below the summit				..	I	4590
80. Koudeberg, lofty plain on the road from Wupperthal to Biedouw	2	3100
81. Wupperthal, mission station	7	1670

III, A, e.

82. Paarlberg, Gordonsklip	I	2170
83. Ditto, Bretanieklip	I	2140

III, B.

84. Zilverfontein, farm	3	2130
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III, C.

85. Kweek River	I	1100
86. Modderfontein, of H. Engelbregt	I	1660
87. Uitkomst, Willem Engelbregt	I	2230

	STATION.			No. of Obs.	Height.
88.	Kalebas Kraal, outspanning	1	2375
89.	Geelbeksakraal, ditto	3	2245
III, D, a.					
90.	Stellenbosch, town of	1	275
91.	Paarl, town of ; Martinus Goetz's house	50	445
92.	Klipheuvel, in Zwartland, outspanning	1	980
93.	Pietersfontein, outspan-place, under Piquetberg	1	470
94.	The higher place of A. Mouton at the western entrance of Pikeneerskloof	1	1010
III, D, b.					
95.	Cape Town, house of Mr. Polemann	40
III, E, a.					
96.	Kruis, farm in Bergvallei	2	350
97.	Schonberg, ditto	1	500
98.	Zandberg or Klipheuvel, in Langevallei	1	470
IV, B, b.					
99.	Nieuwkloof, Johs. Richter's	4	440
100.	Modderdrift, outspan-place on Hex River	1	1355
101.	Swellendam, town of	1	475
102.	Sparrbosch, on Buffeljagt's River	1	540
103.	Onzer, farm in Langkloof	1	1500
104.	Avontuur, ditto	1	2515
IV, C, b.					
105.	Honigklip, farm near Gouritz River	1	630
106.	George, town of	1	660
IV, C, c.					
107.	Kromme River, farm	1	520
108.	Zwartkop's River, near Uitenhage	1	80
109.	Farm of Paul Marais on ditto	3	30
V, A.					
110.	Enon, mission station	28	350
111.	Zuurberg, southern foot	2	485
112.	Boontjes River on ditto	2	1785
113.	Stilfontein, farm under Rietberg, north of the Zuurbergen	1	1550
114.	Klipfontein, farm on Bushman's River	2	1930
115.	Klein Bruintjeshoogte, on the northern slopes of this range of hills, between Brak River and Little Fish River	2	2810
116.	Little Fish River, Barend Bouwer's	1	1900
117.	Kookhuisdrift, Great Fish River	1	1935
118.	Klipfontein, outspan on Bothasberg, between Graham's Town and Fort Beaufort	1	1740
119.	Kat River Drift, south of Philipton	1	2220
120.	Katberg, between the Kat River and Eland River, where the roads from Philipton to Shiloh and Bontebok Flats diverge	1	2805

Old Times at the Cape.

GOVERNOR VAN NOOT.—1725.

PART II.

THE Governor was just starting on his tour round the country, when he was detained by the necessity of breaking up the East India Company's establishment of Rio de la Goa, and as the author gives an interesting description of the manner in which these establishments were conducted, it may be as well to give the translation, which Mr. Thomson has omitted :—

“ At this time the Dutch East India Company had an establishment or trading station on the River La Goa, about 200 miles overland from Cape Town, or 300 miles by sea, for the purpose of buying slaves. It was a wild, desolate, and unhealthy country, and besides the slaves, called by the Company ‘terlatens,’ and a few elephants’ tusks, little profit or gain was derived from it. It is the true fatherland of the so-called guinea-fowl, which is elegantly decorated with round black and white spots. These fowls and their eggs were the best and almost only food of the Company’s servants. A commander was stationed here who held the rank of Under Merchant, an officer, two book-keepers, a hundred soldiers, and some sailors. During the day in this place it was terribly hot, and at night very cold. Through these sudden changes of the temperature it often happened that the Europeans there died suddenly ; so it was generally reckoned that of every ten unfortunates sent there one alone lived to return, and through this the Company lost nearly as many Europeans as it obtained slaves. The natives were black, but not so dark as the Moors ; their hair was short and woolly, they went without garments of any description, and when heated smelt evilly (did *not* scent the air ?) I have met more than a hundred of these men and women in Cape Town, and I declare that when within ten steps of them I have sickened at their powerful odour ! In their own country, on the La Goa River, these people torture their newly-born children in a very horrible manner ; for they, in order to make them handsome according to their own fancy, dig out with a sharp knife or piece of iron a number of bits of flesh about the size of a lentil all over the face. With these they form a stripe upon the nose, three upon the forehead, and three rows from the temple to the chin. They then rub these places with the juice of some herb, and in a short time the bits of flesh grow on to the face. From a little distance it looks as if they had hung strings of coral beads of a brownish colour over their faces. The women decorate their breasts in the same barbarous fashion, but, as they are ordered to wear clothing when in town, I have never been so inquisitive to see their tasteful adornments. In their ears they make a hole, and hang something heavy in it, so as to make them very long.

“Geographers must know little or nothing of this land of Terlaten, for I have never seen it mentioned in any book—not even in the latest account of the Cape of Good Hope. The last commander that the Company had upon this station was a greedy and despotic man, who, notwithstanding that he was under the orders of the Cape Government, and depended upon it, ruled like a tyrant. He not only withheld the wages from the soldiers and sailors on the slightest provocation, or gave them instead some unsaleable wares, but extorted from them their monthly portion of *kostgeld*, &c. These poor fellows, when they had no knives, glass beads, looking-glasses, and such trifles, to barter for guinea-fowls and their eggs, suffered bitter hunger. They became discontented and complained; he had them flogged; they became desperate, and at last fifty or sixty men made up a plan to desert. Even the gunner was concerned in it, and spiked the small cannons which were placed upon a breastwork behind the buildings. On the following day the plot was to be carried out, and they were to march quickly along the banks of the La Goa to join another establishment, Portuguese or some other. When the hangman or executioner has to hang a criminal he receives for it ten rix-dollars, or twenty-four Dutch guilders. In order to earn this money, a sailor, who was himself one of the conspirators, revealed to the commander the plot, besought his pardon for himself, and offered his services as hangman for the punishment of the offenders. When the commander had written down all the names of the delinquents, he summoned [the most of them to draw the boat of the Company up on the shore. Whilst these men were busy at their work he locked the gates, and had those who were not similarly engaged arrested and locked up. When the boat was drawn up, and the men came in one after another, he caught them and locked them up in different rooms, well guarded. Notwithstanding that the commander had no right nor power over life or death, and that the Dutch war articles direct that no man deserting on account of his wages being detained should have his life taken, this commander ordered the whole gang of fifty or sixty soldiers to be hung one after another, and paid the hangman ten rix-dollars for each out of the Company’s chest. Two small ships, namely, a vessel with three masts and a brigantine with two, which were in the habit of going backwards and forwards between the Cape and the river La Goa, brought the first intelligence of this affair to the Government, who immediately forwarded despatches home to the Council of Seventeen in Holland, who sent out orders by Governor Van Noot to break up the establishment at Rio de la Goa, and to send the commander and hangman to Holland under close arrest. This commission obliged the Governor to postpone his journey or tour. He first sent the vessel and the brigantine to Rio de la Goa to fetch the whole establishment of servants, goods, slaves, and ammunition, and bring them to the Cape. When these two ships arrived there, their captains made known their instructions to the commander, to endeavour to get as

many slaves as their vessels could carry. From there they went to the officer of the garrison, and delivered sealed letters to him, which directed him to arrest the commander and the hangman, put them in irons, and then collect all the goods, &c., of the station, and put them on board. The officer did not delay a moment going to the commander with his men, and informing him of the Governor's orders. He started violently, and became very faint-hearted as they slipped the handcuffs on. All the officers, soldiers, and sailors shouted with joy, for this station was so bad and so unhealthy that all those who were under sentence of punishment at the Cape for some crime or other were sent there. The whole establishment was embarked, but the natives of the country, fearing that the East India Company might soon form a second one there, gave notice that though they were now going to make war on a neighbouring tribe, they would soon return. Soon after this the two ships, with their freight of living souls, besides every movable article from the station, arrived in Table Bay, and the commander and the hangman were immediately transhipped and sent to Holland. But they never reached there, for shortly before the end of the voyage, the sailors in the dead of night threw these two wretches overboard. The Government tried to find out the men who had committed the deed, but never did, and nothing more was said about the matter, every one being only too glad that such monsters were wiped out of existence.

"At last all the business connected with the breaking up of this establishment was completed, and Governor Van Noot, attended by some gentlemen of the Government, was ready to start on his journey. Mein Herr de Tweede and Herr de la Fontaine took over the reins of office, and were strictly enjoined to send a monthly messenger at once after Van Noot, to inform him if anything weighty or of importance occurred. The route was marked out from day to day, so that it might be always easy to find the Governor. Herr Allemann, who as sergeant of the guard, with two trumpeters, a corporal, and twelve grenadiers, had to accompany the Governor, saw that everything was in readiness for the journey, the wagons properly furnished, the oxen and horses of the best, the slaves and everything connected with the cooking department ship-shape, so that all might go on like clock-work."*

"Those baggage wagons which were drawn by oxen were obliged to travel in front throughout the whole night till daybreak, and to outspan at a fixed place, where the animals could find good grazing during the day. At dawn the cooks were to go on a short distance with the mess wagon, and whenever the Governor did not care to lodge or take his meals in the houses of the farmers, the large tent (mentioned before as the happy cause of Allemann's release from arrest) was to be pitched by the sailors, now taught how to do it.

* From this part Mr. Thomson has also resumed the translation, which he left off at Herr Allemann's restoration to favour.

On the day of departure, as soon as the castle-gate had been opened, Herr Allemann sent the two trumpeters, the corporal, and the twelve grenadiers to fetch their horses from the Company's stables. They saddled them up themselves, rode into the castle, and drew up before Government-house. Behind them came a slave, leading Allemann's horse. As he still had some small matters to arrange, he ordered the men to dismount, and at a given signal already agreed upon, viz., a tap at the window-pane, the trumpeters sprang upon their chargers, sounding a blast. These men were really amateur musicians, and had never been trained till Allemann, by whistling and humming some scraps of martial music, had taught them a few notes correctly. When the Governor was quite ready to get into the wagon with his companions, Herr Allemann helped him in, sprang quickly on to his charger, and before the wagon with its team of six horses could turn, he with his men were already at the castle-gate, and so the journey began. First the Governor travelled to the different farms where the Company kept overseers, managers, and overlookers of the post-horses, and reviewed them, and examined their accounts with the greatest keenness. The party then journeyed on to Hout Bay, False Bay, and Saldanha Bay, at which places the sea takes such a bend up into the land that ships can lie at anchor. Many different plans were proposed and discussed as to the best way of protecting the landing-places from enemy's vessels, and of improving these roadsteads for their own shipping, but none of them were ever carried out. On they went to the districts of Stellenbosch, Drakenstein, and Tulbagh, as it is now called. The Governor crossed the Four-and-twenty Rivers, and even crossed the Little Berg River, and went as far as the Great Berg River. He visited Piquetberg, Groenekloof, Roodezand, Tigerberg, Hottentots' Holland (the best wine country after Constantia), and, in short, he went everywhere where he thought his presence might do good, as well as to several places from which reports had reached him that a visit from him was very necessary. But nothing very remarkable occurred during the whole journey. The country people everywhere entertained the Governor and his followers to the best of their ability,—that is to say, they gave the cook the best of all they had on their farms in the way of meat, poultry, vegetables, and fruits. But, all the same, they were very reserved and quiet, for they had already been warned that the Governor was little to be trusted. Although they fared sumptuously wherever they went, and although Herr Allemann, during the journey, always rode beside the wagon next the Governor, to entertain and amuse him with little anecdotes about the King of Prussia's States and his military forces, and sometimes brought in happily a little joke or *bon mot*, which seemed to tickle the Governor greatly, the moment he descended from the wagon and went into any farm-house or his tent, he spoke no more to him. He gave him his orders every day and at every resting-place, it is true, but wasted no more words on him than were absolutely neces-

sary. On his side, Herr Allemann, though he felt quite sure that he was now in the Governor's good books, was wise enough to keep within the bounds which etiquette and the rules of the service had placed between a Governor and his sergeant, and never overstepped them. Wherever the Governor came to dine or stay for the night, he never made any inquiry as to his host's own circumstances, but always tried to make him gossip to him all about his neighbours; but he never found out anything that he could not see for himself, for everywhere the farmers pretended to be very simple, and to know as little of their neighbours as if a broad and deep river flowed between them, over which they could seldom go to visit or hear anything of those nearest to them. On the other hand, if any one of the country folks came to the Governor with some petition he never got any other reply than the grave, Spanish-like one, 'We'll see.'

"Very little was ordered or undertaken during this tour of the Governor's, save the improvement of some roads and the construction of a little bridge or two. At the end of five or six weeks the Governor returned to Cape Town; but on the last day of the journey he got out of his wagon, and, mounting his led saddle horse, rode round Table Bay, and so entered the castle. First came the two trumpeters, then His Excellency, accompanied by a member of the Senate of Justice or of Police, or a merchant, and then Herr Allemann followed with his men; the Governor's travelling wagon and those used for provisions brought up the rear; and so the procession passed into the castle. All the troops in garrison, a squadron of burgher cavalry and two companies of foot soldiers, had drawn up outside the castle-gate, all in their best, and, with banners waving and bugles blowing, were waiting to receive the Governor. As he rode past, the officers and men saluted, the colours were waved according to the Dutch custom, arms were presented, a march was played, and guns roared from the batteries. All the vessels anchored in the roadstead were gaily decorated from mast to rigging (stem to stern) with bright flags and pennants (streamers), and made a great noise with their guns. Then, to finish up, just as Van Noot entered the gate, the soldiers in garrison, the burgher cavalry and the two companies of foot, fired three salutes with their small arms, each of which was replied to by a single gun from the castle. With such marks of honour came the Governor home again. 'Mein Herr de Tweede,' the Fiscal Independent, the Chief Merchant, the Captain commanding the troops on parade, the Under Merchant, the book-keepers, assistants, the burgher magistrates, stood ready to welcome the Governor, when Mr. Allemann, springing quickly from his horse, held his right stirrup to ensure his dismounting safely. As soon as his foot touched the ground, the Governor raised his hat to Herr Allemann, and said, '*Ensign*, you will dine with me to-day!' Allemann understood the compliment, and, thanking His Excellency most gratefully, dismissed his men, ordering them to ride to the Company's stables, deliver up their horses, and bring the saddles and

bridles back to the castle. He then hastened to divest himself of his sergeant's uniform, put on the one that he had worn as over-looker of the 'Schuur,' and presented himself at twelve o'clock at Government-house. Many gentlemen and other guests were present, and they one and all were delighted to hear of Allemann's promotion, and congratulated him most heartily. At roll-call in the evening it was announced that Herr Allemann was now an Ensign, and in a year's time his appointment was confirmed by the Council of Seventeen in Holland.

G. R.

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Poesy.

*From the French "Revue des Deux Mondes"—Vol. 76, p. 472.*

Lèt them, if they will, declare  
 Fervour hath no place,  
 Where the Heaven-descended pair,  
 Soul and Song, embrace :  
 Let them laugh, and joy be with them,  
 At our anvils' clink,  
 Forging Fancy into rhythm,  
 Making rhythm think :  
 Let them mock our dark despondence,  
 Night-born passion-throes,  
 When in rhyming correspondence  
 Kissing whispers close—  
 Asking "wherein verse surpasses  
 Prose's duller tide ?"  
 Thistles are preferred by asses  
 To the rose's pride—  
 Reptiles mock the mighty wings  
 On the eagle's back.  
 Bah ! if life no beauty brings,  
 All may go to rack ;  
 Poesy thy heart would sway,  
 Give her room and scope,  
 Weave thy garlands day by day  
 Mid despair and hope :  
 Heed not thou their dull palaver,  
 Take the skylark's wing ;  
 Singing ever, soaring ever,  
 Poet, soar and sing.

J. G.

## On Co-operation.

JUST at present there is a great cry heard in Cape Town, and go where you will, you have to listen to the same mournful wail arising on all hands, "How dear everything is getting!" Fish, flesh, and fowl, together with every other comfort and necessary are on the rise, and housekeepers—those at least who do not rejoice in a very long purse—are at their wits' end how to make the most of things. No longer can one point to the Cape and longingly exclaim, "There is the happy land where you can revel in unlimited mutton at twopence half-penny a pound, and where the produce of the briny ocean may be had almost for the asking." Any one labouring under such a delusion as this had better speedily undeceive himself, for if things go on at the present rate, the price of a respectable leg of mutton will make a pretty considerable hole in half-a-sovereign, and the once despised snoek change its name and appear only on the dinner-tables of the wealthy under the more dignified title of Cape salmon.

The word "cheap" is now almost unknown in the South African vocabulary, and the only things to which the adjective is at all applicable may be said to be pure air and unlimited sunshine. These, happily, every one may enjoy free, gratis, for nothing; but unfortunately, humanity wants something more, and cannot get along without having recourse to the butcher and baker for food and the tailor for clothing. The writer can well remember when meat in England was but sixpence a pound, but now twice sixpence, and more also, is demanded, and although there are divers Hebrew clothiers who guarantee to provide you with two pairs of breeches for twenty-five shillings, so far as substantial and useful wear is concerned they are scarcely worth as many pence. Leaving rubbish out of the question, of which there is always a plentiful supply, there is scarcely a single article you can name which has not risen twenty-five per cent. in price in the mother country during the past few years. Those with moderate fixed incomes naturally suffer very severely, as they are unable to rise with the tide, and it is the wealthy on the one hand and the flourishing tradesmen on the other, ever ready to "clap it on," to suit the times, who do not feel any undue pressure.

As in England, so is there every prospect of its proving at the Cape; for no one will deny that the expense of maintaining a decent and respectable household costs at least half as much again as it did five years ago, and in all probability in the year 1878 everything will cost one hundred per cent. more than in 1868. Many there are who regard it as a healthy sign, a proof that the country is progressing, that South Africa is making its way up among the nations of the world; but unfortunately we are not all of us political economists, and the coolie who has to pay double the ordinary price for his crawfish, or the housewife who finds the butcher's bill such

an enormous one to what it used to be, trouble themselves very little about the material progress of the Colony or the gigantic strides it is alleged to be taking. It is commonly said that when matters come to the worst there is hope they will mend, but we cannot flatter ourselves that the worst is by any means near yet ; in fact, comparatively speaking, the bad has not long begun ; and without doubt prices bid fair to take a very much higher rise.

One result of this state of things is to lead people to cast about for a remedy. No one likes to pay a shilling for an article of daily consumption if he can get it for nine pence, and it is this which has induced and brought about that great principle in social economy called Co-operation, a principle of which very little is known here, but which in other parts of the world, and especially the mother country, has proved of incalculable value. Doubtless, in the application of the principle of co-operation to the regulation of the law of supply and demand, in the restricted application of that law to commodities of use and luxury, there is a danger of treading on the corns of that class who are dealers in such commodities and constitute our tradesmen, and the writer is free to admit that however guarded and qualified, the principle must affect injuriously many classes of traders. Such injuries, nevertheless, constitute the friction and the tear of the machinery by which we advance to any elevation of modern progress. Printing superseded the craft of penmanship ; railways, though not yet in this country, have elsewhere swept away the profit of coaching ; steam and the electric current are threatening many past lucrative pursuits ; but the general advantage must be the law of social life, and even if this be purchased by the injury or sacrifice of the interests of individuals or classes, it can be no argument against the operation of a principle once admitted to be sound and needful. The wise man will not set himself to stem the current of resistless onward progress, but to trim his sails and guide his craft so as to take advantage of its course and strength. It must occur to a thinking man pursuing any craft or course of trade, that by combination he can materially lessen the cost of production and distribution ; and it is open to him as well as to the advocate of systematic co-operation to combine to reduce expenditure and turn the social principle to his own advantage. But however this may be, the pressing needs of our increasing society will burst the bonds which selfish or other interests seek to throw around the limits of our common life, and sooner or later co-operation will be the social strength and moral life of business,—social strength because it will bind man to man in common interests, moral life because it will lead every man who is brought under its influence to seek, not his own things in selfish isolation, but the blending of a three-fold or ten-fold cord which cannot be broken. By co-operation is meant an association of units, less or more, in some common object for mutual advantage. Such combinations have always existed in an endless diversity of forms, from the



simplest kind of partnership to the most complicated and numerous alliances of joint-stock enterprise. The principle common to them all is mutual advantage, and they have not, or at least should not, have an attitude of hostility to an individual pursuer of objects common to them both. Whilst they have the immense advantage of minimising<sup>1</sup> the cost at which production and distribution can be secured, this advantage ought not to be attained by any peculiar privilege not enjoyed by the ordinary tradesman or by the partnership of a mercantile firm. Life assurance business affords a guiding clue, if not a perfect model, of the kind of co-operative association which might be extended to other departments of business. In mutual insurance companies each member contributes to the common stock a trading capital, according to the amount of which he is guaranteed a certain advantage in the form of provision for his surviving representatives. At the end of five years, or as the case may be, more or less, the trading profits of the business are estimated, and whatever remains over and above the future liabilities of the business, estimated by actuarial calculation, is divided proportionally among the whole body of investing partners, otherwise called policyholders. This business, pure and simple, presents as fair a representation of the working and benefits of co-operative association as can well be given ; and furnishes an effective example of the moral influence and disinterested social advantage of a principle destined to become a mighty power for good through all classes who have the wisdom to make the investment. Land and houses, furniture and apparel, food and fuel, all yield readily to the laws of co-operative life, by which common interests and mutual participation counteract so many evils. Moreover, the principle advocated would lessen the system of puffing, which by its universal adoption has come to be studied as a fine art, and is a rivalry of business and trick. Numerous examples might be shown of individual traders and trading firms in England merging their private business and gains in a co-operative or joint-stock business, with limited liability or otherwise ; thus in so far setting the seal of their approval on this law of combination, and only wanting the element of general distribution of profits among buyers and sellers alike to render such undertakings perfect examples of the principle of co-operation, which is sound in its fundamental basis, beneficial in its practical application, and eminently calculated to keep in check the principle of self-interest and give a stimulus to that of mutual helpfulness and brotherly good-will.

What are known as co-operative stores have become quite a distinct element in London, necessitated by the high prices of provisions. They are established to supply articles of daily use and consumption at a very small increased cost on the wholesale price, just sufficient, in fact, to carry on the business ; indeed, they are much in the nature of a joint-stock company. One of the first that was started assumed the name of the Civil Service Co-operative Supply Association, and was confined to those employed under

Government. A certain capital being subscribed by shares, any one belonging to the civil service was entitled to become a member on payment of an annual fee of five shillings, in return for which he was furnished with a small leather pass. On presentation of this at any of the company's stores he could procure articles of food and clothing at a reduction of sometimes fifty per cent. to the ruling price elsewhere; and not only so, but the quality could always be relied upon, a point about which the general run of retail dealers are not very scrupulous. In course of time, people began very naturally to ask why such privileges should be confined to the civil service, and forthwith co-operative stores began to spring up all over the country, much to the wrath and indignation of shopkeepers, who complained that the bread was being taken from their very mouths. But the old motto prevailed, and neither the irascible grocer, so fond of using the heaviest and dampest paper wherein to wrap his wares, nor Mr. Shortweight, the butcher, could stem the torrent of combination, or put a veto on people "buying in the cheapest market." It no doubt at first sight seems rather hard that shopkeepers, who stand, as it were, midway between the merchants and consumers, should be deprived of their trade, but this is an age when the greatest good of the greatest number must be consulted, and there is nothing to prevent a number of persons combining and forming a joint-stock company, especially with the advantages in view of saving at the very least five and twenty per cent. on articles which are inseparable from the carrying on of every household. The capital necessary having been subscribed, arrangements are made with a direct importer, and provisions purchased from him at first cost, which are then retailed to the members of the company at the lowest minimum price, after deduction for working expenses. If at the end of a certain time there are any profits, these are divided *pro rata* in a similar manner to those of a mutual insurance society. It will be readily seen that by this means the consumer gets his tea, sugar, meat, or whatnot at a very much lower price than by going to the ordinary retail dealer, who has his profit to get at the cost of the purchaser, and, generally speaking, a tolerably heavy one, judging by the large and speedy fortunes amassed by many of them. Building societies, which are to be found in every decent town throughout England, furnish another striking instance of the benefits and advantages of co-operative institutions. A certain number of members are got together, and a share capital formed. Say the shares are £20, each member pays up his subscription thereto so much weekly or monthly as the case may be, and as these payments accumulate a ballot takes place, and the one who draws the lucky number has the privilege of a loan sufficient to build or buy a house, free of interest, for five, eight, or ten years. The basis of the society is such that every subscribing member must in time get an "appropriation," as it is called. It is a question whether such a system would answer out here, as the facilities for borrowing on house or landed property are far greater than in England; but

viewed simply as an institution for fostering habits of economy and carefulness, and serving as a depositary for savings, it is productive of great good. Other instances might be adduced with the view of showing the gradual growth and development of the grand principle of co-operation.

The great staff of life is bread and butchers' meat, and with regard to the latter we are threatened with something like a famine. The usual popular impulse is to blame the butchers, but the fault is by no means all theirs, inasmuch as cheap meat means with them a good business, dear meat a bad one. The real causes of the dearness of meat may be traced to three causes—(1), increase of population; (2), great increase of prosperity in the lower classes; (3), scarcity of cattle from drought and other causes. We are eating meat just now faster than it can be bred: hence it must continue to be dear until an equilibrium is reached. Bread, too, is infinitely dearer than it used to be, for if the bakers don't charge a higher price, they take care to give smaller loaves,—a fact equally distasteful to the consumer. Why do prices rise? One replies, because of the heavy and increased charges exacted by labour, which, though not necessarily a national misfortune, affects many households with undue and painful severity. Traders do not feel the altered state of things. They ask higher prices commensurate with the augmented cost of labour and of the materials to which it is applied, and they get them; and if their households are conducted at somewhat larger expense, they are compensated by the extension of trade. It is those who depend upon fixed, unalterable incomes, whose means of subsistence are assessed at so many pounds, whatever the shopkeepers ask, they are the people who, with reason, complain of hard times. But a remedy is in their own hands, and that remedy may be found in co-operation. The civil servants are always complaining about inadequacy of means and small salaries; but why not do as their *confrères* in England have done,—start a Civil Service Co-operative Supply Association, by which means they might save pounds which at present find their way into the pockets of retail dealers? The want that drives buyers to co-operative stores, call it by what name you will, is the want to get more goods for the same money, or to give less money for the same goods. But there is nothing new in this. It is as old as a circulating medium, and existed in principle when men had not got beyond barter.

The principle advocated in the foregoing remarks may not suit the views of many, and some agitation may be required before it is put into practice; but that it is sound is testified to by the progress it has made in the mother country, that its theory is reasonable only the most obtuse and bigoted will deny, and that sooner or later co-operation will be developed here, as elsewhere, there can be no doubt.

## A Run to the Manganese Mines.

I LOOKED forward with some pleasure to the prospect of paying a visit to the manganese mine in Du Toit's Kloof, and of inspecting a vein of galena said to be seven or eight miles to the east of that mine. On Monday afternoon, the 6th October, Mr. J. and I were conveyed to Wellington by a provokingly slow train. At the Paarl we were joined, as previously arranged, by Mr. A., the civil commissioner, and we soon found ourselves at Van Enter's Hotel at Wellington, where I had been comfortably entertained on several previous occasions.

Before starting, endeavours had been made to secure three saddle-horses at Wellington; but, to my surprise, these were not obtainable at any price. Mr. A. had, therefore, to hire horses at the Paarl, and send them on to Wellington. After dinner we went to the stable, and saw that our steeds (not pure-bred Arabs) were duly provided with forage, and we then took a stroll through the village. It was a lovely moonlight night, and an air of repose had crept over Wellington, which was only slightly disturbed by a quarrel between drunken people in a retired part of the village. We found that the bridge over the little river which passes through Wellington had already been removed, and that preparations were being made for the construction of a new bridge. We managed to cross the stream without any difficulty, and we had soon completed the circuit of the village. Mark Anthony, the waiter, received strict injunctions to awake us before five next morning. At a quarter to five he was at my door, and we were in our saddles at 5.35 a.m. In travelling it is a wise rule to get up an hour before one intends starting; this gives ample time to see about servants and horses, and to provide for any possible contingencies. Mr. J.'s last note to our guide had evidently miscarried, for there was no Mr. Dodgen at the hotel. Fearing lest we should find no refreshment at the mine, we took the precaution of sending on a man on foot with a bag of provisions. If there is the slightest doubt as to provisions ahead, an old traveller will always take a supply with him. Judge Watermeyer used to say that you could get anything in the world at Beaufort, provided you took it there; and the same remark will apply *a fortiori* to Du Toit's Kloof. We were not long before we reached the farm on which our guide resides. Mr. A. and I rode slowly on while Mr. J. went for Mr. Dodgen. We were soon overtaken, and then commenced the steep ascent of the mountain. We followed a footpath which marked the old line of communication between the Paarl division and Worcester. Our road became rougher and rougher. Now and then we had to dismount and lead our horses, to prevent accidents, and it was not long before we came to the conclusion that it was not desirable to bring very valuable horses along the track we were following. On the top of the "Nek" we were joined by



appointment by Mr. T., a farmer, and his son, and a glance at Mr. T.'s horse showed us that he had taken the wise precaution of passing a girth round its chest to prevent the saddle from slipping back. I soon followed his example, and made up my mind that in such steep mountain climbing one's horse should be provided with both a chest-girth and a crupper; the saddle will then remain in its proper place in going either up or down hill.

There has been no topographical survey of this part of the country. Indeed, no reliable survey of any kind seems to have been made of the whole mountain range. I had provided myself with a tracing of all the farms between Paarl, Wellington, and the Drakensberg, and was able to identify the position of the Nek on this tracing; but the whole of the kloof itself is *terra incognita*. The farm Elandsjagt in the kloof has been surveyed, but its position has never been determined with reference to the nearest farms. Mr. J. now pointed out a hill in the distance, which he said was the centre of the manganese mine. With a good glass I have no doubt that the black ridge, to which I shall refer, could be readily distinguished from the Nek. The ridge itself is visible to the naked eye, but a glass is required to reveal its blackness.

Mr. J. followed the guide, but Mr. A. and I, trusting to the knowledge of Mr. T., an older inhabitant, followed him along an old footpath much lower down. We managed pretty well, but presently we found that we had to cross a morass. My horse sank into the mud and could not extricate himself with my weight. I therefore dismounted, walked through the bog, and remounted on the opposite side. In a quarter of an hour's time we rejoined our friends, and the guide was evidently pleased that he had selected the best route.

At nine o'clock we dismounted to refresh man and beast, and we then learnt for the first time, from our guide, that it would be impossible to inspect the galena that day. This was most disappointing, for I was really more anxious to see the galena than the manganese. We questioned and re-questioned Mr. Dodgen as to the exact locality. It was only about ten or twelve miles beyond Lood Krantz, but it was wholly inaccessible from this side of the mountain, and we were told that to reach it we should have to retrace our steps, sleep at Wellington or Paarl, ride to Mr. Wicks' manganese mine near Klein Drakenstein, leave our horses there, and then walk eight or nine hours. This prospect was anything but pleasing; but rather than be disappointed, I was prepared to submit to the inconvenience. My companions, however, had other engagements, and we had, therefore, to postpone our inspection of the galena. I was given a few pieces of ore which Mr. Dodgen said he had removed from a vein about two inches broad in the locality he had described. While we were waiting for our breakfast, I showed Mr. T. one or two lead reactions; and as he had never seen anything of the kind before, he was much struck with the sudden appearance of a bulky

yellow precipitate caused by the application of a colourless solution of iodide of potassium to a colourless solution of a small piece of the galena which I had dissolved.

After we had made a sensible impression upon the cold chicken, we remounted and commenced rather a precipitous ascent of the hill on which the manganese ore was supposed to be the richest. We reached the summit in less than half-an-hour's time, and then dismounted. Here the manganese had been forced up and presented the appearance of the backbone of a fabulous monster. There could not be the slightest doubt that the whole mass had once been in a molten state. Here and there the ore had trickled down, and had left a string of drops. In other places mimic caves and grottoes showed the contractions which must have taken place on the cooling of the molten mass. The backbone or ridge of the manganese was richest in quality. On either side there was a gradual admixture of foreign elements. The vein here is about 150 paces broad, but I found the ore cropping up here and there for hundreds of yards on the lower side. Mr. Dodgen had traced several distinct veins—one, if not more, of them ten or twelve miles in length. From his account this seemed to be the centre from which the veins radiate in different directions. I broke off several pieces of ore to examine at leisure. Some I found very rich in manganese, others were associated with large quantities of iron. I believe that in most manganese mines an admixture of iron is found in all proportions. I have since ascertained that several specimens of the ore have been carefully tested in England. Some were found to contain 85 per cent. of manganese, and others even more.

When we had satisfied ourselves with a careful inspection of the ridge and neighbouring ore, we led our horses down the hill, off-saddled near our old baiting-place, and refreshed man and beast again. I found that working with the blow-pipe in a moderate breeze was labouring under difficulties, but I managed to keep the flame of a spirit lamp sufficiently steady to show my friends that some of the ore which I had collected gave the rich amethyst reaction with borax, peculiar to manganese, while others taken a few feet off gave nothing but the characteristic yellow of iron.

The question then arose as to whether the mine was on Crown land or private property, and in connection with this Mr. T. told us how he had acquired the farm *Elandsjagt*, in the neighbourhood. He had it surveyed at his own expense on the chance of his receiving a grant of the farm, although he hardly expected it. It was, however, a case of throwing a sprat to catch a whale, for he received the grant—about 1,170 morgen in extent. Mr. A. then enlivened us with a few anecdotes bearing on the subject. Some years ago, when farms were not as valuable as they are now, approved applicants were allowed grants of land extending “half-an-hour” every way from the homestead or *ordonnantie*. This “half-an-hour” was very elastic, although it was supposed to be equivalent

to 750 roods, and the whole extent of each farm not to exceed 3,000 morgen. Tradition says that a surveyor would instruct a Hottentot to walk in a particular direction until he heard the report of a gun, which was to be fired at the expiration of the half-hour. The surveyor would then sit smoking on the stoep with the farmer, who would supply him with *soepjes* or coffee *ad libitum*, and try to divert him by conversation or otherwise. The half-hour would soon pass, and even be considerably exceeded, and the surveyor would only then call for the powder to load his gun. The Hottentot, on hearing the report, had to plant a flag which was to mark the position of the future beacon. This mode of survey was profitable to the farmer, if not to the public revenue.

Another legend is that a certain doctor, wishing to acquire lands on the same principle, used to get the fleetest horse in the neighbourhood and accomplish his half-hour at a smart gallop.

Those were the days, however, when there were no Acts regulating the disposal of Crown land, and similar feats could not be performed now. The numerous cases in which the extent of a farm has recently been discovered to be greatly in excess of the extent intended to be granted furnish sufficient proof that there is some foundation for the anecdotes, even though they may give an exaggerated version of the matter.

We returned to Wellington the same evening, rather fatigued, and as we found a cart at Van Enter's on the point of starting for the Paarl, Mr. A. and I availed ourselves of an offer of two seats, and our horses were led home.

On the 19th November I went to inspect another manganese mine in the vicinity of Hout Bay. Leaving our horses beyond the block-house in charge of a herd, we ascended the Noordhoek mountain by a very precipitous route, and after an hour's stiff climb reached a rough track formed by a winter torrent, along which we stumbled over several specimens of the ore;—these had been washed down no great distance. Guided by Capt. E., I came to the most promising spot which he had discovered. There were certainly some very good specimens of manganese; but much of it was largely associated with sandstone, and unless surface blasting reveals a considerably larger supply than is promised on the surface, the cost of extracting the ore will be considerable. It certainly has the advantage of being less than two miles from a port; but otherwise it will bear no comparison with the mine in Du Toit's Kloof. It is probable that a large quantity of manganese will be found in the neighbourhood of Hout Bay and Noordhoek; but whether it will pay to extract the ore and send it home is at present problematical.

An enterprising firm is about to work the mine in Du Toit's Kloof on a large scale. A wire tramway will be laid for four or five miles, and the ore will be conveyed by wagon from the kloof to Wellington, whence it will be brought to Cape Town by rail. The Colony may be congratulated on any movement that may be started with a view to develope its resources.

Although manganese is not a very valuable mineral, the demand for it is somewhat on the increase. If the ore contains less than sixty or seventy per cent. of manganese, it is almost valueless in the market; but beyond that percentage the value increases rapidly; it varies from £5 to £7 10s. a ton. In July the quotations for ore containing seventy per cent. varied from £7 to £7 5s. Graham (quoted in Mitchell's Manual of Practical Assaying) says:—"The value of the oxides of manganese is exactly proportioned to the quantity of chlorine they produce when dissolved in hydrochloric acid, and the chlorine can be estimated by the quantity of protosulphate of iron it peroxidises."

The following extract from Miller's Chemistry shows some of the purposes to which manganese is applied:—"The chief uses of the compounds of manganese are chemical, the black oxide being extensively employed to decompose hydrochloric acid and furnish chlorine. It likewise supplies the chemist with his cheapest source of oxygen, and is employed as a colouring material in the manufacture of glass and enamels. It is also used as a flux in the preparation of cast steel; and it furnishes a useful mordant to the calico printer, when precipitated in the form of brown hydrate upon the fibre."

It has recently been proposed to economize one of the compounds of manganese in the manufacture of oxygen. The following extracts from the *Iron* for July last may not be uninteresting:—

"A company has been formed at Buffalo, New York, to supply oxygen and hydrogen to consumers. It is founded on Tessie du Mothay's process. The material employed by the company is styled manganate of soda, though whether its composition is chemically identical with that body is questionable.

"The so-called manganate is crushed to a coarse powder, and is then placed in elliptical retorts, seven feet long, one foot wide, and two feet deep. These are placed horizontally, the ellipse being vertical. A current of superheated steam is then passed through the mass, at first slowly, afterwards more rapidly; when the heat has become sufficiently high, part of the oxygen is eliminated, and passes off with the steam, which latter, being condensed oxygen, remains in a state of tolerable purity. The condensers used are similar to those employed in gas works to separate the less volatile constituents from the coal gas. \* \* \* \* \*

"After the manganate of soda has been subject to the action of the steam for about ten minutes, the current is shut off, and atmospheric air blown in its place, the effect of which is to reoxidise so much of the soda-salt as has parted with its oxygen. The nitrogen of the air escapes. After ten minutes the air is cut off and steam reintroduced, which, as before, carries with it oxygen into the condensers.

"Many difficulties have been found in working this process. Theoretically the manganate should continue to yield oxygen *ad infinitum*; but in practice it is found that after being some time in use it loses its porosity, and consequently does not permit the steam to act through its whole mass."



We may soon expect to see manganese figuring in the Customs returns of this Colony as one of our exports.

From what I have heard since I visited Du Toit's Kloof, I fear that the galena in the neighbourhood does not promise well. The samples which have been tested are not rich in silver, and the quantity is not supposed to be very great. This ore is found in several parts of the Colony, and there seems to be no reason why it should not at some future time be found in sufficient quantities and of sufficient richness to warrant its extraction and exportation.

C. B. E.

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## *Present State and Future Prospects of the Kafirs.*

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

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BY HON. C. BROWNLEE, ESQ.

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### CHAPTER II.

GREAT inroads have been made on these evils by missionary influence; but in comparison to the mass of superstition and ignorance, little has been done, and the progress of elevation and enlightenment is slow and hard. Some thousands have renounced heathenism with all its superstitions and customs, even to the receiving and giving of cattle for wives. These people coming into a sort of antagonism with their chiefs on the matter of superstitions and customs, the influence of the chiefs becomes lessened over them; and every war has found this party increased and on our side. During the late war from December, 1850, to March, 1853, 1,500 of these people, belonging to the stations of Revds. Brownlee, Ross, Birt, and Kropf, refused to join their chiefs, and assembled at King William's Town, and during the whole of this period, no case was brought before the magistrate against one of the 1,500. This fact is an honourable and indisputable testimony to the influence brought to bear on these people. During the fourteen years which have elapsed since the war, this influence has not been dormant, and if another war should now arise, it would be found that the number from these four stations had more than doubled,—and the same may be said of the many other stations in Kaffraria; and with time and peace this influence would extend till the whole mass of heathenism was leavened with its beneficial effects.

In considering the future of the Kafirs, especially in regard to the Colonial Government, so many influences are to be taken into account that it is difficult to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion on this point, for with the exception of the native Christians, we have no

bond of common sympathy with the Kafirs. We possess over the heathen the influence due to our superiority in physical force; we have also a powerful money influence, through the subsidies paid to chiefs and headmen, which they would be loth to forfeit; but circumstances may at any time arise in which those influences may prove insufficient to prevent a rising. We possess, further, the personal influence (which may be for evil) which is exercised by those placed over the natives, and which, if judiciously exercised, will be very powerful in preventing war, or, in case of a war, of increasing the number of our adherents.

Whatever tends to elevate and christianize the natives, whatever tends to diminish the power of the chiefs, whatever tends to increase the immovable or not readily movable property of the natives, tends to diminish the probabilities of war, and decrease its magnitude should it arise, so that even as a matter of self-interest we should do all in our power to promote these objects.\* My views on some of these points will be found more in detail in letters, of which the one was published in the Native Commission Blue-book 1865, and the other laid before Parliament and printed in the same year.

As an illustration of some of the statements made in the foregoing sketch, I will in the form of an appendix add a few facts which could not conveniently be worked into the sketch.

#### APPENDIX No. I.—HOTTENTOTS AND BUSHMEN.

When the Kafirs first crossed the Kei, the country from this river westward as far as the Cape was inhabited by Hottentots and Bushmen. The Hottentots appear to have had no paramount head or chief, but were broken up into small clans or families, and the Kafirs settling among them soon established their supremacy, absorbing into their various tribes the Hottentots with whom they came into contact, and now though many Kafirs of Hottentot descent are to be found, probably not more than one hundred Hottentots of pure blood exist among them at present. The Kafirs appear to have lived peaceably with the Hottentots, and through marriages and intermarriages the weaker race disappeared. The Bushmen, who inhabited the more mountainous and rugged parts of the country, are now almost extinct. They appear in this part of the country to have been little molested until the time of Kahabe, but having from time to time killed some of his people, and having stolen and killed his favourite ox, Kahabe commenced a war of extermination against them, the Bushmen retaliating whenever they had opportunity. At Kahabe's death few Bushmen were left in the country, and these having betaken themselves to the uninhabited parts, where game was plentiful, the feud between them and the Kafirs ceased. In later years the remnants of this degraded race were kindly treated by

\* These beneficial influences have been steadily and powerfully advancing since 1867.

Hints and by his successor, Kreli; but as the game on which they subsisted gradually disappeared as the land became inhabited, the Bushmen also diminished, the increase by births not being equal to the decrease by deaths. Latterly this race in the summer subsisted chiefly on the tender shoots of a tree called by them Gqwharha (and by the Kafirs Umhlwazi), upon honey, game, eels, ants, and reptiles, beetles not coming amiss at a pinch. In winter, when the Umhlwazi lost its tender shoots, and when little honey could be found, they occasionally visited the Kafir kraals, when they were kindly treated and fed; but in the winter following the famine of 1857, as the Kafirs who survived could spare nothing, the most of the Bushmen perished, and at present not more than twelve or fifteen individuals are to be found in the Gaika district. The Bushmen never cultivated or kept stock, though many attempts had been made by Europeans, as well as Kafirs, to induce them to do so. They erect no huts or buildings, but live in caves. I have seen them at night near a Kafir kraal, when they had been gorged with beef during the day, refusing to sleep in the Kafir huts, preferring to take shelter under the first suitable bush or rock they could find; the reason assigned being the existence of a tradition among them that a number of their race had been treacherously murdered at night in a Kafir hut. The Bushmen appear never to have amalgamated with any other people; all that I have seen are of pure blood; they are of small stature, with high cheek bones, and largely developed posteriors, which with them is the mark of beauty. The Bushmen use poisoned arrows against their enemies and for the destruction of game. The barb, made of iron or bone, is fixed loosely on a shaft of bone, which is inserted into a thin reed or bamboo, and when any object is struck by the arrow, the poisoned barb remains fixed, while the loose shaft drops from its head. In the Bushmen's caves paintings are to be found giving life-like representations of all the animals of this part of South Africa, as well as of their encounters with the Kafirs and the South African Boers, but I have never seen any representation of an Englishman. While the Bushmen are perhaps the lowest type of humanity in the world, the aborigines of Australia not excepted, their paintings, their arrows with the deadly poison, and the hard stones perforated by them as weights for the sharp sticks with which they dig roots and reptiles from the earth, manifest an ingenuity and mechanical skill of which the other aborigines of South Africa are ignorant.

#### APPENDIX NO. II.—GAIKA AND DHLAMBI.

It has been stated that the Regent Dhlambi revolted against his ward and superior. At the period when Gaika assumed the authority over his tribe he formed an illicit intercourse with Tutula, one of the young wives of Dhlambi, reputed to be the most beautiful woman in Kaffraria. This act was viewed with so much abhorrence by the tribe, being regarded by the Kafirs as incest, that many deserted Gaika

and adhered to Dhlambi. This case was the cause assigned by Dhlambi for going to war against Gaika. While many of Gaika's councillors encouraged him in his evil courses, others who adhered to him strongly opposed his practices; amongst these Tei, the father of the present chief councillor Tyala, Jotelo, the father of old Soga, and grandfather of the Rev. Tyo Soga, Hlukwana, and Qukuana, whose sons also now hold important positions in the tribe. The chief was prejudiced against these men, and it was recommended that they should be put to death as traitors, as it has since been recommended in the case of the sons of Tei and Hlukwana for their opposition to Sandilli in the course which brought on war and trouble with the Colony. On the day before the battle of the Debe Nek (referred to in page 258), Tei, Hlukwana, Jotelo, and Qukuana arranged all their affairs and took a final leave of their families, saying they would not return, but would show on the morrow that though they opposed their chief, they were ready to die for him. When the battle began, true to their resolution, they were in the foremost ranks, where their positions as councillors did not require them to be, and they were amongst the first who fell.

#### APPENDIX NO. III.—RAIN-DOCTORS.

Kaltom, a brother of the chief Anta, has lately set up as a rain-doctor. Last year (1866), during the drought, many meetings had been called to attend on him while he practised his incantations; but as no rain came it was necessary for him to assign a cause, and he intimated that a female high in rank and beloved by her husband had counteracted him. Anta saw that the reference was to one of his wives, and was so overcome that he sat down and wept before his people. He called his wives before him and implored them with tears to surrender their charms. From the hints of the rain-doctor it became plain that Nobedu was the woman referred to, and she fled for safety to an out-station of the Church Missionary Society. In the meanwhile Kaltom professed to produce Nobedu's charms, and as rain fell soon afterwards she returned to her husband.

A short while since a young man named Desana has risen into note in this neighbourhood, and has been greatly supported and countenanced by Sandilli. Last year, during the drought, he intimated that a female of high rank was counteracting him, and if she did not discontinue her evil course he would be necessitated to produce her charms and to expose her. The female indicated is generally believed to be Sutú, Sandilli's mother.

#### APPENDIX NO. IV.—WITCHCRAFT.

During the lifetime of Dhlambi he had named no successor, or, rather, had taken no great wife whose son should be the legal heir. It therefore happened at Dhlambi's death that two of his sons, Umhala and Jan, claimed the chieftainship, the tribe being equally



divided in its adherence to the rivals. Umhala being too crafty to trust his position to the result of a battle, became very ill, and all attempts to cure him were without effect. At length it was resolved to have a gathering of the whole tribe, and to consult the doctors, who declared that Umhala had been bewitched by his brother Jan and his chief councillors. The councillors fled to Gaika for protection; Jan, being deserted, also fled for his life; and Umhala being suddenly restored to health obtained undisputed possession of the tribe.

Three years since the son of a petty chief named Umcoyana was dying of consumption; numbers of doctors had been employed to cure him, and in the end two famous women were sent for. After dancing, they said that the cause was with the young man himself, and his father must obtain a confession from him, otherwise nothing could be done. The young man denied all knowledge of the cause, but as the father persisted in demanding a confession, and at length threatened to use violence, the son, wearied by the importunity of his father, admitted that some years before he had given a man named Lobi an ivory arm ring, and Lobi had given him some charms to make him prosperous; that Lobi had told him not to bring the charms into his hut, but fearing that he might lose them he had buried them in the floor of his hut near the centre post. The women then began digging by the post, but finding nothing they said the young man had moved them. He then told them to dig into the floor beside him. This suited the women better, as the place indicated was in a dark corner, whereas about the pole it was light. After digging a while one of the women cried out, "We are on the charms; beware lest he die when they are brought forth." This so terrified the spectators that they fled out of the hut, and the women made their arrangements without interruption, bringing out five small packets, tied up in different kinds of cloth and with different bandages. Sandilli, who was present at the transaction, sent to intimate to me that a clear case of witchcraft had been brought to light, and he wished me to come and see for myself. I went to the place, about fourteen miles distant, and found about four hundred people assembled. I asked for the charms, but was answered that as it was dangerous to keep them they had been destroyed, and cast into the river. I then obtained a minute description of each of the packets, and having done this went into the hut, taking Sandilli and a few of the leading men with me. I found the young man in a dying state and hardly able to speak. He adhered to the statement about Lobi's having given him five packets of charms; but in describing them he failed to describe any one of the packets produced by the women, and asserted that he had no others than those he had described. I asked if the doctors had produced others what he would say. He replied they were not his. On account of his weak state I did not cross question him regarding the transaction with Lobi, but went out and told the

women they could now have an opportunity of producing in my presence the charms given by Lobi to the [dying man, as he denied all knowledge of the charms produced by them. Lobi was present as a prisoner, and I told him that there was then no case against him, and he was at liberty, unless the women should produce, in my presence, from the floor of the hut the charms described by the son of Umcozana. A murmur of disappointment went through the crowd, and no attempt was made by the women to produce more charms. They replied that they had produced the packets from the place indicated, and there were no others. The impression among the Kafirs to this day is, that I liberated a man who was clearly proved to be guilty of witchcraft and deserved death. I deemed it inexpedient to proceed against the doctors for conspiracy, for my decision would have convinced no one, and would have been regarded as an act of oppression.

In another case a famous doctor wished to go into a hut to bring out witchery matter. The owner of the kraal refused to permit it, and application was made to me for permission, which I granted, intimating that I would be present to see what was done in this case. The doctor went to the back part of the hut, and after digging a while dropped a small packet into the hole. I seized him by the arm and brought him out of the hut. One man who was present also saw the fraud and exposed it; another man saw it, but told me he did not dare to say so. The man in whose hut the thing took place brought an action against the doctor, and I gave damages. Shortly after this I became seriously ill, and my illness was popularly attributed to my having interfered with the doctor and taking possession of the charms.

#### APPENDIX No. V.

In England a large and influential class believe that the natives of this country are an inoffensive race and oppressed by Europeans. There is also another class, consisting specially of those who have suffered from the natives, who believe that in them nothing but evil is to be found. The opinions of both are equally wide from the truth. The belief of the first class is refuted by the present and past history of the whole continent of Africa.

That great curse of Africa and disgrace of Christian nations, the slave-trade, is not altogether an unmitigated evil. The barbarous nations of Africa are constantly at war with each other, and when they do not come into contact with the slave-dealer, the stronger exterminate the weaker. From Delagoa Bay across the continent, and thence westward to the Cape, the slave-trade cannot be carried on; the consequence has been wars of extermination, till where the white man has arrested them.

In the beginning of the present century Chaka commenced his bloody career about sixty miles to the east of Natal. The country

from the Umzimvoobu or St. John's River to Delagoa was then thickly peopled, but before the death of Chaka in 1830 he had almost depopulated the whole of this country. In Chaka's first conquests he incorporated the conquered tribes, killing only the chiefs and leading men, and subsequently he waged wars of extermination. Moselekatse was driven northwards, and he in his turn destroyed and desolated all within his reach; and put other tribes in motion, who, fleeing from him, carried death and destruction before them until arrested by the white man. To the west Chaka destroyed the tribes as far as the Umzimvoobu, the Fingoes, who took refuge with the Kafirs and at last with us, being the remnants of tribes scattered by him. Matiwana, the chief of the Amangwana, or Fitcane, being conquered by Chaka, fled westward, destroying all before him. He drove the Tambookies from the Umtata to the borders of the Colony, when in 1829 his bloody course was stayed by the colonial troops, as he was about to drive the Kafirs into the Colony.

Amongst our more immediate neighbours the same thing was enacted on a smaller scale. Kahabe perished in Tambookieland with most of his army in going to be avenged for a supposed slight to his daughter. Dhlambi, assisted by the Galekas and other tribes, fell on his nephew Gaika, and slew over five hundred of his tribe at the Debe, showing neither mercy nor quarter to his vanquished countrymen, and was still at war with them when he was repulsed from Graham's Town and driven across the Keiskamma; and until the Kafirs came under British rule, petty wars were constantly taking place. We have had four wars with the Kafirs, but during this period they have suffered more from each other than from us. Moshesh, on the north-east border of the Colony, under our influence was enabled to collect the broken remnants of the tribes scattered by their countrymen, and is now the most powerful of the Basuto chiefs. Between this and Natal Faku, who died a few days since (1867), after having his tribe broken, destroyed, and impoverished by Chaka, has through our intervention enjoyed peace for forty years, and at this moment his tribe is the largest and wealthiest between this and Natal. Now, however, that Faku is dead, the tribe is likely to be torn and distracted by internal dissensions. The Fingoes who forty years since fled from their own land, six hundred miles from this, and who settled as dogs amongst the Kafirs, are now, through our fostering care, a powerful people.

Those who hold the opinion that the natives are evil, and only evil, are chiefly those who have been ruined by Kafir wars, and have come into contact with the worst class of natives. In support of this idea many erroneously assert that in the Kafir language there is no word expressing gratitude; this, as they say, proving that the sentiment of gratitude does not exist among them. It is a common error with this class to judge the barbarous heathen, and Christians

reclaimed from them, by the standard applied to the enlightened European Christian. This manifestly is not just ; it cannot reasonably be expected that the native should come up to this standard. We can only compare the barbarians of this country with other barbarians throughout the world, and they will not suffer by the comparison. We find that in all their wars with the Colony women and children have been respected, and missionaries have been assisted to a place of safety or have not been injured by those among whom they laboured. Will the highly civilized inhabitants of India bear comparison with this? Many cases can be adduced in which Kafir servants gave warning to their masters of approaching danger when they might have taken their lives and stock. There are many cases also in which Kafirs who had experienced kindness from traders took them to a place of safety on the breaking out of hostilities, and one case I could instance in which the trader thus rescued treated his saviour with the basest ingratitude on the return of peace. I could instance several interesting cases of gratitude by natives at great personal sacrifices, without endeavouring to exalt them to the high and honourable position we are favoured to hold ; but as this paper has already exceeded the limits at first contemplated, I will conclude it here.

#### APPENDIX NO. VI.

The following letter has been added to the original paper in illustration of the way in which superstition is used for political purposes. The statement of facts contained in the letter is more conclusive than a general assertion that superstition is a power in the hands of the evil-disposed.

Dohne, 28th June, 1856.

Colonel MACLEAN, Chief Commissioner, Fort Murray.

SIR,—I have the honour to report for your information that I have just received the following statement from two trustworthy sources :—

That it is currently believed and circulated in Kreli's country that last moon, a girl, the daughter of Umhlakaza, a counsellor of Kreli, saw some strange people and cattle at the mouth of Nxaxo River ; that she reported this to her father, who went to see what they were ; that he was directed by the people to proceed to his kraal to purify himself for three days, and on the fourth day to offer an ox in sacrifice, when he was to return to the strange people.

Umhlakaza having complied with the direction of the strangers, returned on the fourth day, and saw a number of black people—among whom he recognized his brother, some years dead. He was told by these people that they had come from across the water, that they were the people who had been fighting against the English, and against whom they would wage perpetual warfare, that they had now come to aid the Kafirs ; but before anything could be done for them, they were to put away witchcraft, and as they would have an abundance of cattle, they were to kill those now in possession.

Umhlakaza was then appointed as the only medium of communication with these people, and he has sent to the Kafir chiefs to acquaint them with what he has seen.



My informants state that this story is firmly believed among the Galekas; and one, who has only to-day returned from Kreli's country, informs me, that on arriving at the kraal of Qwabe, one of Buku's sons, he found two oxen killed on the same day. On inquiring the cause from Qwabe, he was informed that it was done in compliance with the order given to Umhlakaza, and that it was Qwabe's intention to continue killing his cattle.

Qwabe further told my informant that Roseni, Buku's chief son, who was then at Buku's kraal, had sent directions that cattle should be sacrificed for all his wives who had small children, and that on his return home he would kill cattle according to the order given to Umhlakaza.

My informant was likewise told by Qwabe that Kreli had sent to his brother Dima, to make inquiry respecting the strange people, that Dima had gone to Umhlakaza, who assured him of the truth of the report, stating that at that time the men were absent on an expedition against the Colony.

Xoxo, a brother of Kreli, is said also to be convinced of the truth of the report, and is represented as killing his cattle.

Kreli's views in this matter are not known, but Umhlakaza's statement is generally believed by the Galekas, who are slaughtering their cattle to a great extent, encouraged by the example of Umhlakaza, who is killing his cattle, and who is looked upon very much as Umlangeni was.

Umhala's people, from the Xaruno to the sea, and from thence to the Kei, are represented as being in a very unsettled state. They are said to have visited Umhlakaza in great numbers, and are killing their cattle.

In connection with this, and which gives the case a more serious aspect, Kreli has within the last few days sent to inform Sandili, that while you were across the Kei, you demanded from him the late Cape Corps deserters and six of the leaders of the rebel Hottentots, among whom you named Willem Uithaolder and Rhennardus Paarl. This Kreli professes to believe to be seeking a cause of quarrel; and this misrepresentation of your demand for the delivery of the late deserters has been generally circulated amongst the Gaikas and Galekas. The effect of this report, in connection with the belief in the statements of Umhlakaza, has been to cause great excitement in the minds of the Galekas, and under these circumstances we may expect to hear of violence and robbery committed on British subjects.

The reports of April and May caused me no uneasiness whatever, but these are of a much more serious nature, for from the fact of this being received by so many chiefs and influential people, evil-disposed persons will perpetrate outrages, though not authorized by the chiefs, and a collision may thus be brought on which may end in serious results. Should a collision be avoided, the storm may soon blow over.

The utmost precaution will be necessary by travellers, for, under the present circumstances, I do not think any solitary or unprotected traveller is safe, and it would be well for traders and others who cross the Kei to travel under the protection of some influential Kafir.

I cannot say that the sons of Buku and other influential chiefs really believe what they profess to believe. If not, it is evident that they are only adding weight to the statements of Umhlakaza, and are bent upon evil; but if they are deceived, the imposture will soon be discovered, and discovery will work its own cure. The chief cause of fear is that acts of violence by private and unauthorized persons may bring on a crisis which might otherwise have been averted. It would not be advisable on the part of Government to take any direct steps in putting down this state of things, for any active measures would only tend to strengthen the influence of the evil-disposed. All that I think is necessary would be distinctly to intimate to the chiefs that we are aware of what is going on, and that so long as it was confined only to words, we would not interfere, but that the lives and properties of British subjects must be protected, and that we would be prepared to meet any aggressive movement on the part of the Kafirs.

I feel strongly persuaded that the murder of Mr. Rainer, the robbery and assault on the Gunubie, and the robbery on the Kobongo Church Mission

Station may be ascribed to the causes above assigned. I do not think it would be advisable to use any haste or show of force in the settlement of these cases; but a decided message to the chiefs to whom these cases might be traced, with an assurance that they will not be passed over unpunished, may have the effect of putting a stop to further violence, and the cases may be effectually worked out when the excitement has abated or passed over.

I have sent to the chiefs in my district to inform them of the late robbery and murder, and have directed them to be more vigilant than ever in suppressing crime, and to beware of the dangers into which they may fall by listening to false reports. I have not thought it advisable yet to refer pointedly to the statements of Umhlakaza, and I am glad to say that up to this time they have not been favourably received by the Gaikas, who have not yet begun to slaughter their cattle. I will be among them, and at Sandili's kraal, for the most of this week, and will use every endeavour to counteract the false reports now so industriously circulated.

A trustworthy man leaves to-day for Umhlakaza's kraal, and he will bring me a true state of affairs there, which shall at once be reported for your information, this person being an influential man among the Gaikas, may also do good in being able to contradict the current reports from personal observation.

Before leaving King William's Town on Friday last, I met in the street Gubo, the son of Twangu, a nephew of Umhala. Though I got no information from Gubo, he led me to understand that matters in Umhala's location were by no means in a satisfactory state. I directed Gubo to see Major Gawler and inform him how things were going on. This he promised to do. I have on several occasions been able to get good information from Gubo, but I do not wish him to be named, as he would be thus involved in trouble, and his usefulness to us would be ended.

One of my informants came here with the substance of the reports above detailed on the evening on which I left for Queen's Town with His Excellency the Governor, but as I have been constantly from home ever since, he has until now had no opportunity of communicating with me.

With regard to Kreli's statement respecting your demand for the delivery of the rebel Hottentots, I have sent to Sandilli to say that I have heard from yourself that you made no such demand; that the demand was simply for men who had deserted during peace, and who are known to be in Kreli's country, in just the same manner as Kreli and other chiefs have often sent to you and to me for the recovery of stolen horses, and for the delivery of the thieves, which has always been complied with when in our power; and that the statement that you had demanded the rebel leaders was either a mistake or a wilful misrepresentation. I have also sent to Kreli to give him the same information.

On the return of my messengers from Kreli, and on my ascertaining his temper and the state of affairs, I will, if you think it advisable, pay him a friendly visit. I do not think it would be necessary for me to be the bearer of any message, but I could explain matters to him in a friendly manner, which would, perhaps, have a better effect than taking a direct communication either from His Excellency or yourself.

I have, &c.,

CHARLES BROWNLEE, Gaika Commissioner.

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## A Visit to the Congo Caves.

AT half-past three o'clock on a fine spring morning in the month of October, 1873, the slumbering inhabitants of the village of Oudtshoorn were awakened by the report of three guns. The stillness of the night was broken by an unusual commotion. Even the cocks were awakened by earlier risers, and were ashamed to crow. The cause of the excitement was that the Governor of the Colony had the day before made his entry into the town. A series of triumphal arches had been prepared for him. He had been escorted into the town by an enthusiastic crowd, under a dropping, irregular musketry fire, worthy of a Kafir war. On this day he was to be accompanied by a great cavalcade to visit the Congo Caves, said to vie, in extent and beauty, with the finest to be found in the world. The people of the surrounding country had determined to keep the day as a holiday. Numbers went to the neighbourhood of the Caves the night before. Numbers went direct from their farms in the morning; and a crowd of carriages and horsemen were assembled at Oudtshoorn to accompany the Governor the whole journey. The distance from Oudtshoorn to the Caves is about three and a half hours. The sun had risen before the party started at five o'clock a.m.

The district had been suffering from a drought which had lasted an unprecedentedly long time, and had unfortunately extended into the spring months. The vegetation could make no head against it, and the country—instead of being green with new-grown heather and bushes, and bright with flowers which, in ordinary spring seasons, cover it like a carpet—looked bleak, and brown, and miserable. Clouds of dust hanging in the air marked the course of the cavalcade for miles along the road. So great was the contrast of an occasional field of corn, heavy and green from artificial irrigation, to the vast uncultivated brown plain, that the effect was to increase the sense of desolation produced by the drought. Let it not be said, however, that this is in reality a dreary district; on the contrary, it is one of the richest in South Africa. Such droughts are of very rare occurrence; and, as the foregoing description would have been untrue last year, it is to be hoped that the country will not answer to the description for many years to come.

The Oudtshoorn valley is surrounded by hills, from which abundance of water from a higher level could be led over the plain. Capital only is required to carry out such a work, the benefit of which would be especially felt in a season like the present, when the crops are burnt up over so large a tract of country. The road, on leaving the valley, follows the course of a small river, which forms a defile in the hills. The water of this mountain-stream is very clear, and the road crosses its course many times. The road is very rough and stony, severely taxing the springs of vehicles, and roughly jolting the passengers. The horsemen had decidedly the best of it. Several

farmsteads were passed, and the mountains echoed the volleys of fire-arms generally fired from them as salutes.

At length the party arrived at the foot of the hill which contains the opening to the wonderful caves. The hill is of a peculiarly round shape, and stands out somewhat in relief from the range of which it forms a part. The foot of the hill was the furthest point to which carriages could travel ; a halt had therefore been called here. A great number of vehicles of every description were dotted about. Horses, mules, oxen, and donkeys, released from the vehicles, wandered in search of grass and water. A few tents were pitched for the benefit of the luncheon baskets, as the day was to end with a pic-nic. Groups of men, women, and children were discussing refreshments and waiting the time to start. From the halting place to the mouth of the cave, a distance of about a quarter of a mile, a long procession of about three hundred people marched slowly up the hill like a band of pilgrims. About half way up appeared, facing us, the mouth of the cave, and a very remarkable entrance it is. About twenty feet high, the entrance is overhung by a rocky portico, which forms a porch, and almost looks as if it had been built, so regular is the shape. Within the porch are two entrances, one on the left hand, into a cave about twenty feet in diameter, which is used by visitors as a dressing-room to make preparations for the descent. The entrance on the right hand side leads into the caves. Here each visitor is supplied with a tallow candle made with a peculiar thick wick which burns like a torch. The candle is stuck in a piece of hollow cane. A long narrow passage, dark as the darkest night, has to be traversed before descending. The eyes are not yet accustomed to the darkness ; the candles make but little impression on it ; the floor is rough and slippery, and progression is slow and difficult. Sometimes the passage has a considerable width, at others it narrows so that two persons can scarcely walk abreast. One lady was overheard to say it was like the entrance to Paradise. The remark was appropriate when it is remembered that "strait is the way," &c., which leads there. The passage narrows at the end to a very small opening which overlooks the great cave. The floor of the latter is about twenty-five feet below that of the passage ; the descent is by a substantial iron ladder of about thirty steps, which is, however, rather alarming for ladies, as it is difficult to get on it, and there is no hand-rail. About two hundred people had descended, the passage behind was quite full, when the strains of the National Anthem commenced below. The sound gradually increased in volume as it spread from the cave to the passage, and the effect was rather striking. The end of the passage commanded a view of the vast cave into which the ladder led. The size was very striking, the more so as it was only discerned by degrees through the dim light given by the candles, two hundred of which made but a faint impression on the gloom. The figures below and the moving lights looked strange and weird in the darkness. I thought of the tribe of Arabs suffocated in the cave in Algeria by burning sulphur at the



mouth, and wondered if it would produce the same effect here. I had been very anxious to visit these caves, principally on account of a description of them which I had read long before, with which I had been rather struck. I have since found a quotation from this account in the Cape of Good Hope Almanac for 1845, and quote a few passages to give my readers some idea of what my anticipations were :—

“A stout ladder was lowered down, and we descended to the depth of about thirty-three or thirty-four feet, and found ourselves standing in a vast hall of six hundred feet in length and about one hundred in breadth, and from sixty to seventy feet high. In the centre of this magnificent cave stands a colossal stalactite of seventy feet in height, white as the purest marble, and sparkling as if strewn with diamonds. From the roof depend enormous masses of lime, gradually growing into stalactital columns, whilst on the damp ground rising to meet these pendant masses are huge stalagmites formed by the continual filtration of lime through the superincumbent rocks. Some have nearly met and formed columns ; others are but commencing to form ; in fact, the whole floor of the cave is strewn with stalagmites of various growths, and on the roof opposite to each hangs a corresponding mass. The work of filtration of calcareous matter is proceeding steadily, and in time this vast hall will become a labyrinth of pure alabaster-like columns.”

Of another part of the caverns the description from which I quote goes on to say :—“A sight at once beautiful and astonishing now burst upon our sight. We stood in a vast cave one hundred and forty feet square, and about fifty feet in height, the whole of the most dazzling and sparkling whiteness. Columns and pillars of snow-white, and some transparent crystallized lime, stood on all sides ; the roof was covered with innumerable small and delicate icicle-looking stalactites, each with a huge drop of pure water hanging from their extremities ; and as each drop parted company with its filter and fell to the ground, it had the appearance as if a shower of diamonds was falling from the roof. \* \* \* In the centre of the cavern stands a column as pure and as white as alabaster. It is the height of the hall, fifty feet, and about nine feet in circumference, and worked in the most minute manner. It is of pure crystallized lime, surrounded by horizontal bands or raised divisions at every three or four feet. At either end of the hall are groups of the same substance, resembling bed curtains and flowery drapery running into elegant arabesques. All around the sides of the hall the lime has taken the forms of various objects, amongst which fancy may discover a high altar of a Catholic church, decked out with all the paraphernalia of Grand Mass, stalactites resembling high and lofty candelabra, cups and goblets, steps and censers. In another corner may be seen a collection of elegant drapery, flowers, trees, and animals ; one mass in particular bears the exact resemblance to the head of a gigantic bull.”

What a misfortune is the want of a brilliant imagination ! The

size of the caves is perhaps correctly given. In the first cave there were at one time, on this occasion, three hundred people, and there must have been standing-room for more than double that number. The columns were there—of vast height, and strangely moulded. The stalactites round the sides bore a rough resemblance to drapery. But the dazzling and sparkling whiteness, the pillars of snow-white and transparent crystals, the showers of diamonds, the alabastrian columns, were wanting to ordinary eyes, and it would require a strong fancy to discover the high altar of a Catholic church, with all the paraphernalia of Grand Mass, the candelabra and censers, the flowers and trees, the animals and bed curtains. As a matter of fact, the darkness of these caves is such that it is most difficult to make any impression on it. Three hundred candles only served to make the darkness visible.

The columns and stalactites and drapery of lime on the sides of the cave are not white, but of a dirty yellowish brown colour. Were it possible to scrape off the yellow coating and expose the white crystals of lime, there is no doubt the effect would be much improved. The caves did appear to better advantage under the influence of blue lights, and would be seen better still if the arrangements for lighting them were a little more perfect. It is difficult to find places of some height from the ground to fix the blue lights. It is almost impossible for visitors to make arrangements to have the lights fixed together, and lighted singly they are not sufficiently powerful. Guides should be sent beforehand and stationed in the best places. At a given signal, say the striking of a single blue light, all should be lit together. The effect of this would be very much grander than anything we saw, and the attractions of the cave would be much increased.

The ground under foot is covered with sticky mud, which is exceedingly slippery, and much amusement was caused by the attempts to enter and return from the third chamber. A steep bank, about eight or ten feet high, had to be ascended on entering, and descended on returning. After a few people had been over it, it became as slippery as glass, and no one who ventured escaped a fall, the result of which was to cover the adventurer with yellowish grey sticky mud from head to foot. The party on this day was much too large for extensive explorations. The air became very close, and we did not penetrate into the vast chamber spoken of by Mr. Thompson, who visited the caves in 1822, and has given illustrations of them in his book. It is said that these caves have never been explored to the end. Persons have penetrated for more than a mile, and it is said that at that distance a subterraneous river is heard rushing strongly under foot. It is said to be very easy to lose oneself in the attempt to penetrate far, but it does not appear that at the farthest point yet reached the air has become pestilential. The caves still remain as a field of adventure for those who are ambitious of going where man has never gone before.

## The Dark Races of the Diamond-fields.

(NOTES FROM A JOURNAL.)

BLACK is the predominating colour of the inhabitants of the Diamond-fields. In making this assertion we trust that none of our fair-skinned friends will visit us with black looks, for it is an established fact.

Take your stand at eventide upon any of the lofty mounds of gravel that surround the diggings, and from thence mark the dark stream of men of the "coloured persuasion" pouring forth from their daily labours; they are more than ten to one in comparison to the fair-complexioned individuals. There are the "Christy Minstrels," too, who charm us with their songs, and ply the passing joke; are they not black? We have others of our community who follow suit to the prevailing colour, but from their anxiety to conceal it beneath a fair exterior, they are not so easily distinguished; with them the colour is not assumed, or put on for the purpose of creating fun or merriment; on the contrary, it is natural, and under its guise they carry out the darkest designs. However, notwithstanding all their endeavours, and the meek aspect which they bear, we know them by the colour of their lips!

Go forth into the encampment, and enter the dwelling-places of its inhabitants, and there again you will find that my statement is correct. Flies—yes, black flies—are the order of the day, buzzing forth in all directions, making themselves perfectly at home, and ready to receive you when you enter. They are not confined, as in the Colony, to one or two varieties: a dozen different kinds constitute their species. Large robust flies that appear to take things coolly; impertinent little busy-body flies that assert rights where they have none; quiet, suicidal flies that love to precipitate themselves headlong into your plate of soup, regardless of their fate. There is one species in particular—a bulky fly, portly in appearance and slow of motion; they occur here in great force, quietly appropriating the dwelling-places of the digger, as if his tenement was reared for their sole accommodation, and that he himself was only tolerated therein. We have likewise an exceedingly minute black fly, the most pertinacious of them all. This provoking little creature persists in taking out a "claim" upon the human face, never ceasing its insidious attacks, but quietly probing it in search of food, and sitting upon every part as if we liked to be "sat upon," and as if it had paid for "a licence" for doing so. Drive it away! aye, and it will return again unto you "even until seventy times seven," behaving precisely after the same manner, and sticking to you "closer than a brother." We have also enough and to spare of a species somewhat resembling the common house fly, but considerably larger; this is also one of those that rejoices in taking a bath in your liquor; it lives, I am convinced, for the sole purpose of bothering you, and it ends its

existence by dying happily in your tea, well knowing that up to the very latest moment of its life it has fulfilled its mission—it has died bothering you ! Blue-bottles also abound at the Fields, behaving as unseemingly as blue-bottles invariably do behave. Gad-flies are here too, of course they are ! The common house-fly is here, trust him for that ! We should like to know in what part of the universe he is not to be found. Leave the cover off your milk-jug, and try : even in the polar regions he will be into it ! Try the experiment at the Diamond-fields, and the predominating colour will be the colour of your milk.

Here, likewise, amongst the rest of them you will find the long-winged English fly. Turn your gaze upwards upon the ceilings of the tents and houses, and behold it hovering round and round, settling and flying alternately upon some lofty object according to the custom of its species. This fly, we have been told, is an importation from Europe, and of the whole tribe of flies with which we are acquainted it is certainly the best-behaved. Probably, coming as it does from highly-civilized Europe, the creature has acquired superior manners to its swarthy savage South African brethren. The most abominable fly, however, of the whole is one that is a torment to cattle and horses ; it is a terror to these useful and patient creatures. But we are “sick” of flies ; we cannot describe their manifold and shadowy numbers ; let us change the subject.

The crickets of Griqualand West are a numerous race. We have two varieties,—the common black cricket of the hearth celebrity, and another of a lighter colour. They are noisy insects, so fond of singing that they “lift up their voices” occasionally even during the day. Far be it from them to be satisfied with chirping you “one good-night carol more.” Oh no. “We’ll not go home till morning” is evidently the burden of their song ; they are rackety little fellows, and up to no end of mischief. Drop your pocket-handkerchief, and on the morrow what will it be ?—a ruined and worthless piece of linen, eaten into innumerable holes ; they will stone your plums for you, but, mind you, your share will be the stones that are left ; they will nibble your bread, your cheese, your biscuits, your meat,—aye, even your beard will not be secure from their ravages ; they will carry straws into the corners of your cupboard, sleep in your best hat, creep into your gloves, and turn your boots into a dwelling-house, together with various other amusing little experiments which we do not exactly approve of.

There is yet another tribe of black creatures in this Griqualand West that we cannot pass over in silence ; it would not be doing the country justice. These creatures are not only a trouble by day, but a terror by night. You would probably indulge in the pleasing idea that by retiring to rest you would be enabled to cast off the cares of the day, together with the flies that bothered you. Not a bit of it ; you are quite mistaken ; there are other evils to contend with. In this country your bed is not your own bed : it is already occupied ; it is there that this shadowy tribe will be down upon you in full force,



making the night hideous. This we know to our sorrow, for have we not been a martyr? Have we not endured with long suffering the afflictions described in our rhymes? Let them speak for themselves:—

### THE NEW RUSH FLEAS.

Oh, the fleas, the fleas, the fleas !  
 For them I have no peace, no ease ;  
 These most voracious New Rush fleas,  
 They never, never cease to tease.  
 From night to morn, from morn to night,  
 'Tis one unmitigated fight.  
 E'en while I write these idle rhymes  
 I've thrown my pen down sev'ral times,  
 To wage a war against the foe  
 That baffle me where'er I go.  
 E'en in the claims I heard them say  
 They dug them out the other day.  
 Oh, most egregious piece of sin ;  
 They'd better far have dug them in !  
 When in the church, there, too, I found  
 That on the consecrated ground,  
 Where I had hoped to kneel at ease,  
 'Twas swarming with ungodly fleas !  
 I was surprised to find them there ;  
 But then, you see, they're everywhere.  
 In fact, they had it their own way,  
 They would not let me " watch and pray :"  
 How could my thoughts to heav'n ascend ?  
 How could I to the priest attend ?  
 " Good Lord, deliver us," he cried,  
 " Oh, from the fleas," my soul replied.  
 Vainly I struggled to be good  
 Whilst they were clamouring for my blood.  
 I closed the book and went my way,  
 Driven from the church that day.  
 God help me if I go astray :  
 They would not let me " watch and pray."  
 I dread the solemn hours of night,  
 I dare not e'en put out the light ;  
 Surrounded by the shadowy foe,  
 The hours of rest are hours of woe.  
 Although " their face I never see,"  
 Most vampire-like they fix on me.  
 Swiftly my fingers on the place :  
 I have you now ! No, not a trace,  
 Although I've taken every care,  
 " They are not there, they are not there."  
 Defeated by their wiles all night,

Vainly I sigh for morning's light,  
 In hopes that they at length may go  
 And give me respite—'tis not so.  
 All that is left, alas! for me,  
 Is from the New Rush fleas to flee.

M. E. BARBER.

*Kimberley, Nov. 15, 1873.*

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Charged by "Single-eye."

ABOUT a month ago I was in the country for a day's quail-shooting, and witnessed a little adventure, which may amuse some of your readers. Our party consisted of four, one of whom was armed—like the Arab Guide of the Innocents Abroad—with a single-barrelled gun, and about as effective as its Eastern prototype, and the length of which would have done credit to Damascus, while the other three rejoiced in fowling-pieces. Leaving the hospitable home of what I will call Welcome Hall, we made for the broad acres of the Camps, which spread out over a vast, interminable plain, as level as the flats of Nachtwacht. On our way we passed some domesticated ostriches, which reared their long necks far above the hedge of their enclosure, and kept stalking opposite, looking at us with what seemed to be a mischievous twinkle of their small black eyes. On reaching the terminus of their camp, a full-grown male and female wheeled round with military precision, and began the journey backwards, with the same stately, measured stride which marked their following of us. The others, with listless curiosity, or malice intent, peered from over the hedge row as we passed on, rearing their heads to the full stretch of their necks like startled snakes in the attitude of attack. On our reaching the gate, we descried, far in the distance, a black speck, within the radius of what we had mapped out as our cover, and which to the naked eye seemed about the size of a crow. This our host explained to us was a male ostrich, the odd man out of several pairs which were hatching on the magnificent property of Welcome Hall, and which, from his savage propensities, had been thrown out by a combination of male birds waging war against this would-be Sultan. Here, in his solitary loneliness, the outlaw lived and moved and had his being, monarch of a grand expanse of corn-fields, but thrust out like Cain from the face of his kindred, bearing the mark of his blood-thirstiness in the loss of an eye, and which earned for him the appellation of one of Mr. Cooper's Indian heroes, "Single Eye." Taking up our positions, we began the beat, and had traversed some considerable distance ere the first quail flew up, which escaped unhurt through a miss of my friend on the immediate right. Another on the left fell to the gun of our host, and, like Christopher North, we had the flask brought,—not the powder-flask, but the one which gives the "fine touch to the forefinger." We were thus

congregated together when our attention was turned to "Single-eye," who was seen fast lessening the distance between himself and us. On he came, at the same monotonous marching-pace which characterized the others, swinging his neck backwards and forwards like a reversed pendulum, and steering with an evident intention to circumvent, for the eyeless side of the head was averted from us. Bang went another shot, but innocent of death, for "Single-eye" divided our attention now, and made our aim unsteady. Nearer and nearer came our friend, his neck oscillating with the same see-saw movement, and his tail erect like a leviathan pattern of a lady's fan. Resting the guns in our left hands, we picked up lumps of hard-baked clay to fire in the event of an assault, and began edging towards the right side of the camp, which was fenced in with an earthen wall, capped with bushes. "Single-eye" saw the movement of retreat, and made a rush in our direction with distended wings. A volley of clods greeted the onslaught, which caused him to swerve slightly, but only for a moment, for he repeated the attack. Veering somewhat to the right, he confronted us boldly, and began a sort of war-dance, hopping from one leg to the other with a treadmill-like regularity. The one optical orb in which he rejoiced seemed to dilate with defiance as he moved gradually towards the hedge, with an evident intention to cut off our retreat. To admit that four men, armed with deadly weapons (any of which could have extinguished his penny candle in the twinkling of an eye), could be animated with fear when assailed by a single ostrich, may read strange, and yet we did experience an emotion akin to fear. Unwilling to shoot him—for his life was worth £50,—and possessing no weapon of defence save our guns, we were comparatively at his mercy, and he appeared to realize this fact, for there he danced with partially open wings, and fluttering feathers, armed with a claw on each foot capable of cleaving the skull, or ripping up the body at a stroke. Slowly, but surely, he approached my friend of the long barrel, jumping up ever and anon like a turkey-cock in a fight, and menacing us with an unmistakable intention of attack. Then he would subside into the ordinary tread of his first war-dance. At such close quarters he seemed indifferent to the shower of clods and stones, for he shook them off his body with undisguised contempt, and continued narrowing the circle. When near enough, and watching an opportune moment, we made a rush for the hedge, and, scrambling to the top, turned and presented the barrels of our guns to ward him off. It seems he made an almost simultaneous run, and now laid siege to us in our elevated position. Here we held a counsel of war, and decided on charging him boldly, and to give him one charge of quail shot. An immense clod on the blind side of the face made him wheel round, and my friend of the long barrel gave him the contents of his gun on the rear. He dropped his tail immediately, and with a half running, half flying speed, "Single-eye" crossed the vast camp, and left us victors of the position.

Meteorological Observations.

A TENTATIVE article on Meteorological data in the *Cape Monthly Magazine* for July has induced me to note down a few remarks that may invite attention to a prosecution of more general and minute observations in this Colony. There is a possibility of a regular system of observations being made in almost all the magistracies. Could the magistrates be induced to enter into the spirit of the necessity of the thing, a set of instruments, which would not involve a very great expense, might be supplied to each magistrate, with instructions as to their uses, and a request that either his clerk, or the gaoler, or any officer whose duties require daily attendance (with which duties the devotion of a few minutes, say twice a day, would not in any way interfere), should keep a regular register of the meteorological condition of his residence, and once a month send his record to the Meteorological Board. It is true that several persons have from time to time kept an account of the state of the weather,—noting the barometer, thermometer, and amount of rain in various parts of the Colony,—but from want of encouragement, or perhaps from want of interchange of communication, the object has become tedious and monotonous, and ultimately forsaken. An occasional notice on the subject, published in a paper or in your own useful publication, might keep alive an interest in the matter. As far as barometrical observations are concerned, they have been as yet of very little interest and use,—perhaps for the following reasons: There has been no standard for instruments, each using one of his own choice, varying perhaps from all others in its zero point. No regard whatever has been paid to elevation; from the Exchange Building in Cape Town to many parts of the Gardens the difference would be from 1 to 2 and 3 tenths of an inch. Marine barometers are very common, and such an instrument would hardly be of any service in many parts of the country. The Vernier could certainly not be used. At Prince Albert 28 would be the average, at Beaufort West perhaps 27, and so progressively lower as you ascend to the Diamond-fields and Victoria West. Thus, unless altitude be taken into account in recording the reading, the observations would be next to useless for comparisons.

Where telegraph offices exist it would be very advisable, if possible, to obtain the services of the telegraph officer, particularly if he could note the electric tension of the atmosphere, and, if possible, the variations and dip of the current. The interest in this matter would be great in determining the course of thunder-clouds and storms during certain seasons. It is a remarkable fact which I have noted season after season, particularly in the Karroo, that if the first concentration of thunder-clouds, dropping down in their way a plentiful supply of water, should take a certain course, every successive thunder-storm during that season will take the same course almost in an undeviating line, and the same spots will be watered over and over again, whilst the surrounding country is thoroughly desiccated by the very electric heat accompanying the passing storm. To all this

the question might be asked, *cui bono*? Known these facts, are they to be over-ruled? We are as yet in our infancy of knowledge. We have rendered electricity subservient to science; and who can determine whether laws affecting the distribution of electricity might or might not be affected by human agencies as well? Would clumps of lofty-growing trees (if even requiring great care and some trouble to get them to grow at first) grown in certain localities, and in certain lines to meet electric currents—would large reservoirs of water, dams constructed to impound water in certain localities, and there are many places capable of supplying means for that purpose—gorges from many mountains facing extensive plains, which occasionally pour down water from these very storms, now dry and useless, which might be made to furnish a dam holding water for even two or three years,—would not these means, more or less, influence the currents of electricity, and perhaps cause a divergence or an expansion of the supply of water?

[We quite concur in the recommendation of our contributor, that meteorological observations should be systematically taken at specially selected stations all over the country; and we think his suggestion a valuable one, that the services of the resident magistrates, or such of them or of their subordinate assistants as take an interest in inquiries of this sort, should be taken advantage of for the purpose. But any movement of that sort must clearly come from the Government; and their movements in the direction of meteorological observations recently have been meteorically erratic. At spasmodic intervals they appointed and officially gazetted first one, and then another, and then perhaps two or three more to become members of a meteorological commission, to whom no specific duties of any sort were committed, and for the conducting of whose operations nothing was furnished in the way of directions or cash. The result, of course, is that the commission thus spasmodically gazetted has not even come into organic existence, and is not likely to do so until the Government repair their *laches* and arrange the matter properly and systematically afresh.—EDITOR C. M. M.]

